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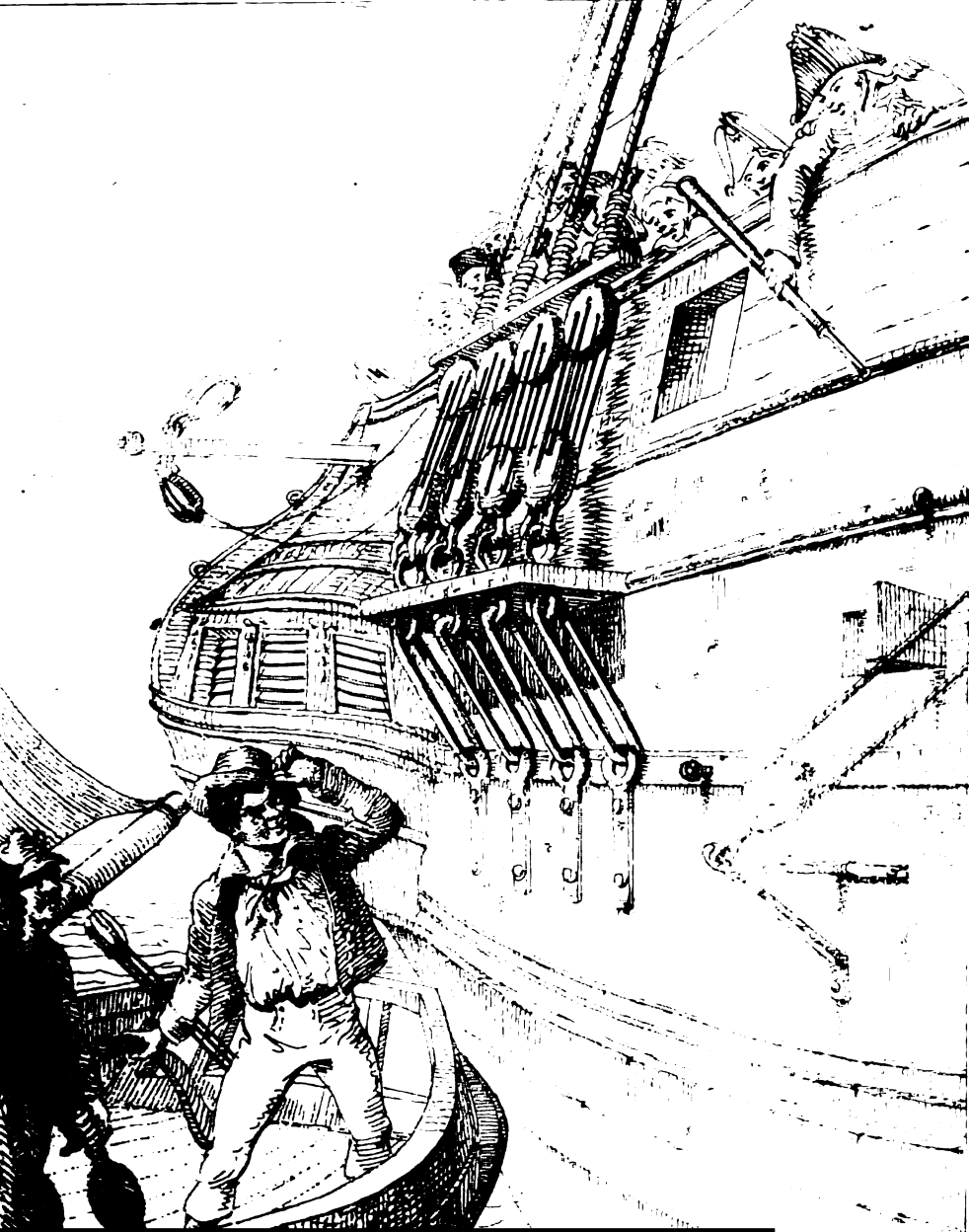
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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to present our warmest acknowledgements for the extreme kindness, and active co-operation of our numerous friends, who have evinced such gratifying interest in our success.

We have received several contributions in prose, which are not sufficient length to be made available for the purposes of our Magazine.

The Life of Governor Walker, Geiser, Colon, Alpha, M. N. have come to hand.

Sandhurst Sketches, the Emigrants' Apology, the White Knight, Tanthe, Mary Tracy, and the Moss Trooper, are in their present forms, inadmissible.

A Letter for the Author of the pamphlet on Political Economy, lies at our Publishers.

We hope to hear shortly from Ormsby, R. W. N., An Idler, Rev. H. T. C. M. H. Sydney, and L. S.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. 1.

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VOL. I.

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

A Dialogue between Antony Poplar, Gent., and Doctor Neverout, touching the conduct proper to be pursued at the present juncture; in which sundry and important matters are discussed, and Antony's views of Conservative policy explained.

NEVEROUT—Is it true that you are about to undertake the management of a periodical, to be conducted on Tory principles?

POPLAR—It is.

NEVEROUT—Upon genuine Tory principles?

POPLAR—Even so. Upon genuine Tory principles.

NEVEROUT—So I heard; and I scarcely believed it. But have you duly considered all the difficulties you will have to encounter, and the almost hopeless state of that prostrate party at present? For my part, I think you might as well attempt, single handed, to raise the *Royal George*, as to restore the Tory party to the position which they occupied before the passing of the Reform Bill; and anything short of that will be but of little moment. It may retard, but it cannot avert the certain ruin that now impends over all our institutions.

POPLAR—I am fully aware of all our difficulties. Matters have, indeed, come to a fearful pass. But, there is this of good in our present position,—principle is brought, as it were, “in discrimen rerum.” And I feel that within me which shrinks more from a suspicion of insincerity or cowardice, than from any losses or dangers that may await upon a course of fearless and virtuous consistency. Besides, when things come to the worst, they are sure to mend. It is impossible that the people of this great empire can long remain under this great delusion; and although, when they do recover, they may not be able to remedy the evil that has been done, it is impossible that they should not distinguish their friends from their enemies.

NEVEROUT—Aye; but until that change does take place, what is to become of such concerns as that which you are about to engage in? Think again, my dear friend. I advise you for your good. Just veer a little from what you call the right course at present, if it were only for the purpose of gaining and keeping a certain command over public opinion, which by and by you may be able to use for the public advantage. Believe me, without a little spice of inconsistency, a periodical can never maintain its ground.

POPLAR—I would much rather lose ground by deservng to maintain it, than maintain, by deservng to lose it. I am, however, no vapourer, and desire to be judged by acts and not by professions. But I am not sure, that, even in an interested point of view, your advice is good. You are not wrong in supposing that those who can dexterously follow public opinion, must always profit more

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than those who attempt to stem, or who aspire to lead it. But never could I hope to merit the praise of such ambi-dexterity as would qualify me for acting as bottle-holder to our revolutionary bravos. My principles are a part of myself; they have not been put on for one purpose, and therefore can not be put off for another.

NEVEROUT—Why you are as bad as old North. For him, too, I have a great regard, and would fain have him adopt my view of expediency; but the crazy dotard would not hear reason.

POPLAR—Nay, nay; whatever you are pleased to say of myself, speak none but good words of old Christopher. I love him like a father: and it is inexpressibly consolatory to me that he, also, perseveres in his devotion to the good old cause. Hopeless I no longer consider it; for, with such an auxiliary, it were sinful to despair. What I, in my weakness, cannot accomplish, he, in his might, may; and we will both, you may depend upon it, do more for the recussitation of genuine Tory principles, and the reconstruction of an efficient Tory party, than levellers have as yet accomplished for the extinction of the one, or apostates for the destruction of the other.

NEVEROUT—Well, you will both yet rue the day, when you did not take my advice. I will have the melancholy consolation of witnessing your bitter but unavailing repentance.

POPLAR—There is this difference between good principles and their opposite, that, even though ill success should attend the strenuous assertion of the former, it is not accompanied by any consciousness of self-reproach. You may, therefore, set it down as a truth, that, however events turn up, I will be spared at least the bitterness of repentance.

NEVEROUT—It is not, you well know, from any love to the whigs that I advise some little abatement of the hostility with which you have hitherto regarded them. But, it can, surely, be no disgrace to imitate the conduct of the King and the nobility. If they have stooped, from consciousness of inability to resist the present power and violence of the ochlocracy, it is not for such as you to stand erect in such a contest.

POPLAR—I love the King. I respect the nobles: but I cannot very widely depart from that course which is most consistent with the dignity of the one, or the honour of the other, if I make the QUEEN my model at the present crisis. She has, I think, acted with as much lofty principle and wise moderation as ever distinguished a crowned head in circumstances of difficulty and danger. If, therefore, I follow her example, I can hardly transgress as a subject, and I am sure I shall be right as a man.

NEVEROUT—But you see the storm she has brought about her ears.

POPLAR—I do. And I see, also, how serenely she has risen above it. I mistake, greatly, if the truculency of her denouncers, have not already produced a salutary effect upon the mind of the Sovereign, as I am sure it has upon many, who were, previously, but too favourable to revolution. We are not yet, thank heaven, so utterly democratic—so hopelessly Frenchified, as not to feel horror-struck at regicide insinuations. And the reckless malignity of her unmanly persecutors may thus counteract their worst designs, and prove, in the end, the safety of the monarchy.

NEVEROUT—The safety of the monarchy, under the domination of a reformed parliament! Alas! my friend, if others are wicked, you are visionary. Who does not see that all the constitutional safeguards of our monarchy have passed away? Monarchy is, at this moment, tolerated rather than established amongst us. The king is either endured as a cipher, or made use of as a tool; and when he ceases to be a stepping-stone, you will see how long he will be suffered to be a stumbling-block in the way of his revolutionary masters. No, Antony. If I saw the least hope, by a strenuous assertion of Conservative principle, to stay, or even to mitigate the present evils, I would be the last man in the world to advise you to abandon your old colours. But I cannot so far deceive myself. You might do much for the ancient institutions of the country, if you had only to contend against their natural enemies; but, it is impossible to save them when their natural enemies are reinforced by those who ought to be their natural friends;—when you have to contend not only with the whole tribe of infidels

and democrats, but, with the whole influence of the aristocracy and of the crown. Therefore, my good friend, be warned in time. Do not let your chivalry prevail against your common sense. You cannot pretend to be more devoted to the monarchy than the King; or more ready to uphold the aristocracy, than the nobles; and if they are willing to surrender at discretion to their implacable enemies, is it for you to deliver them out of their hands?

POPLAR—I have looked calmly upon the present posture of our affairs, and it is not without its bright as well as its dark side. The King has, as you say, unfortunately, given all the aid in his power to the worst enemies of the monarchy; and if what he has done was done with a clear foresight of its natural consequences, our case were almost hopeless. But it was not so. He neither foresaw the mischiefs of the course he was advised to pursue, nor rightly estimated the motives of his advisers. There is reason to believe that his eyes have, latterly, been opened, and that he is only held to his present policy by the tyrannous nature of the circumstances by which he is surrounded.

NEVEROUT—Aye; 'there's the rub.' He has taken the plunge down the precipice, and he cannot now, by merely wishing it, regain the vantage ground which he abandoned. Besides, the party on whom, if he were true to himself, he might have relied, has been overthrown. They may be, literally, said to have "been scattered and Peeled;" their rout commenced in twentynine, and was completed by the passing of the reform bill. Upon what, therefore, can you calculate, when you express a hope that any effectual stand can now be made against the enemies of social order?

POPLAR—Upon this, that the Conservative party, though defeated, have not been destroyed; and their defeat has been owing, not so much to want of power, as to want of union. They were rendered supine by the very consciousness of their power, and by their too contemptuous conviction of the weakness and the worthlessness of their enemies. The party still exists in unbroken strength, and it is to be hoped, has gained wisdom by experience. They are, in point of fact, the only body worthy the name of a great party in the empire. Leaders they wanted, that is certain. Had any appeared worthy the great cause in which they are embarked, it would, ere now, have been eminently triumphant. But, it is also certain that such a want cannot much longer be felt by such a party. The worth and the intellect of the country are on their side; and if it be true that the crisis creates the man, the cause of truth and justice must soon be worthily championed.

NEVEROUT—By the by, you, I think, approve of the conduct of the Duke on the late occasion, and disapprove of that of Sir R. Peel. Indeed I myself think it was somewhat ridiculous to hear the latter gentleman praise, as he did, the former for his willingness to take office, and yet refuse to follow his example. I should have thought, that, what was sauce for the goose, was sauce for the gander.

POPLAR—My opinion upon that subject remains unaltered. Had the Duke been seconded as he should have been, he would have saved the country.

NEVEROUT—What! By consenting to carry the reform bill? By becoming the mere cat-paw of the Whigs? By doing that very work for which he denounced his political opponents as traitors?

POPLAR—No. If he was limited to the passing of precisely the present bill, and exactly in its present shape, without modification or addition, he should have eschewed a seat in the Cabinet with as much caution as he ever avoided a false position in the field. But I cannot believe that he would have been so hampered. The bill might have been essentially modified; and additions might have been made to it by which its most vicious tendencies would be corrected.

NEVEROUT—But you forget how deeply the Duke was pledged against all reform; how loudly he contended for the absolute perfection of the former system.

POPLAR—No, I do not. The Duke might have, consistently, maintained that no change was better than any change; and yet, when change was inevitable, consented to, or even co-operated in that which was less, in order to prevent or to mitigate that which would be more dangerous. He might, indeed, have acted like Coriolanus; and banished, from his regards, those who had banished him

from their councils ; suffering them to eat the bitter fruits of their own devices. But it was, surely, a nobler part, to be ready to stand between them and the destructive consequences of their own measures, even by consenting, for a season, to bear a portion of that iniquitous responsibility which they had incurred by unsettling the ancient foundations of the constitution.

NEVEROUT—But I doubt, even if he were seconded as he desired, whether he could have accomplished all that he intended. Had he conceded some little reform when he was in power, and when the mania was in its infancy, he would not now have to deplore the sweeping changes, which must, eventually, overturn all our ancient institutions.

POPLAR—There I differ from you. Had the Duke conceded what has been contemptuously designated “a bit by bit” reform, he would have conceded the whole principle of the question, and it would have been idle to dispute about the details. He would be compelled, thenceforth, to appear in the discreditable position of one who pronounced sentence of condemnation against a certain system as corrupt, and yet, maintained it from motives of political expediency. No ; had he been seconded, as he ought to have been, in the stand which he made against the beginnings of those evils, the fearful progress of which we have witnessed, they would, in all likelihood, have been averted. And seconded he would have been, with all the might and main of the Conservative party, had he not alienated the best, although not the wisest portion of them, by his conduct in twentynine. But these are by-gones, to which it is either idle or mischievous now to allude, except for the purpose of allaying the heart-burnings, and reproducing a cordial union amongst those, upon whose concert depends the only chance of salvation for the country.

NEVEROUT—But they *will* not be united ; they will not again act together—at least upon any system which would render their acting together important. They are divided into clubs and knots, each of which has its own little object, which it pursues without any reference to the general interests of such a Conservative policy as could alone take us out of our present difficulties. Peel is wedded to his own peculiar view of the currency question ; Sir R. Vivian, to his antipathy to the modern doctrine of free trade ; Sadler to his ultra-anti-Malthusianism ; and Captain Gordon thinks that nothing will be done, until the measure of twentynine is rescinded, and the country blessed with what he calls a system of scriptural education. When a party is thus split into sects, each of which claims a preponderating influence for its own peculiar tenets, what good can it accomplish ? None whatever. Therefore I would have you abandon it ; or, at least, not so completely identify yourself with it, as that its errors, or its mispolicy may prove your ruin.

POPLAR—I am not insensible to the evil of divisions, such as still exist amongst the Conservative party ; but I have taken my position after due deliberation, and am resolved to abide the issue. Undoubtedly, as yet, a perfect unanimity of actuating principle is wanting ; but that is all that is wanting, to render the present opposition the most formidable, both in a moral and political point of view, that ever appeared in Parliament. The misfortune is, that our able men are suspected not to be honest ; and our honest men are known not to be able ; that is, to possess the ability requisite for managing the concerns of a great empire. The blight which has fallen upon the character of the one, has encouraged the other to aspire to a position which they are not naturally qualified to occupy ;—and thus, a struggle has arisen between the efforts of honest incompetency to attain, and the reluctance of damaged worth and ability to relinquish, the leadership of a great party. One such mind as that of Burke or of Pitt would set all to rights. But where, alas ! is it to be found !

NEVEROUT—Come, come, this is too bad. Burke was an eloquent writer, and I mean not now to dispute whether his peculiar views were right or wrong ; but surely you must allow that his authority is not very great at present. Look at any of the Journals which influence extensively public opinion, and see the contempt with which he is treated.

POPLAR—Aye. But there is a species of contempt which only ratifies the worth and the excellence of the party against whom it is directed. There are those in politics as well as in religion “who hate the light, and will not come

into the light, lest their deeds should be reprov'd." You will scarcely deny that some of your leading journalists are of this class ; and, if that be so, it is not wonderful that they can neither speak nor write of Mr. Burke with temper. They inherit the spirit and the principles of their progenitors of the French school ; and Burke was the great providential instrument by whom the designs of these arch-innovators were first detected, and exposed to the gaze of indignant Europe. He it was, by whom the delusions were dissipated, under the cover of which they had, not unreasonably, calculated that they might proceed successfully in their work of disorganization and demolition, until one stone was not left upon another in the edifice of civil society. He it was, whose comprehensive mind exposed the narrowness, whose extensive reading and enlarged experience demonstrated the empiricism, whose penetrating intellect detected the sophistry, whose keen and cutting sarcasm, whose biting irony chastised and ridiculed the ribald insolence, the brutal ignorance, the gross and unredeemed vulgarity of that race of pseudo-patriots, who rode, for a season, so triumphantly, upon the passions of a misguided and infuriate populace ; and whose lofty eloquence, (a voice from the shrine where reason and conscience maintained a joint supremacy ; either interpenetrating and informing the other, and both becoming a living soul,) proclaimed, " with most miraculous organ," the deep damnation of those godless and anti-social principles, which inflicted, successively, anarchy and despotism on France, and more than half-accomplished the subjugation and the ruin of Europe. Is it, therefore, any wonder, that the name of Edmund Burke should inspire with dread and hatred the reckless and the profligate, to the remotest generations ? They cannot forget the word of power, which they were constrained to obey ; the master spirit by whose might their weak devices were confounded ; the genius at whose rebuke they " fled howling ;"—and, while every year is adding to the honours of the mighty dead ; while the number of those who derive instruction from his life, and imbibe wisdom from his pages, is gradually increasing ; while time, by his sure though tardy influence, is softening the bitterness of that party rancour, which obstructed, though it could not counteract, his usefulness, and wounded his peace, though it could not injure his reputation ; while such are the trophies which encircle his venerable name, and are accumulating upon his honoured sepulchre, there are not wanting occasional outbreaks of that fiendish malignity which he ever scorned to propitiate, by any tame or qualified reprobation of its practices, and which can as little forgive as forget the light that was let in upon its misdeeds, and the mighty overthrow which it experienced, when he rose the vindicator of outraged religion and insulted reason. Yes. The old purveyors to the carcass butchers of France, the base panderers to the tyranny of Buonaparte, the enemies of religion, of order, of honour, and of good faith, may be permitted to utter curses even as loud as they are deep, against the great apostle of legitimate government, and regulated freedom ;—for they but enhance and perpetuate his triumph, by perpetuating something like a faint resemblance of the monster over whom it was achieved ; and give a deeper cordiality, and confer a kind of devotional thankfulness upon the acclamations of the wise and good, by feelingly convincing them, and, as it were, bringing them within actual ken of the incurable folly, and the consummate wickedness of the faction, whose efforts would, at that time, have been as successful as they were diabolical, if the genius and virtue of the illustrious Irishman did not stand before them in the way ; and, like a hero in celestial panoply, sentinel our time-hallowed constitution.

NEVEROUT—Your theme seems to have inspired you. But, eloquent Sir, to what purpose ? What revolution failed to accomplish then, reform is likely to effect now. We were preserved from the aggression of wickedness, only to fall victims to the prescriptions of ignorance. The most that Burke could do, was to stave off the destruction which impended in his day, and which, I fear, is now about to break upon us.

POPULAR—Do not be a prophet of evil. We may yet be saved. I see, as plainly as you do, the dangers which lie before us and around us ; and if others could see them as we do, all would be well. If these existed amongst us even one such mind as that of Burke, before three months you would see a party in

England by whom, even at this, the eleventh hour, the progress of revolution would be arrested.

NEVEROUT—I confess I am more than sceptical as to that. Remember, he would now have to deal with a reformed House of Commons; a House of Commons, who may be truly described as “having ears and hear not;” so that there is but little chance of their giving heed to the voice of the charmer, “charm he never so wisely.”

POPLAR—You state a difference which, unquestionably, gives rise to a difficulty, for the removal of which I am not prepared. Any man who should at present undertake to champion a conservative policy, will have to contend against fearful odds, even supposing the crown and the nobility to be properly aroused to a sense of their danger. No doubt, it will be much more difficult to influence a House of Commons, in which the King and the Aristocracy have been deprived of the benefit which hitherto belonged to them, than it was when Burke and Pitt contended against the designs of revolutionary France. They had, as auditors, a different class of persons from those who are likely to constitute our future Parliaments: men whose education rendered them susceptible of enlightened convictions, and whose position rendered them independent of the caprice of the mob. They could, therefore, afford to be honest without losing their seats; and were able, in some measure, to guide that popular impulse, which so many must now be content to follow. But even then, a prodigious effect was produced out of doors by the genius and the eloquence of Burke, who succeeded in casting the evil spirit of Jacobinism out of the great bulk of the people, so that those who had been, previously, under its most savage influence, and who could not be bound, no, not by chains, were found “sitting and clothed, and in their right mind.” It must, however, be admitted, that if *active* Jacobinism was more ripe in those days, *passive* Jacobinism is more prevailing at present;—and for this I will never cease to blame the supineness of the Conservative party; who were satisfied with merely defeating present hostility, without making any sufficient provision against its recurrence in a worse form, and at a period when they were less prepared. Our institutions were then endangered by violence; they are now defenceless through indifference. The violence of the Jacobins, which was defeated, has been renewed. It was the natural product of ignorance and malignity, which at all times and in all countries, engenders a spirit of reckless resistance to constituted authority, and established order. On the contrary, its opposite, the conservative principle, is the product of knowledge and virtue; qualities which are not of spontaneous growth, but which require care and culture;—and this care and culture not having been bestowed upon them, all sound notions of government, and all reverence for social institutions which have stood the test of ages, seem to have perished from amongst the people. Nothing short of this can possibly account for the appalling apathy with which the late changes were received by the great bulk of the nation; who are still fain to believe that they love the old constitution of England, at the very moment that they are consenting that it shall for ever pass away. This, I say, making all due allowances for the great delusion that was practised by Ministers at the late dissolution, for the wicked use that was made of the name of the King, for the senseless prejudice which was excited against what were called rotten boroughs; for the shameless falsification of history, which represented that ancient part of the constitution as a modern innovation, and disguised the real nature of the question at issue, which was simply this, whether the Lords should continue to maintain an influence in the Commons, which was incapable of being employed for any other purpose than that of preventing abrupt collision; or whether the Commons should become possessed of such a degree of authority, as should thenceforth render them omnipotent in all national deliberations; and, to all intents and purposes, annihilate the authority of the Lords; making all just allowance, I say, for these and sundry other delusions, nothing could have made the people of this great empire, the victims of the present reforming ministry, but a species of passive jacobinism, or an ignorance of the value of their ancient form of government, for which those are deeply chargeable who neglected to avail themselves

of the opportunities which were abundantly in their power, of moulding and fashioning to wise and to good purposes, that spirit which has now been trained to sedition, and which is only powerful for evil. But they suffered others to sow the wind, and they are now reaping the whirlwind.

NEVEROUT—What you say is unquestionable truth. Both the moral and political education of the people has been neglected. Our rulers forgot that although one generation seldom fails to leave its errors, its vices, or its follies, as an inheritance to those who are to follow; there is no certainty that its virtues, or its wisdom will be transmitted with equal fidelity. The one, as you justly observe, are the spontaneous product of a soil naturally rank and unweeded, the other as a species of garden fruit, which requires a nice and difficult training, and which speedily degenerates, if not cultivated with the utmost care. But, in truth, our government, if ministers had minds to see their importance, was far too democratical, even before the passing of the reform bill, to be able to attend to those things. Their measures were all necessarily shaped with reference to the opposition they expected to encounter; and they were much more solicitous to make a plausible show of retrenchment and economy in the eyes of their adversaries, than to devise measures for their own prospective security, by making provision for the moral improvement of the people. But if this was the case under the former government, what must be expected from future administrations? What Tories could not accomplish, when the house of commons was less democratical, Whigs, assuredly, will not accomplish, now that it is more so; and therefore it is that I see no hope of bettering our condition, until fatal experience shall have warned our sanguine politicians of the errors of their present courses; and that I would have you, while there is yet time, make a cautious retreat from a position, an obstinate maintenance of which can only bring ruin upon yourself, without procuring any advantage for your country.

POPULAR—You have well said all that you have said respecting the supineness of former governments, and also the difficulty in which they were placed respecting the carrying into effect any wise views, (supposing them to have entertained them,) having for their object the more general diffusion, amongst the mass of the people, of sound moral and political instruction. But had they, in the zenith of Tory rule, been as firmly persuaded as we are of the importance of making the knowledge of the people keep pace with their power, of giving them principle in proportion as they had obtained influence, I cannot believe that they would have found it impossible to procure the assent of parliament to measures for that purpose. Nor do I now despair of seeing much done which may remedy former neglect, provided those, whose especial province it is to preside over such concerns, be but earnest and judicious in the prosecution of their object. With such a persuasion, can I prove false to my trust, or a renegade to that cause which I only desire to live as long as I can be instrumental in sustaining? Here, however, we must begin. We must endeavour to dispossess our countrymen of the demon of Jacobinism; and that can only be done by *supplying the complement* of that half knowledge which more than any thing else has contributed to lead them astray. Our adversaries have never been wanting to *their* cause in supplying in abundance all that was calculated to engender discontent and sedition, and thus to pave the way for revolution. If we are only as true to *our* cause, *we shall find that they have been only doing our business*; for we will only have to *add* to what they have done in order to turn their own engines against themselves. "The school-master is abroad" has become, through our supineness, the watchword in the march of audacious ignorance. If we employ our energies, it may become the watchword in the march of enlightened reason, and serve in future, to strengthen and consolidate, as much as it has as yet served to weaken and destroy those institutions which have proved the 'decus' and the 'utamen' of our liberties, and which have made the constitution of England the envy and the admiration of the world.

NEVEROUT—You rave, old man, or you mock us! Envy and admiration! We have now become a by-word amongst surrounding nations! Never will England again retain the rank which she has so insanely relinquished. Our parliament will henceforth resemble dogs with kettles tied to their tails. If the members are not mad, they must seem to be mad, or they will not be

trusted. No ; our day has gone by ; we have taken a sudden plunge from a height of glory and prosperity unparalleled in the history of the world, and will not find our level until we reach the opposite point of misery and humiliation. It is maddening to think of this. In the case of France, the madness of the people forced revolution upon the King ; in our case the contrary has taken place, and revolution has been forced, by those high in authority, upon an astonished and reluctant people. But the thing is done ; it has been done despite our efforts ; and we can as little remedy as we could prevent it. For my part, my resolution is taken : I have sacrificed much : I will sacrifice no more. Public affairs I feel to be beyond my controul, and I will even betake myself to courses in which I may find my private advantage.

POPULAR.—Feeling as you do, resentment and indignation at what has been done, your language is natural ; but I have better hopes of the ultimate destiny of my country. England will yet rise superior both to the treachery of her pretended friends, and the violence of her open enemies. The Tory party *deserved* much of what they at present suffer. Had the reform bill never passed, they were proceeding in a course which must have undermined the constitution. Their own interests as a party were scandalously neglected. The daily press was almost entirely in the hands of the Whigs. The able men, who honestly and laboriously, and with great sacrifices, advocated their cause for years, were suffered to remain in penury and obscurity ; while those who had no other claims than that of relationship to men in office, were revelling in luxury at the expense of the public. Look at the case of Robert Southey. See that great man devoting all the energies of his powerful mind to the good of that cause which our late rulers acknowledged was identified with the fame and happiness of the country. See him enriching every department of our literature by his genius, while he has yet found time for those essays, replete with original thought, and sound and lofty principles, which have given its chief value to that noble periodical, the Quarterly Review. One would think that any ministry would have been proud of patronizing such a man. And yet, what has been his reward ? A hard struggle for existence. Mr. Southey is this moment indebted to his daily exertions for his daily bread. And although he is, perhaps, the last man in the world to complain of this, yet, it is impossible for me not to think, and to feel of it as of a national grievance, which reflects especial disgrace upon those who had, for such a length of time, the disposal of the patronage of government, and who neglected to employ it in a manner that would have reflected lasting honour upon themselves. Look, again, to the manner in which the nomination boroughs were, in most instances, filled. I do not mean to say that many valuable members were not thus introduced into the house of commons. But is it possible to see such men as Lockhart, and others who might be easily named, without seats in that house, while striplings and nincompoops, who never attempted to digest any stronger intellectual food than the confectionery of the circulating library, wrote themselves M. P., and took their places amongst “the collective wisdom.” No, my friend. These were crying offences. They were sins against good sense and sound principle, for which the Tories can now scarcely find a place for repentance, though they may seek it diligently, and with tears. Beside, the church was neglected. The high places were not properly filled. Although the Duke of Wellington was not a profligate or a careless, he was yet an incompetent dispenser of church patronage ; and the consequence was, that appointments made with the best intentions, have reflected but little credit upon those by whom they were advised. I might easily illustrate this part of the subject by a reference to some of the deaneries both in England and Ireland. When Whigs abuse church patronage, it is all fair. They are but working in their vocation. They are only consistent in doing all that in them lies to bring into contempt, by their acts, a system which they have never omitted an opportunity of disparaging by their speeches and writings. But when Tories abuse their power, it is felt “as the unkindest cut of all.” They were the champions to whose chivalry the honour and the interests of our venerable spiritual mother, were, in an especial manner, entrusted ; and when they prove recreant knights, her condition is hopelessly deplorable.

NEVEROUT.—The church is, certainly, now, “hors de combat.” In this

country it is absolutely overthrown. I do not believe any one entertains the hope of setting it up here again. Our friends at the other side of the channel may, therefore, say, "*proximus ardet.*" When the Irish establishment is done away, they will have lost the best out-work of the Church of England.

POPLAR—Assuredly, their establishment will not long survive that of Ireland. The connection between them is like that of the Siamese youths: the death of the one will be soon followed by the death of the other. But, both may yet be preserved.

NEVEROUT—I should like to hear your recipe for the resuscitation of the Church of Ireland.

POPLAR—It is very simple. Good government, and a more adequate representation of its interests in parliament. Let the government only resolve, honestly, to carry into effect the laws of the land, and tithe will be collected with as much ease as ever; and let the church possess those who are qualified to protect it against the vituperation with which it is constantly assailed, and I would stake my existence that, before three sessions have elapsed, it would become as popular as it has been rendered odious. The church has suffered much more from the lukewarmness or the incompetency of its friends, than from the power or the violence of its enemies. No institution, no body of men, no character however immaculate, ever was, or ever can be, proof against persevering and reiterated obloquy. But, let a defender appear who is able and willing to undertake the cause of outraged and insulted virtue, and I entertain far too good an opinion of my fellow men not to believe that he would meet with sympathy and encouragement even in a reformed parliament.

NEVEROUT—But is not the expense of the Irish church a great grievance?

POPLAR—No: unless it is a great grievance that a portion of the rental of the country is retained and spent among the people.

NEVEROUT—Has not Ricardo demonstrated that tithe does not fall upon the landlord, but upon the consumer?

POPLAR—No. He has attempted to draw an inference of that kind from his theory of rent; a theory which may now be considered as absolutely without any sound foundation. See the late edition of Say's great work on Political Economy, and, "*The True Theory of Rent,*" by Mr. Peronet Thomson, of Cambridge. I will take another opportunity of dwelling more fully on that subject; suffice it to say, at present, that Ricardo's theory is built altogether upon the fallacy of "*non causa pro causa.*" Had he been a more liberally educated man, it is impossible that he could have fallen into such an error.

NEVEROUT—Error or no, it is at present very prevalent amongst those who take the lead in the house of commons upon all questions of political economy. Heard you not how O'Connell lately trumpeted it forth?

POPLAR—Yes; and it was most amusing. It reminded me of a scene which I witnessed when I was a young man. There were two women selling cockles. The one had excellent cockles, but a very bad voice; the other had very bad cockles, but a very good voice. The former, therefore, got into the immediate neighbourhood of the latter, and continued to draw to herself all the customers who were attracted by the stentorian lungs of her rival. Just such a mouth-piece has O'Connell been made by the political economists: with the difference, that, in his case, there is a "*quid pro quo.*" He supports their theory of tithes, upon condition of their supporting him in his antipathy to the church establishment. Indeed, in so far complying with his wishes, they are doing no violence to their own inclinations. Ricardo's inference was hailed with delight, much more because it was expected to act as a lever for the overthrow of the church, than for any other important consequences that could have resulted from it. And, long after it is defunct as a matter of science, it will be maintained by the same purpose. It reminds me of the doctrine of transubstantiation, which was first invented in accordance with the Aristotelic distinction of substance and accident, and when that was exploded, was still maintained because it added to the influence of the Romish priesthood, by whom the distinction was maintained for the sake of the doctrine, simply because the doctrine could not be maintained without the distinction. It has been, accordingly, remarked, that whatever he

its other demerits, transubstantiation cannot be denied to exhibit, in this respect, a remarkable instance of filial piety, by supporting its parents in their old age.

NEVEROUT—If Ricardo's doctrine respecting tithes, be but half as successful as the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, it will do more for the subversion of the Church of England, than the other has effected for the support of the Church of Rome.

POPLAR—But it will not be so far successful. It has already been found out. And although O'Connell has been made a mouth-piece to trumpet it, he too, will soon learn that there can be no credit in dressing in cast-off clothes. Besides, there is no man more ready at a retraction.

NEVEROUT—He, certainly, has no occasion for subtle inferences, in order to accomplish the destruction of the Church of Ireland. That has been done to his hand. I think the government have even gone before him; they have actually been his pioneers, in all that relates to the extinction of tithes.

POPLAR—Mr. Stanley is, I believe, well disposed to support the church. His measures, however, are but ill seconded by the other members of the administration, who rather give him his way than cordially co-operate with him. He will find out, by and by, the purposes to which his fine talents have been made subservient. The bills of which he lately gave notice would do much towards remedying the defects and providing for the stability of the church establishment in Ireland. But they have been deferred, as the price of the support which the Irish members gave to government in the famous case of the Russian Dutch loan;—and who does not see that it will be impossible to carry them in a reformed parliament?

NEVEROUT—One of these bills is, I think, for the purpose of creating corporations for the management of church property, which would then be assimilated to the property of universities. It is founded, as I learn, upon a suggestion of the Archbishop of Dublin, and does afford a prospect of securing the possessions of the church, while it separates the clergyman from all disagreeable collision with his parishioners respecting pecuniary matters, or the mammon of unrighteousness, which has, indeed, in their instance, proved "the root of all evil." I trust that bill at least, will be carried.

POPLAR—Do you not know that O'Connell cries out louder against that, than against any other part of the proposed system of commutation. It is downright amusing to see the facility with which he can take opposite grounds for the accomplishment of the same object. He first objects to the Irish Church, because of the grinding exactions of the Protestant Clergyman, and the odious nature of a tax, where the people of one denomination pay the religious teachers of those of another. Well, a change is about to be made which does away with at least, one part of this objection, by removing the clergy from all contact with those who pay the tithes. He then cries out, "Oh! you unmerciful wretches, what are you about to do? Are you about to take the people out of the hands of the kind and indulgent Protestant Clergyman, and to bring them within the fangs of a heartless corporation? This is a change for which we do not thank you. Unless the church is destroyed root and branch, there shall be no peace in Ireland." Such is the present language of this audacious demagogue; and it will not be the fault of our precious rulers if it do not prove more destructive to our institutions, even than it is disgraceful to himself. When the wolf was determined to devour the lamb, he was not more solicitous about finding a plausible excuse for his ravening appetite, than O'Connell for the destruction of the Church of Ireland.

NEVEROUT—The church has certainly had to *stand black*, as the school-boys say, for assaults of almost every description. She resembles the cocks on Shrove-Tuesday, which are tied to stakes for the amusement of the ruffian multitude, who sling their bludgeon missiles at them with a cowardly barbarity, which is only to be equalled by the bravery with which the big-hearted little birds clap their wings, and exultingly meet the impending danger.

POPLAR—If the bird were a hen instead of a cock, the cowardly atrocity of the ruffians in the legislature would be more strongly exemplified. But, in that case, I verily believe, the ruffians of the cock-pit would be half divested of their ferocity, and find it impossible to strike the timid and cowering creatures, whose

very helplessness should have excited sympathy, and procured for them protection. But, Hume and O'Connell are only so much the more encouraged to manifest all their truculence, when the object upon which they would wreak their malice is feeble, unresisting, and defenceless. If the church is to be maintained, it must, unquestionably, have other defenders than those who at present espouse its cause in parliament.

NEVEROUT—And what other can it have.

POPLAR—Its interests should be looked to by some of its own members.

NEVEROUT—What! would you have the clergy become politicians?

POPLAR—Unquestionably, if the good of the country requires it; as, I verily believe, it does. It never was intended that our clergy should be wholly divested of a political character, even as it never was intended that politics should be wholly divested of a religious character, or, pursued without reference to the great end, which should be held in view by nations as well as individuals, in all those things which concern the moral and the social well-being of the community. “*Vane leges sine moribus* ;” and, if laws be divorced from morality in their origin, they can scarcely be conducive to it in their operation. Now, is it possible to designate, by any less strong epithet, the positive exclusion of the authorised teachers of morality, from the house of commons? In that assembly, questions are perpetually occurring which relate, not only to the interests of the church, but, vitally affect the morality of the people; and the only individuals who are prohibited, by legislative enactment, from taking any part in the discussion of such questions, are those who, from the nature of their property, are peculiarly interested in the questions at issue, and from their professional knowledge, most capable of bringing learning and ability to bear upon them with advantage. What would be thought, if any of the other professions were thus treated?—If lawyers were excluded, by reason of *their* profession, when questions relating to the law or to the army were discussed before parliament? But, when Hume attacks the army, he has to encounter Sir Henry Hardinge; and, if he ventured to attack the law, he would presently find that he only brought a nest of Hornets about his ears. But the poor, proscribed, defenceless church, may be persecuted and pillaged with all impunity. Why? Simply because she has no professional defenders. She has no one who may meet her enemies in the gate.

NEVEROUT—What you say is very true; there are few, in parliament, who venture to stand up for the church; and, amongst them, there is a lack both of the requisite zeal and ability. Still I am not reconciled to a measure which would identify the clergy, as a body, with the heat and exasperation of party politics. They ought to stand aloof from the political discussions of the day; or, only appear as mediators, by whom conflicting differences might be reconciled, and peace and good will promoted. But, you well know how difficult it would be for them to sustain that character, if they were eligible to seats in parliament.

POPLAR—The clergy in America are eligible to seats in Congress; and I have never heard that they lost professional weight, by gaining political importance. I do not propose that the church, *as such*, should be represented; only, that the people should be permitted to choose a clergyman, if they should prefer him to any other, for the purpose of representing *them*. I have examined the question calmly and closely, and have not been able to discover a single good reason why churchmen should be exempted from the duty of serving their country in parliament. They constitute the class, who, from their leisure and education, may be supposed to possess the most ample knowledge of the abstract principles of legislation; and there never was a time when their presence and their influence might have had a more beneficial influence upon our parliamentary debates, than it would have at present; and that, not merely upon professional questions, but upon every question requiring the exercise of contemplative sagacity, and a philosophical acquaintance with the nature of man.

NEVEROUT—I have not hitherto regarded the clergy in the light in which you have now presented them. I have always respected them for their professional knowledge, and the general purity of their lives, but any thing further, I

have not given them credit for. If your statement be correct, I have certainly done them injustice.

POPLAR—I will only ask of you to take up that first report of the British Association for the advancement of science, and see the proportion which the clergy who are engaged in philosophical pursuits, bear to the other members. Sir, the clergy are almost as exclusively the depositaries and the pioneers of learning at the present day, as they were in the darker ages; and, I demand, is the legislature the only place into which ability such as they exhibit, shall not obtain admission? May all other professional men, who are so loaded by business as to be incapable of devoting any portion of their time to the advancement of any science, yet be invited to take a full share in all parliamentary proceedings, and shall the body, whose members contribute to the promotion of every science, be forbidden to interfere in the making of our laws? Do our legislators so abound in wisdom and knowledge, that they can afford to dispense with the services of that class, amongst whom wisdom and knowledge are chiefly to be found? Or, are they desirous of exemplifying the famous saying of the profligate Pope, by shewing "*quam parva sapientia regatur mundus?*" Alas! alas! Let the reform bill answer these questions.

NEVEROUT—It is, I allow, somewhat anomalous that the clergy should be excluded from the House of Commons; and I never could advocate such exclusion, except from a persuasion that their professional character would suffer more from their connection with politics, than the country could gain by their presence in Parliament. Only think of a clergyman engaged in all the dirty work of a contested election.

POPLAR—You well know that the dirty work of a contested election is never done by the principals. They, generally, keep aloof from the turmoil and bustle, and suffer others to promote the violence, or to practice the cajolery, necessary or useful for securing their return. Now, there is nothing which at present prevents the clergy from engaging in agencies of this kind, except that sense of professional decorum, which is, generally speaking, found sufficient to keep them out of such scenes, and which would not, assuredly, be less effectual were they to engage as principals in an election contest. For then, any indecorous intermeddling would be decidedly injurious to them. They must know, that they would defeat their own ends by any compromise of their professional character;—so that, instead of being exposed to an additional incentive to a departure from the strictest propriety, they would be guarded, by an additional sanction, against any such laxity of conduct, or latitude of behaviour, as might, by possibility, give an advantage to watchful and active enemies.

NEVEROUT—But if they should be returned, what is to become of their spiritual charge?

POPLAR—That is a matter for the consideration of the bishop. No clergyman should be suffered to hold a benefice, and, at the same time, to possess a seat in the House of Commons, without the most ample provision having been made that the parish did not suffer by his absence. This could be very easily done. There are many sinecures which might be held by those who became responsible for parliamentary duties, and for which they might easily exchange their preferments. But, what I chiefly rely upon is this, that a class of persons would be trained and educated with a peculiar reference to their legislative duties; that a kind of division of offices would take place amongst the clergy, and that the very emergency itself would create the means by which it was to be supplied, without subtracting a single useful labourer from the vineyard of the Lord. Thus, you see, it is easy to answer *honest* objections.

NEVEROUT—I am quite ready to admit the force of much of what you have said. There is nothing in the mere profession of a clergyman which should disqualify him from being a legislator. If there were, the bishops should not be permitted to sit in the House of Lords. What you have said, also, respecting the extent of their scientific knowledge, and the degree in which it is appropriate to every purpose, but the service of the state, has, I confess, made a strong impression upon me; and it does, I acknowledge, seem monstrous, that the clergy may be mathematicians, metaphysicians, astronomers, geologists—that their minds may be given to every thing, in short, except alone that which con-

cerns the political well-being of the empire. It would be idle to contend that they might not contribute to that, quite as much as they have contributed to the advancement of learning, and the cultivation of philosophy. But I have another objection, which, I trust, you will judge to be an honest one, and which is not, I think, so easily answered. Is there not a certain degree of sympathy excited, and protection procured for the clergy, as being, so far, defenceless, as long as they are excluded from the House of Commons, which would cease, as soon as they might be present to defend themselves? And would not one intemperate and injudicious advocate, if a churchman, do them more mischief, than any ten judicious ones could do them good? That consideration it was, which reconciled me to the practical extinction of the convocation. These are not times in which the pretensions of high churchmen, as they are called, would be endured; and, if the clergy were brought together in a political character, there is too much reason to fear, that such pretensions would be absurdly and offensively put forward. Now, if this should be the case, I think you will allow, that the experiment which you suggest could not be made without exposing them to serious injury;—and, it is for you to judge, whether, upon the whole, more might not be lost by the destruction of the church, than could be gained by engaging churchmen in the service of their country in Parliament.

POPLAR—Your objection is well put; and is, in point of fact, the strongest that could be alleged against my proposal. I have often revolved it in my mind with all the attention that its importance deserves; and the result has been, not that it possesses no weight, but, that it is not sufficient to justify the positive exclusion of the clergy from the house of commons. In the first place their helplessness no longer ensures them protection. The age of chivalry has gone by; and, not that merely but common honesty seems scarcely to be respected. What Burke thought impossible, is now about to come to pass; parliament are about to assert, not an authority for regulation and controul, but, for use and dominion, over the fixed estates of the clergy. Their property is thus openly, daringly, and powerfully assailed, while it is feebly, timidly, and inefficiently defended; and, all this, BECAUSE they are not adequately and professionally represented. No, I can never believe that the absence of those, by whom the sophists might be exposed, and the spoliators rebuked, can benefit the church in these times: or that the tender mercies of Hume and O'Connell are more than an equivalent for that competent and principled advocacy, by which the stupid malignity of the one might be chastised, and the reckless violence of the other resisted.

NEVEROUT—Recollect that I do not object to competent and well principled advocacy; such I consider most desirable; but only to such advocacy as might do harm rather than good; and such, I fear, *might* be the advocacy of some churchmen.

POPLAR—But I do not think the probability is in favour of the selection of persons of that description. Besides, the question is not, *now*, as between high church men and low church men. It may be truly said, “*de toto corpore Ecclesie certatur!*” It is not whether the church of England is to enjoy or to relinquish this or that privilege; but, simply whether it is to stand or fall. And, in such a case, is it or is it not to have competent defenders? Believe me, it is a case which requires what Lord Bacon calls a *whole man*. A lawyer or a soldier, men whose time and thoughts are very fully engrossed by other concerns, can never undertake its cause either with the spirit, the energy, the knowledge, or the perseverance, which might be expected from those who are trained and educated for its service: and, nothing short of *all* the devotion and *all* the ability which may thus be brought to its aid, can save it from the fierce hostility of ruthless, unscrupulous, and implacable enemies. A feeble defence, in such a case, is worse than no defence at all. It is *that*, and not intemperate advocacy, by which the church is, at present, endangered. Shall we, therefore, proscribe the only class of men from amongst whom advocates might be selected, upon whose knowledge and ability a reliance might be placed, simply because that class contains those also whose zeal may possibly exceed their discretion? That would be, to abandon a cause to certain destruction, from the fear of an error of judgment in the choice of those by whom it might be maintained. It would be something like the cowardice of the soldier, who shot himself before a battle,

for fear of being killed. But, I do not fear the error of which you are apprehensive. If the clergy were eligible to seats in the house of commons, I have no doubt that men of moderation and wisdom would find their way into that assembly, who would be, upon all vital constitutional questions, *πολλοὶ ἀνταῖοι ἀλλοι*, and make up, in worth and weight, what they wanted in numbers. The church is, truly, in hard case. Intemperance *could* not make its condition worse ; and, one intrepid and well appointed champion might yet give it a chance of victory.

NEVEROUT—But, you forget that the Bishops have seats in the House of Lords.

POPLAR—And what is the House of Lords at present ? It has passed under the yoke ; and although I am far from condemning the prudence which preferred disgrace to destruction, yet, for all Conservative purposes, that assembly has become almost as complete a non-entity as the two houses of Convocation. No. It is in the commons the battle must be fought ; and there, if anywhere, a stand must be made in defence of the establishment. I wish not to undervalue the assistance which the Bishops may give, if seconded in the lower house, by men of their own order. But, without such support, in that assembly, which is now predominant in the legislature, they will be either intimidated into a compliance with the measures of the spoliators, or, provoked into a feeble and ineffective resistance, which will only precipitate their doom, by exposing their weakness and decrepitude.

NEVEROUT—But, softly, good Sir. Would not the Roman Catholic Priests get into parliament if your proposal was adopted ?

POPLAR—I very much fear they would not.

NEVEROUT—What ? Fear ! Do you not dread such a result ?

POPLAR—By no means. They could, by possibility, be no where, where they could do less harm. A popish priest, in a British House of Commons, preaching sedition ! Why it might produce a salutary effect even upon Joseph Hume, and make him ashamed of his vocation. No, no. If you want to blind an owl, be sure to bring him into day-light. But are you not aware that dissenting ministers are, at present, eligible ?

NEVEROUT—No. I am not.

POPLAR—They are, however. All who pass under the denomination of any description of dissenters, not being in communion with the Church of Scotland, and whose orders are not recognised by the united Churches of England and Ireland, may, as things stand at present, be returned to serve in the Imperial Parliament ? Is it, then, unreasonable to expect that our clergy should possess a similar indulgence ?

NEVEROUT—No, certainly ; especially as the convocation has been so long practically extinct. I was not at all aware that the dissenting clergy could be elected. Have you any thing else to propose, by which the progress of revolution might be arrested ?

POPLAR—Much : but I have not time, just now, to detail it. Something must be done respecting the press : I will not say to shackle, but to purify. At some future time I will explain myself more at large.

NEVEROUT—But if you should fail to convince the government of the expediency, nay the necessity of the measure which you have proposed—if the Conservative party should still continue supine, or, waste their energies in defending a false position ; if they should be divided amongst themselves, and waste those powers in contending against each other, which ought to be united against the common enemy ; in that case —

POPLAR—In that case, I will have done my duty. Revolution must take its course. It will be some consolation, not to have aided or abetted the pernicious and profligate mispolicy which was big with the ruin of England. And I can only say, that, when all my efforts to serve the country shall have failed, Ulysses did not more eagerly avail himself of an opportunity to escape from the hospitalities of Polyphemus, than I shall to get beyond the reach of “ the tender mercies” of a reformed parliament.

LINES,

WRITTEN ON THE LAST DAY OF DECEMBER.

A few short hours will quickly close
 The old and hoary year ;
 It's head is charg'd with winter snows,
 Dissolv'd in many a tear.

Even this its last expiring day,
 Must soon for ever flee ;
 The cheerful sun's returning ray,
 It never more must see ;

Yet brightly now his parting beams
 Sad winter's gloom dispel ;
 And of the dying year he seems
 To take a kind farewell.

Those beams in happier seasons felt,
 Recal the summer fled,
 And cause the chilling snows to melt,
 In tears to memory shed.

By such sweet kindness mov'd, the frost
 Of age dissolves away ;
 The ancient year in rapture lost,
 Smiles out its last short day.

Such was to contemplation's eyes,
 The tale that nature told ;
 What heart shall not its moral prize
 And its effect unfold !

S. T. Q.

THE WANDERER.

I.

There is no lip to greet thee,
 Thou home-bound wanderer,
 There is no smile to meet thee,
 No—not a smile from her
 On whom thy boyhood doted,
 Ere the feeling found a name,
 To whose loveliness devoted,
 Manhood sought the field of fame.

II.

On thy shield thou wearest glory,
 On thy casque the laurel-wreath,
 Thine is the hero's story,
 That survives the wreck of death ;
 But the bosom thou hast panted
 To renew thy kisses on,
 By a golden spell enchanted,
 Play'd thee false and—she is gone.

III.

Once again the sword unsheathing,
 On the plain where triumph smil'd,
 While the trumpet-note is breathing,
 Thou'lt forget thou wert beguil'd.
 Back, where the clarions call thee,
 And the banners proudly wave,
 Where the worst that can befall thee,
 Is to find a warrior's grave.

SONG.

" Rest thee here !"

Whene'er the dreams that now illumine
 Each moment, change their hue—
 When Fancy chill'd, hath lost in gloom
 Her borrow'd lustre, too ;
 Whene'er the cup thou'rt quaffing now
 So deep, forgets to cheer,
 Nor hectic passion lights thy brow,
 Come, lov'd one, rest thee here !

I know the magic notes that swell
 From Pleasure's syren song,
 I know the wildering charms that dwell
 Thy fairy paths along ;
 Yet should'st thou ever cease to deem
 These thornless haunts so dear,
 Or fly from out the withering beam
 They bask in—rest thee here !

When life's no more a bower entwin'd
 By Circe's wanton skill ;
 When wasted smiles, and mirth declin'd,
 Yield to a sadder thrill ;
 When Love's and Friendship's faded wreaths
 Proclaim their closing year,
 And the fragranciness their spring-day breathes,
 Is vanish'd, rest thee here !

Come rest thee here, when hopes decay,
 And leave thy heart a waste ;
 When pride and power, as false as they,
 No more are sweet to taste ;
 If sick of joy that never knew
 The dewing of a tear,
 Thou seek'st a calmer peace that grew
 In sorrow, rest thee here !

Go revel in each soft desire,
 Nor leave one sweet untried,
 Till pall'd delight's extinguish'd fire
 Leaves not life's darker side.
 And then, if aching memory, fain
 Would shun a world so drear,
 And fly to scenes, which falsehood's stain
 Ne'er sullied, rest thee here !

T. T.

BARNY O'REIRDON THE NAVIGATOR—OUTWARD-BOUND.

By SAMUEL LOVER, Esq. R.H.A. Author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

"Well, he went farther and farther than I can tell."—*Nursery Tale.*

A VERY striking characteristic of an Irishman is his unwillingness to be outdone. Some have asserted that this arises from vanity, but I have ever been unwilling to attribute an unamiable motive to my countrymen where a better may be found, and one equally tending to produce a similar result, and I consider a deep-seated spirit of emulation to originate this peculiarity. Phrenologists might resolve it by supposing the organ of the love of approbation to predominate in our Irish craniums, and it may be so; but as I am not in the least a metaphysician and very little of a phrenologist, I leave those who choose, to settle the point in question, quite content with the knowledge of the fact with which I started, viz:—the unwillingness of an Irishman to be outdone. This spirit, it is likely, may sometimes lead men into ridiculous positions; but it is equally probable, that the desire of surpassing one another has given birth to many of the noblest actions and some of the most valuable inventions; let us, therefore, not fall out with it.

Now, having vindicated the *motive* of my countrymen, I will prove the total absence of national prejudice in so doing, by giving an illustration of the ridiculous consequences attendant upon this Hibernian peculiarity.

Barney O'Reardon was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net nor cast a line into deep water: indeed Barney, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whiskey, was looked up to, rather, by his rother-fishermen, as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barney O'Reardon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law, and in short, in his own little community, Barney was what is commonly called a leading man. Now, your leading man is always jealous in an inverse ratio to the sphere of his influence, and the leader of a nation is less incensed at a rival's triumph, than the great man of a village. If we pursue this descending scale, what a desperately jealous person the oracle of

oyster-dredgers and cockle-women must be. Such was Barney O'Reardon.

Seated one night at a public house, the common resort of Barney and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects, at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the newcomer made a regular out-break by exclaiming, "Ah tare-an-ouns, lave aff your balderdash, Mr. O'Reardon, by the powders o' war its enough, so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin an as if you wor Carlumberus or Sir Crustyphez Wran, whin ivery one knows the divil a farther you iver wor, nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters."

"Who towld you that, my Watherford wondher?" rejoined Barney, "what the dickens do you know about say-farin' farther nor fishin' for sprats in a bowl with your grandmother?"

"Oh, baithershin," says the stranger.

"And who made you so bowld with my name?" demanded O'Reardon.

"No matter for that," said the stranger, "but if you'd like for to know, shure its your cousin Molly Mullins knows me well, and maybe I don't konw you and your's as well as the mother that bore you, aye, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barney O'Reardon."

"By my sow! thin you know better thoughts than your own, Mr. Whipper-snapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No its not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reardon, for want of a better, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Throth there's more than there's good o' them," said Barney.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be that's left this, come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Throth thin you might know bet-

ther manners to your eldher, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little thravellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barney, rather contemptuously.

"Throth I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and its what I say that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare in the regard o' thractericks wid a man that has sailed to Fingal."

This silenced any further argument on Barney's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in quarrel between O'Reirdon and his relation.

The state of the crops, county cess, road jobs, &c. became topics, and various strictures as to the utility of the latter were indulged in, while the merits of the neighbouring farmers were canvassed.

"Why thin," said one, "that field o' whate o' Michael Coghlan, is the finest field o' whate mortal eyes was ever set upon—divil the likes iv it myself ever seen far or near."

"Throth thin sure enough," said another, "it promises to be a fine crap anyhow, and myself cant help thinkin' it quare, that Mickee Coghlan, that's a plain spoken, quite (quiet) man, and simple like, should have finer craps than Pether Kelly o' the big farm beyant, that knows all about the great saycrets o' the airth, and is knowledgeable, to a degree, and has all the hard words that iver was coined at his finger's ends."

"Faith he has a power o' *blasthogue* about him sure enough," said the former speaker, "if that could do him any good, but he isn't fit to howld a candle to Michael Coghlan in the regard o' farmin'."

"Why, blur an agers" rejoined the upholder of science, "sure he met the Scotch steward that the Lord bevant has, one day, that I hear is a wondherful edicated man, and was brought over here to show us all a pattrern—well, Pether Kelly met him one day, and by gor he discoursed him to that degree that the Scotch chap hadu't a word left in his jaw."

"Well and what was he the betther o' having more prate than a Scotchman?" asked the other.

"Why," answered Kelly's friend, "I think it stands to rayson that the man that done out the Scotch steward ought to know somethin' more about farmin' than Mickee Coghlan."

"Augh! don't talk to me about knowing," said the other, rather contemptuously. "Sure I gev in to you that he has a power o' prate, and the gift o' the gab, and all to that. I own to you that he has the *the-o-ry* and the *che-mis-thery*, but he has not the *craps*. Now the man that has the craps, is the man for my money."

"You're right, my boy" said O'Reirdon, with an approving thump of his brawny fist on the table, "its a little talk goes far—*doin'* is the thing."

"Ah, yiz may run down larnin' if yiz like," said the undismayed stickler for theory versus practice, "but larnin' is a fine thing, and sure where would the world be at all only for it, sure where would the staymers (steam boats) be, only for larnin'?"

"Well," said O'Reirdon, "and the divil may care if we never seen them, I'd rather dipind an wind and canvass any day than the likes o' them. What are they good for, but to turn good sailors into kitchen maids, all as one, bilin' a big pot o' wather and oilin' their fire-irons, and throwin' coals an the fire. Augh! thim staymers is a disgrace to the say; they're for all the world like ould fogies, smokin' from mornin' till night and doin' no good."

"Do you call it doing no good to go faster uor ships iver wint before?"

"Pooh! sure Solomon, queen o' Sheba said there was time enough for all things."

"Thru for you," said O'Sullivan, "*fair and airy goes far in a day*," is a good ould sayin'."

"Well maybe you'll own to the improvemint they're makin' in the harbour o' Howth, beyant in Dublin, is some good."

"We'll see whether it'll be an improvement first," said the obdurate O'Reirdon.

"Why man alive sure you'll own it's the greatest o' good, it is takin' up the big rocks out o' the bottom o' the harbour."

"Well, an' where's the wondher o' that? sure we done the same here."

"Oh yis, but it was whin the tide

was out and the rocks was bare ; but up in Howth, they cut away the big rocks from undher the say intirely."

"Oh, be aisy ; why how could they do that ?"

"Aye, there's the matther, that's what larin' can do ; and wondherful it is intirely ! and the way it is, is this, as I hear it, for I never seen it, but hard it described by the lord to some gintlemin and ladies one day in his garden where I was helpin' the gardener to land some salary (celery). You see the ingineer goes down undher the wather intirely, and can stay there as long as be places."

"Whoo ! and what o' that ? Sure I heerd the long sailor say, that come from the Aysthern Ingcees, that the Ingineers there can a'most live undher wather ; and goes down lookin' for dimonds, and has a sledge hammer in their hand brakein' the dimonds when they're too big to take them up whole, all as one as men brakein' stones an the road."

"Well, I don't want to go beyant that, but the way the lord's ingineer goes down is, he has a little bell wid him, and while he has that little bell to ring, hurt nor harm cant come to him."

"Arrah be aisy."

"Divil a lie in it."

"Maybe its a blessed bell," said O'Reirdon, crossing himself.*

"No, it is not a blessed bell."

"Why thin now do you think me sitch a born nat'hral as to give in to that ; as if the ringin' iv a bell, barrin' it was a blessed bell, could do the like. I tell you its impossible."

"Ah, nothin's impossible to God."

"Sure I was'n't denyin' that ; but I say the bell is impossible."

"Why," said O'Sullivan, "you see he's not altogether complate in the demonstheration o' the mashine ; it is not by the ringin' o' the bell it is done, but —"

"But what ?" broke in O'Reirdon impatiently, "do you mane for to say there is a bell in it at all at all ?"

"Yes I do," said O'Sullivan.

"I towld you so," said the promulgator of the story.

"Aye," said O'Sullivan, "but it is not by the ringin' iv the bell it is done."

"Well, how is it done then ?" said the other, with a half offended half supercilious air.

"It is done," said O'Sullivan, as he returned the look, with interest, "it is done intirely by jommethry."

"Oh ! I undherstan' it now," said O'Reirdon, with an inimitable affectation of comprehension in the Oh !—"but to talk of the ringin' iv a bell doin' the like is beyant the beyants intirely, barrin', as I said before, it was a blessed bell, glory be to God !"

"And so you tell me, sir, it is jommethry," said the twice discomfited man of science.

"Yes, sir," said O'Sullivan, with an air of triumph, which rose in proportion as he saw he carried the listeners along with him—"jommethry."

"Well have it your own way. There's them what wont hear rayson sometimes, nor have belief in larin' ; and you may say its jommethry if you plaze ; but I heerd them that knows betther than iver you knew say —"

"Whisht, whisht ! and bad cess to you both," said O'Reirdon, "what the dickens are yiz goin' to fight about now, and sitch good liquor before yiz. Hillo ! there, Mrs. Quigly, bring uz another quart i' you plaze ; aye, that's the chat, another quart. Augh ! yiz may talk till youre black in the face about your invintions, and your staymers, and bell ringin', and gash, and rail roads ; but here's long life and success to the man that invinted the impairil (imperial) quart ; † that was the rail beautiful invintion,"—and he took a long pull at the replenished vessel, which strongly

* There is a relic in the possession of the Macnamara family, in the county Clare, called the "blessed bell of the Macnamara's," sometimes used to swear upon in cases of extreme urgency, in preference to the testament : for a violation of truth, when sworn upon the blessed bell, is looked upon by the peasantry as a sacrilege, placing the offender beyond the pale of salvation.

† Until the assimilation of currency, weights and measures between England and Ireland, the Irish quart was a much smaller measure than the English. This part of the assimilation pleased Pat exceedingly, and he has no anxiety to have that repealed.

indicated that the increase of its dimensions was a very agreeable measure to such as Barney.

After the introduction of this and other quarts, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us therefore transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barney O'Reardon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing eye-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He had not a head-ache, however; whether it was that Barney was too experienced a campaigner under the banners of Bacchus, or that Mrs. Quigley's boast was a just one, namely, that of all the drink in her house, "there wasn't a head-ache in a hogshead of it" we cannot determine, but we rather incline to the strength of Barney's head.

The above-quoted declaration of Mrs. Quigley is the favourite inducement held out by every born companion in Ireland at the head of his own table. "Don't be afraid of it, my boys! it's the right sort. There's not a head-ache in a hogshead of it."

This sentiment has been very seductively rendered by Moore, with the most perfect unconsciousness on his part of the likeness he was instituting. Who does not remember—

"Friend of my soul this goblet sip,
'Twill chase the pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But oh, 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away the mind,
But, like affection's dream,
It leaves no sting behind."

Is not this very elegantly saying "there's not a head-ache in a hogshead of it?" But we are forgetting our story all this time.

Barney sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was, and from the frequency of this action it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barney. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighbouring field, and stretching himself at full length, he basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preced-

ing night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself "that lift the place four years ago, a brat iv a boy, and to think iv his comin' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 'twas too bad. Barney saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay "in spite of all the O'Sullivan's, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But at the same time he knew he should never bear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barney had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman and child that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop," he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered than Barney sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect and felt himself to be all over Barney O'Reardon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barney, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barney—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barney set his brains to work, to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty

stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barney, as he strided along the shore, and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived was approaching him, so immersed was he in his speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend "the long sailor from the Aystern Injees." This was quite a god-send to Barney, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barney's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barney and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion, there was only a duet performance in honor of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barney's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was, we will not dilate on—we will keep it as profound a secret as Barney himself did, and content ourselves with saying, that Barney looked a much happier man the next day. Instead of wearing his hat slouched and casting his eyes on the ground, he walked about with his usual unconcern, and gave his nod and passing word of "*civilitéé*" to every friend he met; he rolled his quid of tobacco about in his jaw with an air of superior enjoyment, and if disturbed in his narcotic amusement by a question, he took his own good time to eject "the leperous distilment," before he answered the querist, with a happy composure, that bespoke a man quite at ease with himself. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barney bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, the owner of the "big farm beyant" before alluded to, in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivaling O'Sullivan.

He thought it probable that Peter Kelly, being one of the "snuggest" men in the neighbourhood, would be a likely person to join him in a "spec" as he called it, (a favourite abbreviation of his for the word speculation,) and accordingly, when he reached the "big farmhouse" he accosted its owner with the usual "God save you." "God save

you kindly, Barney," returned Peter Kelly, "an' what is it brings you here Barney," asked Peter, "this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?" "Oh, I'll be out in the boat soon enough, and it's far enough too I'll be in her; an' indeed it's partly that same is bringin' me here to yourself."

"Why, do you want me to go along wid you, Barney?"

"Thro' an I don't, Mr. Kelly. You're a knowledgeable man an' land, but I'm afraid it's a bad bargain you'd be at say."

"And what wor you talking about me and your boat for?"

"Why you see, sir, it was in the regard of a little bit o' business, an' if you'd come wid me and take a turn in the praty field, I'll be beholdin to you, and may be you'll hear somethin' that won't be displazin' to you."

"An welkin, Barney," said Peter Kelly.

When Barney and Peter were in the "praty field" Barney opened the trenches (I don't mean the potato trenches) but, in military parlance, he opened the trenches and laid siege to Peter Kelly, setting forth the extensive profits that had been realized by various "spec" that had been made by his neighbours in exporting potatoes, "and sure," said Barney, "why shouldn't you do the same, and they here ready to your hand," as much as to say *why don't you profit by me, Pether Kelly?* and the boat is below there in the harbour, and I'll say this much, the devil a better boat is betune this and herself."

"Indeed I b'lieve so, Barney," said Peter, "for considhering where we stand, at this present, there's no boat at all at all betune us," and Peter laughed with infinite pleasure at his own hit.

"Oh! well, you know what I mane, say how, an' as I said before, the boat is a darlint boat, and as for him that commands her—I b'lieve I need say nothin' about that," and Barney gave a toss of his head and a sweep of his open hand, more than doubling the laudatory nature of his comment on himself.

But, as the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barney prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export, but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barney had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where he was going, and Barney rejoined

that "praties were so good in themselves there never could be too much o' thim any where." But Peter being "a knowledgeable man, and up to all the saycrets o' the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the che-mis-thery," overruled Barney's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens*, (which name they give to pickled mackerel) as a preferable merchandize, quite forgetting that Dublin bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But by many similar mistakes, the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled, by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barney whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honor and glory of becoming a navigator and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly the boat was laden and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barney's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

But this order Barney refrained to give, and for the first time in his life exhibited a disinclination to leave the shore. One of his fellow-boatmen, at last, said to him, "Why thin Barney O'Reirdon, what the devil is come over you, at all at all? What's the maynin' of your loitherin' about here, and the boat ready and a lovely fine breeze aff o' the land?"

"Oh never you mind; I b'lieve I know my own business any how, an' its hard, so it is, if a man can't order his own boat to sail, when he plazes."

"Oh, I was only thinkin' it quare—and a pity more betoken, as I said before, to lose the beautiful breeze, and —"

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself, i' you plaze, and stay in the boat as I bid you, and don't be out of her, on your apperl, by no manner o' manes for one minit, for you see I don't know when it may be plazin' to me to go aboard an' set sail."

"Well, all I can say is, I never seen you afeard to go to say before."

"Who says I'm afeard?" said O'Reirdon; "you'd betther not say that agin, or in throth I'll give you a leatherin that won't be for the good o' your health—throth for three straws this minit I'd lave you that your own mother wouldnt know you with the lickin' I'd

give you; but I scorn your dirty insinuation; no man ever seen Barney O'Reirdon afeard yet, anyhow. Howld your prate I tell you, and look up to your betthers. What do you know iv navigation—may be you think it's as aizy for to sail an a voyage as to go a start fishin," and Barney turned on his heel and left the shore.

The next day passed, without the hooker sailing, and Barney gave a most sufficient reason for the delay by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame, (glory be to God,) and that it was given to him to undherstand, (undher Heaven) that it wouldn't be looky, that day.

Well, the next day was Friday; and Barney, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it, on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came, running in a great hurry down to the shore and jumping aboard, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Why thin you tuk the notion mighty suddint, Barney," said the fisherman next in authority to O'Reirdon, as soon as the bustle of getting the boat under way had subsided.

"Well, I hope its plazin' to you at last," said Barney, "throth one 'ud think you were never at say before you wor in sitch a hurry to be off; as newfangled a'most as a child with a play-toy."

"Well," said the other of Barney's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself, as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, may be, now, if we sail'd three days agon."

"Don't b'lieve it," said Barney, emphatically. "Now don't you know yourself that there is some days that the fish won't come near the lines at all, and that we might as well be castin' our nets an the dhry land as in the say, for all we'll catch, if we start an unlooky day, and sure I towld you I was waitin' only till I had it given to me to undherstan' that it was looky to sail, and I go bail we'll be there sooner than if we started three days agon, for if you don't start, with

good look before you, faix may be it's never at all to the end o' your thrip you'll come."

"Well there's no use in talkin' about it now, anyhow, but when do you expect to be there?"

"Why you see we must wait until we see how the wind is like to howld an, before I can make up my mind to that."

"But you're sure now, Barny, that you're up to the coorse you have to run."

"See now, lay me alone and don't be crass-questionin' me—tare an ouns do you think me sitch a bladdherang as for to go shuperinscribe a thing I wasn't aiquil to?"

"No; I was only goin' to ax you what coorse you wor goin' to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there—and so I bid you agin' lay me alone—just keep your toe in your pump. Sure I'm here at the helm, and a woight an my mind, and its fitter for you, Jim, to mind your own business and lay me to mind mine; away wid you there and be handy, haul taught that foresheet there, we must run close an the wind; be handy boys; make every thing dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbour before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this peculiarity, render them particularly suitable for the purposes to which they are applied, namely, pilot and fishing boats.

We have said a ship left the harbour before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbour, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach.—Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment: he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

The stars, twinkling in mysterious brightness, through the silent gloom of night, were the first encouraging, because *visible* guides to the adventurous mariners of antiquity. Since then, the sailor, encouraged by a bolder science, relies on the *unseen* agency of

nature, depending on the fidelity of an atom of iron to the mystic law that claims its homage in the north. This is one refinement of science upon another. But the beautiful simplicity of Barny O'Reirdon's philosophy cannot be too much admired. To follow the ship that is going to the same place. Is not this navigation made easy?

But Barny, like many a great man before him, seemed not to be aware of how much credit he was entitled to for his invention, for he did not divulge to his companions the originality of his proceeding; he wished them to believe he was only proceeding in the commonplace manner, and had no ambition to be distinguished as the happy projector of so simple a practice.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake, for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy every body is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 'twould look like dodging her," as he said to himself, but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"By my sowl," thought Barny, "the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wonder we are'n't closin' in wid the shore by this time; or may be it's farther off than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o'the skies for many a long year, and maybe it's

the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barney had hitherto kept a-head of him, shewed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did, and Barney began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the Captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barney where he was going?

"Faith then I'm goin' an my business," said Barney.

"But where?" said the Captain.

"Why sure an it's no matter where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barney.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for, for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship!—Why thin, blur an agers, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the Captain.

"Why, did two people niver thravel the same road before?"

"I don't say they didn't; but there's a great difference between a ship of 700 tons and a hooker."

"Oh as for that matter," said Barney, "the same high road serves a coach and four and a low-back car; the thravellin' tinker an' a lord a' horseback."

"That's very true," said the Captain, "but the cases are not the same, Paddy, and I can't conceive what the devil brings you here."

"And who ax'd you to consayve any thing about it?" asked Barney somewhat sturdily.

"D—n me if I can imagine what you're about, my fine fellow," said the Captain, "and my own notion is, that you don't know where the d—l you're going yourself."

"O *baithershin*!" said Barney with a laugh of derision.

"Why then do you object to tell?" said the Captain.

"Arrah sure, Captain, an' don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail under saycret ordhers?" said Barney, endeavouring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship at the idea of a fishing

boat sailing under secret orders; for, by this time, the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barney and his boat.

"Oh, its a thrifle makes fools laugh," said Barney.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. D—n your stupid head can't you tell what brings you here?"

"Why thin, by gor one id think the whole say belonged to you, you're so mighty bowld in axin questions an it. Whytare an ouns, sure I've as much right to be here as you, though I haven't as big a ship nor as fine a coat—but maybe. I can take as good sailin' out o' the one and has as bowld a heart under th' other."

"Very well," said the Captain, "I see there's no use in talking to you, so go to the d—l your own way." And away bore the ship, leaving Barney in indignation and his companions in wonder.

"An why wouldn't you tell him?" said they to Barney.

"Why, don't you see," said Barney, whose object was now to blind them, "don't you see, how do I know but maybe he might be goin' to the same place himself, and maybe has a cargo of *scalpeens* as well as uz, and wants to get before us there."

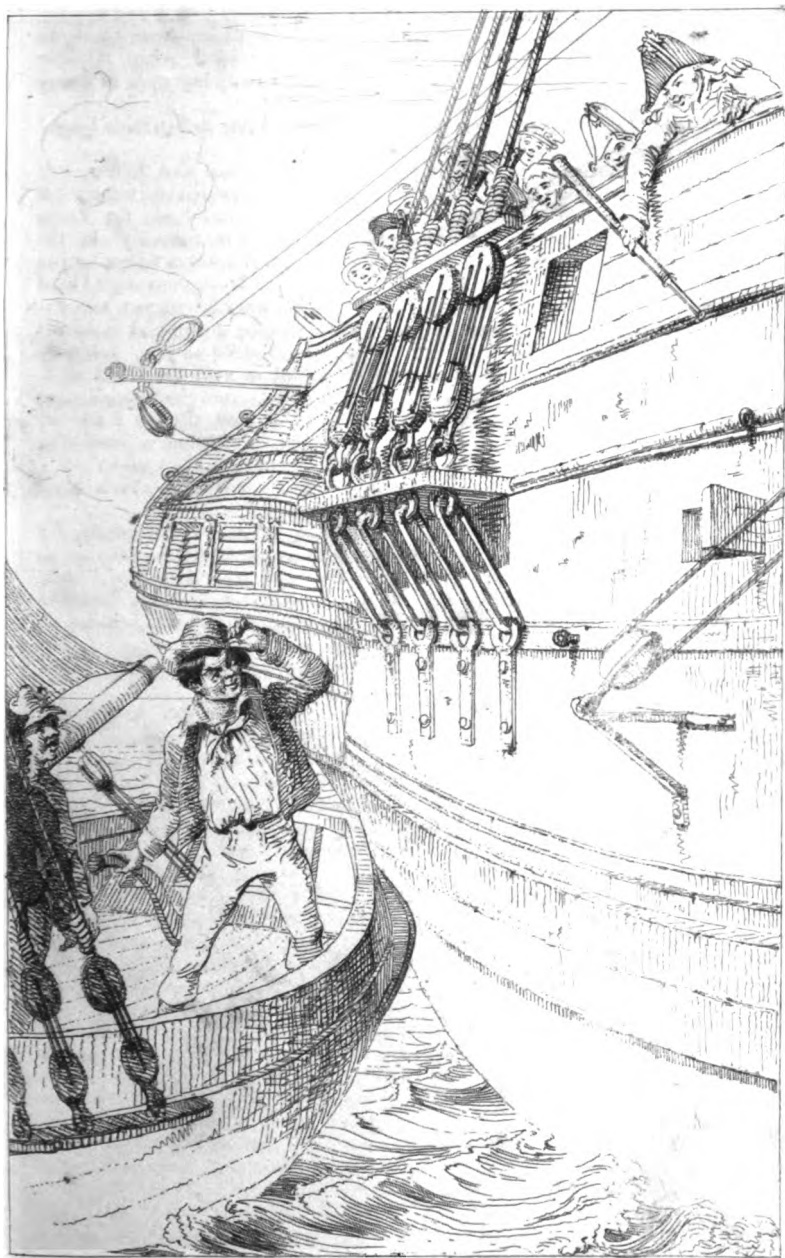
"Thru for you, Barney," said they. "By dad you're right." And their enquiries being satisfied, the day passed as former ones had done, in pursuing the course of the ship.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance, and Barney then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the still likely greater length, for anything he could see to the contrary, and urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship, and when he found himself alongside, he demanded a parley with the Captain.

The Captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck, and as soon as he appeared Barney cried out—

"Why thin, blur an agers, Captain

BARRY O'REILLY THE NAVIGATOR



Etched by Saml. Lover R.H.A.

Captain dear when do you expect to be there " Where? said the Captain.
"As you know yourself."

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dear, do you expect to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the Captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the Captain.

"Thus for you indeed, your honor," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone.

"but when will you be at the end of your voyage, Captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the Captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny, "three months—arraha it's joking, you are Captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the Captain,

"Why, thin, your honor, to tell God's thruth, I heerd you wor goin' *there*, an as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgable gintleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I am going?" said the Captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "Isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the Captain, "'tis to *Bengal*."

"Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barny, "What'll I do now at all at all?"

(End of Chap. I.)

A LEGEND OF PERU.

‘*ἦν*. — *ἐν τυραννικῇ δόμῳ*
Δούλει ἡμᾶς ἰδὲς—

EURIP.

The Indians report that the Inca Viracocha was the author of the prophecy which foretold the invasion of the Spaniards, and was preserved among the archives of the Kings of Peru. In effect it would appear to have been accomplished, at the close of the reign of one of his descendants, supposed to have obtained illegal possession of the throne, in the conquest of the Peruvian empire, the destruction of its idolatry, and finally, its total subversion by the Spanish army under Pizarro.

"Why amid scenes where desolation reigns,
Has thus my fancy chosen to abide?
Oh! not that brighter visions it disdains,
At whose departure it so oft has sigh'd;
Nor yet that in the stores of memory
It cannot find some dear remember'd joys,
Whose sweetness, transient howsoe'er it be,
Leaves a faint trace oblivion ne'er destroys.
I fear me that the shade which sorrow flings
Around each thought and feeling of my breast,
And the disquietude of heart that springs
From losing all with which its hopes were blest;
'Tis this which colours with such sombre guise,
As clouds the spirit in its night of care,
The images that to my fancy rise,
And tints my strain with the sad hues they wear.

How beautiful the mild and pearly light
That robes at moon-rise the autumnal sky,
Softer than summer's noon, yet scarce less bright,
And fraught with sweet, tho' pensive reverie.

Morning is grand, when the unclouded sun
 Spans the great arch of Heav'n with golden ray,
 But night is lovely, when her lamp has won
 The wide dominions, of declining day.

For then, beneath the star-enamell'd sphere,
 There reigns around a stillness of repose
 That calms the troubled soul, and checks the tear,
 When with the tide of grief the heart o'erflows.

And o'er the hills and valley of Yukay,*
 Moonlight is spreading now a silvery veil,
 While the sweet warble of her roundelay
 Betrays the wooing of the nightingale.

The gentle airs, how balmily they breathe,
 Riffing their odours from the fragrant flowers,
 Whose opening buds their mingled incense wreath
 Around the loveliest of Indian bowers.

The marble grot, the ever-verdant grove,
 The winding river, and the sparkling rill—
 What fair domains for the abode of love,
 Ev'n in their ruin how enchanting still.

Yet some there are o'er whom such spells
 Can exercise no influence ;
 Those in whose inmost soul there dwells
 Some latent anguish, so intense,
 That beauties of the earth and air,
 However rich the dyes they wear,
 Are either pass'd unheeded by,
 Or if regarded, with a sigh,
 Waking the chords of memory,
 To breathe in mournful unison,
 With strains of joy for ever gone.
 Ev'n thus was all the magic thrown
 Around this fair romantic spot,
 Lost upon one—and such alone
 Had seen its charms, and felt them not.
 But lightly as we prize the gold,
 From whence unseen the jewel fell,
 And sadly rather we behold
 What minds us of our loss too well ;
 So from the valley of Yukay
 When once its 'pride' was borne away,
 Lightly reck'd Aza then, if all
 Its moonlit groves, and rill and river,
 Were shrouded in the gloomy pall
 That hides his heart from hope for ever.
 'Twas here, amid its blooming bowers,
 That Aza first his Zilia met ;
 Oh ! far beyond all after hours,
 And one we cannot e'er forget,

* " The valley of Yukay is the most delightful spot in all Peru ; having for that reason been chosen by all the kings from the time of Manco Capac, (the first Inca,) as their place of recreation, to which they retired often to divert themselves, by a temporary relief, from the toils and fatigues of government."—Rycaut.

When first young Beauty's artless tone
 Falters responsive to our own ;
 When in the eyes we read confess'd
 The tender tumult of the breast,
 When by the oft-repeated sigh,
 The words that in the effort die,
 Affection's voice too weak appears
 To check each wild emotion's rush,
 And feeling speaks by symbol-tears,
 And its mute oracle, a blush.

They met—could Aza's glances fail
 To pierce the texture of her veil,
 That scarce conceal'd, so finely wove,
 Her mild blue eyes that beam'd with love.
 Fair Zilia, well thy witching form
 The bosom's fondest hopes could warm ;
 For never had thy Deity
 A lovelier worshipper than thee,
 The soul of grace and symmetry.
 Nor ever yet more faultless gem

Were gather'd from its native mine,
 To deck an Inca's diadem,

Than Zilia was each thought of thine.
 Alas ! that fate should seldom bless
 Those hearts that cannot love the less,

Tho' doom'd to be divided here,
 And wander thro' life's wilderness
 Perchance for many a weary year ;
 Consign'd to that sad solitude

Which the despairing ever feel,
 Whose grief is every hour renew'd,
 Beyond the flight of time to heal,
 Who oft upon his rapid wings
 The balm of consolation brings.

In sooth it is a deadly blow,
 And mourn'd with many a shade of woe,
 When first the young and ardent breast
 With one dear object is impress'd,
 And when its cherish'd hopes are wreck'd
 By cold unkindness and neglect ;

But deeper and more deadly far,
 Comes destiny's rude shock to sever
 Two love-link'd spirits, and to mar
 Their peace and happiness for ever.

Thus bright and brief was Aza's dream
 Of transport in his love requited,

Transient as the electric beam
 That dies upon the gloom it lighted.

The glance of an unhallowed eye,
 Practis'd in wiliest treachery,
 Saw but to covet this fair flower

Bleoming within its native bower ;
 And now thro' her deserted home,

For Zilia dwells no longer there,
 In vain, alas ! may Aza roam,

He seeks for hope, and meets despair.
 Oh ! that the breast should e'er be steel'd
 Against another's agony,
 Or keep the fount of feeling seal'd,
 Lest aught its flow should profit by ;

That there are hearts, o'er which the dews
 Of pity ever vainly fall,
 Whose cold unkindness can refuse
 To hear the voice of sorrow's call.
 The tender tear, the swelling sigh
 Awake in such no sympathy ;
 Nay, it has ever been the pride
 Of those whose barren souls within
 Love never liv'd, or early died,
 To thwart the bliss they cannot win ;
 And thus the dark Huascar bore
 Afar from all her heart held dear,
 The maiden in whose eyes *he* wore
 A form of loathing and of fear.

Now in the Temple of the Sun,
 As priestess of its splendid shrine,
 Dwells Zilia—but how dimly on
 Her spirit's gloom its glories shine ;
 In sooth they could but ill accord
 With her distracted feelings now,
 Woo'd by a tyrant she abhor'd,
 And urged to break her first fond vow.
 And must she to such bidding yield?
 Will not her Idol's altar shield
 Its fairest virgin-worshipper ?
 Alas ! its laws have destin'd her,
 Chief of her train, and none beside,
 *To be the reigning Inca's bride.
 As the bright bird of Paradise,
 If once upon the earth it light.
 Can ne'er again have power to rise,
 And wing to Heaven its airy flight,
 Thus Zilia, can thy hopes no more
 Beyond thy gorgeous dungeon soar ;
 Huascar claims thee for his own,
 And never yet on †Cozco's throne
 A sovereign of its region sate,
 In vice and crime so obdurate,
 Ere justly, tho' too late, he fell
 By one who track'd his purpose well.

The loud ‡ Haylli had ceased—no more
 In measured interval,
 Upon the temple's marble floor
 The sylph-like footsteps fall.
 Both song and dance are o'er, till night
 Come to demand the vesper rite.

* According to the Peruvian code of laws respecting their religious rights and ceremonies, the Inca had the appointment of the Chief Priestess of the temple, who was obliged to become also the Inca's wife.

† Cozco was the imperial city of Peru, in the midst of which upon a lofty eminence was built the celebrated Temple of the Sun, commanding an extensive prospect of the adjacent country.

‡ All their songs were panegyrics in praise of the Sun, and called Haylli, i.e. triumph, with these they intermixed the quick and acute sayings of discreet lovers, commencing and concluding every stanza with the word Haylli.—Rycaut.

There was in a gilded portico,
 Where many a sparkling fountain play'd,
 Cooling the sultry mid-day glow,
 And lending freshness to the shade ;
 Where round each polish'd shaft entwin'd,
 The sweetest flowers their balm combia'd,
 And shed thro' the ambrosial air
 Such volum'd fragrance, and so rare,
 That the enchanted soul and sense
 Both spell-bound by its influence,
 And wrapt in a delicious dream
 Of present joys, might almost deem
 The lovely scene no earthly sphere,
 But a celestial blooming here.

Vallies and hills the gazer's eye
 Sees chequer'd with their varied hues,
 The glen, the rock's rude canopy,
 The river, which the Heav'n imbues
 Deep with its sapphire tints—all blend
 To bless the sight, 'till it extend
 To that high cliff, whose summit first
 Catches the morning's rosy burst,
 Illumin'd as if showers of gold
 Over its rugged sides were roll'd ;
 Now in the noon-tide's calm repose,
 Its aerial peak no longer glows,
 But terminates the distant view
 With softest dyes of mountain blue.

Here lowly now at Zilia's feet
 Is suppliant Huascar kneeling ;
 Nor can she thus his glances meet
 Without a chill thro' every feeling ;
 And while her hand is in his grasp,
 Such horror thro' her senses crept,
 As when one wakens, whom the asp
 Had stung and poison'd as she slept,
 Wakens to die.—The Inca still
 Swerved not from his unholy will.

“ Dear Zilia, if my tongue could dare
 Essay to tell thee all I feel
 In my fond heart—but buried there
 Must lie, what words can ne'er reveal.
 Love is too trite—too cold a name,
 And far too feeble to express
 The vestal nature of the flame,
 Kindled by youth and loveliness.
 Believe me, mine is not a soul
 That, like the wind-harp's fitful strain,
 As each wild gush may o'er it roll,
 Sighs, and is silent soon again.
 No—since thy voice's gentle tone
 Fell first on my delighted ear,
 I heard but this, and this alone
 Was all I ever long'd to hear.
 Now by this altar* of the star

* Round the Temple of the Sun were five chambers or cloisters, one of which was dedicated to the Star Venus, called Chasca ; it was named, also, the Page of the Sun, because it appeared to attend the rising and setting of their deity ; the walls of

That waits upon our deity,
 And heralds his approach afar,
 I swear me ever true to thee ;
 I'll share with thee my kingdom's throne ;
 Affection's sway is all thine own.
 Oh ! let me prove how dear I prize
 The spells that sparkle in those eyes,
 And speak thee to my raptur'd view
 The brightest jewel of Peru."

" Huascar, were thy realms so wide
 That all were thine 'neath India's sun,
 And were my heart all hope denied
 Of meeting whom it dotes upon,
 I would not be a murderer's bride ;
 Start not—thy will was never done.
 Tho' mad ambition, leagued with hate,
 Doom'd Aza to an early fate ;
 And a false Inca seized the throne
 He hoped that bloodshed made his own—
 Usurper ! Aza lives. I see
 The darkening of thy frown on me ;
 It cannot shake my constancy.
 Could'st thou then deem a woman's love,
 (Oh ! few there are who love like her,)
 As frail and perishably wove
 As webs of filmy gossamer ?
 Or that 'tis like the fragile flower
 That blooms and dies within an hour ?
 No—'tis a fond fidelity,
 That bids us still more firmly cling
 To those we love, when grief may be
 At hand, and hope is on the wing.
 'Tis in the season of despair,
 When all around appears to wear
 The shadows of the spirits gloom,
 Oh ! it is then that woman's love
 Glows like a sun-ray, to illumine
 The darkest clouds it beams above,
 And change them from the hues of night
 To dyes of gold and rosy light.
 It is the Halcyon's magic wing,
 That waving o'er life's troubled deep,
 Calms the wild billow's stormy spring,
 And lulls its restlessness to sleep.
 Then cease to think that thrones could buy
 The feeling that can death defy,
 Nay, court its worst of horrors ere
 The stain of falsehood it would wear."

" What ! mock me thus," Huascar cried,
 " Since vainly was thy pity tried,
 I shall essay what power can do
 With thee, and with thy minion too."

this chamber were plated with silver, and the roof painted like a starry sky; the remaining were consecrated to the Moon, the Rainbow, &c. and furnished with appropriate decorations.

Thou art already mine. For him,
Ere in the west the day grow dim,
So strict a search ——”

The threat was vain ;
By Aza's hand the tyrant falls,
And the true Inca holds his reign
Once more within his father's halls ;
And now at length was Zilia blest ?
Alas ! she was not doom'd for rest.

Where once the sun's great temple stood,
Its ruins cover many a rood ;
The shatter'd arch, the prostrate shaft,
Bear tokens of a long decay ;
The balm its gardens used to waft,
The freshness of its fountains* play,
All, all, long since have pass'd away.
And he who wanders o'er the wreck
Thus wrought by violence and time,
Can scarce the tears of pity check
For an enslaved yet lovely clime.
Legends rehearse the havoc made
By the revengeful Spanish blade.
And ages shall record the story
Of the last Inca and his bride ;
Scarce wedded, ere their temple's glory
Sank to the ruin, where they died.

WRITERS ON IRISH CHARACTER.†

THE subject of Irish wit, to use the words of one of its happiest illustrators, is one “ which dilates the heart of every true Briton, which relaxes his muscles, however rigid, to a smile ; which opens his lips, however closed, to conversation ; which ‘ frets another's spleen to cure our own,’ and makes even the angelic part of creation laugh themselves mortal ;” and yet, we know not any species of composition in which a greater number of writers have failed, than in that of delineating the Irish character. It has proved the Acroce-raunian promontory to many a daring humourist, who has made shipwreck of his fame in his attempts to double it ;

and the number of adventurers in this species of writing has been proportionally great, as there is no people whose peculiarities are more entertaining, or whose humour, though frequently delicate and refined, yet is often of that broad and intelligible cast, which pleases the polished and the witty, and at the same time, “ shakes with loud laugh the rude and dull.” Yet the numerous failures in this extensive field may be easily traced to the erroneous estimate, which writers are apt to form of the distinguishing characteristics of districts or provinces ; they seem to imagine, that the sole distinctions of these portions of mankind arise from the pronunciation of par-

* Among the most splendid ornaments of the temple were five fountains, which ran through pipes of gold. Garcilasso da Vega, author of the *Royal Commentaries* of Peru, says, that in his time but one of these fountains was remaining, which served the garden of a convent with water ; an unavailing search had been made for the rest.

† *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*—Second Series, 3 vols.,—Wakeman, Dublin, 1833.

ticular words, or the use of certain idiomatic expressions, and they suppose, that this may be easily marked by the mode of spelling or transforming the English language—the Scotch or Welshman is thought to be sufficiently distinguished, the former, if his conversation be embellished with “hout awa mon,” “deil tak me,” or “dinna fash your thumb;” and the latter, if he make such a transposition of letters as shall cause his language to appear ridiculous, and enrich his conversation by quotations from his genealogical tree, tracing his pedigree through the Ap-Jones or Ap-Shenkins, to some period before the deluge; but such are not adequate marks of the varieties of our countrymen, nor are provincial barbarisms the only modes of designating the differences between one province and another; there are characteristics which are no less marked, and far more conclusive; it is the moulding of the thoughts, the spirit, not the letter of the conversation, which distinguishes districts and marks the peculiarities of different clans. Yet though this be true, how seldom has it been observed in the attempts to delineate Irish character, in which the difference is more strikingly marked and the outline more distinctly traced, than in any other race of people. The generality of writers suppose that an Irishman is adequately represented, if he be named Pat, if his conversation be overloaded with those figures of speech commonly called Irish Bulls, and enriched by the Doric embellishments, “arrah my jewel, by my shoul and St. Patrick, or ‘by the holy poker.’” Such is the Irishman, as represented by English writers, and we do really aver, that it would be as true to nature, if Paddy was figured with a long tail and pair of wings.

We grant that an Englishman may suppose such to be an Irishman, and we consequently doubt not that Colman's stupid jokes are highly esteemed in England, when he has, gipsy-like, disguised them with a “purpureus pannus,” from Paddy's coat of many colours: his Irish bulls are merely the blunders of stupidity, unlike that of the young student who, when asked of his progress, said, “I shall soon be qualified to practice as a physician, for I can already

cure a child;” they contain no point, no humour, and are mere commonplace blunders. When he has attempted to be witty, in his Irish characters, without the assistance of *English* blunders, he has completely failed, and yet his success has not been the less in England; for Englishmen cannot appreciate, in consequence of not understanding, true Irish humour, which depends more on the drollery of a turn in the expression, the readiness of the repartee, or the mistake as much designed as accidental, which constitutes the peculiar excellence of the wit of our countrymen. Yet we forgive him, for if not witty himself, he has been the cause of wit in others, and the parody in the “Rejected Addresses” has almost for this reason made us excuse the dullness of its archetype.* And yet the Irish bull is not a “beast” of peculiarly Irish origin, as Miss Edgeworth has shewn in her admirable essay, nor are our countrymen to be distinguished by its exclusive use. John Bull has had himself a numerous progeny, but like the elder branches of most families, they are pardoned, while their Irish cousins are obliged to be the scape-goats (or rather calves), and bear the sins and consequent flagellation, of their more fortunate relatives. What we have said above of the “Pic Nic poet” applies equally to all his countrymen, from the causes we have stated, and we do assert that no English writer has pourtrayed, or can pourtray Irish character; they have tried it frequently, and their repeated failures should have been a sufficient warning to them to abstain from the trial: it is to a fellow-countrywoman we owe the first truly Irish sketches—to the pen of Miss Edgeworth may be attributed the first successful pourtraiture of our nation's peculiarities; but it is only its harmless wit or amiable foibles she has attempted to represent; she describes her countrymen as seen only under circumstances calculated to develope the good points in their characters; and though the outlines of the picture are most true to nature, yet by omitting the dark shading, she has left it imperfect, and resigned to others the task of putting in the gloomy back ground, which though sombre in itself, yet serves to throw

* Vid. DRURY-LANE HUSTINGS, a new halfpenny ballad. *Rejected Addresses*, p. 81.

out the brighter tints in the picture, and make it more faithful and correct. In the same way the author of Hyacinth O'Gara and Honor Delany, has most correctly represented the manners of our countrymen; the former of these is in its way perfect; without any of the broad and extravagant humour, generally considered essential to the perfection of an Irish sketch, he has by delicate strokes of wit, by allusions to particular habits, only to be recognised by one intimate with his private life, succeeded in placing before the mind's eye the humble Irish Cottager telling his simple story, like "Thady in Castle Rackrent out of face," without having recourse to the usual straining at vulgar wit, but with the true inbred humour which so strikingly characterizes the lower orders of Ireland.

The style of each of these writers is altogether different from that of Mr. Lover, to whose sketches we give the greatest praise, as he has succeeded in the more hacknied and consequently the more difficult task of sketching the broad intelligible humour of our country, and succeeded, without having recourse to coarse vulgarity or worn-out provincialisms, which constitute the only title of the generality of Irish sketches—his object has been to draw caricatures, and though in his sketch the features be more prominent, or the outline more strongly marked, yet he has succeeded in preserving enough of the likeness to enable us at once to identify the original.

We must pass over many other successful writers on this subject, and proceed to a consideration of the book, which forms the subject of this article, and to the author of which we would wish to introduce our readers, if they have not the pleasure of being previously acquainted with him, through the medium of the first series of *Traits and Stories*.

Mr. Carleton combines in himself all the requisites for this species of writing, he has lived in the country, the manners of whose people he undertakes to describe, until he has completely identified himself with their feelings and language; a close observer, of keen and discriminating judgment, he has most happily seized on the peculiarities, and given personality to the genius of the people he describes, his stories are *intensely* Irish, and combine all the ex-

cellencies of the best writers on Irish character—he has not sought to give a general sketch of a whole nation, but has portrayed the characters of a particular province. His opportunities have been peculiarly favourable, and afforded him facilities for observing the various features of character in the most truly Irish portion of the country, and he has been successful in representing his fellow-countrymen in all the circumstances best adapted for developing their peculiarities either as the unwary dupes of a powerful superstition, or the thoughtless associates of the midnight lawgiver; in this he has effected what Miss Edgeworth omitted, her object was, without perverting truth, to put forward all the amiable and excellent points in the Irish character, but Mr. Carleton has not only faithfully represented them under the most favourable aspects, but also shewn to us what they have become from oppression, from habits of insubordination, unchecked, if not encouraged, and from their being so often obliged to become the submissive engines of deep-laid conspiracy. In representing them under the last of these characters, he has been most successful, he seems to have felt with them, and for them; and to have entered as fully into their feelings, as it was possible a mere spectator could do. Yet in this portion of his task he has still shewn himself zealous for his country's honor, and without compromising truth, extenuated their crimes, by shewing that they are the results of feelings wrought to the perpetration of crime by the priest or demagogue, or of ignorance worked on by the undue influence of both, to seek for vengeance on those whom they suppose to be *their* enemies, or the opponents of *their own* legislation. In fact no one can read his books without being satisfied that the great want in Ireland is education, and so much proselytism as will render its people more independent of superstition and political prejudice, to which all their errors may ultimately be traced.

The first story in this series may seem partly to contradict what is here laid down, respecting the primary causes of the misdemeanours of the misguided peasantry, but it must be recollected that of the two principal actors, although they are not both under similar influence, yet the one is the passive instrument of his religious ad-

visers, and the other has been in the first instance the dupe of a whiteboy party, of whose proceedings the priest is cognizant. We would gladly give an analysis of this story, but we prefer referring our readers to the book itself rather than mar their pleasure by an unsatisfactory abstract. We will, however, make one quotation, from the similarity between it and the scene in the "Fair Maid of Perth," where a supposed murderer is obliged to undergo the ordeal of touching the body of his suspected victim;* and we do this, not for the purpose of invidious comparison, but to shew the power of our author, even when matched against the Coryphæus of romantic fiction; no accusation of plagiarism can be brought against Mr. Carleton, as we know of cases in Ireland, where an appeal to this ordeal has been had recourse to. We will preface our quotation by merely observing that Frank M'Kenna is the individual suspected of having murdered Reillaghan.

"Now, neighbours," said Darby, "hould your tongues, 'till I ask Frank M'Kenna a question or two. Frank M'Kenna, as you hope to meet God at judgment, did you take his life that's lying a corpse before us?"

"I did not," replied M'Kenna; "I could clear myself on all the books in Europe, that he met his death as I tould yees; an' more than that," he added, dropping upon his knees, and uncovering his head, "*may I die widout priest or prayer—widout help, hope, or happiness, UPON THE SPOT WHERE HE'S NOW STRETCHED, if I murdered or shot him.*"

"I say amin to that," replied Darby, "*oris daxis gloriaris!*—so far that's right, if the blood of him's not on you. But there's one thing more to be done: will you walk over *undher the eye of God*, AN' TOUCH THE CORPSE. Hould back neighbours, an' let him come over

alone: I an' Owen Reillaghan will stand here wid the lights to see if the corpse bleeds."

"Give me a light," said M'Kenna's father, "my son must get fair play, any way: I must be a witness myself to it, an' will too."

"It's but rasonable," said Owen Reillaghan; "come over beside Darby and myself: I'm willin' that your son should stand or fall by what will happen."

Frank's father with a taper in his hand, immediately went, with a pale face and trembling steps, to the place appointed for him beside the corpse, where he took his stand.

When young M'Kenna heard Darby's last question, he seemed as if seized by an inward spasm: the start which he gave, and his gaspings for breath were visible to all present. Had he seen the spirit of the murdered man before him, his horror could not have been greater; for this ceremony had been considered a most decided test in cases of suspicion of murder—an ordeal, indeed, to which few murderers wished to submit themselves. In addition to this we may observe, that Darby's knowledge of the young man's character was correct: with all his crimes he was weak-minded and superstitious. He stood silent for some time after the ordeal had been proposed to him; his hair became literally erect with the dread of this formidable scrutiny; his cheeks turned white, and the cold perspiration flowed from him in large drops. All his strength appeared to have departed from him; he stood as if hesitating, and even the energy necessary to stand, seemed to be the result of an effort.

"Remember," said Darby, pulling out the large crucifix which was attached to his beads, "that the eye of God is upon you. If you've committed the murder, thrimble; if not, Frank,

* Our readers will at once recognise the *bier-right*, to which allusion is made in the Death-song,

When the form thou shalt espy,
That darkened on thy closing eye,
When the footsteps thou shalt hear
That thrilled upon thy dying ear.

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall shake,
The wounds renew their clotted flood,
And every drop cry, blood for blood.

you've little to fear in touchin' the corpse."

Frank had not yet uttered a word; but leaning on the gun, he looked wildly round him, cast his eyes up to the stormy sky, then turned them with a dead glare upon the cross and the crucifix.

"Do you confess the murder," said Darby.

"Murder," rejoined Frank; "no; I confess no murder: you villain do you *want* to make me guilty?—do you want to make me guilty, you deep villain?"

It seemed as if the current of his thoughts and feelings had taken a new direction, though it is probable that the excitement, which appeared to be rising within him, was only the courage of fear.

"You all wish to find me guilty," he added; "but I'll shew yeas that I'm not guilty."

He immediately walked towards the corpse, and stooping down, touched the body with one hand, holding the gun in the other. The interest of the moment was intense, and all eyes were strained towards the spot. Behind the corpse, at each shoulder—for the body lay against a small snow-wreath in a recumbent posture—stood the father of the deceased, and the father of the accused, each wound by feelings of a directly opposite character, to a pitch of dreadful excitement. Over them, in his fantastic dress and white beard, stood the tall mendicant, who held up his crucifix to Frank, with an awful menace upon his strongly-marked countenance. At a little distance to the left of the body, stood the other men who were assembled, having their torches held aloft in their hands, and their forms bent towards the corpse, their faces indicating expectation, dread, and horror. The female relatives of the deceased stood nearest his remains, their torches extended in the same direction, their visages exhibiting the passions of despair and grief in their wildest characters, but as if arrested by some supernatural object immediately before their eyes, that produced a new and more awful feeling than grief.—When the body was touched, Frank stood as if himself bound by a spell to the spot. At length he turned his eyes to the mendicant, who stood silent and motionless, with the crucifix extended

in his hand. Are you satisfied now?" said he.

"That's wanst," said the pilgrim: "you're to touch it three times."

Frank hesitated a moment, but immediately stooped again, and touched it twice in succession: but it remained still unchanged as before. His father broke the silence by a fervent ejaculation of thanksgiving to God, for the vindication of his son's character which he had just witnessed.

"Now!" exclaimed M'Kenna, in a loud exulting tone, "you all see that I did *not* murder him!"

"You did," said a voice, which was immediately recognized as the voice of the deceased.

* * * * *

We wish we were able to extract the description of a snow storm in the mountains from this story, which for accuracy of conception and vigor of description is unequalled by any thing we recollect to have read; but we must hasten on, and passing over the "Donagh" and "Pig driver," proceed to the two concluding sketches in this volume, which are so connected together, that the "Geography of an Irish oath" may be considered merely as an illustration of the preceding "Essay on Swearing," in which is given a complete exposé of the talent of an Irishman for oath-taking, especially the department in which he is unrivalled and unapproachable, namely, in swearing an *alibi*. Our author in this essay contrasts the English, Scotch, and Irish systems of swearing, and of course establishes a triumphant case for Paddy, proving his superiority in that polite accomplishment; "in fact he is an *improvisatore* in oath-taking, with this difference, that his *extempore* oaths possess all the ease and correctness of labor and design." We regret that our limits prevent our giving the whole of the "Geography of an Irish Oath," which may be considered as a supplement to the "Essay;" we shall lay before the reader that portion which gives the name to the sketch, and an outline of so much as is required to make our extract intelligible.

Peter Connell first began the world as the keeper of a Shebeen house, about four miles from the town of Ballyporeen; by active exertion he gradually advances in the world, and at last arrives at the dignity of a squireen, at

least so far as to be able to keep an horse and car, and to farm an extensive tract of land. This advance in the world is to be mainly attributed to the good sense and activity of his wife Ellish, whose industry and steadiness have been the means of correcting Peter's unsettled and intemperate habits, and of almost weaning him from Poteen. Unfortunately for poor Peter, at this period, his wife is carried off by a fever, and he is left without the ballast which enabled him to stand the storms and tempests of life; his grief at the loss is so poignant and bitter, that he flies for relief from his agony of mind to the bottle, the usual resource of our fellow-countrymen, and even of less volatile and better educated men, when in difficulties more easily overcome than Peter's; this is chiefly owing to his kind friends having encouraged him to drown care by a little sup, when he found his grief coming on him.

"Peter literally fulfilled his promise of taking a jorum in future. He was now his own master; and as he felt the loss of his wife deeply, he unhappily had recourse to the bottle to bury the recollection of a woman, whose death left a chasm in his heart, which he thought nothing but the whiskey could fill up."

Peter proceeds on in this manner, having become an habitual drunkard, his health rapidly declining, under the artificial excitement, which "often kills but never cures;" his family and his landlord remonstrating with him, but in vain; as a "dernier resort" the priest is applied to, whose remonstrances would have been as ineffectual, had he not threatened to stop the masses for the soul of Mrs. Ellish Connell, and to return the money Peter had given him for saying them—the latter part of the threat is that which would probably have never been executed. In consequence of the priest's interference, Peter at last promises to swear against more than a "reasonable share," and that evening goes to the house of the village school-master to get the oath drawn up.

"Misther O'Flaherty," said Peter, "I'm comin' to ax a requist of you, an' hope you'll grant it to me. I brought down a sup in the flask, an' while we're takin' it, we can talk over what I want."

"If it be any thing widin the circumference of my power, set it down

Misther Connell, as already operated upon. I'd dip a pen to no man at keepin' books by double entry, which is the Italian method invented by Pope Gregory the Great. The three sets bear a theological ratio to the three states of a thrue Christian. 'The Waste-book,' says Pope Gregory, 'is this world, the Journal is purgatory, an' the Ledger is heaven.' 'Or it may be compared,' he says, in the preface of the work, 'to the three states of the Catholic church—the church militant, the church suffering, and the church triumphant.' The larnin' of that man was beyant the reach of credibility."

"Arrah, have you a small glass, mather? You see, Misther O'Flaherty, it's consarnin' purgatory, this that I want to talk to you about."

"Nancy get us a glass—oh, here it is! Thin if it be, it's a wrong enthy in the journal."

"Here's your health, mather!—not forgettin' you, Mrs. O'Flaherty. No, indeed thin, it's not in the journal, but an oath I'm going to take aginst liquor."

"Nothing is asier to post than it is. We must enter it under the head of—let me see—it must go in the *spirit* account, under the head of Profit an' Loss. Your good health, Mr. Connell!—Nancy, I dhrink to your improvement in imperturbability! Yes, it must be enthered under the—"

"Faix, under *the rose*, I think," observed Peter, "don't you know the smack of it? You see since I tuck to it, I like the smell of what I used to squeeze out o' the barley myself, long ago. Misther O'Flaherty, I only want you to draw up an oath against liquor for me; but it's not for the books, good or bad. I promised to Father Mulcahy that I'd do it. It's regardin' my poor Ellish's sowl that's in purgatory."

"Nancy, hand me a slate and cutter. Faith, that same's a provident resolution; but how is it an' purgatory concatenated?"

"The priest, you see, won't go on wid the masses for her 'till I take the oath."

"That's but wake logic, if you ped him for them."

"Faix, an' I did—an' well too: but about the oath? Have you the pencil?"

"I have; jist lave the thing to me."

"Ayy, mather—you don't under-

stand it yit. Put down two tumblers for me at home."

"How is that, Masther Connell?—It's mysterious, if you're about to swear *against* liquor!"

"I am. Put down as I said, two tumblers for me at home. Are they down?"

"They are down; but—"

"Asy!—very good! Put down two more for me at Dan's. Let me see!—two more behind the garden. Well! put down one at Father Mulcahy's;—two more at Frank Carroll's of Kikelay. How many's that?"

"Nine!!!"

"Very good. Now put down one wid ould Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy; an' two over wid Michael Morris, of Cargah. How many have you now?"

"Twelve in all!!!! But, Misther Connell, there's a demonstration badly wanted here. I must confess I was always bright, but at present as dark as Nox. I'd thank you for a taste of explanation."

"Asy, man alive! Is there twelve in all?"

"Twelve in all: I've calculated it."

"Well, we'll hould to that. Och,

och!—I'm sure, avourneen, afore I'd let you suffer one minute's pain, I'd not scruple to take an oath against liquor, any way. He may an wid the masses now for you, as soon as he likes. Mr. O'Flaherty will you put it down on paper, an' I'll swear to it, wid a blessin', to-morrow."

"But what object do you wish to effectuate by this?"

"You see, masther, I dhrink one day wid another from a score to two dozen tumblers, an' I want to swear to no more nor twelve in the twenty-four hours."

"Why there's intelligibility in *that*!—wid great pleasure, Mr. Connell, I'll indite it. Katty tare me a lafe out o' Brian Murphy's copy there."

"You see, masther, it's for Ellish's sake I'm doin' this. State that in the oath."

"I know it; an' well she desarved that specimen of abstinence from you, Misther Connell. Thank you, your health agin! an' God grant you grace and fortitude to go through wid the same oath! An' so he will, or I'm grievously mistaken in you."

OATH AGAINST LIQUOR,

Made by Mr. Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath, on behalf of Misther Peter O'Connell, of the Cross-roads, merchant, on one part, and of the soul of Mrs. Ellish O'Connell, now in purgatory, merchantress, on the other—

I solemnly, and meritoriously, and soberly swear, that a single tumbler of whiskey punch shall not cross my lips, during the twenty-four hours of the day, barring *twelve*, the locality of which is as followeth:—

Imprimis—Two tumblers at home,	2
Secundo—Two more ditto at my son Dan's,	2
Tertio—Two more ditto behind my own garden,	2
Quarto—One ditto at the Rev. Father Mulcahy's,	1
Quinto—Two more ditto at Frank Carroll's, of Kikelay,	2
Sexto—Two ditto wid ould Bartle Gorman, of Nurchasy,	2
Septimo—Two more ditto wid Michael Morris, of Cargah,	2

12

N.B.—I except in case any Dochter of Physic might think it right and medical to order more for my health; or in case I might get Father Mulcahy to take the oath off for a start, at a wedding, or a christening, or at any other meeting of friends, where there's drink.

PETER ^{his} ~~×~~ CONNELL.
mark.

Witness present,
Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath.
June the 4th, 18—.

I certify that I have made and calculated this oath for Misther O'Connell, merchant, and that it is strictly and arithmetically proper and correct.

CORNELIUS O'FLAHERTY, Philomath.

Dated this fourth of June, 18—.

In spite of this oath to which Peter swears obedience, after adding Octavo—one more tumbler out of respect for dacent Andy Cavanagh—1. He is still constantly drunk, and after some time obliged again to have recourse to Mr. O'Flaherty.

"Masther," said he, "we must thry and make the oath somethin' plainer. You see, when I get confused, I'm not able to rimember things as I ought. Sometimes, instid of one tumbler I take two at the wrong place; an' sarra bit o' me but call'd in and had three wid one Jack Rogers, that isn't in it at all; so I'd thank you to dhraw it clearer, if you can, nor it was."

"I see," Mr. Connell, "I comprehend, wid the greatest ase in life, the very plan for it. We must reduce the oath to Geography, for I'm at home there, being a surveyor myself. I'll lay down a map of the parish, an' draw the houses of your friends at their places, so that you'll never be out of your latitude at all."

"Faix I doubt that, Masther—ha, ha, ha!" replied Peter, "I'm afeard I will of an odd time, for I'm not able to carry what I used to do: but no matther; thry what you can do for me this time, any how. I think I could bear a long dozen still, if I don't make mistakes."

O'Flaherty accordingly set himself to work; and as his knowledge, not only of the parish, but of every person and house in it, was accurate, he soon had a tolerably correct skeleton map of it drawn for Peter's use.

"Now, see this dot—that's your own house."

"Put a crass there," said Peter, "an' thin I'll kuow its the Crass-roads."

"Upon my reputation, you're right, an' that's what I call a good specimen of ingenuity. I'll take the hint from that, and we'll make it a Hieroglyphical as well as a Geographical oath. Well, there's a crass, wid two tumblers—is that clear?"

"It is, it is! Go an'."

"Now, here we dhraw a line to your son Dan's. Let me see: He keeps a mill an' sell's cloth. Very good. I'll dhraw a mill-wheel and a yard-wand. There's two tumblers. Will you know that?"

"I see it—go an, nothin' can be clearer. So far I can't go asthray."

"Well, what next? two behind your

own garden. What metaphor for a garden? Let me see!—let me cogitate! A dragon—the Hesperides! That's beyant *yow*. A bit of a hedge will do an' a gate."

"Don't put a gate in; its not lucky. You know when a man takes to dhrink they say he's goin' a grey gate, or a black gate, or a bad gate. Put that, out, an' make the hedge longer, an' it'll do—wid the two tumblers, though."

"They're down; one at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's. How will we translate the priest?"

"Faix I doubt it will be a difficuilt business."

"Upon my reputation I agree with you in that, especially whin he repates Latin. However, we'll see. He writes P.P. after his name; pee-pee is what we call the turkeys wid. What'ud you think of two turkeys?"

"The priest wud like them roasted, but I couldnt undherstand that. No; put down the sign of the horsewhip, or the cudgel, for he's handy and argues well wid both."

"Good! I'll put down the horsewhip first, an the cudgel alongside of it; then the tumbler, and there'll be the sign of the priest."

"Ay, do, Masther, and faix the priest 'ill be complete; there can be no mistakin' him thin. Divil a one but that's a good thought!"

"There it is in black an white. Who comes nixt? Frank Carroll. He's a farmer. I'll put down a spade and harrow. Well that's done. Two tumblers."

"I won't mistake that aither; its clear enough."

"Bartle Gorman of Nurchasy. Bartle's a little lame, an uses a staff wid a cross on the end that he holds in his hand. I'll put down a staff wid a cross on it."

"Wud there be no danger of me mistakin that for the priest's cudgel?"

"Not the slightest. I'll pledge my knowledge of Geography, they're two very different weapons."

"Well, put it down, I'll know it."

"Michael Morris, of Cargah. What for him? Michael's a pig driver—I'll put down a pig. You'll comprehend that?"

"I ought; for many a pig I sould him in my day. Put down the pig; an if you could put two black spots upon his back, I'd know it to be one I sould him about four years agone—the fattest

ever was in the country ; it had to be brought home on a car, for it wasn't able to walk wid fat."

"The spots are on it. The last is Andy Cavanagh, of Lisbuy. Now do you see, I've dhrawn a line from place to place, so that you've nothing to do only to keep to it as you go. What for Andy ?

"Andy ! let us see. Andy ! Pooh ! —What's come over me that I've nothin for Andy ? Aye ! I have it.—He's a horse-jockey. Put down a grey mare I sould him about five years agone."

"I'll put down a horse ; but I can't make a grey mare wid black ink."

"Well, make a mare of her, any way."

"Faith, that puzzles me. Stop, I have it ! I'll put a foal along wid her."

"As good as the bank. God bless you, Misther O'Flaherty ; I think this 'ill keep me from mistakes. An' now, if you'll slip up to me afther dark, I'll send you down a couple of bottles and a fitch. Sure you deserve it, afther the trouble you tuck."

We feel convinced that after this extract, our readers will agree with us in our commendations of Mr. Carleton's powers as a writer : we should mention, that the above is not without foundation, according to our author, and it certainly affords an additional reason for believing "truth to be stranger than fiction." In any of his sketches, where schoolmasters are introduced, Mr. Carleton shews great ability ; he has evinced the most consummate skill in displaying their pedantry and supercilious ignorance. In the former series, however, he was more successful than in the present, in which he seems to have almost exhausted his materials on this subject, and been therefore obliged to have recourse to the overstrained and unnatural hyper-iriscisms which disfigure the composition of most of our writers, and from which we had supposed Mr. Carleton entirely free, until we came to the sketch of the schoolmaster, in the "Poor Scholar," which is quite unworthy of Mr. Carleton's pen, and of the admirable story in which it occurs ; let any one read the speech in p. 160. vol. ii., and we are confident they will agree with us in our observations ; we are at the same time ready to acknow-

ledge, that it is almost the only defective writing in the book ; it is also deemed by the preceding sketch, in the same story, of Mr. Corcoran, which is redolent of humour, and in our author's best style. For the benefit of our College readers, we will give, in Mr. Corcoran's own words, the account of the prowess of his pupil, Tim Kearney, who "bate" them all in that "overgrown hedge-school called Trinity College."

"Arrah, how was that, Masther ?"

"Tim, you see, wint in to his Enthrance Examinaishuns, and one of the Fellows came to examin him, but divil a long it was 'till Tim sacked (puzzled) him."

"Go back agin," says Tim, "and sind some one that's *able* to tache me, for you're *not*."

"So another greater Scholar agin came to thry Tim, and *did* thry him, and Tim made a hare of *him*, before all that was in the place—five or six thousand ladies and gentlemín, at least !"

"The great larned Fellows thin began to look odd enough ; so they picked out the best scholar among them, but one, and slipped him at Tim : but well becomes Tim, the never a long it was 'till he had *him*, too, as dumb as a post. The Fellow went back."

"Gintlemín," says he to the rest, "we'll be disgraced all out," says he, "for except the Prowost sacks that Munsther Spalpeen, he'll bate us all, an' we'll never be able to hold up our heads afther."

"Accordingly, the Prowost attacks Tim, and such a meetin' as they had, never was seen in Trinity College since its establishment. At length when they had been nine hours and a half at it, the Prowost put one word to him that he couldn't expound, so he lost it by *one* word. For the last two hours the Prowost carried on an examinaishun in Hebrew, thinking, you see that he *had* Tim there ; but he was mistaken, for Tim answered him in good Munster Irish, and so it happened that they understood each other, for the two languages are first cousins, or, at all events, close blood relations. Tim was thin pronounced to be the best scholar in Ireland except the Prowost ; though among ourselves, they might have thought of the man that taught him. That, however, wasn't all. A young lady fell in love with Tim, and is to

make him a present of herself and her great fortune (three estates) the moment he becomes a counsellor: and in the mean time she allows him thirty pounds a year to bear his expenses and live like a gentleman."

We must now hasten to conclude, and shall therefore pass on, to the third volume, which contains two sketches, "Denis O'Shaughnessy," and "Phelim O'Toole's courtship." We will not attempt any outline of these stories, having trespassed too long already on our readers' patience, and wishing not to lessen their interest in the perusal. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of giving the following specimen of a prayer at a *Pattern*, which excels even Mrs. Malaprop's *orthodoxy*.

"Queen o' Patriots pray for us! St. Abraham—go to the devil you bosh-toon; is it crushin' my sore leg you are?—St. Abraham, pray for us! St. Isinglass, pray for us! St. Jonathan pray for us! Holy Niniveh, look down upon us wid compassion an' resolution this day; Blessed Jerooslim, throw down compuncture an' meditation upon us Christyeens assembled here before you to offer up our sins! Oh! grant us, blessed Catastrophy, the holy virtues of timentation an' solitude, through the improvemint an' accommodation of St. Columbkil! To him I offer up this button, a bit o' the waistband o' my breeches, an' a taste o' my wife's petticoat, in rimembrance of us havin' made this holy station; an' may they rise up in glory to prove it for us at the last day! Amen."

We must also for the instruction of any of our readers about to enter the bands of Holy Matrimony, give the following extract, containing the most valuable advice for the arranging of marriage articles, and assisting them in the almost incomprehensible business of settling entails, or *bona fide* property in stock, which 'parvis componere magna,' is most expeditiously and satisfactorily decided, without either the interference of the lawyer or his jackall, in the cabin of the Irish peasant; it is merely necessary to premise that Phelim is heir at law to a fee simple estate of "half an acre," on which account his father is anxious he should marry and have an heir to keep up the family of the O'Tooles.

"When Phelim had reached his twenty-fifth year, his father thought it was

high time for him to marry. The good man had, of course, his own motives for this. In the first place, Phelim, with all his gallantry and cleverness, had never contributed a shilling, either towards his own support, or that of the family. In the second place, he was never likely to do so. In the third place, the father found him a bad companion; for in good truth he had corrupted this good-man's morals so evidently, that his character was now little better than that of his son. In the fourth place, he never thought of Phelim that he did not see a gallows in the distance; and matrimony, he thought, might save him from hanging, as one poison neutralises another. In the fifth place, the "half acre" was but a shabby patch to meet the exigencies of the family, since Phelim grew up. "Bouncing Phelim,"—as he was called, for more reasons than one,—had the gift of good digestion, along with his other accomplishments; and with such energy was it exercised, that the "half acre" was frequently in hazard of leaving the family altogether. The father, therefore, felt quite willing, if Phelim married, to leave him the inheritance, and seek a new settlement for himself. Or if Phelim preferred leaving him, he agreed to give him one-half of it, together with an equal division of all his earthly goods; to wit: two goats, of which Phelim was to get one; six hens, and a cock, of which Phelim was to get three hens, and the chance of a toss-up for the cock; four stools, of which Phelim was to get two; two pots—a large one and a small one—the former to go with Phelim; three horn-spoons, of which Phelim was to get one, and the chance of a toss-up for the third. Phelim was to bring his own bed, provided he did not prefer getting a bottle of fresh straw as a connubial luxury. The blanket was a tender subject; being fourteen years in employment, it entangled the father and Phelim, touching the propriety of the latter's claiming it at all. The son was at length compelled to give it up, at least in the character of an appendage to his marriage property. He feared that the wife, should he not be able to replace it by a new one, or should she herself not be able to bring him one, as part of her dowry, would find the honeymoon rather lively. Phelim's bedstead admitted of no disputes, the

floor of the cabin having served him in that capacity ever since he began to sleep in a separate bed. His pillow was his small-clothes, and his quilt his own coat, under which he slept snugly enough."

This is the last extract we are able to give from this most amusing and instructive book—instructive, as it acquaints us with the manners and feelings of a people but imperfectly understood and unduly appreciated; and though we have frequent occasion to laugh at their foibles or ridicule their errors, yet we should never forget the circumstances which have mainly contributed to keep them permanently in this state of degradation; which it seems the policy of their present rulers to perpetuate, by affording additional facilities to their greatest enemies for keeping them under the dominion of error and fanaticism, instead of endeavouring to repress violence and encourage education; still we have hopes, that the night of ignorance is drawing to a close, and that ere long the British Cabinet will see their real interests in legislating rather on principle than expediency. The story entitled "Tubber Derg," which we have been obliged to omit any notice of, also conveys a lesson to the landlord, as it clearly demonstrates, that something more than legal authority is required, to make this country what it ought to be, and proves that the interest of the owners of the soil is intimately connected with what we conceive to be their duty, namely, their personal attention to the necessities and wants of their tenantry. Whether any exertion on their part be not now too late is a question of a different nature, as we fear that the die is cast and the fate of Irish landlords almost decided; and unless some measures are had recourse to ere long, which will restore their legitimate powers to the landed proprietors in this country, we apprehend that the situation of keeper of their accounts, as far as the credit side of the book is concerned, will be a sinecure. But a truce to gloomy politics, and let us return to the author of "Traits and Stories," to whom we give our most sincere thanks, for the relief we obtained by his stories from the painfully exciting discussions of

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public affairs. We are fully aware of our inability sufficiently to praise these volumes, but were we to express what we feel on the subject, our praise might appear extravagant to those who have not read them, while to those who have it would be superfluous, as we are convinced that no one possessing the slightest knowledge of our country can fail to consider them as the best traits and stories connected with our native land that have ever issued from the press. We sincerely hope that Mr. Carleton may continue to work this valuable mine, in which he has discovered and partially wrought, a new and rich vein. As literary co-patriots, we trust that he will receive such encouragement at home as will obviate the necessity of our advocating the repeal of that literary union, which unlike the 'legislative,' draws from our shores our brothers of the quill, without giving their equivalent or allowing us a drawback on the export.

We cannot conclude our review of these admirable volumes without expressing the gratification we feel at being able, in the first number of a new literary enterprise, to bring before our readers a book, not merely meriting notice as the work of a fellow-countryman, but worthy of taking a high place in the literature of any nation; and we trust that it is an augury of success for ourselves, to find publishers not unwilling to risk capital in promoting literary exertion in this country, and purchasers ready to sanction the risk. Time was, when such an undertaking would be looked upon as a speculation, only to be paralleled in absurdity by the "South Sea Stock," or "Peruvian Bonds"—and though we cannot say, "nous avons changé tout cela;" yet, that such a change has taken place is undeniable; and books are published and publishing in Dublin, which, in our youthful days, could only have found purchasers and publishers at the other side of the channel: so that we trust ere long we will be able to say, with truth, what was said many years since without foundation in fact, but we hope in a prophetic spirit: "*Les Irlandais, ne le cèdent plus aux Anglois, ni en industrie, ni en lumières.*"

G

HYLAS.

THEOCRITUS, IDYLLIUM XIII.

"Multum quæsitus Hylas urnamque secutus."—JUV. Sat. I.

I.

Reader—I have to tell a feeling tale,
 I trust for sentiment you're 'i' the vein,'
 If so—my classic fable cannot fail
 To wake within your breast an echoing strain ;
 Then swell, ye Muses, my poetic sail,
 For Fancy's bark, without your aid she gain,
 Were idly launch'd upon the tide of rhyme ;
 —More of the metaphor another time.

II.

'Twas the enchanting season of the year,
 When nature wakes her from her wintry sleep,
 When on the boughs the op'ning buds appear,
 And the blue violet begins to peep
 Forth from its green cell, glist'ning with the tear
 That early April-dawns are wont to weep ;
 When, as my author says, the beauteous Pleiad
 Rises with the umbrella-loving Hyad.

III.

I must confess, that the last epithet
 Does not appear in the original Greek,
 But the translator never should forget
 To help the author when the phrase is weak ;
 Adjectives, buttress-like, are wisely set
 To prop such substantives as tottering creak,
 Therefore I use them, being very eager,
 That to no ear Theocritus read meagre.

IV.

Well, as I said before, it was in spring,
 That the brave Argonauts stood out to sea,
 While the good ship, unfolding every wing,
 Before the fav'ring breeze rode fearlessly,
 And skilfully the wary pilots bring
 The gallant bark thro' the Cyanæ ;
 Where they sustain'd no damage incommodious,
 But that rehears'd by Apollonius Rhodius.

V.

Which was, that the ship's rudder staid behind !—
 And how at Colchis she arriv'd without it,
 I leave to abler mariners to find,
 Nor wish to give my private thoughts about it.
 Some think the Constitution need not mind
 Having a steady steerage, and some doubt it ;
 At all events 'tis certain that the Argo,
 Safely arrived at Phasis with her cargo.

VI.

This was a half-way harbour, I suppose,
Where the wise navy stopp'd to lay in store.
What sea-born appetites can do, *he* knows
Who lives upon the waves a year or more ;
His is a hunger that with feeding grows,
Not a soon-surfeited, like those ashore.
Seamen, in short, tho' generally thinner,
Could eat a landsman with a landsman's dinner.

VII.

Hylas and Hercules were of the crew,
And went one day ashore upon a party,
With pleasure only as they thought in view,
And so both gentlemen got rather hearty ;
Then to a cooling shade they both withdrew,
Sat down, and played some rubbers at 'ecarte',
'Till either Argonaut became as dry
As any bogwood you could wish to buy.

VIII.

They had some 'genuine'—of water, none ;
But recollecting that the one-oared boat
They had to scull aboard in still, was one
Which scarce, if both were drunk, could keep afloat ;
Further, that Captain Jason were undone
In losing two such officers of note,
Friends too, that rivall'd Sancho and Don Quixote,—
They judged, on all hands, it were best to mix it.

IX.

Hylas, of course, obedient to the will
Of him, whom the fair Omphale enslav'd,
Whose every nerve and sense were wont to thrill,
As round his ears her Turkey slippers wav'd ;
Oh, woman ! potent to lead captive still,
With silken chains, those who all else had brav'd—
Not to digress,—to seek some neighbouring ditch or
Mill-pond, poor Hylas travell'd with his pitcher.

X.

Chance led his footsteps to a limpid well.
Would I had liv'd in that delightful time,
When their peculiar nymphs so lov'd to dwell
In mountains, groves, and brooks, when every clime
Was rich in goddesses ; when every dell
Was wont with fairy mirth and song to chime.
In short, when all men had their family tree,
And found in every tree a family.

XI.

Those were the fine aristocratic days,
Romance is gone, reality is going !
But what of Hylas ? Still as he delays,
More hot and thirsty Heroules is growing,
With wrath and drougt the hero's in a blaze,
And out of breath with hollowing and blowing ;
Nay, if he had him now, he'd surely dub
Hylas knight-errant with his knotted club.

XII.

And here I would remark, how very idle
Is the indulgence of unmeaning rage ;
When out of it, ashamed, we wish to sidle,
We meet contempt, not pity, from the sage ;
Thus Hercules being never known to bridle
His, was nicknam'd the Furens of his age ;
And now for Hylas storm'd—alas ! poor youth,
He plump'd into the well—did he find truth ?

XIII.

He found three women—whether one might call
Three women truth, were rather hard to tell ;
They certainly abode where wise men all
Say truth lives, in the bottom of a well ;
Of this anon—a youth so fair and tall,
They fain among themselves would have to dwell ;
So when his pitcher kneeling down he dipp'd,
They broke away the bank, and in he slipp'd.

XIV.

Hot love is seldom in cold water found—
I'll moralize a little, and conclude ;
But woman, were the snows of Jura wound
About the heart with which she is endued,
The fervor of its feelings would abound
The more, for ever glowing and renew'd.
She is not like the stars that we behold,
Distant tho' bright, tho' beautiful yet cold.

XV.

Her form, so finely wrought and delicate,
Bends like a pliant willow to the blast,
Yet springs again elastic from the weight,
When sorrow's heaviness has o'er it past.
She lives, to solace all the ills of fate,
And loves, to bind the links of passion fast ;
She is the dearest hope, the fondest guide
Of man, for whom earth has no charm beside.

XVI.

Lo ! Hylas now is in a coral cave
With Malis, Eunice, and fair Nychea,
(The nymphs who took him captive,) looking grave,
And having rather a confus'd idea
Of his descending thro' the crystal wave.
But love, thro' life a magic panacea,
Prov'd that the compliment was not a mockery,
Shewing they fancied him, and not his crockery.

XVII.

Evening came on—and Hercules went frantic,
How could he face the Argonauts alone ?
His feelings for his friend were so romantic,
That thro' the woods he made a piteous moan ;
Rush'd to and fro, with gestures very antic,
And now and then breath'd an heroic groan.
And yet for all his grief, he was not richer,
Either by finding Hylas or the pitcher.

XVIII.

At length he lighted on the very spot.
 A clear, deep well, wreath'd o'er with celandine
 And adiant—hard by, a shady grot,
 Where glittering spars, and blooming flowers entwine
 To deck the roof and floor—he entered not—
 I should have search'd it had the case been mine—
 But while upon the threshold's verge he stood,
 A voice seemed rising from the glassy flood.

XIX.

"Son of Alcmena—Hylas bids farewell
 To thee and glory—won by beauty's charms,
 Henceforth among the Naiads shall he dwell,
 Remote from battle, and its wild alarms,
 The warrior's poem, and the trumpet's swell,
 And strange to all,—except to woman's—arms."
 Alcides then returned and told the crew,
 Who mourned for Hylas—and the pitcher too.

THE IRISH BAR, AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

The legal profession in this country has changed surprisingly, but so has the country itself, and it would be strange that a profession which exists upon the feelings, wrongs and passions of the people should remain unmoved, while the social and political system underwent rapid and fearful alterations. Whether the Irish Bar has changed for the better is another question, and which would be solved according to the different opinions, and perhaps politics, of each individual. But it must strike every person acquainted with the history of Ireland for the last forty years, that the political temper of the Irish Bar has been as wonderfully changed as the style and method of their transaction of professional business. "What a glorious thing," exclaims a young and ambitious spirit, "must it not have been to have lived in the days of Yelverton and Burgh, in the brilliant times of Curran, or of those now sobered spirits, Burrowes, Bushe and Plunket, but who then moved with splendour in the political firmament, shining brightly therein, and gathering triumphant laurels; what a soul-stirring spectacle to have witnessed the trial of Hamilton Rowan, or the Sheares, or Wolfe Tone, or the young Emmet,"—those were the fine times for the lawyers and for the fame of their profession, when the larger the subject the greater appeared to be the talents of the advocate, when the more desperate the case, the mightier the effort

to save, when life and death, liberty and honour were the fearful topics, handled with unmatched energies, with a courage that nothing could shake, and an eloquence at once sublime and terrible. The impassioned student may dwell with rapture over these imperishable records of Irish oratory, which owe their origin to the fearfully misdirected politics of the time, till his very soul is fired with emulation, and he thirsts to rush forward in defence of no person in particular, but of the rights of the whole human race. Yet, when reason assumes her ascendancy, and the effervescence of youth has cooled and settled, he will read the history of the legal profession of the period alluded to with pride indeed, at the manifestation of the highest intellect and spirit, but also with mingled sensations of grief, pity and terror—grief for the deep wounds inflicted on his country by her impious sons, for the havoc of human life, perpetrated by furious bigotry and the wildest revenge—pity for the noblest talents misapplied, for genius perverted to the purposes of evil, for the ignominious fate of the young, the gallant, and the brave, who died the death of rebels, but might have lived the lives of patriots—and with a well-founded terror lest the artifices of unprincipled and wicked men might bring down upon his country a recurrence of the frightful calamities with which, at no remote time, she was scourged and afflicted.

The eventful period of our melancholy history, alluded to above, required the exertions, not of the reasoning faculty to demonstrate difficult propositions, or unfold hidden stores of learning, hived up by years of laborious application, but it demanded, and the supply was equal to the demand, the highest order of imaginative eloquence, that could melt the toughest heart, awaken the sleeping sympathies of the soul and bend them to the desired purpose—that could stir up indignation or cause tears to flow, subdue the reason through the influence of the affections, or when all else failed, confound and terrify those who were insensible to softer emotions. The grand qualities of the soul, competent to produce effects so great, are no longer required; Demosthenic eloquence is not wanted every day, and therefore does not now exist to the same extent as formerly in the learned profession. This is no doubt true; but it may fairly be asked, if the occasion required, would the mighty orator arise? We rather think not; at least amongst the seniors of the bar who daily appear before the public, and with whose talents and powers, as far as they go, we are familiar—learning and research they undoubtedly display—consummate skill with the most gentlemanly address—but the mighty attributes of the orator are not to be found amongst them. Now, there is nothing presumptuous in this assertion; if nature's brightest gift, perfected by art, were possessed by them, it would occasionally appear in a single sentence or a word, betraying the masterspirit, as grains of gold, washed down by the stream, tell of the rich mine that constitutes their more distant source. Legal subtleties, technicalities, and facts could not always chain down to their vulgar level the more divine qualities of the soul; they would escape from the contagion of dullness, exhibiting their godlike nature in bright pictures, which genius alone can draw; or if a due regard for propriety and the first object of a rational speaker, to deliver himself suitably to the subject, would prevent them soaring, on ordinary occasions, to the height to which the broad wings of their imagination might raise them, they would, at least, lift the subject, be it ever so humble, and dignify it by chaste and elegant expression. For the attainment of justice, or the faithful per-

formance of professional duty, this might not be necessary; but if it did not, and it could not, interfere with either, a display of eloquence, on suitable occasions, could not fail to be as laudable as attractive. Neither has the want of this winning faculty been compensated by a closer logic, or a greater conciseness of expression; for those who are in the habit of attending the courts at the more lively and bustling periods, when the "twelve good men, and true, stand together to hear the evidence," will not complain of a want of diffusiveness in the speakers.

What demonstrates the unpleasant truth, that first-rate genius is a scarce commodity, at the present time, with the legal profession, is the somewhat indifferent figure that several experienced members of the Irish bar have made of late years in the house of commons. Surely, without any fear of losing character, they might indulge on so glorious a stage in the happiest flights of oratory, and prove, if they could, their mental excellence; but with the exception of a few, (some of whom we almost regret having vacated their seats in the zenith of their fame, although they were called to high and honorable preferment,) they have seldom ventured to soar above mediocrity. If the reader were to turn over the pages of the Irish debates of thirty-five years ago, and compare the lawyers of that day, as speakers, with those of the present day, humiliating to the latter would be the contrast. But may not genius and cultivated eloquence exist amongst the juniors of the profession, if not to be found amongst the seniors? It may, and no doubt it does. We are convinced a large portion of unemployed and splendid ability might be met with among the younger members of the bar. We do not, however, mean to include that troublesome class who expect to make a rapid progress in legal practice and repute, upon the mere strength of a successful course of academic discipline, and who entertain extravagant pretensions on the most ridiculous grounds; nor yet amongst the numerous class of vastly clever young gentlemen, the ornament of the tea-table and ball-room, and the shining lights of debating clubs, whose future greatness has been often predicted by

old grandmothers and maiden aunts. We might seek for it, where alone we could expect to find it, amongst that serious and select class of industrious, thoughtful, clear-headed young men, of strong capacity, extensive knowledge, and a natural power of eloquence fashioned and improved by study, for the display of which the right opportunity is wanting, and which on occasions of little moment they dare not evince. The condition of such men at the Irish Bar is unenviable enough: with that modesty and sensitiveness inseparable from true talent, they shrink from such a notoriety as they might probably attain by sacrificing their time and abilities in advocating the designs or furthering the purposes of the demagogue and his faction. Poverty and obscurity are in their eyes preferable to money, and a name acquired by such disreputable practices. They are contented to waste the flower of their youth, in dry, painful and laborious study, patiently expecting, at some future day, that employment for their talents from which shallow and obtrusive mediocrity has, for the present, excluded them. They sit month after month and year after year, preserving the respectability of their characters, although enduring many a privation. Amongst them we believe there exists a high order of eloquence, enriched by learning, and cultivated by industry and taste. They may not be noisy in their patriotism, nevertheless their love of country is pure, ardent, and consistent. How few amongst them figure at the political arenas, to violate the decorum of their profession; and how fatal would it be for the tranquillity and safety of their country if they suffered themselves to be influenced by the seditious spirit of the day—if they lent the aid of their character and eloquence to the wild project of “Repeal,” and humiliated themselves by following in the wake of the most capricious and remorseless Cleon that, in the name of liberty, ever tyrannised over a misguided people.

But if the glory of the Bar for brilliant and effective oratory has been diminished, their capacity and fitness for dispatch of business has wonderfully increased. A division of labor has, of

late years, sprung up in the profession. We have now what was unknown some thirty years ago, a distinct and almost exclusive Chancery Bar; and it can be asserted beyond the shadow of dispute, that there is not in the empire a more learned and accomplished class of practitioners than its leaders are at present. Comparisons are odious; but if the reader were to witness the studied superciliousness of Sugden, and others whom we might mention in Westminster Hall, and to contrast it with the calm, respectful, and grave deportment of our eminent Chancery practitioners, his respect for the latter would be not a little increased. What is more to their praise, it is not only to the Court they are invariably polite, they are equally so to their juniors in the profession; they do not deal in sarcastic remarks, nor do they ever stoop to evince a mean and discreditable jealousy; on the contrary, always accessible and friendly, they seem to take a pleasure in lending their assistance and the benefit of their experience whenever solicited, and this in the kindest spirit. Were Englishmen to visit our courts more frequently, they would disabuse their minds of the absurd notion, that with us Irish, in law as in every thing else, all is confusion and blunder; they would see with what regularity, temper, and decorum, the business of our courts is conducted. The Exchequer would shew them how business could be dispatched, and the Master of the Rolls teach them a species of regularity to which they have been hitherto strangers. They would be surprised to find, that some of the legal functionaries talked more indifferent declamation in the courts of Westminster, than any six lawyers in the Four Courts of Dublin. It is true, the prejudice which existed in the minds of Englishmen, as to the bombast of the Irish bar, is disappearing fast; the utter failure of Mr. Phillips, and the comparative failure of Mr. Sheil, are strong proofs that the days of “rhetorical flourish,” if ever they existed, are past; and that even eloquence, unaccompanied by sound knowledge and industry, must fail, when placed in competition with practical ability.*

* An accomplished English writer, in an article on Irish forensic eloquence, had the good taste and candour to remark, that “to judge from recent examples, it may

The usual course of legal education for the Irish bar, is just as dry and technical as for the English, and just as well qualified to extinguish taste and genius. It would not be possible for a young Irish barrister to commit a more fatal mistake, than that of seeking to establish his fame by a flowery appeal to the passions; it would be the short road to obscurity—the attorneys would listen to his fine sentences with a sagacious shrug; if he attempted to quote poetry they would quit the court in indignation; but if they heard the aspirant for their favour argue a special demurrer successfully, turn round his opponent from a defect in an affidavit, or save the costs of a motion by some sharp point of practice, then indeed, would these unpoetical gentlemen smile most encouragingly, and congratulate the matter-of-fact tyro on the flattering prospect of future professional eminence.

Before we conclude, we feel disposed to throw out a few hints to those who are thinking of putting their names on Kings' Inns, not for the purpose of discouragement, but as suggestions which it may be not unuseful to remember.

In the first place, the law is the tardiest of all professions: it is no uncommon thing to speak of a *young man*, of fifteen years standing at the bar, and it is the general and almost natural course of events, for a man of fair talents and competent knowledge to remain seven or ten years without holding a brief, a severe trial this to the most patient, a wearisome probation to him who has some little independence; but to the individual who depends solely on his own exertions for support, it is attended with a distressing series of hardships and privations. What more painful than the struggle to preserve a gentlemanly appearance on scanty means,—to endure for years that sick-

ness of the heart, which medicine cannot cure, arising from hope deferred—to dread the circuit, from the certainty of being drained of his small resources, without the return of a single guinea—to experience tedious vacations, affording ample time for study and gloomy reflections, and what is worse, to endure idleness in the midst of a busy term—of the most irksome character because altogether involuntary. The bright prospects formed in the glow and enthusiasm of youth, are overcast by such dispiriting realities,—the lofty expectations not unwarrantably entertained, from a consciousness of talent, are chilled by disappointment and neglect; inasmuch that the young lawyer begins to doubt the existence of that capacity and judgment on which he had relied for eminence and fame. The elastic spirit is thus not unfrequently crushed, fine sentiments destroyed, and the hopes of a generous ambition blighted. The sympathies are deadened in his bosom, and if, at last, he creeps into business, he wades through it like a laborious drudge, uncheered by the enlivening influence of a noble emulation, and advancing in years, learns to deride the feelings and emotions in which he once delighted to indulge.

There is an extremely foolish observation, frequently made by people who take credit for great discernment, that the surest way for a man to rise in the profession of the law, is not to be possessed of a shilling at starting; this sounds extremely well; but we put a plain question, how is the unfortunate young barrister, destitute of fortune or connection, to exist, during the years of his perilous probation,—what is he to do, until the wonderful opportunity occurs which is to bring him at once to wealth and fame; and for how many years may he not wait, notwithstanding the most constant application of his energies to professional studies, before “the

well be doubted, whether we ought not to copy, instead of sneering at, our Irish brethren of the gown, for each of these gentlemen (alluding to Messrs. Driacoll and Johnstone, on the memorable ‘Bottle-conspiracy case,’) confined himself exclusively to commenting upon the evidence individually affecting his client, leaving the political bearings of the prosecution to Mr. North; while we find Mr. Pollock, who in the Morning Journal case was retained to defend Mr. Gutch, on the ground that he was not criminally responsible as nominal publisher of an article of which he knew nothing till it appeared in print, flying off into a lofty eulogium on the value of a free press, and citing Junius to prove it.”

lucky hit" is made? Are his intermediate sufferings, hardships, privations, and bitter reflections, to be regarded as nothing? It is an undoubted fact, that Lord Eldon, with his matchless learning, was reduced to the last extremities before he could make a subsistence. Unquestionably there are splendid examples of industry and talent, although sprung from the lowest ranks of life, forcing their way to the most illustrious stations in the law. Such instances of brilliant success are before the world; but who can enumerate the numbers who have failed, the broken-hearted victims of a vain pursuit—the more to be pitied because probably undeserving their miserable fate. Such considerations ought not, and certainly will not, frighten from the bar, those stout-hearted individuals who are conscious of possessing the mental requisites, the patience, and determined perseverance essential to success, who have been accustomed to privations, and despise them; but these plain truths ought to influence, and dispose to serious reflection, before they rush into the profession, that very respectable and somewhat numerous class of gentlemen, who put on a cravat so cleverly as to puzzle the beholder for a solution of the tie, and discuss with much critical acumen, the lighter topics of polite literature. We address ourselves further to those who have laboured, and successfully, to attain higher distinctions, even collegiate honours, and who have been looked up to as the 'tot lumina' of historical societies; we beg to assure such, that a man may solve deducibles in logic, and be fully competent to decide upon the propriety of Sylla's resignation of his dictatorship, and yet starve at the bar; that he may have a large stock of grandiloquence elsewhere, and never touch a guinea in the Four Courts; and having walked the hall a dozen years or so, may be left to wonder at his failure, to curse the attorneys, and lament that he did not go to the English bar, where alone he now feels convinced that rare endowments are appreciated and rewarded. We earnestly exhort them, as the majority of them may be pos-

sessed of some means and connections to pause, before they hazard their fortunes on an unprofitable pursuit—to give up betimes all hopes of the bench, and to betake themselves to a less hazardous profession—let them never forget, when revelling in their castle-building speculations, that scarcely one out of eight who go through the formality of being called, succeed at the bar; and as it is good to teach by examples, we advise those, whom we now more particularly address, to walk occasionally to the Four Courts, and contemplate the number of barristers in the hall 'taking exercise'; next, to look into the courts, and compare the number of those engaged in business with the number who are doing nothing, or note-taking, which is nearly the same thing, except that it saves appearances; then to peep into the library, which they will find well stocked with students, and then, in order to recover from such dismal sights, let them descend to that pleasant refectory, the coffee-room, and meditate, over a bowl of soup, on the causes of the pale and melancholy faces he has been looking at. Let him consider that, while business has declined, the number of barristers has increased three-fold; that the proportion of those making little or nothing, to those gaining a livelihood, is as ten to one;—that the number of competitors has not only increased, but their fitness for business and practical ability has increased likewise; that it is not over-agreeable to depend for existence on 'motions of course,' or the uncertain favors of one attorney; and that it is not *always* the greatest dunderhead in the profession who is made the chairman of a county.

If he still perseveres, he may, perhaps, derive consolation from contemplating the interesting groups of fashionable loungers in the hall, including sons, nephews, and cousins of many eminent functionaries, who appear perfectly satisfied with the discharge of the responsibility to which their parents and relations were liable for '*ten talents*,' and seem, therefore, wisely resolved '*to bury their one*.'

TALES OF THE HUMAN HEART.

No. I.

MARY GRAY AND BESSY BELL.

"Oh! Mary Gray and Bessy Bell,
They were twa bonnie lassies."—*Scotch Ballad.*

THESE names are perfectly familiar to the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood of Omagh, in the county Tyrone, and are given to two low mountains, situate on either side of the splendid demesne of Mountjoy Forest. During a late visit to that part of the country, I made it my business to enquire into the origin of these titles, guessing, rightly, that some legend of interest might be found to be connected with them. The result of my investigation I shall now commit to writing, doubting not that the narrative itself, independently of any powers of the narrator, will be found sufficiently engaging to justify me in the attempt. Concerning the date of the events I am about to relate, I have ascertained nothing accurately, further than that they were still fresh in the memory of some of the elders of the district, as either coeval with or shortly preceding their early youth.

Mary Gray and Bessy Bell were two maidens, whose hereditary residences were placed near the foot of the respective mountains, which serve to hand down their names to posterity. The former might have had the precedence in years by two summers at the farthest; and while they equalled each other in fascinations and accomplishments of the first order, yet these were in each composed of far different lights and shades, even as their degrees in life were widely removed. Mary's ancestors had long leased the considerable farm which her family now held, and which was justly looked upon as one of the most substantial and thriving in the neighbourhood. Bessy, on the other hand, was highly descended, and connected with

many of the leading families around her. Mary's disposition was thoughtful, calm, and imaginative; Bessy's, again, was playful, capricious, and inconsiderate. The one could sit happily for hours, on the summit of her native hills, gazing on the beautiful scenes of lawn and woodland beneath her, and lulled by the murmur of the river of the valley, conjure up a world of a thousand dreams around her, and trace in admiration the fair handywork of nature. The other, yielding to every passing impulse, fearless of care, and open to enjoyment, was apparently intended to figure only in the more sunny passages of existence, and was herself a potent mistress of the spells of gaiety. Mary's figure was tall, perfect, and commanding, and though her light blue eyes, and auburn tresses seemed the very emblems of all that was tranquil, yet every fine feature was robed in inexpressible dignity, during her moments of excitement or enthusiasm. It was impossible, on the other hand, to withstand the laughing glances of Bessy's sparkling eyes, set off as they were by a profusion of raven ringlets that clustered down her dimpled cheeks, while her almost fairy form was cast in the finest mould of feminine loveliness.

Such were the two fair creatures whose histories I am about to relate, when the one had reached her twentieth, and the other her eighteenth year; and by what link those histories came to be united, it will be now necessary to explain.

The reader has already, perhaps, felt surprise, that the qualities and attractions I have ascribed to Mary should be found in a farmer's daughter,

in a "maiden of low degree." My information, however, accounted readily for the fact. Her family, as I have hinted, had long enjoyed an unusual, and an almost uninterrupted prosperity, and in consequence of singular industry and perseverance on their part—virtues which seldom go without their reward—were conversant with few of the distresses that annoyed and agitated their less gifted neighbours. Her father, though in other respects a prudent and moderate man, seems to have indulged in overweeningly ambitious views for his daughter's welfare. Her birth had been soon followed by the loss of an affectionate wife, and he appeared thenceforth to have centred all his warmer feelings in her, whose uncommon beauty, and earlier indications of a superiority of mind, accounted, even in childhood, for all his fond partiality. Thus he was often heard to boast, that "his Mary should be as fine a lady as the best of them;" and with this view he had intrusted her, when but eight years old, to the care of the most fashionable school-mistress of the metropolis, desiring her to take charge of her until she was as accomplished as unsparing expenditure could make her. Mary was accordingly thrown at once among associates all higher than herself in station, and prospects in life; and, save when the honest farmer paid his regular half-yearly visit, she never even saw for a number of years, any that moved within her own natural sphere.

But while her companions, as I have said, had the superiority in point of rank, she found few to rival her in innate elegance, in graces of person, and in thirst for improvement; and although it must be admitted that the arrival of her unfashionable relative never failed to excite a momentary titter among her playmates, yet it was speedily checked by the recollection of her own unassuming merit and extraordinary good nature, which had won, from the first, the affections of each individual of the little community.

One of these, and inferior only to Mary in acquirements, was the second heroine of my tale; and, strange to say, although as different in tastes as I have described them, they soon formed for each other a fond and faithful attachment. They had been born and nursed amid the same scenes, and it was Mary's greatest delight, during her long exile

from the midst of them, to freshen her recollections and multiply her enquiries from her very willing and happier friend, who twice, at least, each year could draw her information from experience. They were the joint idols of the school, but so far were they, either from envying the other's popularity, that they would sit conversing together in some quiet corner on the occasion of many a pastime, when there was the loudest cry for their aid and countenance of the general sports. Thus did each delight in the other's society, the very opposition of their characters enhancing perhaps the charms of intimacy. When Mary sung a pensive melody, Bessy would reply to it in some merry little native air; when Mary's imagination was attracted by the sombre and melancholy, Bessy would discover each lighter sentiment, as if by magic, in their common studies.

Years flitted by, strengthening their attachment as they passed, and Mary was at length delighted by a summons to attend her father on his last expedition homeward. Bessy was to remain one year longer at the academy, and the friends parted with mutual protestations of regard, and threats of almost daily correspondence, which they afterwards put into very accurate execution, to the great pride and pleasure of the farmer, who was gratified by the connection and intercourse in which his daughter had engaged. Not so with Mr. Bell. Naturally haughty and distant, he listened with little satisfaction to Bessy's account of her great intimacy with one so much her inferior in rank, although accompanied by the most glowing and enthusiastic praise; and when at length the period of her departure from school arrived, and she was to appear as his daughter in society, he sternly interdicted all future intercourse between them. Need I tell of the supplications, of the tears that attended so cruel a disappointment. He was resolute in his severity, and Bessy rode over to make the terrible disclosure, and weep for the last time on the bosom of her devoted and disconsolate friend. It was, indeed, a trying scene—they parted in the deepest affliction.

When poor Mary was left alone, she had time to estimate fully the overpowering loss she had sustained. Even before this sad occasion, indeed im-

dutely on her arrival from school, she had perceived, and almost regretted, the deep mistake her father had committed in giving her an education so completely disproportioned to her rank—an education, which, if it added refinements, yet increased her wants, and withheld her to take any interest in the pursuits or pleasures of her natural associates and protectors, while the fatal barrier of her birth seemed irrevocably to forbid the acquisition of that place in a higher circle, to which she was both entitled by her accomplishments, and which she could have filled with dignity. Her relations, indeed, had greeted her return with every demonstration of pride and affection, while her father doated on her with the most intense, nay painful fondness; yet, both they and he approached her with an involuntary betrayal of a consciousness of their inferiority, that, to her delicate sensibility almost destroyed the satisfaction which should naturally be afforded her from the kind interest of kinsfolk, and the warmth of a father's love. Viewing her circumstances, therefore, with discreet and unbiassed penetration, she would have regretted, I say, her adventitious elevation above her fellows, had she not hitherto enjoyed a solace for all distresses in her "sweet communion" with her beloved Bessy, and felt how deep should be her gratitude for being so strangely enabled to preserve an equality and enjoy an interchange of feeling and affection with so much merit and elegance.

Can any wonder then that this disappointment preyed heavily on her tender disposition; that she gave herself up for a time to a deep and wearing melancholy, and fancied that she was now left almost alone in the world. It was during the Christmas holidays that the unexpected shock came upon her, which seemed for the moment to stun all her faculties; and the spring had softened into summer, ere her mind regained aught of its natural elasticity. The honest farmer felt deeply affected, and, unable as he was to appreciate her sentiments duly, still endeavoured to soothe her too visible sorrow with unavailing fondness. Fearful of giving offence, by letting him see the inefficiency of his sympathies, she sought rather to retire into solitude; and, as the season advanced, she wandered up the mountain almost daily to some

shady spot, and soon forgetting the subject of the book before her, was lost for hours together in her own bitter and crowding thoughts, until the evening's chill, or the gathering gloom, reminded her that it was time to return.

It was on the morning of the 28th of August, that Frederick Montgomery also climbed that mountain, with the eagerness of a sportsman on the first day of the grouse-shooting for the season. As he descended again, it was with no slight astonishment that he perceived, at a little distance, Mary Gray, as it were some fair spirit of the heights, moving slowly and musingly downward towards her father's cottage. It was the thought of a moment to follow cautiously and trace her steps; and at length his enquiries from a labourer in the adjoining field, convinced him that he had discovered her residence. Accordingly he resolved to return the next day to the same ground for sport, trusting to his ingenuity to invent some pretext for gaining admission at Farmer Gray's.

Frederick Montgomery was a stranger in Ireland, and had come down to the neighbourhood to pay, as he had at first intended, but a short visit to a newly married friend—himself a late settler. Although naturally of a frank and manly disposition, yet the dissipation of an Oxford life, and a subsequent unlimited enjoyment of the pleasures of the Continent during two years, now found him nearly as heartless as he was gay. Early the master of an independent fortune, and gifted with ready and showy talents, he had arrived at perfect self-confidence from his intercourse with the world, and was possessed of an address as insinuating as his person was striking and handsome. It was no wonder then that he boasted of some success with woman, who had been long his favourite study, as her favours were his darling pursuit, and that he now flattered himself with an intimate knowledge of the sex, and believed that he was accomplished in its passions and whims, its oddities and caprice, and every access to its softer feelings.

Such was the person who stopped at Farmer Gray's on the morning of the 21st, under the plausible pretext of remedying some accidental disorder of his gun. While a servant was heating water for that purpose, perhaps it was

through some momentary feeling of vanity, that her father requested him to step in to Mary's little drawing-room. Although the furniture was plain and unpretending, yet it displayed an air of unstudied elegance, that had the power for an instant to change Montgomery's delight into astonishment. Workboxes, a writing-desk, music and drawing, occupied their various positions through the apartment; a piano-forte lay open, while one or two feminine ornaments had been left in progress on the table. Books of Belles-lettres, instruction, and devotion, were arranged in spider-shelves around the walls, and a splendid portrait of their beautiful possessor hung over the mantel-piece. Every thing seemed to acknowledge the governance of a tasteful mistress, though all the occupations whose tokens were thus visible, had been neglected for months previous to the time of which we speak.

Soon mastering his surprise, Montgomery, with admirable tact, displayed his pleasure only so as to flatter the vanity, without exciting the suspicions, of the farmer; and having discovered she had gone abroad for some time, he contrived to carry on so successfully his insidious attacks upon the gratified father, that, won by the courtesy and bearing of his guest, and believing his daughter also might be pleased at the society of one who was evidently so fully accomplished, he invited him to return to his house that evening on his way homeward.

Need I tell the rest? His visits were daily repeated—while his stay with his friend was further protracted, and each morning he started for the mountain with his gun and dogs, long after there had ceased to remain a single feather for his bag. He was a favourite alike with father and daughter, the one he continued to manage as artfully as at their first meeting—the other could not but be taken with a person who possessed so many attractions, taste, talents, and multiplied, though showy and superficial, reading—who was ready to join in all her studies and amusements—who took such interest in every trifle that engaged her, and carried off all with those delicate and obsequious attentions, which, while they failed not to flatter and delight, could never for a moment appear ob-

trusive or alarming. They read, they sung, they walked and conversed together; Mary's disappointment at the loss of her friend was soothed, as her place was supplied; nor was she for a long time aware of the potent poison she was imbibing. And strange to say, although it cannot be denied that his first intentions were of the basest and most infamous order, as his letters to a friend, of that date, attempted not even to disguise, yet the same testimony at a latter period declared him to be caught, as it were, in his own snare, and completely disarmed of his terrible purposes, by the gentle nature and glowing virtues of the fair being they were intended to assail.

Time rolled on, and at length he ventured to speak openly of love and wedlock, and met with a reception, from both father and daughter, as flattering as his pride could desire. He was the first of his sex whom Mary had ever known, and in truth he was a favourable specimen, and it would have been unaccountable if the farmer had not been dazzled at the prospect of such a brilliant alliance. Such was the promise of happiness which enlivened the little party at the cottage; when one noon, in the decline of the season, this young and interesting pair strolled on as they conversed of their prospects far into the enchanting scenery of Mountjoy Forest.

* * * *

Of the details of that fatal day nothing farther was known, than that Mary returned alone, and late in the evening, in a state bordering on frenzy, and never recovered from the shock she had sustained, or regained the peace she had sacrificed. Happily indeed for himself, her father was then absent, and for several days afterwards, and came home to suspect no more from the change in his daughter's spirits, which all her efforts could not conceal, than a mere lovers' quarrel, often but the enhancement of lovers' happiness!

Meanwhile, Montgomery appeared early the following morning at the cottage, and from that moment continually besieged the door, begging, supplicating, even fiercely demanding to be admitted, and in vain. A thousand billet-doux, addressed to Mary, he entrusted to her faithful attendant—all, except the first, were immediately re-

turned unopened. He, too, seemed to have become almost a maniac—his dress and figure were disordered, his words rash and violent, and his voice hoarse and broken.

The farmer's arrival, however, acted like a charm; he seemed to have awaked from a dream, and gained over his feelings so sudden and powerful a mastery, that the poor unsuspecting man was confirmed in the opinion I have mentioned, and pitying his distress, engaged to intercede for him with his daughter. Who will not pause to pity him in the fulfilment of such a task?—Whose heart will not bleed for the poor victim whom he solicited? He came back at length, bewildered and displeased at her pertinacity, while she still remained resolute in declining to admit Montgomery in defiance of all importunities.

At length exhausted and despairing of success, the latter absented himself wholly from the cottage, though he long continued to hover about at some distance, under the vain expectation of accidentally crossing her path. The friend at whose house he was a visiter, and to whom he betrayed no desire to move, though his originally intended limits were now more than trebled, could not but observe his forlorn and dispirited state of mind, which, indeed it needed but a glance at his haggard cheek and sunken eye, to ascertain. Too delicate to probe a wound which appeared so deep and irritable, he resorted rather to every kind artifice and design, which might have the effect of reviving and awakening him from the deplorable condition into which his every faculty had fallen. Among the rest, he invited company to his house, and courted the society of all the neighbouring gentry, to whose advances, as a stranger, he had been until now, considered unaccountably distant; and it was in the round of gaiety that ensued, that Montgomery met, for the first time, the former friend of his Mary, who seemed, as it were, the very soul and arbitress of all that was mirthful and happy. Worn and lethargic as he was, he could not help being attracted by such a brilliant display of charms; and his anxious friend was soon delighted to remark, that in her society he appeared to shake off much of the torpor which had so long preyed on him, as the opportunities of

meeting her seemed to multiply with an almost fated accuracy.

Surprising and inconsistent, with that morbid and painful state of feelings I have described, as the next passage of his history would appear, let no man, I would say, presume to decide on the hidden motives, the inner workings of a fellow-creature, however open his external conduct to censure or dislike. For myself, I would fain see the sunny side of each fleeting picture, and I am satisfied, with regard to Montgomery, that during the latter part of his intimacy with Mary, he had been perfectly honorable in his intentions, whatever mysterious fatality seemed to have hung over its issue; that his grief and melancholy, when that intimacy was broken off, were equally unaffected; and that it was not owing to heartless indifference, but to natural fickleness and instability, and to the ardent spirits and warm constitution of his youth, that he soon was seen to be inspired with equal devotion to another, and as fair an object.

As for Bessy, she too had recovered from the shock her friendship had sustained, although the latter feeling remained still undiminished; and we have already noticed the number and power of the fascinations which now newly beset her. In a word, Montgomery was formed to be the bane of two gentle creatures, with respect to whom, whether we look to their personal charms, their intellectual attractions, the innocence in which he found them, or their unalterable attachment to each other; it would be difficult to decide which should be the object of the greater interest and admiration.

Yet, is it not after all, nearly incredible, when we recur to the circumstances of this little tale from the commencement, that in the course of four months from the hour when he parted with Mary, her recollection was now almost effaced, at least from the seat of his deeper emotions, and he found himself day after day engaged in attentions as assiduous to another, as he had so lately practiced with unwearied zeal toward her? Nor was Bessy long insensible to his addresses, and, though her playful and innocent coquetry left him for a considerable period in doubt as to the state of her feelings towards him; yet, this very coquetry seemed

destined to produce a result fatal to herself, as it roused him the more effectually from the languor which had oppressed him, awoke in him an interest and excitement, and elicited numberless fascinations which might have remained unnoticed had her manners been more distant and formal on the one hand, or had she seemed on the other, more easy and open to conquest. As it was, each soon received a sensible impression from the other's attractions, and looked forward with delight from day to day to the renewal of their intercourse. Montgomery, with his usual tact, won the good will even of the cold Mr. Bell, and began to be looked upon as a constant visitor at his house. His daughter was seldom absent, and, as before, with her early friend, their recreations and pursuits became the same, and as he walked or rode by her side, with admirable versatility of talent he accommodated his thoughts and feelings to her's, and was now as light and gay in his topics of conversation with Bessy, as he had been grave and speculative with Mary.

At length, a lawsuit in which he was engaged, demanded his presence in England within the course of a few days, and he determined, though with considerable compunction, to sound Miss Bell's feelings, and, should he find them propitious, to make an immediate declaration of his own. This important step, he reserved for his last day in the country, and on the morning previous engaged to accompany the fair object of his now undivided passion in her usual ride.

For the first time, and he now remarked it with deep uneasiness, she led the way toward farmer Gray's cottage. Of her former intimacy with his daughter, Montgomery, by some strange chance, had never heard. Each of them perhaps, had thought of it as a painful subject, and one, too sacred, it might be, to be intruded on a stranger's attention. But the reaction of restrained feeling is often more lively than its original force, and on this occasion as the pretty farm-house at the foot of the mountain came suddenly in view, Bessy was as instantaneously overcome, and bursting into tears, "There," she exclaimed, "even there lives one who is dearest to me on earth!"

What? Mary? stammered Montgomery, and, but that his companion was herself so touched at that bitter moment, his guilty confusion could never have passed unobserved. Little did either imagine that the pitiable subject of the thoughts of each, was at that same instant gazing from a shrubbery on the road side, who, after a long wild stare, reeled and fell to the ground!

They had paused for some time involuntarily, Bessy yielding to pathetic and sad remembrances, while Montgomery's heart was nearly rent asunder by a thousand maddening and conflicting emotions; at length they, each as involuntarily, turned their horses' heads and pursued their way homeward in melancholy and ill-omened silence. He was engaged for the same evening to meet a large party at Mr. Bell's, and it was not until they sat together at dinner that almost a syllable was interchanged between them; even then it cost an effort on both sides. The company observed it and rallied each on their depression, and Bessy was ere long, again the centre and attraction of all cheerfulness. Montgomery still maintained a gloomy taciturnity, for which the frightful convulsions of his mind that morning but too truly accounted. Bessy herself, was surprised, when it no longer seemed to originate in compliment to her own feelings; but still following the bent of a fond woman's credulity, she gave it the flattering interpretation of extreme regret at his early intended absence.

The ladies had long retired, and Montgomery had fortified himself with deep and long potations, ere he found it possible to gain even an artificial excitement. Under such influence, he at length appeared in the drawing room, and hastening again to Bessy's side, he lavished on her to an extravagant excess, all the flattery and compliment of which he was so finished a master. He led her to the piano-forte, hung over her chair, mingled his manly voice with her own sweet thrilling notes, and during each pause, whispered in her ear his fixed and unalterable devotion.

They were, after some time, induced by the delighted audience, to attempt a celebrated duet, the most difficult they had yet performed, and peculiarly expressive of tender and impassioned sentiments. It was in the

midst of this, and when Montgomery was taking his part with exquisite taste and masterly skill, that a servant slipped into his hand a note which had been just delivered to him. He held it with the air of one totally abstracted in his occupation until it was Bessy's turn to respond, as she did with power equal to his own; then he ventured to snatch one hasty glance at its superscription. It seemed to contain a deadly spell—his very reason appeared to fail him—he staggered to the door, to the astonishment of all present, and seizing his hat, and seeming to fly from their attentions, rushed with the speed of madness to the stable yard, mounted his saddled horse and galloped furiously away.

Can it be doubted from whom that communication came? The beautiful characters were but too well known to him, and the words, which he himself read not till the next dawn, were the following: "Unhappy man! as thou wouldst yet hope for mercy for all thy accumulated guilt, ensnare not by thy wiles, another victim in addition to the lost

MARY.

Often after that night, did Montgomery curse the perfections of the animal which carried him, that he dashed him not to atoms on the rough roads which he passed. On, on he rode, pushing him at the height of his speed, nor pulled a rein till he arrived at the Gray's cottage. It was already an hour past midnight, when he paused scarce knowing where he was, and having come so far without fixed purpose or intent. All around was calm and quiet, in awful contrast to the tumult that raged within him. The farmer and his household had long retired to rest; yet there was one sleepless being within that heard the horse and guessed at its rider. It was a moment of fearful excitement, and having almost mechanically led the reeking animal to a stall, he struck his hand against his forehead, and endeavoured to regain the composure which he appeared to have utterly lost. That he soon found was, at the moment, hopeless; and fearful of himself, frantic and distracted as he was, he determined to await the morning ere he sought admission at the cottage. He wandered round the environs of the farm, and as each familiar spot recurred to his eye beneath the clear moonlight, which he had trod so often with the

lost, the loving Mary, he imprecated the deepest curses upon his own devoted head. At length the night clouded, as if in unison with his thoughts, the moon disappeared from the heavens, the storm rose apace, the rain descended thick, drifting, and violent. Involuntarily he bared his head and bosom to its assaults, and felt, for the moment, the first relief from frenzy. But in its place came reason, once more calm and cool, and he felt he had but awakened to a clearer sense of his misery. The lightning began to flash, and as its transitory brightness aided the grey glimmering of morning, he traced the expressions of the almost forgotten note. Deadly sickness came over him—a spasmodic shudder—a gravelike chill—and, staggering to a stable door, he sunk senseless beneath his steed upon the straw.

The farmer was, as usual, the first astir, and on going out was surprised to see that door but half-closed. He entered hastily, and was horror-stricken at the spectacle within. There lay Montgomery, as if in the grasp of a cruel and violent death, his throat and breast still bare, his face distorted, his hands clenched, and his hair damp and dishevelled. On closer examination, the farmer was rejoiced to discover that life yet remained: and being somewhat skilled in surgery, a power which his retired situation often called into practice—he bore his patient to the cottage, and having bled him freely, used every means to recal the existence which seemed so fast ebbing. Nor were they long without effect; and whilst he bent over him, anxiously watching their progress, and having administered a gentle opiate, laid him in his own bed, and sat him down by the side, he gave up his mind to innumerable conjectures upon the cause which might have reduced Montgomery to such a fearful situation.

His horse might have taken fright, and fled to a haunt once so familiar. He might have been attacked by ruffians, with whom the forest was said occasionally to abound, and fled for protection to his home, whilst the violence of their assaults, or the exhaustion of fatigue, would account for his having been found insensible. These, and a thousand such accidents, his imagination speedily suggested; but they were soon discarded successively, and as it

were by instinct, his fears settled finally on the truth—that all he saw was connected, though he guessed not how, with the interests of his beloved daughter.

Instantly he sought her chamber.—She heard with little surprise, that Montgomery was in the house; but was deeply shocked to learn his pitiable condition. She accompanied her father to his bedside, and along with him watched over the wretched being it contained, with a deep intensity of emotion, until a long drawn sigh and violent contortion at length betokened his reviving sense, and then, in bitterness and misery, she glided back to her own apartment. The farmer, in the mean time, had resumed his painful reverie. During the last three months he had laboured under continual anxiety and doubt, concerning the lovers' unaccountable separation, and had latterly yielded to dark suspicions as to the purity of Montgomery's intentions, whose unworthiness he believed his daughter might have earlier detected and acted accordingly. Even his present compassion could not prevent their growing form; and it is not then to be wondered at, that when at length the patient opened his eyes, and rolled them wildly round ere he could recollect and account for his present situation, which he finally testified by grasping convulsively the hand of his kind physician, that the latter replied to his wistful look, by saying abruptly,

"Mr. Montgomery, I am a plain spoken man, and you must not be offended by my asking, what brought you here, or rather, was it to marry my daughter that you came?"

"Marry her!" exclaimed the unhappy young man—"Marry, did you say?—yes, yes!—it was to marry her—and oh! if you have a heart, but prevail on her this hour—to-morrow—or the next day—or when and where she pleases!"

The farmer was at once disarmed of every angry feeling, and all again was the tenderest and most attentive kindness. Finally, he undertook to gain for him an interview with his daughter, and left him for that purpose; while Montgomery, whose powerful constitution had already rallied considerably, made the necessary preparations in case his request should be granted.

And, after a long interval, it was so. Wrought up to the highest pitch of

excitement, he received and obeyed the summons—and they met. But alas! how changed was the fair creature before him, from the bright young being he had once known and loved, in the beauty of opening womanhood, in the charms of happy innocence, in the spring-day of health and hope, almost a stranger to care, and possessing within herself a world of fascination, and of peace. Now, that cheek was lighted up as brilliantly as ever—but it was with a hectic flush; that eye was as bright—but with the glaze of disease; that brow was as eminently fair—but with the wan pallor of death.

* * * *

What passed during that sad interview never transpired to any. His voice had been elevated in the various tones of supplication, of passion, and of anguish; even his bitter sobs were heard distinctly through the cottage. She had always spoken in the lowest accents of calm resolution and collected dignity. At length there was a long pause—there was one heart-breaking groan—the door opened, and Montgomery rushed to the stable, and, having thrown himself on his horse, and galloped furiously to Omagh, called wildly for a post-chaise, and took the road to Dublin. There were no tidings of him afterward for many a week, save a hasty note to his friend, apologising for his abrupt departure.

It were idle to detail the innumerable conjectures and rumours in the neighbourhood concerning his strange conduct the preceding evening, and his sudden and mysterious disappearance. Idler far were the hope of describing the woeful feelings of the terrified, the forsaken Bessy. She had just learnt what it was to love, and be beloved, when the cup of happiness was dashed from her lips; she had just felt the full brightness of the vision, when it vanished from her straining gaze.

* * * *

It was in the noon of the 20th August, one year from the day on which he had first seen Mary, and during that short year what misery had he not wrought for himself and others? that Frederick Montgomery arrived in Omagh, having ridden by easy stages from the metropolis. He was much and visibly changed. His face had lost its former sweet expression, his cheek was pale, his lip colourless, his eye was

wilder than before, and his brow wore the ravages of illness, and the traces alike of harrowing affliction and deep despair. What had brought him thither he dared not to ask himself. Could it be to look once more on the waste, the ruin he had made?

He partook of some refreshment, and prepared to resume his lonely way. As he awaited the appearance of his horse, the church-bell threw sullenly on the air its awful lament of death. He listened calmly for a moment, then burying his face in his hands, yielded himself up to the succession of bitter emotions that those sounds inspired; and the groom had summoned him thrice ere he started from his sad reverie. He mounted, rode slowly up the street, and saw the mournful paraphernalia of mortality enter the church-yard as he was about to pass. Under an involuntary impulse he paused, and moved after the sorrowful crowd toward the gate. He thought he heard some whispers of his name in the procession, but was too deeply abstracted to listen with much attention.

At length he reached the gate—there was, immediately within, a newly dug grave, and the coffin was being lowered from the hearse. As he gazed almost unconsciously around—suddenly, like the lightning's flash—he caught the chief mourner's eye—that chief mourner was farmer Gray, and in that glance what was there not conveyed! It seemed to pierce him to the heart, and turning round instantaneously, he fled with the mad speed of the criminal, down the precipitate hill, and whither?—and wherefore?

* * * *

That terrible evening, Bessy was sitting in a little arbour which Montgomery's hands and her own had raised in happier days, and she looked on the last beams of the setting sun, and thought how the wit and merriment of which she was then the mistress were now as faint and evanescent as the expiring glories on which she gazed. Then her ideas, as they wandered in a pensive strain, reverted to her happy school-days, to her beloved companion in them all. Oh! if she had known that the faithful, the well-remembered, the once lovely being, was at that very moment being consigned as dust to dust.

Suddenly there was a step—there

was a voice, and in another instant she was folded in the arms of Montgomery! It was a long—an impassioned, as it had been an involuntary caress. At length it was over, and tears, while they relieved her, prevented her for a while from observing the ghastly, the frantic expression of him who still wildly gazed upon her. But it could not be longer unnoticed, and terrified and horror-struck—"What means that look?" she exclaimed. "Oh, dearest Frederick, you have never yet recovered from the shock of that awful night," and she burst into a new passion of tears.

"In truth," he replied slowly, and gasping for breath, "in truth it was a fearful shock; and the next day" he paused, and added convulsively—"the next day I was to have asked you to marry me. Oh, Bessy! dearest, best-beloved, would you have been the wife of the —"

"Murderer" he would have added, but he sunk powerless on the ground.

After a considerable interval he revived. A servant was chafing his temples. Bessy stood near, intensely occupied with a paper she held, while her eye glanced from line to line with wild rapidity. It was the manuscript from which some of the leading facts I have related were originally extracted, and as Montgomery started up, and caught the reader's eye, she would have fallen had he not folded her in his arms. He laid her tenderly on the ground—staggered a few yards from the spot—there was the report of a pistol—and all was over.—She recovered but too speedily to hear that deadly sound. She rushed to the fatal spot, and threw herself on the bleeding and mangled corpse. At length she was torn away, borne to the house, and laid in her bed under the rage of a delirious fever. Long was her existence hopeless. But joy was in every countenance, when after nineteen days there was a plain and evident improvement. Then came a few lucid intervals, during which who would not have wept with her? And then a relapse. And after two months she rose from that bed an unconscious idiot.

It were impossible to describe the emotions with which I listened to this deeply pathetic tale. Two mountains, as I have said, serve to keep up its recollection amidst the scenes of its sad occurrences; and the weatherwise

of the neighbourhood have been often heard to remark, that any menaces from the object of their study, are still earliest indicated by the gloom that gathers around Mary Gray; while in the darkest

hours of the showery season, of spring or autumn, if any spot around would seem to indicate a brighter prospect, it is ever the green and sunny summit of Bessy Bell.

TITHES.

This being a day of which our poor stupid forefathers never dreamed, a day in which the world teems with miraculous improvements, projected for church and state, let us draw out of the bustle for a moment and ponder upon one of the excellent changes in agitation. Which shall we select? Corn laws—repeal of the union—abolition of slavery—abolition of tithes? Let it be the last; for the individuals primarily concerned are not a class likely to turn on us if we wrong them. And the practice of the age being to attack the weakest, in the name of fashion, have at them! Tithes! why the very word should be as abominable to us as pork to a Jew. The wretched Israelites were always odious to honest men; tithes are a bantling of their by-gone policy, and therefore righteously to be abhorred with the parent. In this conclusion we are sure of having with us every rational dissenter. What shrewd fellows the dissenters! How clearly they detected even the rags of old mother popery dangling from the skirts of our tithe-owning establishment! How wisely they condemned the doating institutions of corrupting the pure gospel of Christianity, founding her continuance and support on Jewish taxation. Yet these same obstinate, untractable parsons, half-priests, half-Jews have the hardihood to deny that they assert a right to tithes on any appeal to Jewish law! Stupid fools, not to take as their defence the line of reasoning thrust upon them by the wise dissenters, who should of course understand their interests and affairs better than themselves. No; the Ministers of our establishment disclaim all connection with Judaism, maintain that they conceive and believe every Jewish law and ceremony superadded for the present by Christianity, and that their right to tithes rest solely on the deed of the nation at large. What dolts! The nation bestow such an enormous revenue on a body that will neither fight

nor agitate, nor crouch submissively like sycophants, to the will of every variable and varying administration! The nation could never have done this! They say it has done so, and appeal to the testimony of centuries which have elapsed since the first deed of gift confirmatory of the same. To speak in sober earnest, this is the fact. No friend of tithes, conversant with the truth of Christianity in all its bearings, could for an instant be cheated into the belief of such double-refined nonsense, as that tithes are held by our clergy "*Jure Divino*." All that can be said from Scripture on the subject is, that we have there an example of national support rendered to the ministers of a right religion. Our kingdom followed that example, and did well, except it be considered stupid policy to imitate what was so sanctioned by a higher authority than that of man. A national gift conferred tithes on the officers of our church for their support, and to tithes they have as much right and title as Marlborough had and Wellington has to the estates confirmed to them and to their heirs for ever. In truth, it is almost waste of words and time to argue about a right which is more palpable than that by which three fourths of the estates in Britain are at present held—the question is merely between might and right. Has the nation a right to abolish tithes and retract the gift once made to our ecclesiastics? No more than it has to strip the heirs of Marlborough of Blenheim, or deprive the Duke of Wellington of the Strathfieldsay estates bestowed on him in token of his country's gratitude. Has the nation might to dispossess our clergy of their incomes? Yes, might there is, and whenever exerted, the ministers of our church, at the public will—worked up into the form of law—may be flung out to shift and struggle for a maintenance, with the talents and education at which, thank God, no legalised mob can reach. However, as there seems

to be a longing abroad for the exertion of this might, and abolition of tithes, but some little doubt and hesitation as to the easiest and surest method of proceeding, we will quote a case in point for the instruction of all anxious to do the business effectively and quickly.

"And it came to pass after these things, that Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard which was in Jezreel hard by the palace of Ahab, King of Samaria. And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, give me thy vineyard that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near to my house, and I will give thee for it a better vineyard; or if it seem good to thee I will give thee the worth of it in money. And Naboth said to Ahab, the Lord forbid it me that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee. And Ahab came to his house heavy and displeased because of the word which Naboth the Jezreelite had spoken to him, for he had said, I will not give thee the inheritance of my fathers. And he laid him down upon his bed and turned away his face and would eat no bread. But Jezebel his wife came to him and said to him, why is thy spirit so sad that thou eatest no bread? And he said unto her, because I spake unto Naboth the Jezreelite, and said unto him, give me thy vineyard for money, or else, if it please thee, I will give thee another vineyard for it; and he answered, I will not give thee my vineyard! And Jezebel his wife said unto him, Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? arise and eat bread and let thine heart be merry, I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. So she wrote letters in Ahab's name and sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters unto the elders and to the nobles that were in his city dwelling with Naboth. And she wrote in the letters saying, Proclaim a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people: And set two sons of Belial before him, to bear witness against him saying, Thou didst blaspheme God and the king: and then carry him out and stone him, that he may die. And the men of his city, even the elders and the nobles who were the inhabitants in his city, did as Jezebel had sent unto them, and as it was written in the letters which she had sent unto them. They proclaimed a fast, and set Na-

both on high among the people. And there came in two men, children of Belial, and sat before him: and the men of Belial witnessed against him, even against Naboth in the presence of the people, saying, Naboth did blaspheme God and the king. Then they carried him forth out of the city and stoned him with stones, that he died. Then they sent to Jezebel, saying, Naboth is stoned, and is dead. And it came to pass when Jezebel heard that Naboth was stoned and was dead, that Jezebel said to Ahab, Arise, take possession of the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite which he refused to give thee for money, for Naboth is not alive, but dead. And it came to pass, when Ahab heard that Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose up to go down to the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite to take possession of it."

Here we have an evil-eyed faction in the person of Ahab, coveting the lawful possession of an humble party under the figure of Naboth, and finally successful through the counsel of such a minister as Jezebel, in grasping the possessions and abolishing Naboth's title and Naboth together. A ready mode of doing business this, well worthy of those who now desire the abolition of tithes. Stone the clergy and the work is done!! Having helped our *friends* with such useful counsel, we may now say a word on the original purpose or object of tithes. This we may call the *cui bono*. But here we cannot put forward as much as we are able and willing, because our arguments may not be suitably esteemed. If the world would grant us an affirmative reply to one question, we might run on smoothly enough. The question is this, Have the people souls? If they have, the propriety of tithes, or, in other words, the advantage of regular public teachers, educated and trained in the principles of saving truth, must be at once allowed! What dull inconsistency do those men exhibit, who boast their desires and efforts to serve their fellow creatures, who consult and labour for the benefit and comfort of the mere body, while they pass without the slightest notice, the soul and its eternal interests! Such men either have no souls, and consequently feel nothing for those of others; or, if they have, stifle sympathy and conscience, to work, untroubled, for the

praise which an evil world often lavishes upon her favourite minions! Once on a time, however, the rulers of our nation thought much for souls as well as bodies, and formed that ecclesiastical arrangement which yet continues, with all its faults and imperfections, the greatest blessing in our empire. They provided a respectable and intelligent succession of pious men, to act as teachers to the people; and further, endowing such with a sufficient support, which should obviate the necessity of personal labour for subsistence, qualified them to devote their whole strength and time to the important callings of religion.

The two great evils which first required the labours of the Protestant clergy, were popery and profligacy. The superstitions and idolatries of the former threatened men with the wrath of *Him* who has cursed idolatry for ever; while in combination with the latter, they kept the subjects and members of the Empire in such a state of moral and physical degradation, as to exclude the very possibility of any national prosperity or exaltation. Against these evils our clergy waged a successful warfare; delivered, (as it is this day,) at least thirteen millions of our people from the fangs of Popish idolatry, and spread abroad a degree of pure morality and political power unequalled in any infidel or Popish empire! However this was not all. Possessed of God's written testimonies, they made, and still make known the only way of salvation for lost sinners, that by faith in Christ, for which many of them died as witnesses, and in which many, through their means, did rejoice and do rejoice. What we have said may not go down with all men; yet for the sake of those who would appear to have no souls, or having souls, barter them for carnal advantage, we may add one word. Can there be a doubt as to the inquiry whether it be easier to rule and legislate for a moral intelligent community or a swinish ignorant rabble? None! Then well-appointed public masters of morality must be of essential benefit and assistance to a Government, provided always it be a well ordered one, for facilitating the exercise of law, affording time, by public tranquillity, for the consideration and arrangement of intricate affairs, foreign or domestic, ensuring the enjoyment and use of peace, and giving out, when called for, a healthy, orderly, and

steady people, to fill our ranks, or man our fleets in honorable war. This may be accounted arguing for the influence of Christianity in general, rather than for the particular form of support yielded to a Christian Ministry. The influence, however, of moralizing Christianity, has more to do with tithes than might be hastily imagined; so that really assent to the value of the former, compels approbation of the latter. Abolish tithes wholly, and let the ministers of religion derive support from their congregations or individual labours. In either case it must come to pass, that the general tone of public morals will go down. If a congregation be of sufficient wealth to afford the minister an adequate provision, we shall find him in a public light possessed of no respect or power, while the very consciousness of this, combined with a sense of obligation to a stated round of simple congregational exertions, must render him reluctant, if not unable, to attempt any thing for general morality. The clergy of our establishment are in a certain measure recognised as officers of government, are put forward and supported by the authority of government, and, in such an attitude, do possess public respect and influence. This may be termed a factitious influence, not springing directly from religion. It may be so; yet it will stand good, while men are prone to yield a certain reverence to the annunciations and symbols of authority; and when they accompany truth, no honest man can murmur. Possessed of such accompaniments, the established clergy hold weight, not only with individuals attendant on their ministry, but with men of different persuasions, and so long as the extension of religion and morality constitutes their work, the progress of both will bear proportion to their influence. All this perishes, the moment our clergy are reduced to the condition of merely private ministers of congregations! At present the proceeds of tithes maintain every ordained officer of the church. Such a literal independence precludes every necessity on the part of our ministers, as we have said, either to toil for support, or bow with sycophant readiness to the taste of their congregations, should that become morally depraved. Our preachers are, in the true sense of the word, "Independents;" and having had their principles duly formed by their unshack-

led condition, give the best warrant for their proving to be among the people, the steadiest friends of an upright and religious government. In connection we throw in a warning to the enemies of tithes who cannot perceive any relation between them and public morals.—There does exist between the Protestants of Great Britain and their clergy a deep attachment. The day of clerical indolence has long passed away; few inactive, useless men remain in the lower ranks of our establishment; the general benevolence, gentle conduct, and unaffected piety of our working members and officers, have had their effect in winning the affections of Protestants of every denomination. We repeat it, a deep attachment exists between the Clergy and Protestants of Great Britain. Will they—the great majority of her population—tamely sit still, and see a few wrong-headed or false-hearted slaves of power deprive the clergy of their long held, long confessed rights? Will they tamely suffer robbery to pass into a law, and by cold indifference, become a party in casting out their patrons, the men they love, to struggle with poverty or rest with beggary? Never! Let not the friends of honesty, the friends of our church, tremble at the apprehension of her downfall. Let them, the power and strength of the nation, who possess ability to protect her and her ministers, let them use that ability, and despise the bullying threats and abortive efforts of the few and the malignant to level our mighty edifice with a single blow!!! Our last consideration now opens. May not tithes, in their present obnoxious form, be discontinued? And here a danger certainly exists. The enemies of the church call themselves enemies of tithes merely—avow an affection for her orders and spiritual institutes, but express a wondrous abhorrence to the mode of maintenance afforded our ministers—to tithes. This they do with an amazing profession of solicitude for the best interests of religion. Tithes, they say, are a tax on industry, an intolerable oppression on the poor farming community, excite the hatred of the labouring classes, and procure for them, against the parsons, the best sympathies of the affluent! Tithes certainly, and but very lately varied in proportion to produce; in proportion to labour expended in cul-

tivation. So that the man who paid a shilling tithe for one year, if he ventured to increase his exertions might have to pay ten shillings tithe on the ensuing. There lay the tax on industry. What absurdity! As if the owner of £10 would find it less difficult to pay £1, than the owner of £100 would to pay £10. However this fool's objection has vanished. Tithes, as such, exist no longer. The income of the clergy (by the late act enforcing composition) now arises from a charge on land and not on produce—an unvarying charge, and on this great improvement we heartily congratulate both clergy and people. Still it is insinuated this charge falls on the poor—the miserable tenantry, men of the spade and shovel. More blundering falsehood! Whenever land was formerly tithe free, the rent demanded, and paid, was always equivalent to the rent and tithe of adjoining lands, subject to tithe. Hence, were composition taken of all lands tomorrow, rents would rise to the present amount of tithe and composition together. In this case who would benefit? The landlord, not the tenant, and consequently, in the present state of things if compounded tithe be a tax on any, it is on landed proprietors alone. The simple fact is this, land rates at a certain value, of this one part is the property of the church; annihilate that property and you benefit not the miserable tenant but the affluent proprietor of the remaining nine. After all, these things have been repeated 10,000 times, and still the cry continues—"Away with tithes in every form;" "the detestation of them is as lasting as the love of justice," &c. "Pay the clergy from the treasury."—The clergy have now a substantial interest in the empire; if that be removed and their incomes made to depend on the will of every successive administration, they would not rate at one week's purchase! Let any national emergency arise—any inadequacy on the part of the minister, who of course presides over the treasury, to balance between revenue and expenditure, the mere scratch of his pen, on any pretext over the charges for the church, would clear his difficulties away, but send our clergy to struggle for subsistence in necessary neglect of every public moral and spiritual service. We are aware that against this danger there exists a defence in the provision of the late act

on tithe composition, which appoints to the landlord collecting composition from the tenantry and paying it in bulk to the parochial minister, a certain percentage, equivalent to his individual exemption from the general charge which lies upon the land. Hence landlords will feel it their advantage to maintain the present arrangement in preference to its being changed, for a treasury payment to the clergy—a payment to be defrayed by a national tax, from which they could hope no exemption. But we cannot trust to such a defence alone. We feel bound to call on every lover of morality and religion to stand up against further encroachments on the rightful property of the church. We call on them by the regard they bear to men from whose lips they have received the consolations of divine truth, their anxiety to promote and enjoy the benefits of public morality, as well as the propagation of saving knowledge, to show themselves now, a firm phalanx, in resisting every inroad on the revenues of our establishment, and make a bold and strenuous effort, to beat down—to silence the present wild outcry of faction, corruption, and revolution. We call on the men of property to look abroad, aye and at home too, on the fearful workings of a spirit fast spreading amongst the nations—a spirit raging in the very dregs of the people, whether they appear as the deluded rabble, or the men of perverted intellect

and heart, waging war against the wisdom and the labours of our ancestors ; men whose sole object and ambition are to subvert that which bears the sanction of time, and level to the ground all orders in society, that they may trample on our ruins and rise by our destruction. When the possessions of the church have fallen, no other property whatever can escape the men who have tasted the sweets of plunder.

Against the unequal distribution of church property—against the enormous revenues of bishops, and the comparative poverty of curates—against the fearful practice of thrusting into preferment men without piety, or talent, or experience, because, forsooth, they may be sons or relatives of favourites in place and power, much may with justice be advanced. But such objections have nothing to do with that reform in the church which is loudly called for,—a reform in discipline and patronage—a reform to be dreaded as the ruin of the whole establishment, if introduced by enemies—a reform desired and only beneficial when urged on and fostered by our tried and faithful friends. To such a reform we may hereafter allude, but before closing would utter one observation to those who are most forward in advancing the objections just noticed. The men who have done the work of fiends in violence or sedition, ought not to be foremost to denounce as infamous the poor subject of their villainy.

REMINISCENCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR ANTHONY,

On my return this morning from the country, I found in my letter-box a note in your hand-writing, inclosing the prospectus of a new Magazine, and which you blushinglly avowed, (so far as one can blush upon paper,) was to be conducted under your own gracious auspices. The name which this your first literary Missey is about to adopt, would intimate a relation between it and that good old Alma Mater at whose feet you and I have sat so long. On the propriety of your engaging in such a speculation at all, the extensive preparations already made for

carrying it into effect, would preclude me from offering an opinion, even were it not inconsistent with a rule I have gradually been induced to adopt, whereby a restraint has been put on that philanthropic propensity so common in the world, of lecturing and advising all one's acquaintances round. This obliges me, at the same time, to mention my perfect state of preparation for others exerting a similar species of ill-natured self-denial towards myself, as thus a full measure of equal justice shall be secured, and a beautiful moral symmetry, as it were, maintained in the case of an individual who is determined in future

neither to give nor take advice at all. In pursuance of this excellent resolution, you shall, as far as your most affectionate friend is concerned, be permitted to hold on your course to utter failure—(if it be not a breach of system to assure you of this result)—without one remark being heard during your progress. I will even promise, on the occurrence of the catastrophe, to furnish my full share of verbal sympathy; nor shall it be among more than some twenty of our common acquaintances that I will permit my tones of condolence to be animated by such observations as, “I always thought so,”—“I always knew how it would end.” An opportunity will also be hereby furnished of their admiring, if they choose, my prophetic sagacity.

With respect to the details of its management, as set forth in the prospectus of the Magazine, there is one point to which I would wish to refer in the most serious manner, viz., the character of its politics. From your note I collect that an intention originally existed, of limiting the articles to matters unconnected with the party discussions of the day. It was conceived that even amid the morbidly excited state of public feeling, and the habits of thought forced on the most careless observer by the tremendous events in national politics, unfolding themselves in quick and rapid succession before his eye—it was conceived, I say, that many might be found in whom a taste for less agitating speculations still vividly existed, and that even by those in whom the shaking of the social system had deeply disturbed their impassioned nature, the occasional suggestion of a train of mere literary thought would have been gratefully felt and acknowledged, as the leading them aside to the green pastures and by the still waters. That such an experiment would have utterly failed, there is every reason to believe. In this country, at least, the day is far distant, if indeed it will ever come, when the discussion of general and abstract topics will meet on the part of the reading public a suitably encouraging acceptance. Be it an omen of good or evil, this has been called, with emphatic truth, an age of newspapers; and well does it become those by whom the national destinies are wielded, to ponder intensely on the fact, for assuredly it is not matter for light consideration. Under these circum-

stances, when a political character was necessarily to be assumed, it required no formal announcement, to me at least, as to that party in the state, with which a periodical, conducted by so old a friend as yourself, would range itself at once.—Nor in truth would the treachery—and heartless treachery it may be well called—be easily anticipated in any individual, or body of individuals, which would court notice for its literary efforts, by employing the name of our venerable University, while those efforts in their design, partook of the virulent hostility of the day towards those institutions with which that University, through the wide extent of her interests, is so wholly identified. To every well constructed mind, therefore, it must be matter of congratulation, that one more champion has come into the field, ready to maintain, in all legitimate warfare, the noble cause of social order and national stability.—Nor should the limited nature of the exertions, which you or others can perhaps make, affect, by their consideration, the unflinching firmness which should accompany them. There never was, in truth, a time, in which the measure of a patriot's duty had less reference to the extent of his power. The humility of the individual's station, in the scale of social dignity, will not render for one moment of less imperative requirement the virtues that belong to it; and, though the shadings of a mysterious destiny be on every thing else, yet never, amid the gloom, was the path of political recitude more luminously marked out than now, alike for King and peasant. Nor did the one great rule, by which our motions therein are to be securely guided, ever press itself on our attention, to demand that its simplicity be rigidly observed with more earnestness than at present—that rule which bids us to look neither to the right hand nor to the left, but straight on. With what fatal consequences the departure from it, during late years, particularly among the more influential classes of the kingdom, has been attended, is a matter of record as apparent as it is distressing. Well, indeed, will it be for England if these consequences are mercifully appointed, not as instruments of vengeance but of warning—if a hope should still survive, that while she trembles at their fearful progress, there is even to them a firmly ordered limit, and that the years are

not yet drawing nigh, when, the purposes for which her national existence was decreed being fulfilled, the period of her subordinate sovereignty shall be finally closed by Him who reigneth for ever and ever. And yet it were worse than useless to conceal from ourselves the presence of many things in our public concerns, which, to the speculator on the decline of the empire, must prove of awful significance; or feel surprised should such, gathering as he does, from thence the most melancholy anticipations, exclaim, in the quaint but expressive language of Talleyrand, "It is the beginning of the end."

Before I pass from this topic, there is one other circumstance to which I would wish to advert. It is, I am sure, superfluous to caution you against an error into which some persons, professing the same principles as yourself, have fallen, in the choice of weapons to carry on their warfare. To any cause the advocacy that rests on personal invective and private acrimony, can bring nothing but discredit; much more to one whose rightful claim extends to the most ennobling feelings in our nature. Indeed, on the score of mere policy, all higher considerations apart, a line of argument, such as I have alluded to, should ever be declined, as calculated to mislead a careless observer, with regard to the solid foundation on which such principles as your own may be made to rest—the foundation of the coolest and most unimpassioned reason. So much is this the case, that I almost consider it physically impossible for any well-trained intellect to hesitate in assent to Conservative views, more especially as regards ulterior measures, or to turn with any thing but disgust from the loquacious sophistries of our modern politicians, who, if they are ever destined finally to attain real knowledge, have certainly not yet gone beyond that point in their progress in which words are mistaken for things; nothing being really removed from their ignorance except, perhaps, its modesty.

These considerations have led me away from what you considered the *business* part of your note, and which I beg, in addition, to denominate the *blarney*—all praise to the linguist who invented the name, to facilitate the interchange of ideas among a people so liberal in their supply of the commodity. You have therein requested the honor (save the mark!) of ranking me among the contributors to your periodical; and have even taken the liberty (a liberty, by the bye, considerably less questionable than that, with which you are in the habit of thundering and pounding at my College door, at all hours of the day and night; frequently, too, carrying off from before my eyes, to the utter confusion of all ideas of property, indeed with an openly avowed disregard on your part of their existence, whatever article may suit your convenience*). You have taken the liberty—to repeat your own words—of prescribing the species of commodity your editorship would require at my hands: you have referred me once more to those earlier and delightful days of our collegiate existence—and mine, at least, have since that period been somewhat saddened withal—when over our glass of wine after commons, or, more frequently, "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," we used to revert to those more juvenile scenes in which we had individually been engaged, long indeed before our Alma Mater had opened her venerable arms to receive us. Some of those anecdotes, which I remember then to have related, might, perhaps, in proper hands, be made, from their locality, interesting to a certain extent, as bearing upon the manners of one of the most valuable portions of Irish society—the *Scoto-Hibernian Presbyterians*—but I fear much that the partiality of friendship has misled you in this case, particularly in insisting on my committing to paper the mischievous details of my school-boy days, over which I am almost ashamed to say how much we chuckled together on their first recital.

* In a spirit of justice, we too are bound to observe of our worthy friend and Correspondent, that a similar principle of a community of goods is most practically enforced by himself, as often as he formally returns the above-mentioned visits; and, as College life is supposed to partake somewhat of a "status nature," no one seems more ready to vindicate, by its application, Hobbes's curious dogma of "*jus omnium in omnia*," which that Philosopher maintained in reference to such a condition of the human animal.—ED.

"But what can one do when a friend forces him," as Lucian says—and we have laughed at him too—so that all further palaver being over, I shall at once proceed to make a grown-up fool of myself, and get the thing over. I shall only premise, that whatever I am about to detail, has not even the merit of a connected narrative, as I am in the same predicament as Canning's knife-grinder, and with him might exclaim—"Story!—God bless you!—I have none to tell, Sir."

Being therefore duly installed in the solemn office of my own historian, which, I may as well here mention, will preclude, on the part of others, any claim in future to the same, I shall, out of a due regard to probability, limit my individual retrospect to somewhere about the period of my first appearance in the world; a detail of what one saw,

did, or suffered, before he had any existence, occurring but rarely even in an Irishman's autobiography. To begin then at the real beginning, be it known that I was born in one of the finest parts of all Ireland, even the sweet county of Down. For the propriety of this epithet, I might, after the manner of Gibbon, quote at the foot of the page, a whole host of learned authorities, but shall limit myself to a single poetical extract of two lines, which may therefore be permitted to incorporate itself with and melodize my text. It is taken from an elaborate work composed by a fifer in the South Down Militia, to celebrate the triumphal progress, along the public roads, of that distinguished corps, on occasion of shifting their quarters from their native district to Tralee, and runs thus in most musical and effective measure:—

"While all the girls came flocking forth, alike from field and town,
Och! you're welcome up the country my sweet County Down."

The intelligent reader, (for I address myself but to congenial spirits,) will see at once, although I could not at this moment tell exactly why, that this eulogium extends as well to the physical qualities of my native soil as the moral, to which it certainly does, in the first instance, refer; so that I am justified in selecting it as perfectly apposite. For the information of the Roxburgh and Bannatyne Clubs, so well known for their zeal in bringing curious literary productions into general notice, I think it correct to state, that at all the fairs and markets in the county, copies may be readily procured of the interesting composition alluded to, being, as it is, a pleasing tribute to the Muses, which, amid the turmoil and din of his profession, such as the pipings of himself and his fellow-musicians, (for the regiment had never occasion to fire at any thing more hostile than a barn-door, by way of target, on field days,) the hero in question found leisure to pour forth, indicating in the fifer the existence of more gentle accomplishments, which blend so gracefully with the stern virtues of such a character. Those which I have seen were published on whitey-brown paper, so well known to maid servants, farmer's boys, and other rustic critics, being printed, as the title-page informs us, for the "flying stationers," a body of biblioplists, which, in the scale of dignity, bear about the same

relation to Curry and Co. that the cook in Hamlet does to the Danish Prince. My first literary recollections—for I account my nursery erudition as nothing—are associated with a small white-washed building, which served as the Vestry-room, or as it was technically called, Session House, to the Presbyterian Chapel in Clonsilla, but which on week days was professionally dedicated to the purposes of education, although incidentally it presented a scene of noise, mischief, and fun, which must have shaken with astonishment the ashes of Pythagoras and his silent disciples in the grave. The architecture of the Presbyterian places of worship in the North of Ireland, exhibit, generally speaking, one uniform and somewhat peculiar design. As some of the congregations comprised nearly three thousand souls, the object of the structure was to secure the utmost quantity of room within a given space, combined at the same time with the most perfect plainness, or rather rudeness of appearance, any approach to ornament being reckoned, at least some years ago, as savouring "oot and oot o' black papistrie." (It is to be noted that in the county of Down, the lower class of inhabitants retain the Scotch dialect of their progenitors.) The necessary accommodation, in point of space, was effected by the adoption of an equicircular cross in the form of the building.

while, how far the principle of simplicity was carried, may be shown, by the circumstance of a ceiling but rarely intervening between the rudely laid slates and the bareheaded congregation. The pulpit, (for the form of the service does not require a reading-desk,) is placed at the junction of the branches, so that with moderate natural powers of intonation, the clergyman's voice could reach to the utmost extent of the audience, a consideration of no slight importance in reference to a class of people, many of whom would not hesitate to express their contempt of "a meenister, the hail whussle o' whose discoorse cudna be heard jeest as weel outside as inside the hoose." This general description will not appear out of place when it is recollected, that in the centre of the green area, at one corner of which stood our academic porch, a gigantic pile of this kind rose far up into the summer sky, muffling for some hours of the day in cool gloom, its more humble but very animated neighbour—its own solitudes being never stirred into life but on the Sabbath day, by the voice of psalms and prayer—until, in obedience to the progress of the sun, it permitted us to emerge into light by the wheeling round of its mountain shadow. Of the events connected with my mere childish recollections of this place, I shall observe with Johnson (or rather his burlesquing imitator in the *Rejected Addresses*), "a little is thought by the public and little shall be said by myself." I had, of course, my full share of cuffs and blows—some applied on the hot-house principle of forcing the young idea to shoot, and others incurred in maintaining among my compeers those small points of honor that affect a whipster's sensibility; but of which I am quite enough of a philosopher now to utterly forget the nature. As I grew up, it is but justice to myself to say, that there were few about my own standing displayed a more decided propensity to all sorts of mischief, riot, and comicality; unless, indeed, I except my two brothers, between whose ages mine formed the intermediate period, and sweetly in all our doings did we work together. Tom, the eldest of the three, was a person of a grave and settled aspect, totally at variance with his real disposition—one, from whose face nature had taken the power of

being illumined by the triumph of a successful trick that he might enjoy it with undivided intensity in his head. This physical constitution, though highly advantageous to his own individual self, was by no means so in regard to his social relations; the fact being, that the unvarying demureness of his countenance, contrasted with the undisguised expression of my own, often misled the aim and directed on myself alone the full storm of pedagogical indignation on the occasion of some joint act of unheard-of insubordination being detected. During the time I was under castigation, Tom ever exhibited a strong sense of fraternal sympathy, and compensated to me in some degree for my enacting the scapegoat, as he rarely failed in projecting, with all the skill of a practised engineer, a well-charged shell, that is, a paper full of dust, and of a conical form, so that at the right moment it would burst upon the enemy's head and baffle his hostile efforts, just as the crow in Roman story, confounded the hero of Gaul. Being by this means enabled to make my escape, I lay in ambush outside the house until the tempest had in some degree subsided. My younger brother John, also, was in the way of business by no means to be despised. He had not indeed that rigidity of muscle, that perfect command of face, which stood in such excellent stead to Tom. Neither had he by any means the same degree of ingenuity in contriving some magnificent piece of villainy, such as, in the adjusting of all the parts and arrangement of his characters, placed his eldest brother among the first school dramatists or practically epic poets in frolic of his day. John never could have devised as Tom did, (though he entered into its execution with all the spirit of an original inventor,) the plan of introducing, under the cloud of evening, the fleshless skeleton of a dead horse into the school-house, and which greeted our lord and master on his entrance next morning in the upright attitude of life; when, after many fruitless inquiries, he was obliged to grant the anticipated holiday, to be employed in conveying the unfortunate relic of bestial mortality to its original rest. John was, however, a capital fellow for steady and sure working, although so conscious was he of the limited nature of his talents—still they

were certainly of a fine order—that he ever implicitly followed Tom's directions or my own; of the latter individual's capacity, whether as regards head or hand, I do not presume to speak.

Of these, my two brothers, it will take but one moment to say, that as I now write, one is toiling for subsistence in a foreign land, and the other, beneath it, is laid at rest for ever.

From this general description I will turn to a detail of a day's proceedings in the Session-house school, premising that they sometimes received a little variety, not animation, for that was physically impossible, every thing being of itself at the boiling point, from some circumstances to which I may hereafter allude more fully. The potentate, during whose dynasty, (for the *serula* was wielded by a large number in succession,) the best pith of my tricky days was wasted, was a *probationer*, as persons of his order in the Presbyterian church are technically called, being considered as noviciates in the ministry, who, until they are appointed to a distinct pastoral charge, are limited to preaching in the exercise of the sacred functions, and who, therefore, until so desirable an event should occur, devote frequently their unoccupied hours to the purposes of tuition. Mr. P. the gentleman in question, was a person of considerable learning and abilities, accompanied by many of the solid virtues that characterize, in general, the religious community among whom he was in good time to exercise his spiritual office. That a placidity of temper was among the original graces of his character, I have every reason to believe; but, that it should have continued to be evinced to any degree, amid the turbulent scenes that limited my own experience of his qualities, would be to pronounce him what, poor man, he never intended to be, an angel. Since those, his days of moral discipline, for sorely was he tried, I am given to understand that he has succeeded to a most superior congregation, and is enjoying, at once, all the pleasures of domestic life, as well as those attendant on the respect and esteem felt towards him by all with whom he is brought in contact. I heartily rejoice at the fact, and can well estimate the exquisite happiness he must experience on contrasting his present peace with the stormy scenes

of his earlier days, and trust that should these pages ever meet his eyes, he will accept the feeling of congratulation I have just expressed, as the only atonement at present in my power, for that portion of his tribulations for which I doubt not but I am accountable—the only peace-offering of one who has now as little the heart as the opportunity to fret and weary him more. Our regular hour of assembling every day was ten o'clock, although we had our own private rules which brought us together at a considerably earlier period, for the important purpose of playing at hand-ball. This amusement was so fascinating in its nature, even to a spectator, that the farmers' servants as they passed by to their daily labour, would be found loitering and gazing, with wide-mouthed enjoyment, through the quick-set hedge, at the noisy merriment of the "young quality," as we were called. Indeed the spirit of sympathy prevailed so much over their habitual shyness and deference to rank, that upon the slightest invitation on our part, grown up men and heads of families would forthwith engage in the pastime, jumping and running with the youngest of us all. "In the name of a' that's gude, that I sud say sae, Harry Jamieson, whar hae ye been this twa hours sin syne and the pleugh graith standin idle on the beasts," would be the exclamation of some farmer to a delinquent loiterer of this kind, "Weel an deed, maister, I jiest stepped owre the meeting-house dyke, to take young Maister Robert Johnson's han at the ba', the puire thing was sae dune oot wi' the running, pecking for a' the world like a mill aiver, sae that the hoose wad hae been lost, and his pairty oot, and that wad hae vexed yoursel you ken, no to speak o' the bit wean."

At the period to which I refer, my brothers and I were, in point of years, nearly at the head of the school, amounting to about thirty boys, which, together with that species of ability, mental and corporeal, that the occasion put so often in requisition, and in which we, I may say modestly enough, always excelled, secured to us a pre-eminence, displayed in the undisputed character we always assumed of leaders and guides. At ten o'clock the signal was given to begin our tasks, which we readily obeyed, as by this time we were nearly exhausted

with the severe exercise, and were glad by a little rest, within the cool walls of our domicile, to refresh ourselves from the heat with which we were suffused. The process of recruiting our strength by repose, will partly account for the peace that prevailed until about twelve o'clock, although it is but right to mention that the literary tastes of my two brothers and self were so strong, and therefore of the whole school, (for our sway extended even to such matters,) that we applied ourselves to our tasks with the utmost ardour, the restraint enhancing, no doubt, the learned leisure which we purposed to enjoy before many hours should elapse. Accordingly from ten until twelve o'clock a halcyon calm characterised the scene, only animated, not disturbed, by such sights and sounds as distinguish every where a village school in full business; and many a time, and oft as, with due permission, beneath the fir trees in the green conning over my lesson, or stretched out on my back, with cap-covered eyes, enjoying the tempered and dreamy sunshine, have the sounds that crept into my ear brought back in full life the sensations of the last Sunday morning's ramble, when starting up at six o'clock I was off and away, amid all the luxury of dim and wandering thought, over the heath-purpled hill side, all a-hum as it was with the mountain bee, as the delighted little being glinted from flower-bell to flower-bell over the sun-flooded surface. But these wanderings are long since over, nor are they to be regretted, if with them be departed that frame of mind which permitted them to act I fear with such unprofitable sweetness.—But I am forgetting.—To a practised eye however there would now and then appear symptoms of preparation for other and less peaceful scenes. While every urchin's eye was intent upon his book, the hands beneath the desk might be observed constructing those conical paper-shells of dust, to which I have before alluded as the instruments of war at which my brother Tom was so skillful; caps would be stealthily seen to disappear from their pegs, all in good time to be likewise employed as missiles, while every little whipster, by the articles of war, was obliged to furnish himself with ammunition in the shape of small gravel stones, to be collected as often as he had per-

mission to leave the house or could steal therefrom. Yet this was all but mere preparation. The general officers—my brothers and self, as usual, were still in consultation, and any anticipation on the part of the rank and file would have been justly punished as mutiny on the first opportunity. To be sure the impatience of the more ardent spirits would display itself by stretching out the neck, and endeavouring thereby to collect from the direction of our eyes how far we were advanced in our legitimate business, as they were aware that until we had completed the thorough perusal of the entire page, there was no remedy for their impatience. Meanwhile our good lord and sovereign turned over the tasks of reading, for he knew full well the brief and precarious nature of the calm, considerably husbanding his best energies for the coming storm, against which he would soon be called to battle for three hours or more.

The period of mid-day is announced to the inhabitants of Constantinople by a salvo of artillery from the batteries of the seraglio. The same point of time—allowing for the difference of longitudes—was marked in the session-house by a tremendous brattle of simultaneous kicks from Tom, John, and myself, (we generally sat together,) against a press which stood just opposite to our desk, and which by dint of a little stretching, we could command with our feet. What's that I hear? What is it? exclaimed he of the ferula, with a vehemence of intonation expressive of such astonishment as suits a miracle, and which I presume was ultimately mechanical, the phenomenon to which it referred having now settled into a regular law of nature. He forthwith determined, like Bonaparte, to *open* at least the campaign with vigor, leaped from his chair and began applying the rod to the first of the trio he could reach, generally myself, particularly as, sitting on the outside, my shoulders presented the fairest mark. It was but the work of a moment for me to leap up on the desk—perform a sort of somerset over my castigator's head, so that if in my transit he was anxious to secure a blow, he was obliged to shift his tactics to something of duck-shooting on wing, and forthwith on the instant of my descent to earth to rush to the lower room—a

vacant chamber so called—followed by poor P—in full pursuit. But, as Davis Gillan, the stone mason, observed, who had an opportunity once of witnessing the scene, whilst engaged in some repairs. “He had a geyan auld farrant chiel to crack a nut wi’—that maister o’ theirs,” for I immediately commenced climbing up to an empty garret by the help of the chimney-piece, and whither I knew my enemy could not pursue—nor were Davie’s encomiums on my agility wanting on the occasion, as he stood with uplifted hammer, slowly recovering from the trance of amazement into which the bombardment of the old press had thrown him. “By my certie my man you’re no blate. They hae sauckle to answer for the spoilin’ o’ you, them that had the breedin’, that did not educate you for a chimley-sweeper.”

“Gainst all I’ll vent my rage,
And with a wicked wanton world a woeeful war I’ll wage.”

The scene of combat was by this time generally enveloped in a cloud of dust, partly caused by the concussion of the floor, which was well saturated with that article, being swept but once a month, and partly by a continual discharge kept up from all quarters of the room, each of the combatants on our side having an interest in thus adding to the confusion. The Greeks, with Ajax at their head, fighting in the dark cloud, will immediately suggest itself to every classical reader. At times, however, the head of Mr. P. would be dimly seen emerging from the darkness, the instrument and symbol of his power flying round and round his head in all possible directions, back stroke and front stroke, accompanied all the while, on the side of the opposing party, by shouts and noises of the most terrific description. At other times, by a narrow observer, he might be detected incumbent on a set of his rebellious subjects, with another portion similarly sprawling over himself, just like the young queen bee in the midst of the clustering multitude, depending from the door-way of the hive on the swarming day. After both parties were fairly exhausted, an unavoidable truce was tacitly agreed to, to continue for about half an hour, when another act of the drama—to vary the metaphor, would be performed, conformable to the one just described, unless the scene was

Meanwhile the reader may return to the upper room, along with the master, which he and I had simultaneously almost abandoned, as it will not be convenient for me to go back for some time, for in that room there has burst out a sound—no, but an uproar—no, but an absolute hurricane, to which shouts, kicking of presses, overthrow of desks, breaking of faces, and dancing on the floor mainly contributed. Up flew Mr. P—in a somewhat excited state as may well be conceived, and who immediately commenced, so far as circumstances would permit, that is so far as the revolution in their position of tables and forms would permit, one indiscriminate system of whacking and beating rings round him, on the principle of universal hostility expressed by Bombastes—

varied by such an accident as I am about to detail.

One of the conditions on which we held from the elders our domicile was, a rigid exclusion of all sorts of cattle, particularly pigs, from the green to which I have already alluded, and which was more distinctly insisted on, as the facilities afforded to their entrance, by the continual ingress and egress through the gates, were greatly multiplied. In fulfilment, therefore, of the covenants of our tenure, as soon as the cry arose—“a pig in the green,” then, indeed, the fun did begin! One simultaneous shout—one leap altogether over our seats, (the epoch of the tale is laid at this selected period, when we were all seated, which, as indicated above, was not always the case,—one concentrated rush towards the door, accompanied with shouts, disinterestedly raised by those in the rear—“Start fair, start fair”—and out broke forth at once both master and man. At the moment of our emerging, a marked difference in the intellectual attainments among the swinish herd—for the visitation, was generally in droves—appeared. Those who were well up in years and experience—your reasoning ones—the patriarchs of the sty—immediately hobbled off at the first glance, in a manner of progression not unlike a skiff on a rough sea, dipping up and down over the waves. As for

the junior and unthinking branches of the family, they would continue absorbed in geological researches, until roused, like the brutes in St. Patrick's time, to a "sense of their situation," by finding one, if not two, human beings astride on their backs or the parts adjoining, the appropriate stimulus to motion being supplied at the same instant, in the shape of kicks and blows, and "*hoc genus omne*." Then—shade of Mazeppa! Spirit of John Gilpin! thou, that stretched out in agonised flight, didst sweep on the "desart-born" with the fury of the thunder-ghost, through flood, forest, and field; and thou, the glory to this day of all Gookneydom, that on thy friend Tom Callander's barb "stooping down, for who could sit upright," didst bump, hump away, a thousand bumps to a minute, along paved street and wide-opened turnpike; ye, as ye sat, your earthly pilgrimage being past, reposing on the cool, fleecy, and most welcome softness of your clouds, how must your generous hearts have dilated, your sympathising eyes brightened up at that moment, as, bending over the cloud-edge, you beheld miles beneath you, the magnificent piece of pigmanship exhibited on such a day on the meeting-house green of Clonsilla! "Make way there—keep clear"—"Robinson don't hit in the eye"—"Who's that pulling at the tail?"—What a host of emotions? What a combination of variously-tinted feelings? What a congeries of sensations, were the lot of the lucky being who enacted the Automedon of the hour? The physical delight attending the rapidity of the progression, varying in its direction and character every instant—the proud and heart-expanding thought that you were at that moment furnishing, in your own person, a decided example of animal strength applied to human locomotion, in a manner rarely calculated on before, with the glorious vista to be thereby opened up in the Arts and Sciences gleaming by fits upon you, (pig-back not allowing concatenated processes of reasoning)—the ennobling conviction of well established power, in spite of the noisy remonstrances poured incessantly forth by the subject of its exertion against such a display—this, and far more than this, it was, that concentrated in that exquisite hour, in one individual consciousness, the very quin-

tescence of all human existence!—"Life," said the great English Lexicographer, as in a light-springed calash he rolled over the shaven surface of Hyde-Park, "life, amid its minor enjoyments, has few equal to this." As contrasted with the sources of pleasure to which I have referred, this dogma may at once be put down to a limited experience, and proverbially a slave to prejudice as he was, I admire his character too sincerely to doubt of his candid retraction of the sentiment he has left behind him, if it could be ascertained; but Boswell is absolutely silent on the point, whether, up to the latest period of his life, DR. JOHNSON EVER RODE A PIG.

It is not to be supposed, however, that this triumph was allowed to hold its course without any opposition; on the contrary, the owner of the pig, generally a female, would, on missing the animal from its house, as she stole in a quiet pilgrimage of affection after "her wandering love to bring it back," meet our procession just as it wheeled round the portals in full swing—the insult thus offered to herself in this abuse of her property, awoke, as was to be expected, all her natural sensibilities, which we may suppose were of full power, as well at the same time as her tongue, which was generally as potent in its kind, as the emotions of her bosom. "Ye ill-faured loon—on the puir beast's very back—by my sang, deil hae me if I dinna brain you wi' a stane. Get aff the pig, I say—oh! feth my man, jest wait till I catch you. Is that a' the use of your schuling, to mak you ride, you hellicat ne'er-dowel, on a puir body's bit pig up and down, as if it were for a' the wair a cadger's powney. But I'll be aff to your maister, my bonny man, and see if he dinna lay the tawse bet and hard—that will he." With these words, she would break through the encircling band of matrons of the village, who had collected to "speer about a' this stir and clanjaumfrey;" while the object of her reproaches and threats as well as of her distressed love, was far away, in full career towards the pig-stye. What her success was with Mr. P., who was enjoying an unwonted tranquillity in the school-room, patiently waiting our return, I need not detail, but permit the curtain of history to close over the scene.

I will not have room to refer at present to any more of the incidents which served to diversify, for they could not animate, the day; and therefore must defer, until another opportunity, should circumstances permit, a whole, true, and particular account of Nell Maclean's marriage with Billy Jamfray; she being a widow of dashing fifty-six, with a fortune of eight hundred guineas vested in a noggin—such was the village tradition from time immemorial—and which noggin was curiously concealed under one of the bedposts. The groom was a young genius of about twenty, and whose character for temperance among his acquaintances, had a decided reference to the physical impossibility of committing the opposite vice, resembling therein that of the laird of Balma-whapples, who was “unco sober aneuch, always provided you kept brandy frae him, and him frae brandy,”—and how, when the marriage feast was in celebration, the bridegroom's own hay stack, before the door, expressed its share in the general congratulation, by bursting into a blaze of its own accord, as Jamie Muckleworth, who is now in Botany Bay, is ready to assure the sceptical reader, should either his own or his country's convenience bring such in personal contact with this Clonsill hero. On the occasion itself, Jamie, who was found there along with some of his respectable compeers, when the astonished company rushed out, failed not to protest that “he and twa three others were jeest couping owre a sma' dribble o' drink, in Nansie Duffans, when, seein' the bleeze, he daundered up ae minute afore Mrs. Jamfrey, (and sweetly at that hour on her young ear fell the sound,) fair fa' her sonsie face, ha! ha! ha!—had hersel com oot wi' a' her bonny top knots”—and how none enjoyed the bonfire more heartily than the bridegroom himself, undisturbed by any selfish ideas of property, which, to be sure, were rather new to him; and how, in his fits of inspiration—“the madness of the bowl!”—he used to eject her “oot o' hoose and ha’, most unceremoniously, by the shoulders, which was a signal for a holiday to ourselves—although I never could discover how this understanding arose as to the circumstance of Nell Jamfray being out, as was the phrase, having a connection with our relaxations from study, unless, indeed, it was intended

to improve our rhetoric, by studying it at the fountain-head of nature; for be it understood that Nell allowed not a secret sorrow to prey upon her cheek, but, on the contrary, poured it forth in one continued volley of reproaches and scoldings, herself pacing backwards and forwards before the house, reserving, however, her most energetic fire until she came opposite the window, wherein her very unconcerned husband was dozing, continually giving, as I observed, a salute as she passed. In all these oscillations she was accompanied to and fro by our whole troop, applauding to the echo every fresh burst of eloquence.

Even supposing that I were not coming to a close, I am not sure that it would be appropriate in a paper devoted to mere literary recollections, should I bring forward on the *topic* the character of the greatest among the village great men, of which Clonsill had its full share, who, on being appointed to the office of weigh-master—he having previously presided over a huxtery—indicated first a sense of his own elevation, by intimating his command and expectation that his daughters should not drink tea with any of lower grade than the master of the Lancasterian poor-school, and with which the Misses Weighmaster very properly complied. Were I to enter into detail, I would be obliged, as an impartial historian, to recount some rather unpleasant circumstances, the fact being that this becoming attachment to his order on the part of this new public functionary was not at all relished or understood by his former associates. “The bit buddy” (this was an allusion to his height, which was not that of Goliath) “wi’ his twa’ legs like twa water stoups turned upside-down,” (and which, by the bye, was a satirical illustration of a curious fact in the weighmaster's development). Hech, sirs! but we are gran’ noo, wi’ our bit measures and scales! Gude preserve us! what a lang tail our cat has got!” These and other expressions of a like nature, indicating the existence of very unworthy feelings in my own native Clonsill, will often, I foresee, should I resume the pen, force from me a wish that I too, like the Recording Angel, could drop a tear upon the words, and blot them out for ever!

Ever yours,

L. S.

College, 12th Dec., 1892.

PERILS OF THE IRISH POOR.

"Here," said my reverend guide, "you have before you a memorial of the calamities which followed in the train of that glorious agitation, to which you hastily attribute good. Strangers to this unhappy land can seldom judge what evil, moral and physical, has been brought amongst us by practices, in which the excitement of the times did not permit even the agents, or the victims, to discern the enormity of the offences in which they were engaged. Here indeed the spirit of evil could triumph. Never, in humble life, very rarely in exalted, have I known a group of equal interest or a home of more felicity, than this desolate place and those broken and roofless walls bring to my remembrance. You shall hear their sorrowful story."

We seated ourselves on a rising ground, immediately above what had once been evidently a larger and more commodious dwelling than the farming classes in Ireland usually enjoy, and my friend proceeded. "One might have thought, that the widow Cormac and her family were chosen to furnish an example of the felicity which may be enjoyed by the humble, and of the extreme misery to which they may be reduced. Calamity is visited, in some instances, on whole families, under circumstances calculated to excite our especial wonder. Causes seemingly disproportioned to the effects which ensued on them; events which appeared wholly unconnected with each other, follow in rapid succession or occur in casual concert, and all individuals in a family, shall become each so occupied by a separate and peculiar sorrow or embarrassment, as to have no power of succouring the beloved friends who are in the same moment smitten down. In ordinary cases, merciful power interferes to arrest the progress of calamity, so as that griefs too numerous do not crush the heart; but, sometimes, in His inscrutable wisdom and benevolence, God dries up and withers all comforts here, and constrains the miserable to feel that they are in a desert and to look upwards for consolation.

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It may be also observed, that in many instances, it is upon those whose habits and dispositions are more than commonly amiable, the chastening hand is most heavily laid. The world loves its own, and will not surely molest them, while those who are desirous of something better than the world, are often brought, through tears and painful trials, to a thorough understanding of things not earthly; and to a wisdom from above, pure and peaceful, and which recompenses for all the afflictions through which its precious lessons were communicated.

The Widow Cormac had passed her early years in the patient endurance of much hardship and affliction. Educated in decent, though very frugal habits, and familiar with upright and honorable sentiments, when, in her sixteenth year, she became the wife of a rude and riotous mate, she was ill prepared for the scenes of discomfort and excess which she was condemned to witness, almost daily. The alternations of want in very squalid forms, and riot with its most brutal accompaniments, would in time have brought down her fragile frame to the grave—but, youth is strong, and she had scarcely attained her twenty-second year, when the consequences of his intemperance became visible in her husband's declining health, and after some months of painful and unremitting attention at his sick bed, she was left, with the burden of three infant children, a daughter and two sons, a poor, and it was thought, a helpless widow.

There are powers within us, of which we are never conscious, until some emergency requiring their activity, discovers their presence. So it was in the case of the poor widow Cormac. While stunned and beaten down by the boisterous and uncongenial temper of her husband, and the distresses to which his misconduct reduced her, she had appeared destitute of spirit and understanding, unable to guide herself aright through any perplexing circumstances, and quite incapable of sustaining the inclemencies to which she might

now become exposed. But, as she said, in a proverb of less beauty than that spoken by Maria, but not of less propriety or force, "God fits the back to the burden." It was soon seen that in her the proverb was realized. So much activity did she display in reducing to order the very deranged affairs, to the management of which she was called—so much wisdom in directing, and promptness in deciding, that the farm, which, it was thought, would have speedily past out of her husband's hands, became profitable in her's. An indulgent landlord was one of the blessings for which she had reason to be grateful, and with his favour and her own care and exertions, she felt prosperity visiting her, and was able to entertain good hopes for her children.

As these objects of her anxiety and tenderness grew up towards maturity, they became conspicuous among their young companions for high and graceful qualities. Denis, the eldest youth, while in field sports and exercises he was without a rival, had never caused his mother a pang by crime or disobedience. Industrious, kind-hearted, and of a high and gentle spirit, he made home cheerful, and, under his careful tillage, the fields returned abundant harvests. His sister Mary, when she had arrived at womanhood, was a pattern of discretion in the admonitions of the old, while the young were all her admirers. The second son, Michael, early appeared to have dedicated himself to the priesthood, and by his retiring habits and grave manners, and his singular beauty, had acquired to himself almost the reverence of a saint. There was something in him, it was said, not like other men. He was as "a bright particular star," and the village maidens, while they agreed that "there was not the like of Michael Cormac in the whole country round," felt, although they did not use precisely such expressions, that his beauty was of too high and holy a character to be devoted to any affection, but that to which he had already given himself up. Such was the family of the widow Cormac, prosperous, and, as man would say, adorning prosperity, basking in the love and respect of their acquaintances, and living in the enjoyment of blessings which are, naturally, the most to be coveted, the power of relieving the wants of the distressed,

and winning the affection of all within their sphere who deserved to be valued. "What wonder is it," she would sometimes say, as with swelling heart and eyes she gazed on her beautiful offspring—"What wonder is it, that they look like the gentle of the land, and that they have the spirit of the gentle. Many a prayer was offered for them when they were young, that they should never do any thing mean or shameful, and they never told me a lie, nor hid any thing from me, since they were able to know right from wrong." And sometimes an old female follower of the family would add, not without some feeling of indignation, "Gentles of the land, indeed! I wonder who has a better right to look gentle and high? I wonder what gentles of the land have such blood in their veins, as your own three children. 'Tis the spirit of princes that ought to be in them, and so it is: God's blessing be about them, and shield them from all harm."

It was a happiness which this poor widow afterwards, when sorrow had come, remembered like a heavenly dream, to see her children collected, when the night closed in, around their cheerful hearth—Denis, questioning all who could answer on the subject of Ireland's ancient glory—Mary, her day's toil over—her household cares dispatched, breaking in with prohibited, but quickly forgiven mirth, on these high topics, and Michael, when he, for a moment, laid aside his book to utter some pious thought, received with the reverence yielded to one who was already disengaged from this world's vanities, and who had the power to diffuse solemnity over even his sister's light-heartedness, and to take from the recollections of Ireland's glory, every thing but the edifying assurance of her ancient religious distinction. But, the remembrance of these dream-like evenings, was too frequently accompanied by a memory which made it painfully oppressive.—There came with it the face and form of one, who, she was firmly persuaded, had destroyed all her comfort. Still, tho' she strove to recal happier times,—however distant from the fatal evening, was that upon which the poor woman would fix her thoughts,—the measured step in the path which led to her cottage, would still seem to chill her—the solemn, thrice-repeated knock at

the door—the entrance of the austere figure—a maniac in habiliments, and with a look wiser almost than of man—the deep toned benediction, which was, she thought, toll'd out more as though a death-bell sounded, than as if a human voice had spoken—all this came freshly and fearfully before her, and warned her against soliciting her dreams of happiness to return.

It was a calm night, at the close of autumn, and all members of the widow Cormac's family were assembled around a blazing fire—the servants and their superiors forming one company, and contributing, according to their place and abilities, to the general entertainment; when the mistress of the house, whose attention was, perhaps, more quickly excited, was alarmed by the sound of approaching footsteps. The disturbances, by which afterwards, the country became so afflicted, had not, at this time, convulsed her tranquil neighbourhood, but strangers rarely visited her abode after night had fallen, and she felt some little anxiety as she thought who this new-comer could be. Presently, three, distinct, slowly-repeated knocks were struck upon the door, and, for a moment, silence and something of alarm seemed to have affected the group within. Denis, however, almost instantly started up, and was proceeding to the door—"Ask who is there Denis, my dear," said his mother—she had not raised her naturally low voice above the ordinary pitch—but she was heard outside the house.

"A poor pilgrim," was answered, in tones of great depth and solemnity, "begging a meal's meat for God's sake and St. Francis."

A figure entered, not such as was calculated to disappoint the expectations which the voice had excited. It was of a man, yet in the vigor of life, although far advanced in middle age—his head and feet bare—a long staff in his hand, and a scanty bundle of straw suspended obliquely at his back. His long thick hair was but slightly grizzled, and a full black beard descended to his breast. Fantastic as the "properties" of his "character" must be confessed to be, they did not counteract the impression which the pilgrim's respect and bearing were calculated to produce. There was in his countenance, no apparent consciousness that

he appeared in strange attire. Had he made his entrance in the least pretending and least extravagant form, he could not have displayed less anxiety about effect, or greater self-possession.

While he partook sparingly of the plentiful repast set before him, the family group, as unwilling to embarrass him by their notice, resumed the conversation which his coming had interrupted. They spoke in whispers, but were not unheard. Mary, with a half sidelong look towards their guest, had, for some time, divided her attention between him and the group of which she was an ornament, when—her interest increasing as she more frequently regarded him—she said, in the most cautious whisper, "The holy man could tell us much. Michael, do speak to him." If Michael had resolved to obey, he was anticipated. "I am not holy," said the pilgrim; "many a sorrowful penance have I yet to bear, before suffering has made satisfaction for my sins, but I can tell much to ears that love such stories as I have been hearing."

"Then, for the honour of God," cried out the anxious mother, "speak to these young creatures, and tell them that they ought not to be so fond of thinking and discoursing of such things: they don't know the folly of it, nor the consequence." She had, of late, witnessed a fire in the manner of her elder son, when speaking or hearing of Ireland in the old time, and an excitement on such subjects frequently manifesting itself, which caused her some alarm. "Tell them," continued she, "and what you speak they will respect, and keep your saying—that there is no good now in thinking of the gone times, but that much trouble and sore hearts may come of it."

"I will tell them," said the pilgrim, "to think, when they speak of the ancient glories of their country, that it was when sin came they were quenched, and that they never will give light again, until the land is holy. I will tell them, when they speak of the pride and honour of Ireland in her happy days, that she has now no pride or honour except in her real children, and that if they be faithful and virtuous, she needs no brighter glory than they can win for her. I will tell them to be wise and wary; but I never will tell a Cormac, that the stories of the Island

of Saints and heroes should become strangers to his tongue."

"God direct us all," said the poor woman, "sure it is not for the like of me to say again what you think proper, but I was afraid—and the times so troublesome, and so many bad boys going about in wild courses—I was afraid that, may be, it was better not to make much of thoughts that came, God knows, too often, into all our hearts, to disturb us. I thought that it was not right or good to be speaking about them, and I thought that, may be—but, sure, you know better—since God took away the crown from Ireland we ought not to be ruminating upon things that might make us wish for it back again."

"We are all poor blind creatures," said the pilgrim. "We do not know what we should desire or do; and we cannot say that the memory of Ireland's greatness, and pride in her purity of faith, may not be appointed as means of her restoration. If we become worthy of it, God will surely bring the mighty change to pass.—Listen to the thoughts that visited my soul last night; they have guided my steps hither. I was in Cashel yesterday, and I was moved to see those monuments of other days, which England and heresy have been unable to destroy. I made my bed, at night, upon "the Rock," within Cormac's—*king* Cormac's—chapel. Then thoughts and visions came upon me, and I asked, what spirit or what saint was guardian of the place, that the enemies of the pure faith could not profane it, or destroy it? I asked of my soul, how it was that that blessed abbey had not felt the desolation of war, and that the prayer of heretics was never heard within its cloisters? I asked, why, when castles sunk in unremembered ruin, this peaceful and holy temple withstood the storm? and how it came to pass that, when the heretic sought a place for his accursed rites, he forsook the high station where saints and monarchs had lifted up a temple worthy of the God they served, and chose out a spot more fitting for his cold and stinted worship? It was not his conscience; his heart-felt unworthiness; that saved the blessed shrine from pollution. It was not his reverence for holy things, that kept ruin from them. No; they that saw the adorable mystery of faith—that heard pure

prayers and holy worship there, before ever Luther went to his fire; they never forsook the consecrated ground, and they have guarded it for the faithful. Yes; saints are around it. It is kept, not to remind us of old times, but, when times like the old are come again, to be there, that the saints who once praised God in their prayers and their lives, may see the descendants of true worshippers kneeling where they knelt themselves, and that Ireland in her glory, and Ireland when she rises out of her desolation, may serve the Lord in the same unpolluted temples."

"Often," said Michael, "have I had thoughts like these. I love to read and muse where I can see that sacred pile. How deeply have I been thankful to the spirit which gave it so suitable a station. It is worthy of the Lord's house to be where its towers and battlements show forth his power, far and wide over the country. Sometimes, when the last light of the evening shines upon it, I have felt almost as if it spoke to me, and, with a silent voice, told my heart, that prayers and sacrifice shall again be offered up within it. Tell me, is it a right thought? I have at times remembered the Jews, wretched and ruined, and scattered abroad; their nation trodden under foot of the Gentile, and their worship impoverished; but still not only testifying of glories that are departed, but preserved and kept separate for greater glory to come; and I have thought that, it may be, the temples of our holy religion are guarded like these Jews. They too, are the ruins of ancient greatness; they too, are preserved from the ordinary and profaning uses of evil days. They stand solitary and sorrowful, like God's loved and chastened people; and may they not, also, like them, be prophesying, though in sackcloth and ashes, of a day when they shall again be joyful?"

"Your thought is not of sin. For unrighteousness, God's people of Jerusalem, as well as of our own island, have been sorely punished—and the punishment of each shall have an end. Ireland has had her sorrowful days—long has her robe of prophesy been of sackcloth—long has she eaten ashes for bread—but soon she may arise to the fulfilment of prophecy; and then," added the pilgrim, after a pause—"her children must prove their love of her by

other penances than sackcloth garments and the voice of supplication."

He now rose to depart, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of the family, and the vehemence of Denis, persisted in his resolution. He was under a solemn vow, he said, never to rest at night in an inhabited house from Easter to Advent. His only indulgence was the scanty couch of straw which he carried at his back, and which he spread in some out-office when the season was more than ordinarily inclement; or, when the severity was not intense, under a tree by the way-side. He consented at length to rest for one night in the barn, but firmly resisted all appliances to render his slumbers easy. Denis accompanied him to his place of repose, and remained long in conversation with him. Before dawn, on the following morning, he sought him again, but he had already departed. He had, however, left remembrances behind him, very unmeet inmates of the family, who had admitted them.

It would be tedious to detail the progress by which it became known to the poor widow that her son Denis had joined himself with the disturbers. He was too little practised in deceit to be the possessor of an important secret, and to appear unconscious of it. He had so long admitted all his family to an entire confidence, that he could not unlearn, without much evident distress, the habit of communicating thoughts as they arose in his mind, and plans as he formed them. His spirits appeared variable; sometimes his despondence spread gloom over the whole family—sometimes his almost fierce excitement affrighted them. Denis had chosen his path—he was conscious of the peril which crossed it, and had resolved that only himself should incur the danger. From Michael he was especially resolved that his secret purpose and engagements should be hidden. Absence, however, from home to late hours, and sometimes for whole nights, caused even Michael to be alarmed, by a demeanour and a temper so unlike what his brother had ever till now displayed, and almost revealed to him the ill-kept secret. Hope at length mingled with the poor mother's apprehensions. The disturbers became less daring—the law assumed new terrors, and there was reason to expect that, if her child were spared for some time longer, he

might be released, by the breaking up of evil associations, from his unfortunate engagements, and restored, with entire heart, to his family. Little was she prepared for the affliction which was to come upon her. She soon learned that, as direct opposition to law became fainter and less daring, an animosity sprang up in the minds of the discomfited insurgents, more fierce against each other than it had been against the government. In this her son could take no part—she knew that he had laboured much to allay it, and when condemned to feel his efforts fruitless had withdrawn, dispirited and disgusted, from communion with his late associates.

Withdrawal, however, from their society, was not to escape from their hostility, and in the end, their malice assailed him where its virulence was the sorest. Anxious to dissipate his gloomy thought, and make home cheerful to him, as it had been, his brother Michael, in a great degree, renounced his studies, and often joined in temporal pursuits and pleasures. In the spirit which dictated this sacrifice of what he valued most, he had accompanied him to a fair, where Denis had some business to transact. Among his relatives, unhappily, there were many who had enrolled themselves in one of the factions which arose out of the late illegal associations, and Denis was involved with them in one common hatred. Reverence for Michael's character would have protected him, but when his brother was assailed—for a moment every thing but the danger and the result were forgotten—and, wresting a bludgeon from one of the numerous party who had commenced the attack, he combated, with a spirit and an energy, which checked the ferocious violence of his enemies, until the noise of the stripes, and the cry of the family name, collected friends to his side, and the conflict became general. That conflict was afterwards a source of bitter sorrow.

The assault on Denis Cormac had not been a mere wanton and capricious aggression. He had an inveterate enemy, who, carefully concealed himself, had directed the storm where it was to fall. There was one, who, though very unworthy of such a bride, had sought his sister's hand, and was rejected, with something less of tenderness

for his feelings, than, he thought, his offer merited. He did not for this, abandon all hope of success, while he vowed secretly he never would forgive the brother, through whom the dreadful message of dismissal had been conveyed. In appearance, however, he was the steady friend of all the family, and the hearts for which he was plotting misery, were beyond suspicion, that, under the guise of friendship, he could betray. Baffled in his first attempt, he tried another. From whatever cause it has proceeded, it is certain that Catiline was not more abundantly provided with those instruments of entrapping and embarrassing the innocent and abetting the guilty, false witnesses, than are the agents in that extensive and prosperous conspiracy which is working so fatally in Ireland.—M'Manus availed himself of the assistance thus offered, and had informations lodged against Michael Cormac, as the individual by whose violence an affray had been commenced, in which he had actually done no more than defend his brother, and for which no one, not even the friends of the unfortunate man whose death had given it an unhappy importance, had felt deeper sorrow.

When all was ready for the arrest of one brother, he took measures to deprive the mother and sister of the protection which the other could afford them. His plot was, to alarm Denis, by insinuating that he had been betrayed to an active magistrate, as one who was deeply implicated in a treasonable conspiracy. M'Manus was bailiff and clerk to a neighbouring justice of the peace, an employment which rendered it probable that his information was correct, and he was sufficiently well acquainted with the habits of Denis, to know that they were such as would encourage him to defy his real or imaginary accusers. He found more difficulty than he had anticipated in persuading him to fly. He had, however, succeeded, and returned with him into the house to reconcile the poor mother to his immediate departure. She had been somewhat alarmed by the abruptness with which M'Manus, entering the house after night had fallen, asked her son to walk out with him, and she sat, occupied with painful apprehensions, for the space of about an hour, which elapsed before their return. The moment their approach-

ing footsteps were heard, she started from her abstraction, and stood, with her eyes fixed upon the door, towards which it seemed as if she could not advance. "What am I to hear?" said she, as they entered, "tell me it all at once—tell me what is coming upon us."

Denis, startled by the unwonted vehemence of his mother's manner, was silent, but M'Manus undauntedly opened his commission. "You see," said he, "'twill be nothing—nothing in the world, only just Denis must go out of the way for a while, you know, just till the little trouble is over, you see."

"The cross of Christ between us and all harm," cried the poor woman, when she was able to speak, using at the same time the appropriate gesture, "This is a brain-blow indeed. Oh, God pity me, and forgive me. If I was'n't a foolish mother, I would not have to see my child hunted out of his own house, and drove out upon the world." Tears choked further utterance, she sunk down on the floor, and, with her apron thrown over her head, which she moved, as it were unconsciously, from side to side, she for some minutes, gave a loose to her sorrows. There was still sobbing and lamentation in the house, when the widow arose. "Denis," said she with a strong effort, "give me your pardon for all my foolishness."

"Don't kill me, mother," cried Denis, his voice hoarse, and with great difficulty pronouncing the words, "For God's sake—although 'tis little I deserve it—don't drive me mad entirely, now that I'm going where maybe I'll have enough to try me. Sure 'tis well known that there's no such mother as yourself, and a bad son you had in me."

"Let me hear no word from you of good mother and bad son, but, before you go from this, tell me that you give me what I ask. I saw you going on in courses that I did not like, and I did not ask you where you used to be, nor advise you tell. Oh, God forgive me, things might be different now, if I did what you desired from me, but I was afraid of troubling you, though I knew it was for your good, and a sore time we all have of it now. But say the word—my poor ruined boy—say you forgive me."

"Well, mother, since it will satisfy

you, I"—he could not speak for a moment, but threw his arms around the poor woman's neck, and wept with her, while she continued still, in an under-voice, sobbing out—"Say it, Denis, ma vourneen, wont you say it." At length the words were pronounced, and the poor mother's tears flowed more freely. "And now," said she, after having a little recovered, "let me know why my boy is to be taken from us? M'Manus, if you have a heart, can you see them tore asunder?" Mary and Michael had embraced their brother, and were weeping in his arms. "Why then now," said the villain, "if it was not for their good, I'd be far enough from wishing 'em parted. And since it's only in love for the family I gave the advice I did—If we were by ourselves, I could show you the reason of the case."

"There is no one in this house, M'Manus, but friends that wish me and Denis well—you may speak before them all you have to say."

"Why then, for that matter,—true for you—every one here is a friend to you and your's; but still there's many a reason I have for not speaking except to yourself, and no one to the fore but ourselves. You see," said he, when they had withdrawn into a small room, styled a parlour, used only on festival occasions, "You see, some of them blackguards that would sell father or mother if they could make a penny by them—they went, you see, and they swore that Denis was sworn, and that he knows more of the ins and outs of the whole business than the rest of the country put together; and a warrant is issued upon the head of it, and when I got the wind of it, I made haste here, and if Denis gets off to Cork, and goes to Bristol, where a relation of my own is living, why, you see, may be in a little time we'll know better what to do, and he'll soon be with us again."

"Denis," called out his mother, "come here—tell me, do you know of the men that have sworn against you? Or do you know who they are, M'Manus?"

"Why, then, to tell you the truth, I could not just say that I know who they are."

"I take God to witness, mother, that I do not know on earth a man that owes me a spite, I have no more notion than the child unborn, who it is that would swear against me."

"Then, my darling, be said by your poor old mother—she did not advise you when she ought, and don't have your revenge by not hearkening to her now—go up to 'the court'—or no—I'll go up myself to 'the court,' with the first light of day, and I'll lay the whole case before Sir Thomas himself—you know he's always up early, about the plantations—and he never was the man that would not advise us well what we ought to do."

"So that's what you think best to be done," said M'Manus.

"That's the very thing—and what fault can you find with it?"

"Sorry I'd be to find fault with any thing you could say. God send that you have not more on you than sending the boy away—I ask pardon—I ought not to meddle or make with things that are not my own, but I did all for the best."

"But what danger is there in going to Sir Thomas?"

"There's an Act of Parliament against it. If you go to his Honor, and a trial comes on, he must make you a witness against the boy."

"And if he does, I'll take my death upon it, that a better natured or a better behaved boy never was in the world, and that it was not in bad ways he was brought up—but sure, Denis, we know Sir Thomas as well. He was always a good friend to us, and I'll have his advice before I see my child drove out on the wide world away from me."

The deceiver finding the success of his scheme doubtful, and not likely to be promoted by an obstinate adherence to his expressed opinion, yielded to the widow's determination, and even, as he said, found much good sense in her suggestion. The family, including M'Manus, who accepted an invitation to remain for the night, sat together until a late hour, shaping their plans into the forms which appeared to be most eligible, adjusting the mode in which it would be desirable that Sir Thomas Chapman should be addressed, and arranging what course to adopt, if he held out but little hope of escape from trouble. They were about to retire—the widow's grief lightened, and her heart relieved to a great extent of the burden it had for some time secretly borne—M'Manus raised in the opinion of the whole family, by the kind sympathy with which he

participated in their sorrows—all, except the plotter of wickedness, hoping that the cloud, as the widow said, would go by—when a knock came to the door, and a voice, as of a child, cried out, “Open, open quick—let me in.” The night was so dark that from the window nothing could be seen; but the voice being recognised, the door was opened in the confidence that no evil was intended. A boy entered, and, apparently out of breath from running, cried out, “The soldiers—are coming!” “Coming here, James,” said M’Manus—“are they coming this way?” “They are. They stopped at our house, and made my father get up to shew ’em the way—for the man made off from ’em that was to show ’em—and my father is gone the long way round and I run across the fields to tell ye.”

Now, M’Manus saw was his time to play a bold part. It would be discovered, sooner than he had anticipated, that Michael, not Denis, was the object of prosecution. The devil, it is said, does not desert his own, until his ends are accomplished, and M’Manus was ready with his expedient. “Now Denis, if they take you, you’re surely done for; come away with myself while the road is fair before us.” The steps of the approaching military party could be faintly heard, and the sound added much authority to M’Manus’s persuasion. “Go—God bless you, my darling,” said the poor mother, “thank God you have a friend with you that will think for you, and help you. Go, and the Lord be with you.”

They were yet at a short distance from the house, within sight of it, even in the darkness, to which their eyes were becoming accustomed, when the military party arrived. They could hear the knocking upon the door, and, startling the deep stillness of the hour, the ponderous jarring sound, as the soldiers obeyed the word of command to “order arms.” Denis seemed charmed to the spot, and all M’Manus’s earnest efforts were inefficient to disengage him. “I cannot go,” said he, “till I see them away from the house.” “Now Denis, dear, don’t be the positive man; sure you wouldn’t be the death of the poor mother, as you surely will, if you fall in with them.” Denis, however, crept forward. His object was to get a sight of the military party and of the

house, when the door opened to admit them. He was moving stealthily on by the side of a hedge, when a sentinel, stationed as an out-post, heard the rustling and challenged. At that moment, M’Manus forcibly kicked a horse, which started up and removed the sentinel’s apprehensions. Denis cautiously drew back, and was condemned to the distress of hearing the door of his mother’s house opened, to admit his pursuers, and of remaining in an agony of suspense, which lengthened, into a duration of very considerable extent, the few minutes occupied in the arrest of his brother. It is unnecessary to attempt a description of what, during these few minutes, his feelings were. He would not, by breathing, distract his watchfulness. When, occasionally a light air swept through the branches, it provoked his anger, as though it were an intentional offender, and when it had died away, he was grateful for the stillness which succeeded; although his fancy, and the painful vigilance of his ear almost created for him the shriek of outrage and despair by which the listening silence was to be alarmed. At length he breathed more freely—the door opened, the soldiers, it would seem, were settling into the order of march—voices also, though the words could not be distinguished, were heard speaking in quiet tones. He thought he could discern that of his brother Michael pronouncing a blessing; but all was uncertain. Every thing, however, convinced him that the soldiers had not misconducted themselves, and he felt assured and elated, when, after long listening to their measured tread, the sound of the receding footsteps ceased to reach him. “Now,” cried he, “one fond kiss from those I leave behind, and then God be with them.”

“Oh, then, God direct you,” said the adviser, “after all that was done for you to-night, will you go run into the trap? I doesn’t know but there’s a strong guard still about the house, watching who goes out and who goes in. Wasn’t that the way Ned Henesy was caught last Shraffide—sure he thought that it was all over, and the soldiers gone, and he hiding in the hollow oak in the haggard; and when he came out, there was five men left behind, and poor Ned was carried off. For God’s sake, Denis, and for them that have a right to be thought of by

you, don't do a rash action. What would the poor woman do if you were to go back, and may be a guard left there waiting for you? Isn't it giving God thanks you ought to be that every thing is so well, and not to be going on, with headstrongness, to spoil it all?"

The end of the dialogue, which continued to a greater length than has been here taken down, was, that Denis gave way, and consented to set out on his journey for Cork, purposing to remain there until he received intelligence from home.

In the meantime, Michael was a prisoner, and on his way to the barrack, from which he was speedily transmitted to Clonmel Gaol. He had been given up by his mother, and had surrendered himself, with no apprehension that he was the object of search, and with an expectation that he diverted pursuit from his brother, and procured for him the power of escaping danger. M'Manus having conveyed Denis on his way, took care to have a meeting with the widow before she had time to understand any thing of the impending calamity. Accordingly he arranged that a letter should be addressed to the fugitive, acquainting him with the occurrence which had taken place after his departure from the house, assuring him that Michael was arrested only in mistake—a mistake which both he and his mother encouraged—and that as soon as he was brought before a magistrate, he would assuredly be discharged. The letter concluded with an intreaty that Denis would, without delay, remove himself to the asylum, where, as it had been previously arranged, he was to remain until the danger was over. This injunction was obeyed, and the widow and her daughter were left dependant, principally, for protection, on the main contriver of their harms.

It had entered into the contemplation of M'Manus, that the chief advantage he was to derive from the removal of the two brothers, was the opportunity to be afforded him of possessing himself forcibly of their sister. He soon discovered that his schemes were productive of still more advantage. He found that his many opportunities of appearing and acting as a friend, made him an object of much interest to the destitute females. In all their difficul-

ties M'Manus was at hand, with assistance and advice. He was their protector when visiting the poor prisoner. In any pecuniary difficulty his purse was a never-failing resource. Whenever his personal exertions could be of any avail, he was an indefatigable, and, as they thought, a prudent and faithful ally; and thus he gradually came to be accounted a member of the family, and to obtain a nearer interest in the hearts of both mother and daughter, than any but the two great objects of their affection had ever acquired before. Still, however, the success of his suit appeared doubtful and distant. If ever he ventured to pass the bounds of friendship, he was repelled—tears and sad countenances met him, and entreaties to spare a heart painfully occupied by other cares—solicitations which could only aggravate its distresses. To this effect were the answers M'Manus received, whenever he employed a more passionate language than was justified by his admitted office of friend and protector. But, notwithstanding these repulses, the villain persisted in his addresses, so far as they could be safely urged, and endeavoured to strengthen his suit by an advocacy, which, he had no doubt, would be more prevailing than his own.

From the day on which Michael found that his arrest was not owing to mistake, and that a charge of murder was preferred against him, he had looked forward to the result of a trial with far less confidence than M'Manus affected and endeavoured to inspire in his mother and sister. In these endeavours he was to a certain extent successful, inasmuch that he prevailed in his entreaty "not to have poor Denis troubled with the bad news, when, after all, no harm would surely happen." With Michael, he soon began to consider it for his interest, that his offered encouragement would not be accepted. On the contrary, he contrived that much should meet his ear calculated to weigh down his spirit more heavily in anticipation of the approaching crisis. He also, by artful insinuation, conveyed to his mind the apprehension that Denis was consigned to almost perpetual exile, while he flattered the poor mother, and appeared, as though he encouraged Michael himself, to hope a speedy termination to all their sorrows. The effect of this iniquitous contriv-

ing will appear in a conversation which took place between the members of this guileless family, on one of the rare occasions when M'Manus had left them to the unreserved enjoyment of each other's society.

"Do you know, Michael, my dear," said the widow, (as a species of tribute to the early sanctity of their child, his name, even from her lips, had always been pronounced in its full dimensions,)—"do you know who rode over yesterday to see me, and to ask after you?"

"May be 'twas John Byrne or James Ryan."

"No then, 'twas neither one nor the other. 'Twas parson Grant himself, and he came in and sat down, and asked every thing about you, and told me, if I wanted money to bring matters through, to call on him, and I should not be without it. But, thank God, we are in no want at all, and I shew'd him your own room, that Mary and I were settling out for you, where you can see the work from your window, and have a beautiful fine rose-bush growing outside it, that Mary put down, you know, last year, and many a good word Parson Grant said of you, and I hope, says he, Michael will come to see me when all is over; he was a great favourite of mine always, and indeed, says he, he was a pattern to my school for goodness and learning.

Mother don't deceive yourself with a hope of things that can never be; I know it well—my time is come, and the home I'm calling to, is not the place where you and Mary have settled out my mansion. No, mother, there is an end of my home on earth, and well I loved it and all in it, and kind and good ye were all to me. Oh Mary, may God reward you for all your goodness, and forgive me for every hard word I spoke to you. God knows, if I did, it was all in love. Mother don't speak to me yet, and don't think it is afeard I am. Altho' every hour of my life, until the last year, was happy, and I was without care and dread, I am not afraid to give up all. He that was so good to me while I was here, has better things to give me. Loth I am to part ye, mother; but ye'll have God to protect you, and many a time, I think, if my penance here is done well, and I have my purgatory on earth, I may be left to watch over ye,

and, mother, when I am gone, remember that if prayers can win that power, and if it's right for the faithful to ask it, I'll be about ye when ye want help, and will be your guard, till we go all together to the mercy of God." His mother and sister were unable to break the silence into which his voice here subsided. They were weeping unrestrainedly. Michael seemed to commune with himself and to engage in a brief, mental prayer, he then resumed:—"Listen to me, mother and dear Mary, don't make light of my words. I am not afraid, but that God will be very good to you and will save you from harm; but we ought to do the thing that would be proper, when we pray for His grace, and sometimes, may be, he provides the very thing we pray for and puts it into our power. Wasn't it God that sent us such a friend as is now working for us. When another would keep away in ill will. He came like the real good neighbour and christian. Mother, my death would be light if M'Manus was living in one house with ye when I am gone. I often wished that Mary would become the spouse of a holier than man; but I gave up that hope, and now what I pray is, that ye may have always one like M'Manus to be a friend and an adviser." Michael ceased, for he, whose cause he advocated, was admitted to the cell, and was successful in relieving the awkwardness of his interruption, and diffusing a livelier spirit over the conversation. M'Manus, however, had judged rightly, that such support as his suit had upon that night received, was of great moment. The conversation which he then interrupted, was upon many other occasions renewed, and, in the end, Mary, if Denis approved, when the trial was over and all happy again, as M'Manus encouraged her to hope, promised she would recompense so constant and faithful an affection. The approval of Denis was soon received and all was fair for M'Manus.

The day of trial now came on, and the deceiver having effected his purpose; would gladly have it end, as he predicted it should. To ensure this favourable termination, he sent out of the way some of those whose suborned perjury would have been most hostile to Michael's case, but the zeal and animosity of party was fierce against those

with whom the poor youth was connected, and who were included with him in one common indictment, and thus, testimony which would not have been offered against him standing alone, was injurious to him because of the party amidst whom he appeared at the bar. The end was, that, notwithstanding strong evidence in his favor—most unexceptionable attestations to his good character, and the apparent innocence of his countenance and demeanour, Michael Cormac was included in the verdict which the jury, after long deliberation, returned against the prisoners given in charge to them.—Guilty of manslaughter.

Denis was now acquainted by letter with the calamity which had fallen upon the family, and hastened over from his retreat, regardless of all peril to himself. He hastened over to learn more afflicting intelligence. Sentence had been passed, and his brother Michael—the modest—saintly Michael, besides imprisonment, was to be whipped on two market-days, through the Main-street of Clonmel. This was an affliction for which the poor sufferer had been quite unprepared, and which, as respected himself, appeared far more calamitous than the death which he had expected. Denis, regarding himself as the author of all his brother's sufferings, was incessantly occupied in contriving how he could avert them. Deliverance from prison by violence, was evidently not to be thought of, and he soon learned, that to evade the vigilance of the keepers was equally beyond hope. One generous effort was in his power, and he made it.

On the night preceding that dreadful day, he returned from a progress through all the friends and connections of his family, and the farmers and tradesmen with whom he had been in habits of business. It was known, that his family had “a good interest” in their farm, and loans were made to him on the security he could offer; he had also debts to receive, which were now paid, and, when he had presented himself at the gaol of Clonmel, he had in his possession a sum amounting to not less than three hundred pounds, for part of which the farm was mortgaged. His first request was to see the keeper of the prison. “Mr. Dunne,” said he, “will you allow me a few words with you in private?”

“By all means—walk in here, Mr. Cormac. Your mother and sister have been for some time with your brother; do you wish to join them?”

“Not yet, Sir, not yet. How can I ever bear to look on that poor boy again—and no one but myself his ruin. Isn't it a murder that he must be slashed in the open streets, a poor boy that never did hurt or harm to mortal, and that had his mind always more on heaven and holy things than in wickedness or diversion? Oh, sir, isn't it a poor case that he must be beat and mangled, and I that brought him into all his trouble, to have no sorrow but for him? Mr. Dunne,” cried he, falling at the gaoler's feet, and on his knees looking up to him imploringly, and speaking with a low, rapid, and monotonous utterance, “I brought with me three hundred pounds; I thought it a great sum yesterday, but now I feel as if it was nothing—take it—for God's sake take it—let the poor boy go back with the mother and sister, and let me be slashed in his place.

Mr. Dunne rejected the offered bribe. “My poor fellow,” said he, “this never can be. You know, even if I were willing to break my oath, it would be impossible to make you pass as your brother.”

Denis started from his knees—“Look, Sir, what I have ready.” He displayed a quantity of false hair, and adjusted it on his own closely-cropped head. “I can paint my face too,” said he, “so that you would not know me, and when I'm in the cell, and they come to take me out, nobody will ever know. Will you, Sir, oh! will you have mercy on us.”

Grotesque as the appearance before him was, the gaoler saw only the generous design. “Would that it were in my power to do you a service,” said he.

“God bless you and reward you—it is in your power, and a great service you can do, and a good action too. Surely 'tis just that I should be the sufferer; poor Michael never did any thing wrong in his whole life, and many's the bad turn again me. Sure 'tis the guilty that the law wants to have revenge of, and wouldn't it be a good act to save one that is not guilty towards God or man, and to punish me that have many a heavy sin upon my soul? Oh, Sir, 'twill break my poor

mother's heart, and if you let him off now they'll never know any thing about me till it's all over to-morrow ; and my poor Michael—if you knew that boy, Sir, you'd think it was a sin to strip him in the streets and mangle him—he is a holy boy, and if they knew his heart, 'tis begging his blessing they'd be, not tormenting of him. He's tender too, and can't bear the beating as I can, that's used to hardship."

All was unavailing ; the gaoler mildly but firmly withstood the temptation, and Denis found his case hopeless. "The curse of the miserable be for ever upon you!" said he, crushing the rejected bribe in his hand, "many's the sore trouble you bring us into, and leave us without help or pity in our ruin." He flung the notes from him, and they would have perished in the flames but for the promptness of the gaoler.

After repeated and urgent messages, Denis at length consented to visit his brother. He found Michael cheerful and collected, endeavouring to speak comfort to his mother and sister.—Denis, scarcely able to sustain himself, stood leaning against the door, until he felt himself in his brother's arms, then he joined in the loud sorrow which had burst out afresh at his entrance. "You take this little trial," said the resigned sufferer, "indeed you do, too much to heart. Be sure it comes from God, and he knows it is for my good. Oh ! sure God is the best confessor of all, and if He enjoins our penance, who can murmur at what he enjoins on us. Come here, brother ; come all, and look at this." He drew back a curtain, and displayed a print of the crucifixion and some coarse daubs of various martyrdoms. "Look what is here. Ye think me very good and holy, but see, who is here, with nails through his hands and feet, and his side pierced, and thorns around his bleeding brows? Who is he, mother? and who is he, that before all this was mangled with cruel stripes? Was it for his sins he suffered? Do you know what he said when he was bearing his cross to die on it, and the women were bemoaning him? 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over me, but weep for yourselves and your children.' When I hear ye making so much of me, and thinking of my trouble, you frighten me, and make me think that your tears for me and not for my sins or your own, may

wash away all the good of my sufferings. Why, many a blessed saint imposed on himself a harder penance than I shall have to go through to-morrow ; yes, and if an easier was enjoined by a priest, would choose another confessor. Mother, look at this," a daub of the Virgin Mary, with all the swords of sorrow piercing her ; "instead of sinning by your tears, pray to that Queen of Heaven for grace to make us all patient and holy."

The fortitude with which Michael anticipated his suffering, did not forsake him in the actual endurance of it. It was as a miracle that one so young and tenderly reared could bear his torment with so heroic a patience. Certainly, if sympathy could beguile the sense of pain, his was much alleviated. I remember the day well, and with sensations which, to this hour, powerfully affect me. I was, upon that day, passing through the town of Clonmel, with feelings very unsuitable to the tragedy I was to witness. My vacation at school had commenced—I was immediately to enter College—my heart was bounding with joy and hope, and my fancy charmed with the visions of home and home-friends, which it had summoned into life and beauty. The reality before me soon dispersed them. The carriage in which, with two school-companions, joyous as myself, I sat rejoicing, made a halt under the West Gate, as we entered the Main-street of Clonmel—a mounted dragoon withstood our advance, and there we sat, gazing on the piteous spectacle before us, or, when we closed our eyes, saddened by sounds scarcely less affecting than what we had beheld. The middle of the street was lined on both sides with military, horse and foot—from their lines to the houses—a space of about twenty feet on each side—was crowded by a most dense multitude—the space which the lines enclosed was vacant, except for the few persons (as the surgeon and sheriff, &c.) who walked behind or at the side of the cart to which the sufferer was tied. It was most strange—all inside this space was in perfect silence, save only that, at times, the motion of the wheels could be heard, and sometimes—and that perhaps was fancy, at least, while the procession was distant—the sharp sound of the lash. As the instrument of torture descended, at each stroke, deep

and earnest groans arose from the whole multitude—cries of “Oh! God pity him!”—“God comfort him, to think of this sore day!”—and then a burst of sorrow would follow, in which all articulate utterance was drowned, and sincere grief and sympathy faithfully expressed; but, through all this, the procession, where the youth endured his torments, moved on, in as much silence, as if a mere painted or unsubstantial vision were set forth to interest or agitate the assembled spectators.

I was not aware of the full horror of the scene until the cart, having arrived at the place where we were detained, turned to complete the dreadful course at a building called the Old Court-house, in which the street terminated, and where the punishment had begun and was to end. I had lifted my eyes as the nearer sounds of the cart-wheels and the cruel lash aroused me, and they fell on the raised head and up-turned eyes of the sufferer. Pain was evidently struggling with his resolution, but, in his ghastly countenance, there was a resignation which, better than obstinacy, sustained him—there was an expression which, I can now understand, to be that with which a martyr, in his agony, remembers Him who was crucified, and commends his spirit into the hands of Jesus—when the assurance that the Lord beholds every infliction, and knows every pang, renders pain less bitter, because it comes as his message. I can now understand the expression of countenance which then awed me, and baffled my power to comprehend it. I continued to gaze until the car was turned—and then, the horrid appearance—the lacerated form. I sickened at the sight—and still no murmur from the melancholy procession—but louder and more continued bursts of sorrow from the deeply-affected multitude.

In this manner Michael Cormac endured the punishment to which he had been condemned. It was not for the sake of pride, he said, that he abstained from complaints or cries; but, all he suffered was little, and he offered it to God, for himself and family, as purely as a weak nature would permit. Frequently, in the interval between the first and second punishment, and once after the second, he had been visited in prison by the pilgrim, whose first appearance at her house, the Widow Cor-

mac regarded as so insuspicious. Now, because she saw that his visits were very acceptable to her son, she urgently solicited that they should be frequent, and was delighted with them, although it often happened, that by conversing in Latin, they excluded her from all acquaintance with the nature of their discourses. Her son's manifested learning, however, compensated her for her ignorance.

On the day when the time of his imprisonment had expired, multitudes from all parties and factions assembled amicably, to give his return home an air of triumph. They met him at some miles distance from his house, with music and festal decorations, and were provided with an ornamented chair in which he was to be carried amidst demonstrations of rejoicing; but he entreated that they would spare him. “I come back,” said he, “a poor sorrowful man, to spend one day and night in the place where I was a child, and then to go far away where none can know me. It was my hope, that I was to die among ye, after wearing the holy office of your ghostly instructor. It is not for a wretch like me to dishonour our blessed religion. Never more am I to feed the hope, that I can reconcile penitents to their God, and call down, to offer himself again for sinful creatures, the Saviour of the world. Oh! it is not in hands like these, marked as they are with bonds of public shame, that he is to be taken, who, all pure, gave his life for sinners. My brightest earthly hopes are quenched, and can I rejoice? Give me your prayers. I offer to the Lord my sufferings and my disappointments the griefs I have borne, and the hardships I shall yet endure. I give up home and friends and all that this world values. I go to do the Lord's will in poverty, among strange people. All, I solemnly declare, I willingly renounce—all I willingly undertake; but I cannot share in joy, and my friends, companions, and brothers, as many of you were to me, do not ask looks of joy from me in the one little day that I give to my own griefs and affections.”

On the following day, Michael had left his home. It will be readily understood that he had much to encounter and overcome of solicitation on the part of all his friends, before he could

carry this resolution into effect. So much, however, had the ascendancy which he always possessed over his friends' minds, been increased by suffering, and so much had his character acquired, even of dignity, that he was now yielded to, as one who walked already by a heavenly light, and who was not to be confined within ordinary rules or limits. Before he departed, he had exacted a promise that the engagement with M'Manus had been fulfilled, although he would not remain to assist at the solemnity. Accordingly, a short time after, Mary became a bride, and removed to her husband's house; and the mother and Denis continued to live together, ignorant of Michael's place of abode, and endeavouring to comfort themselves with a hope that they should see him again.

At last, even that uncertain hope was given up, and the widow was brought to believe that her son was dead. The chamber allocated for him had been, with almost religious care, preserved from other appropriation. The poor mother was scrupulous in her attention to it—the books were kept in order, and all its little furniture had retained the air of neatness which had been given to it, when more cheering prospects seemed to present themselves than were now realised. The only use in which the chamber was employed was that of a chapel or oratory, and there Denis and his mother performed their devotions. Sometimes the prayers of the poor widow were continued until a late hour at night, after Denis had retired to rest, and sometimes she continued, in forgetfulness even of her sorrows, sitting in the chair which her son had occupied while he pursued his unhappily interrupted studies. He had been unseen and unheard of for nearly a year, and his mother was absorbed in her customary meditations, when the incident occurred which caused her belief that, on this earth, she was no more to see him.

It was a calm, warm night in May, the moon was near the full, and its beams, unimpeded by mist or clouds, diffused around a softer and scarcely fainter light than of the day. The ruins of the abbey on the rock of Cashel were visible, and rendered the night more solemn; but the widows eye

would not rest upon them, painful thoughts were rendered still more affecting by the remembrances which that ruin called forth, and she withdrew her looks from the prospect of it. They are widely mistaken who imagine that the poor do not moralize on the appearances and the changes which creation exhibits. Among those who are little acquainted with other books, that of life and nature have many intelligent readers. That sympathy of which philosophers write so learnedly, between external objects and the human heart, is felt not less vividly among the poor than among those who can better analyse their sensations, and when the widow Cormac, affrighted almost, by the awful ruin on which her eyes first fell, shrunk back into herself, she felt as if the rose-bush at the partially opened window, which at that moment wafted a rich perfume to her, uttered a voluntary and intelligent consolation, "kind, kind and considerate flower," said she, "do you know my sorrow, and do you comfort my afflicted heart. Oh! if he knew it, and was upon this earth, seas would not keep him from me, and Michael, my dear," continued she, as if she were addressing her son, "'tis hard to think, that leaving them that love you, and breaking the heart of her that bore you, is a good deed to do; but God before me, it is my sense that speaks, 'tis my poor sorrowful nature, and grief changes us, and it is not the one heart or the one nature we have; sure it is not I that would find fault with the poor holy child, and he having his own hardship; but if he knew my misery, he'd feel for me; you would, my own Michael, God pity you and send his blessing about you." Michael stood before her at the window—his head and feet bare—his arms stretched upwards, and his head raised to heaven, as if he invoked a blessing on her. It was but for a moment—she screamed loudly, and fell upon the floor. Denis, alarmed, rushed into the room and beheld the apparition at the window; but instantly it vanished, and, occupied in his mother's recovery, he saw it no further. When restored to her senses, she recounted what she had seen, and expressed her opinion that a vision had been sent to her. * * * *

NEW YEAR'S DAY, OR OUR FIRST NUMBER.

"Up rouse ye then my merry merry men,
"It is our opening day."

The commencement of a new year, is a period at the approach of which every one feels more or less of interest. There is something in the passing away for ever of one year and the succession of another, with all its unknown events of good and ill, which naturally disposes the mind to reflection and to thought. And though the first day of the year be in itself no more than any other, and the commencement of the annual revolution of time be but an artificial period, still the fiction, like many others, possesses all the influence and vividness of reality—and on the first of January we feel as if the sun had indeed returned to the place from which he came, and was once more preparing to set out, invigorated and fresh, upon his yearly path, rejoicing as a giant to run his course.

There have been new-year's days when we have felt all that imaginative and pleasing melancholy to which we have alluded. In our early days, when free and light-hearted, "we took no note of time but by its loss." The return of this day served as a memento of its flight, and reminded us that our years were hurrying away, and those days were coming in which we should say we have no pleasure in them. But now our emotions are of a far different nature, our interest in this day proceeds from far different sources. It is as Editors that we regard it with feelings of intense anxiety, as the day upon which we appear before the public to solicit their favour for our work, and all our pretty sentiments and sage reflections are forgotten in our meditations upon that all-absorbing topic—the success of our Magazine. And we trust, gentle reader, we will stand excused in your eyes if, even upon this day we detain you for a short time upon a subject of personal interest to ourselves, and if in our pages you have found

either instruction or amusement, we only ask in return, that before you throw aside our book you will bear with us for a short time while we speak of ourselves. Nay, to our Irish readers we trust that even this apology is unnecessary, for we hope better things of their patriotism than to believe them indifferent to the progress of our Irish periodical, and we would fain regard every one of our countrymen as well-wishers to our undertaking, and personally, or at least nationally interested in its success.

Our Magazine is now before the public, and they can judge for themselves. After many embarrassments and many difficulties, of which no one has known but ourselves, and with much personal exertion, the labour of which none but those who have engaged in a similar attempt can fully estimate, we have succeeded in producing our work, and all we ask now is what every publication has a right to demand, "a fair field and no favour." We do not mean to reject the partiality of kindness, or defy the severity of criticism, neither do we mean to waive the strong claims which an Irish periodical has upon every well-wisher to the literature of his country; but this we do mean to say, that if we do not produce so good a Magazine as could be expected under the many disadvantages which attend such an undertaking in this country, then let us be at once, without favour or affection, consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets, and a better and more efficient one substituted in our stead.

When we speak of the disadvantages that attend a literary periodical in Dublin, we would not be understood to imply, that in the nature of the undertaking of itself there is any thing which attaches to it a peculiar degree of difficulty. But it must be remembered that every failure increases the

peril of a subsequent attempt. And now when numberless Irish periodicals have already failed, in estimating our embarrassments, it must be taken into consideration, that we appear like the descendants of some prescribed race, with the sins of many generations upon our heads. 'Tis true, that we have not begun to build our tower without counting well the cost, and we think that we have materials sufficient for the work, yet it is a discouraging reflection that we are building amid the ruins of many a goodly structure, of which the foundation stone was laid with hopes perhaps as fair as our own. We know that there is a prejudice against Irish periodicals which it will require much caution on our part to overcome. Many who are jealous of their names will not wish them to be connected with an undertaking the success of which is doubtful, and withhold their contributions or subscriptions until they can be satisfied that we shall maintain our ground, or in other words refuse us their assistance until it is comparatively of little use. We know that this principle is acted on by many, and this has contributed in no small degree to the failure of our predecessors. Thus it is, that while the English and Scotch periodicals number among their most talented contributors many of our countrymen, there rests upon our metropolis the stigma of never having supported a good general Magazine; and Irish talent, like Irish valour, is valued and distinguished every where but at home.

But we have been looking at the dark side of affairs, and from regarding the contingency of our failure, we now turn with pleasure to contemplate the probability of our success. Puffing, in all its forms and modifications, we detest; and in literature, as well as law, we maintain the maxim that no man can be a witness in his own cause. Our mere promises we know are, and ought to be, of little consequence; and our fate must be decided, not by our professions, but by the character of our work. Still, modesty in these days is so rare a qualification, that it is generally presumed if an individual say nothing for himself, it is because he has nothing to say; and the old proverb, that even a fool, if he kept silence, might be taken for a wise man, is exactly and strangely reversed. To this spirit of the age, then, we must pay

deference, and do violence to our innate modesty, at least so far as to state the grounds on which we rest our claims to public patronage and support.

We are persuaded that within the bosom of our country there is talent sufficient, and more than sufficient, to support a periodical fully equal to any of those in any other country. This talent we trust to bring into efficient operation in our Magazine, and thus, by opening at home a channel for those communications which have hitherto occupied the pages of foreign reviews and periodicals, to prevent the literary resources of our country being drained away to increase the already too abundant treasures of the sister island. It is with no little pride we say it, that we have already enlisted in our service some who are ornaments in their several professions and walks of life, and though, as yet, we be but a little band, we number among our contributors those whose names augur well for our ultimate success; for we are persuaded that talents which have been tried and framed in many of the more arduous exercises of intellect, will not fail to command admiration in the pages of a Magazine. Yet we feel that great as are our resources, they are not beyond what we have occasion for. Variety is the very essence of a publication such as ours. It is not enough that we have able contributors, but we must have them in every department; there must be a succession of them, who will relieve each other, like the guards of the watch-fire, and that versatility of talent which we would look for in vain in an individual must be supplied by the united capabilities of many. Support such as this we both look for and expect; and if we are not successful in obtaining it, it shall not be for want of active and strenuous exertion. At present we hardly contemplate the possibility of a disappointment, but if we are calculating beyond our resources, we shall, at least, have the satisfaction of reflecting that the fault is not our own; and shall console ourselves by the consciousness that we have made the exertion, and that we are not responsible for its failure. But, in sooth, we hope better things. Were our prospects even less encouraging than they are, this were not the time for indulging in melancholy forebodings, and while we are writing

the ~~example~~ of our Magazine, we would not imitate the Scythians, who mourned over the infant's birth from a foresight of the perils which awaited its progress through the world upon which it had entered; we would rather take for example the merriment of our Irish christenings, where nothing is heard but prophecies of the future greatness of the little stranger. We feel that we may safely use the language of confidence and hope; and though in giving to our work the name that we have selected, we feel ourselves seriously responsible for its character and merits, yet we trust the lapse of time will show that its sponsors have not promised too much for the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE. We know and feel that from us will be expected an order of talent different from, though perhaps not superior to, that which is looked for in similar publications that do not appear before the public under such high sanction, or with the impress of so venerable a name. Upon this point we can only promise to bear in mind, and to be influenced by the maxim—"Vivavi culpam hand merni laudem." We cannot anticipate that any thing should ever appear under the name of Alma Mater, but what, like the classic pillars of her buildings, is at once elegant and solid, ornamental and yet chaste.

There are, we know, some who conceive we would have consulted better for the dignity of that name, had we not connected it with the politics of the day; who imagine that within the precincts of her peaceful courts, should be heard no sound but the calm voice of science, and that the jarring of discord and the clamour of party should not be permitted to disturb the solemnity of the temple of learning, or interrupt the devotions of her worshippers. But human nature, even in the cloisters of a college, cannot be divested of its attributes; and when the sound of the battle outside has become so loud as even to break upon the silence of our retirement, and when we know that the contest is for all that we are bound to prize, it cannot be expected that we should stand aloof. Nor do we believe that the University ever was intended as a tomb, in which should be buried energies that might be usefully employed in the service of society. That very provision of the Constitution by

which a representation in the legislature was given to the academic body, proves that its original founders entertained more enlightened views, and regarded learning and education but as means for the attainment of an end—as qualifications for the noble employment of taking a part in the concerns of the state. Why is weight thus given to the opinions of the University if it be criminal in her members to form a judgment upon passing events? And why is that very theatre in which her examinations are held, and her honours are adjudged, made the arena of an election; if the great questions that concern the well-being and the constitution of the country be beneath her dignity to notice? Our legislators were wiser than to establish in the very centre of the land, a great and influential body of men, who should, as it were, be exiled from the sympathies of their fellow citizens; and in conferring the elective franchise as the reward of distinguished proficiency in the students, they seemed to inculcate this lesson on the rising generation, that having a voice in political concerns was an honourable privilege, and that as they progressed in knowledge and information, the state would expect from them a corresponding increase of exertion in her service, and regard them as better qualified to express an opinion upon every thing that concerned her safety or her interest. This certainly was the practical lesson of our constitution, and we cannot yet forget the precepts of that form of government which raised Britain to that height of glory unparalleled in the annals of the world.

To what purpose is it that we examine the volumes of history, if it is not that we may derive lessons from its pages, as to the causes which fostered the greatness, or produced the downfall of empires, and thus bring the experience of past ages to guide our own ignorance and weakness, and employ the observations of other times in enabling us to form a correct estimate as to the results of our own? If the position be at all tenable, that politics are inconsistent with the dignity of the University; then, indeed, may history be regarded as an old almanack, and the time devoted to its study as mis-spent, and shallow and presuming ignorance be left to settle those ques-

tions of vital import which are regarded as beneath the notice of intelligence and education. Yet there was a time when even philosophers were not ashamed to bear their part in what so deeply concerns their fellow men, and when it was not considered that deep erudition was mispent, when employed in the settlement of questions that involved the happiness of thousands—when even a Solon could render himself illustrious as a legislator; and Socrates, the first of heathen sages, bring his energies to bear upon the interests of his country.

These too, be it remembered are no ordinary times. We may say, with the orator of old, that we have not led the life that ordinarily falls to the lot of man, but have been born for a tale of wonder to those that shall come after us; we have seen the religious and political principles of infidel and revolutionary France, spreading in our own country; nay, and admitted within the very walls of the senate house of Britain. We have lived to see experiment substituted for experience, and to behold the strange, and yet the solemn spectacle of a great and happy nation voluntarily renouncing that Constitution under which she had prospered, and entering on hazardous speculations, in an untried and theoretical system of representation. We feel as if we were yet but upon the threshold of the change. A spirit seems to have gone abroad of restless and ceaseless innovation, and it is with deep solicitude, that we put to ourselves the momentous question—"What will be the end thereof." Age cannot command respect, or utility ensure protection, while the time-honoured buttresses of our social system are to be given up to the rude assaults of the Goths and Vandals of modern days, that our vain

and self-confident speculators is novelties, may erect an edifice of their own upon its ruins. If ever there was a period when circumstances practically enforced the Lacedæmonian law, that every man should be of some party in the state, that period is the present, and we confess, that we think little of that man's patriotism, who can view unmoved the aspect of the times, and wrapping himself in the narrowness of selfish apathy, slumber on in undisturbed indifference, while the storm is shaking the social fabric to its base. Surely, then, in taking our stand by the side of order, and the settled Institutions of the country, we are not acting in a manner unworthy the name we bear, nay, perhaps, we may be enabled to contribute to the defence of the University itself. The war that is waged against every thing great and venerable in the land, may not cease until she is among the number of the aggressed. If concession is continued, demand may be increased, and the yawning chasm of democracy be like that gulph in the Roman Forum, which it was predicted, would close only upon that which Rome held the most precious.

But it is time that this article should be drawing to a close. We must conclude by expressing our unfeigned gratitude to those who have evinced, by their kind and active support, a more than ordinary anxiety for the ultimate success of our enterprise; hazardous it must be, but that it should prove utterly unavailing, we will not allow ourselves for a moment to anticipate. We wish then, in all sincerity of heart, to our readers, and we trust we may be allowed to hope for ourselves, many a happy anniversary of "our opening day."

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

THE COLLEGE ELECTION.

It is not our intention to enter into the details of this subject, which have already been submitted to the public through the medium of the press, and ably commented upon by that portion of it which is most competent, from its constant and unflinching advocacy of truth, upon the ground of enlightened principle, to pro-

nounce a steady, impartial, and incontrovertible judgment. We cannot, however, remain altogether silent upon a theme of such general triumph; we must speak, if it were but to congratulate those, with whom we are proud to be identified, in the utter discomfiture of a party which is only sheltered from the severity of the

most unlimited obloquy by its having become the object of the most merited contempt.

The representation of our University in parliament, has at all times been considered as the most honorable seat to which, in this country, any candidate could aspire to attain; we presume it was for this reason that, as far as our recollection serves, there never was an occasion in which the government of the day did not use the most extraordinary exertion to secure, at a contested election, the return, either of an actual officer of the existing administration, or at least a strenuous advocate of the ministerial measures. What our opinions or feelings were, at the period to which we allude, upon the courses so invariably adopted, it is not necessary now to repeat; suffice it to say, that it was not to be wondered at, if the influence and interference of government proved generally successful, whatever the complexion of its politics, when the constituency was so limited, as it was previous to the passing of the Reform bill, and when, as could be proved beyond dispute, but a few of the individuals who composed it *were permitted* to act as independently as good principle, if left unbiased, could not have failed to prompt them.

So far as it is possible to feel grateful for a favour which never was intended to be conferred, even so far are we ready to acknowledge ourselves indebted to his Majesty's ministers for that enlargement of the elective franchise, which has secured to this University a constituency that, at once from its nature, character, and extent, must ever continue, what late events have proved it to be, incapable of being either cajoled by their instruments, or controlled by themselves. The great, we must add, the noble, use which the great body of the Irish clergy have made of this their investiture with political power, was only what might in fairness have been expected from a class of men, whose reputation for learning and ability, the most spotless conduct, a meekness almost proverbial under the most wanton persecution, a devotion to the great cause of which they are the solemnly ordained advocates, from which tyranny cannot deter, nor privations distract them, has deservedly placed them, we will not say on a level with, but far above the Protestant clergy of any country, who have not yet been, and we trust may never be destined to experience that degree of poverty and affliction to which our own have been reduced, and which would al-

most exceed belief. Would that it had never been in our power to attest it! and that in the history of a nation which boasts of being civilized, there never had been unfolded that dark page, which speaks of the unbridled and malicious cruelty exerted without ceasing to wear down the firmness, the fervour, and the faith of the labourers in the vineyard of peace, the fact of whose being repaid for their sound doctrine and salutary example, almost ever with unthankfulness, and often with assassination, loudly proclaims that boast to be a lie. Whether his Majesty's Solicitor general for Ireland, Mr. P. C. Crampton, who ought to be as fully at least aware of the truth of the facts above stated as we are, supposed that he was either showing sympathy for their sufferings, or bearing testimony to their long-tried and unshaken integrity, when he obliged the ministers of the Gospel, in an election-booth, to call God to witness that they served Him and not Mammon: or whether Mr. Crampton, in so doing, has not displayed a more virulent malignity than the most bitter of their professed enemies, inasmuch as to be sullied in character is worse than to be deprived of life, is a matter upon which we cannot believe that he is so utterly bereft of all conscience as to be unable to decide, and that too directly against himself.

The first time that Mr. Crampton came forward as a candidate here, it cannot be denied that there was a very strong feeling in his favour—public affairs were not the fearful aspect that they now present. The fatally destructive mischiefs of Reform were tolerably well concealed, except to the more acute glance of experienced politicians, under the mask of public advantage and utility: almost all agreed that *some* change was necessary, and the attention was willingly diverted, from gloomy reflections upon probable and apparently but partial evil, to the cheering anticipations of positive and general good; in short, the delusions of Twenty-Nine were revived: may we not add that they have now at least been similarly dispelled? We were aware that Mr. Crampton had been highly distinguished here, and, not being much concerned at that time in what was going on elsewhere, we took it for granted he was a lawyer in good repute and practise at the bar. In private life we knew him to be eminently remarkable for every quality that could reflect honor upon the conduct and principles of any; he was further, the able and unceasing advocate of the designs and projects of several societies that had for their object

the enforcing of practical religion, and the diffusing of a stricter morality, and more salutary discipline, than the lower orders of this country are naturally willing to observe. In fact, at the period in which Mr. Crampton accepted office under the present government, such was the influence of the considerations already stated upon many, that they could not believe he would abandon his character and respectability, the comparatively quiet and probably more lucrative walk of his profession, together with all the claims which he appeared so justly to possess upon general regard, for the sake of attaching himself to the Grey administration, with the visionary prospect of legal advancement, unless that administration, which it has never done, nor is it now in its power to do, were likely to disprove and falsify all the ill-omens and prophecies of evil that attended its formation. We were then far from being surprised at the encouragement which, during his first canvass, Mr. Crampton received; fortunately it was not sufficient to secure him against a defeat which, though equally decisive, was not so signal as the last; the reason is obvious, the designs of government were rapidly unmasked and unfolded; the goodly towers of church and state, so long the efficient and impregnable bulwarks of British liberty, were soon marked out for demolition, not alteration; and great as the zeal, and warm as the ardour was, with which the sapient architects of modern constitutions hastened on their work of destruction, with the silly and unfounded confidence that they should be able to rebuild, with better workmen, upon the same site, a fairer and more faultless structure; still the enthusiasm of Mr. Crampton far surpassed that of all: to work with the slow and steady line and plummet of our forefathers, appeared a contemptible prejudice in favor of antiquated superstitions in the wise judgment of this political Aladdin, who certainly ought not to have depended upon a natural genius for such sudden inspiration as would enable him to construct an empire in a day; his very colleagues in office were ashamed of his intemperance, and condemned him for his ignorance; he plainly showed that he did not possess the tact and experience requisite for an honest statesman, nor the ability, however competent in inclination, for the opposite; we cannot in short pronounce a more decisive or intelligible opinion upon his official career, than by asserting it to be 'toto cœlo' the reverse of that of his predecessor, whom he certainly followed *non passibus*

æquis in the most unlimited sense of the phrase. It is no doubt true that he has one or two divines on his side in supporting the orthodoxy of the new education system, upon which he dwelt largely and forcibly in his speech on the late occasion, unavailingly however as the event proved: for, with the exception of the one or two whom we have alluded to, and the scanty number of his other adherents, who may probably have been confirmed in error, the arguments of the learned gentlemen failed to produce an effect upon any, so far as to cause a shadow of conviction. There are many other points connected with Mr. Crampton's canvass previous to his conduct during the election, and to which we early intend to pay a marked attention, not with the impression that the censures we may pronounce, or the advice we may offer, can be of any use to Mr. Crampton, who of course will never again attempt the representation of the University. We have the strongest grounds for believing, that overwhelming as the late majority was, in favour of Messrs. Lefroy and Shaw, it will be likely to bear the proportion of Mr. Crampton's minority when compared with the numbers which shall be added to the present adherents of the former gentlemen at the succeeding commencements. However the precepts we intend to give, founded upon the conduct of all parties at the election, may, we trust, be considered so deserving of notice and adoption, as to check the insolence of an opposition which would make up for the fruitlessness of hope by the audacity which would disguise despair, and may encourage at all times such an unwavering adherence to high principle, such an uncompromising regard to the honor and character of gentlemen, and such a persevering advocacy of the sacred cause of religion, truth, and justice, as secured, and shall continue to secure, to Messrs. Lefroy and Shaw, the affectionate regard, as well as the never failing support of a numerous and enlightened constituency. Of the merits of these gentlemen, and their worthiness of the high trust and confidence which has been reposed in them, we shall speak more at length hereafter: it is a subject which will not admit of being hastily glanced at, or carelessly dismissed; it is one which affects the interests of the country at large, as well as our own, too deeply to discuss it "*currente calamo*." We hope to be soon enabled to treat of it with the justice our feelings would demand, and close for the present with once more congratulating the Conservative body upon their triumphant

success where their principles and objects could be best appreciated, and imploring them to continue to preserve amongst them that union of wealth and intelligence upon which they may rest assured ere long the government shall be obliged

wholly to rely for the safety of the empire, endangered as it has been, by the opportunities and encouragement so unsparingly yielded to the tyranny of an unawed democracy.

LAW SCHOOL OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

The title of this article, we feel convinced, will surprise many of our readers, to whom the existence of a law school in the Dublin University must have been more than a matter of doubt. But if any ex-scholar chance to turn his attention to this article, he will recollect the old mode, so pleasant and improving, of escaping the horrors of learning Hebrew, by dozing away for half an hour two mornings in the week during term, instead of listening to the professor of common law solving the enigmatical definition of "fee simple" and "fee tail." Wishing, however, to enlighten the uninitiated, we state it as a positive and solemn fact, which, if necessary, we can prove by evidence the most incontrovertible, that there has existed in our college, for many years past, a professorship of common law, it is true, somewhat in a torpid state, which, however, we ascribe to the delightful fact, that it was unnecessary for learned men to dilate upon the laws in a country where they were so thoroughly understood, and what is infinitely better, so universally and so evidently obeyed. We go farther, the institution has not only existed but exceedingly flourished. Some five and twenty years ago, an accomplished scholar, by name O'Sullivan, filled that chair, he delivered lectures, left us printed, which for depth of research, beauty of arrangement, and eloquence of expression are second only to the commentaries of that matchless juris-consult Sir William Blackstone. The lustre of his writings shed a light upon the noble science he assumed to teach, and his exertions, as unprompted as they were successful, will preserve his name in honour, safe from that oblivion in which the indolent and the unconscientious are deservedly buried. From the death of that eminent person, till a recent period, we heard little of the professorship of common law. Legal education ceased in the Dublin University, and hardly existed in England since, in the practical business of the pleader's office. In that dark interval no doubt, great lawyers practised at

the bar, and adorned the bench, but a sound and judicious inculcation of principles—a useful direction in their early studies, might have lightened their labours; at all events, the efforts of genius cannot be repressed, it delights in battling with difficulties, and in overcoming them triumphantly.

The Inns of Court, once so famous for legal education, where centuries ago Coke and Bacon searched out and settled the deepest principles, astonishing while they instructed by their luminous expositions, degenerated into taverns, and the science of the law became proportionably degraded. There was nothing to keep alive the active spirit of enquiry, or to sharpen by collision the youthful understanding; the student was left to plod his weary way as best he could through masses of decisions which confounded and perplexed him—to ponder over old folios, and guess at their meaning—to bewilder himself by acts of legislation, incomprehensible to the sapient framers—and finally, unless stirred on by poverty and ambition, to abandon, in despair, a hopeless and heart-breaking pursuit.

Something excellent was at last found to have existed in the institutions of our ancestors; the good old custom of teaching law by oral instruction, has been revived, and with signal success. The London University set the example—King's College followed; both institutions are supplied with professors of consummate learning, deep sense, and mature judgments; their lectures attracted large classes, and have rendered essential service, as well to the private gentleman as the professional student. Fortunately, at this period, for the Dublin University, the numerous engagements of Mr. Crampton, compelled him to resign into the able hands of Dr. Longfield, the fulfilment of those important duties incident to the professorship of common law, and which Mr. Crampton had not time to discharge himself. Mr. Longfield being thus appointed deputy professor, like a conscientious man resolv-

ed not to follow an indifferent example, but to apply himself vigorously to the work he undertook to perform. It may seem strange to commend an individual for barely doing his duty, and, generally speaking, such praise would be misconstrued, but in the present case Mr. Longfield really deserves no small praise for the straightforwardness, ability and learning with which he laboured in his new vocation; he might have acted like most of his predecessors, that is, he might have hurried over or altogether evaded the performance of his professional duties, or he might have satisfied his conscience by the delivery of a few worthless lectures. The example thus set to some other professors in the University, we earnestly hope may be followed.

The Provost, several of the Fellows, and many members of the bar, attended the delivery of Mr. Longfield's introductory lecture; it was worth hearing, for it was remarkable for plainness of sense, for soundness of matter and observation, for a right conception of the nature of the task to be performed, and, above all, for a total absence of all affectation, efforts at display, or any thing calculated to dazzle or impose upon the understanding of his hearers. We are fortunately enabled to give a passage or two from the address, fine specimens, we think, of the tone and spirit of the lecturer.

"When it became my duty to deliver public lectures on the laws of these realms, I certainly felt a very strong impression of the importance of the task I had to perform. I must strive that my auditors shall not have reason to form a misconception too generally entertained, as if law were so dry and uninteresting a study as by no means to recompense the student for the labour he must undergo; and that your ardour in the pursuit be not chilled by an apprehension that the difficulties which you have to encounter are of a particular nature, and different from those which at the commencement of every science your good sense must teach you to expect and disregard. I must consider it as an unfortunate result, to be attributed to my inexperience or incapacity, if my attempts to teach produce in my hearers such an opinion of the subject—an opinion which whatever may have given rise to it, I cannot but consider unfounded. For I cannot be persuaded that the laws of England are a dry, uninteresting, or unimportant study. It cannot be a matter of little interest to us, to know the laws which we are bound to obey, the rules which are to regulate our conduct,

and which prescribe to us our duties and station in society. I do not speak to those alone who embrace and devote themselves to the study of the law as a profession, which may afford the fullest employment for their faculties, and to which the industrious may look with security for the means of procuring all the necessities and reasonable enjoyments of life, while more complete success may lead to the greatest wealth and rank to which innocent ambition can aspire. Poor indeed would the commendation of the study of the law be, if it related only to those who applied to it as a means of professional advancement. Of every profession, it may be truly said, that those who embrace it ought not to decline the studies required to learn and understand it. Although even in this point of view, law boasts of some pre-eminence, since in no other pursuit is professional merit so sure of meeting its reward. But in one sense the law may be deemed a profession common to every man, since it is every man's duty to obey it; and notwithstanding the complaints made of their number, confusion, and perplexity, I hope in its proper place to shew that it is not unreasonable to demand from the subject that he should yield obedience to them, and learn them, at least so far as the knowledge is necessary to enable him to obey them. But ceasing for a moment to consider the law of England either as a profession, or as the rule to which he must conform his conduct, it remains still a very interesting subject of contemplation regarding it merely as the history of man. Were a foreigner to look at a map and a history of the world, to see on this map, England, a small island, a speck scarcely discernible in the ocean, and then read its history, and learn that this small island has engaged in war with some of the most powerful nations on the globe, and brought to a successful issue a contest that was for some time conducted against the union of them all; that its fleets maintained with honour the empire of the sea; that in peace its superiority over other nations became still more apparent in its extensive commerce, its foreign dependencies, and its colonies; that with every country it manages a trade equal to that country's traffic with the rest of the world, while in the arts of learning and the productions of genius, it did not yield to the nations most polished and successful in each branch. Would not the foreigner after this short review feel the most eager curiosity to become acquainted with the laws and institutions of this wonderful

spot? He certainly would know that his study would be well rewarded, and he would feel assured of his having engaged in an interesting undertaking, while investigating its constitution and customs, and examining whether any relation existed between these and that prosperity which called forth his admiration. But a further interest in this matter is ours: since we enjoy our part in that prosperity, and in some measure may be said to participate in that glory. We are members of the nation by which great wonders have been achieved; a double interest is surely ours to trace this prosperity to its source, to examine how far our laws and institutions have assisted us in this glorious career, how far they have interfered with our exertions, and how far they have been neutral, to discover whether the institutions which, if they have not enabled, have at least permitted us to arrive at this happy state, will enable or permit us to remain in it—or whether this happiness has attained this height by an accidental and unnatural growth, and must quickly fade away."

Mr. Longfield next refutes the flimsy objections started by the idle and indolent upon the score of the difficulties which the study of the law presents. The method of the course marked out by the lecturer is logical, perspicuous, and comprehensive; he says,

"With respect to the arrangement, I have in the main adopted that of Justinian, which, with very few exceptions, all writers on the subject have found it convenient to pursue. In the details, where greater liberty of choice is allowed, I felt greater difficulty in coming to a decision, and I must frequently make considerable departures from the method I laid down to myself, in order that I might thereby better secure the end for which I choose it. In the first place I propose to give a very concise sketch of the ends of this civil polity, and of the means by which those ends are sought to be obtained. How our national and civil rights are secured against invasion from our fellow citizens, and how we are also secured against all danger of invasion from the power that represents the state, and has the government and direction of all its energies. Then I shall from necessity give that general account of our administrations, and of the members of which the state is composed, and of the rights, duties, and relations, of those members.

I shall then call your attention to property, the principal object of the law, and attempt to distinguish the several sorts of

it. And the different species of rights that may be possessed over it. The incidents annexed by law to each sort, together with a short history of its origin. I shall then proceed to explain the different manners in which property and the rights attendant on it may be acquired and transferred. So far, even in the most perfect state, we must have laws to define men's rights, and direct their conduct. But there at present exists a further necessity for laws to protect those rights, and to compel every individual to hold a line of conduct consistent with them. This will naturally lead me to define and class the different modes in which those rights may happen to be interfered with, and to state the manner in which the injured individual may in each case obtain redress. This will naturally lead us to the constitution, the practice, and the rules of the different courts, to the distinction between the courts of law and equity, and the rules of pleading and the evidence in each, with the manner in which an individual who considers himself aggrieved by their decision, may have his case reviewed by a higher tribunal. I shall then discuss the criminal law which applies to those cases when the public are injured by the offence, and when the object of each prosecution is the punishment of the offender for protection to the community, rather than the redress of the person by whom the injury was more especially sustained. I shall then, if my present intention holds, discuss the proceedings that may be entered upon before the inferior tribunals scattered through the country, and describe as well as I can, the limits and extent of their jurisdiction: of those subjects to which I have alluded I shall dwell on some at much more length than on others, when I think that a detailed explanation of them may be interesting or useful."

But by far the most useful and original part of Mr. Longfield's plan is embodied in the following sentences.

"It will be of some importance also to remark in what respects the law since his (Blackstone's) time has undergone alterations, and above all things, that I should endeavour to give the student some assistance in a point, where the difficulties he has to struggle with are of the most vexatious and embarrassing nature. For as the laws of England are principally of importance as they are also the laws of Ireland, so when the laws of the two countries differ, our own laws of course more particularly demand our attention. But not Blackstone only, but with

scarcely an exception all the elementary writers on the law are English, and pay no attention to the laws of Ireland. Nothing (I speak the experience of many) can exceed the embarrassment the student feels when he first becomes practically aware of the difference. When he finds that some rule which he relied on as certain is indeed law in England but has no force here. Thenceforward he reads with doubt and uncertainty, careless and inattentive, unable to learn with any zeal what he apprehends he may afterwards have to unlearn. For this reason I shall strive with the utmost care to point out the difference between the laws of the two countries. If there are an English and an Irish law of similar purport, it will be expedient to mark the difference, if any, that exists between them. If there is an Irish, without any corresponding English law, it of course ought to be mentioned. And even when an English law has no Irish one corresponding to it, still it ought to be stated, and the abuse of the Irish law remarked, lest the student, meeting with the English rule in the course of his reading, may imagine it to be of force here although omitted by me."

We can safely testify to the truth of the foregoing excellent remarks, to the solid utility of the lecturer's design, and to the great practical benefits it must confer upon the student.

Mr. Longfield next makes some judicious observations on the cavils of the shallow and unthinking, as to the complexity and incoherence of our laws; he alludes to the codification plan, upon which his views, although briefly expressed, coincide with the reasonings of the profoundest thinkers, and most philosophical of the continental Jurists. We give Mr. Longfield's concluding remarks on the statute law, because we think them exceedingly just and sensible.

"The immense mass from statute law may be more justly complained of; but the evil is a necessary consequence of the wealth, the intelligence, and the liberty of the country. The two former causes produce great temptations to fraud, great adroitness in committing it, and skill in evading the numerous enactments against it. While our freedom demands that the laws shall be express on each point, and that it shall not be left to the discretion of the judge to extend or confine them. Besides this prolixity is not so great an evil as is supposed; the laws are clear enough and easily known to those who are anxious to obey them. The evil is felt, and the complaint made,

principally by those who wish to know the laws in order to evade them with impunity; that is, so commit the mischief intended to be guarded against by some statute without coming within the letter of any of its provisions. I cannot regard any difficulties that a person who studies law with such an object may meet with, and I believe it would be difficult to find an instance of a person sincerely anxious to comply with the spirit of the law, and yet violating it inadvertently in consequence of its intricate enactments."

We have thus gone through Mr. Longfield's introductory lecture, and we may safely affirm that the sentiments and intentions therein expressed with so much temperance, candor, and judgment are no less becoming the lecturer, than creditable to the University. Mr. Longfield has discharged his duty with faithfulness; it remains, and we assert it with the most perfect respect, for the heads of the University to fulfil theirs. We conscientiously believe that our excellent Provost is earnestly desirous of useful practical improvements, and he certainly could not devote a portion of his energies to a better purpose than the improvement of the law school of the University. A man of his enlarged mind must see at once the necessity of a general acquaintance with the laws and constitution of the realm. In all classes of students, the future senator, the lawyer, the divine, the physician, or the country gentleman, no man's education can be considered as finished until he has a knowledge of the principles of the government under which he lives, and in which he may be called upon to take an active part. Therefore, for the general student, no less than for the technical lawyer, some inducement should be held out, to consider with attention, the grounds and principles of the laws of their country. We respectfully enquire from the board, how could the graduates, and those who have finished their academic education, devote one year better than by attending a course of lectures, to be delivered by the professor of common law. But, it may be asked, how are these persons to be enticed into so dry a pursuit? we answer, by holding out to the industrious and successful student the stimulant which honorable distinction invariably affords, let the Board but place at the disposal of Mr. Longfield, a reasonable or even a small fund to be distributed as his sound judgment may suggest, and a host of eager and assiduous competitors will spring up thirsting for fame and honor. Mr. Longfield will take good

care to enforce diligent attendance, and to require proofs of competent knowledge from those who aspire to the distinctions in his gift. He would, no doubt, propose prize essays on interesting legal subjects, requiring respectable attainments and laborious research; the obtaining which would stamp upon the successful

student, a character for merit and application that must serve his interests in after life. We make these suggestions with the utmost deference for the heads of our college, and from a sincere conviction that, if acted upon, the law school of the Dublin University would rank, as it ought, with any other in the empire.

DEGREES CONFERRED IN THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN

AT THE

COMMENCEMENTS HELD,

NOVEMBER 1832.

Doctor in Divinity.

Nov. 29. De Courcy, Michael, Rev. Oxford, *an eundem*.

Doctors of Laws.

Nov. 24.

Campbell, Charles, Rev.
Corballis, John Richard,
Dickson, Thomas,
Story, James Hamilton,
White, John Jarvis,

Nov. 27.

Cotton, Hen. Ven., Christ Church,
Oxford, *ad eundem*.
Brough, Grainger Muir,

Berkeley, George, Rev.
Hayes, Edmond,
Kirby, John,

Nov. 29.

Carson, Thomas,
Hawkin, James,
Madder, George, Rev.
Taylor, John,
Vandeleur, Thomas B., Justice, King's
Bench.

Doctors in Medicine.

Nov. 27.

Dowling, John B.
Henry, James,
Smyth, John,

Nov. 29.

Kennedy, George A.

Bachelors of Laws.

Nov. 24.

Corballis, John Richard,
Story, James Hamilton,
White, John Jarvis,

Nov. 27.

Brough, Grainger Muir,
Berkeley, George, Rev.
VOL. I.

Hayes, Edmond,
Kirby, John,

Nov. 29.

Carson, Thomas,
Hawkin, James,
Taylor, John,
Vandeleur, Tomas B., Justice, King's
Bench.

Bachelors in Medicine.

Nov. 27.

Alcock, Nathaniel.
Corbet, William.

Nov. 29.

Flynn James,
Patten, James,
Kennedy, George A.

Upwards of eleven hundred took out the degree of A.M. during the Special Commencements.

We have been greatly pleased by an inspection of the proof sheets of a new edition of Cicero's Orations, with English Notes, by the Rev. M. M'Kay, Ex. Sch. T.C.D. We believe we shall be borne out by the experience of all in asserting that there is no edition at present which can supply any thing like a complete system of notes and comments, calculated to remove the many difficulties which present themselves in the course of the Orations. The editor of the forthcoming edition has proved how far sensible he was of the defect by the close study and laborious research, which has enabled him to effect a most competent remedy. We understand he also intends to publish a translation in a separate volume. It is our intention, upon their publication, to give a lengthened notice of both.

UNIVERSITY OFFICERS.

1886.

[Thus marked (*) are annual officers.]

Chancellor.

Elected
1805, His Royal Highness Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, L.L.D.

Vice-Chancellor.

1829, Lord John George Beresford, D.D.
Lord Bishop of Armagh, and
Primate of all Ireland.

The Provost.

1831, Bartholomew Lloyd, D.D.

** Vice-Provost.*

1832, Thomas Prior, D.D.

Representatives in Parliament.

1832, Thomas Lefroy,
Frederick Shaw.

** Proctors.*

1832, Francis Hodgkinson, L.L.D.
Mountfort Longfield, L.L.D.

Librarians.

1821, Franc. Sadleir, D.D.
1829, Thomas Gannon, D.D.

** Librarian of the Lending Library.*

1832, Henry Kingmill, A.M.

** Registrar.*

Henry Wray, D.D.

** Registrar of Chambers.*

Richard M'Donnell, D.D.

** Bursar.*

Franc. Sadleir, D.D.

Junior Bursar, and Registrar of the University Electors.

Richard Mac Donnell, D.D.

** Auditor.*

Charles William Wall, D.D.

** Censor.*

Charles Hare, D.D.

** Deans.*

Charles William Wall, D.D.
Henry Kingmill, A.M.

** Senior Lecturer.*

Stephen Creaghe Sandes, D.D.

** University Preachers for the Year.*

Franc. Sadleir, D.D.
Joseph Henderson Singer, D.D.
James Thomas O'Brien, D.D.
John Blair Chapman, A.M.
Henry Kingmill, A.M.
John Lewis, Moore, A.M.

** Donellan Lecturer.*

Franc Sadleir, D.D.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

The following degrees were conferred in November last:—

Doctors in Divinity—Rev. W. Jackson, late Fellow of Queen's College.

Masters of Arts—D. Vawdrey, Fellow of Brazennose; Rev. F. F. Beadon, Oriel.

Bachelors of Arts—T. Niblett, Exeter; T. H. Murray, Worcester.

November 10.

The following gentlemen were elected Fellows of All Souls' College:—Frederick Anson (student), and Arthur Isham, B.A., Christ Church; and Faliott Bangh, B.A., Exeter College.

The following degrees were conferred:—*Bachelors of Arts*—The Earl of Lincoln, Christ Church, Grand Comp; W. Howley, New College; H. Blackall, student of Christ Church; C. B. Brown, Trinity.

November 17.

Queen's College.—In pursuance of the will of the late Kane Fitzgerald, Esq., an Exhibition of £60 a year, open to natives of Middlesex, and tenable under conditions for seven years, has been recently founded in Queen's College, Oxford.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts—Rev. E. R. Berrens, St. Mary's Hall; Rev. T. Bell, University; Rev. E. Ashe, Balliol; Rev. R. M. Ashe, Trinity; Rev. T. Pateson, Exeter; Rev. E. Meade, Wadham; Rev. H. Flesher, Lincoln. And in Jesus College: T. Shaw, Brazennose Grand Comp.; Rev. H. Purrier, Worcester; N. W. Goodenough, student of Christ Church.

CAMBRIDGE.

Friday, November. 2, 1832

The Marquis of Granby; the Viscount Megland; the Hon. George Murray, eldest son of Lord Glenlyon; the Hon. Charles Maynard; Lord Claud Hamilton; Lord John Beresford; the Hon. Orlando Forrester, and Sir John Nelthorpe, were admitted members of Trinity College.

November 9.

The Cambridge Philosophical Society held a general meeting on Tuesday last, the 6th inst., for the purpose of formally accepting the charter lately granted to them by his Majesty; and the occasion was afterwards celebrated by a public dinner at the Eagle Inn. These who have watched the progress of the society, and consulted the volumes of the original memoirs it has published, will rejoice at an event which has placed it on an honourable and permanent foundation.

The subject of the Norrissian prize essay for the ensuing year is "*The conduct and preaching of the Apostles in evidence of the Truth of Christianity.*"

At a congregation on Friday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts—T. Spring Rice, Trinity.

Master of Arts—Rev. R. Bond, Corpus Christi; Rev. W. Butler, Trinity;

R. Buckley, St. Peter's; R. W. Sedgwick, Trinity.

Bachelor in Civil Law—Rev. H. J. Williams, St. John's.

Bachelor in Physic—George Shann, Trinity.

Bachelor of Arts—William Hodgson, Queen's; John Crosby Umpleby, Queen's. At the same congregation a grace passed the Senate to appoint Mr. Graham, of Jesus college, and Mr. Jackson, of St. John's college, Classical Examiners of the Questionists who are not Candidates for Honours.

At a recent meeting of the Observatory Syndicate it was stated, that at a sale of certain property, at Balsham, a short time previous, a lot consisting of two inclosures of arable land, was purchased by Mr. E. M. Smith, who found it to be situate very near the Plumian Homestall, and nearly surrounded by the land belonging to that estate. Mr. Smith therefore purchased the lot under the impression that the University might deem it a desirable addition to the Plumian estate. The Syndicate agreed that it was highly desirable that the lot should be purchased as a permanent addition to the Plumian estate, and on Friday last a grace passed the Senate, agreeing to grant the necessary sum to the Plumian Trustees from the common chest.

November 16.

The Rev. Humphry Senhouse Pindar, M.A., Junior Fellow of Gonville and Caius college, has been elected a Senior Fellow of that society.

John Mills, jun. Esq. B. A. of Pembroke college, was, on Wednesday last, elected a Foundation Fellow of that society.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity—Rev. C. Davies, St. John's.

Honorary Master of Arts—Hon. R. Devereux, Downing.

Masters of Arts—Rev. J. Wollen, St. John's; Rev. W. J. Dampier, St. John's.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, Professor Sedgwick, the president being in the chair. A number of presents made to the society were noticed; among which, were stuffed specimens of the Guillemot, Puffin, and Razor bill, presented by R. W. Rothman, Esq. Fellow of Trinity college; celtic weapons found in Ireland, presented by the Rev. R. Murphy, Fellow of Caius college; recent parts of the Transactions of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, the Royal Asiatic Society, the American Philosophical Society, the Societies of Brussels, and Geneva; also several works presented by individuals. A communication, by Mr. Greene, was laid before the society, on the laws of the equilibrium of fluids analogous to the electric fluid; and a memoir by Augustus De Morgan, Esq. of Trinity college, on the general equation of surfaces of the second order. After the meeting, Professor Henslow gave an account of various observations of Geology and Natural History made in the course of a residence at Weymouth during the past summer; noticing especially the burning cliff, the "dirt bed;" among the strata, the remains of fossil trees in a vertical position, and the various "faults," dislocations, and contortions in the position of the strata. This account was illustrated by numerous diagrams and coloured drawings.

The following is an abstract of the laws and regulations of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, prescribed by the new charter.

1. That the Society consist of such Graduates of the University as are now Fellows, or shall at any time hereafter become Fellows thereof, agreeably to the bye-laws of the Society.

2. That his Royal Highness, William

Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, Chancellor of the University, be Patron of the Society.

3. That his Royal Highness, Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, the Right Hon. Philip, Earl of Hardwicke, High Steward of the University, and the Vice-chancellor of the said University, be Vice-Presidents.

4. That there always be a Council to manage the concerns of the body corporate, and that the said Council consist of a president, three vice-presidents, one treasurer, not more than three secretaries, and not more than twelve, nor less than seven other Fellows, to be elected out of the Fellows of the said body corporate.

5. That general meetings of the body corporate be held once in the year, or oftener, for the purpose of electing the officers and Council of the Society, and determining the period of their continuing in office, of enacting such bye laws as seem useful and necessary for the regulation of the said body corporate—of fixing the days on which the ordinary meetings of the Society shall be held—of determining the mode in which Fellows and Honorary Members shall be elected, admitted, or expelled, and of managing the affairs of the said body corporate.

6. That the Fellow who has filled the office of President for two successive years, shall not be again eligible to the same situation until the expiration of one year from the termination of his office.

7. That it be lawful at the General Meetings of the body corporate to alter and revoke former bye laws, and to make such new bye laws as they shall think good and expedient.

8. That no such General Meeting shall (without the consent of the Council) have the power of altering or repealing any bye laws, or making any new one, unless the Fellow or Fellows of the Society, desirous of altering or repealing any bye law, or of making any new one, shall have given to the Council one month's previous notice of such, his or their intention.

9. That no bye law shall on any pretence whatsoever be made in opposition to the true intent of the charter, the laws of the realm, or the statutes of the University of Cambridge.

10. That the Council (in conformity with the charter and bye laws of the Society) have the sole management of the funds and affairs of the Society, and do all such acts as shall appear to them necessary to carry into effect the objects and views of the body corporate.

11. That the whole property of the body corporate be vested in the Fellows thereof; but that no disposition of any lands, tenements, or hereditaments be-

longing to the said body corporate be made, except with the approbation and concurrence of a general meeting.

SCOTLAND.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.—On Thursday, November 15th, Henry Cockburn, Esq., his Majesty's Solicitor-General for Scotland, was unanimously re-elected Lord Rector for the ensuing year. The Lord Rector of the University is not appointed by the *Senatus Academicus*, but by the whole body of Matriculated Students.

UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.—The Chair of Natural Philosophy, vacated by the death of Sir John Leslie, is in the gift of the Town Council. Sir John Herschell has been invited to become a candidate for it; but, in a communication made by him to the Lord Provost, while he expresses his deep sense of the honour done him by the invitation, he states, as the ground of his refusal, that the nature of his present pursuits requires his residence for some years in a distant settlement.

UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREW'S.—The Rev. David Scott, M.D., Minister of Corstorphine, in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, has been appointed Professor of Oriental Languages.

UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.—The Lord Viscount Arbuthnot has been re-elected Lord Rector of the King's College for the ensuing year; and R. W. Duff, Esq., James Urquhart, Esq., and Charles Bannerman, Esq., Assessors.

We regret to announce the death of Professor Sir John Leslie, who expired on the afternoon of the 3d inst., after a very short illness, at his seat of Coats, in Fife. The death of this distinguished philosopher will create a mighty blank in the scientific world. For original genius, profound literature, and inventive power, perhaps he had not an equal in modern times.

AMERICA.

The University of New York was to be opened during the month of November for the reception of students. Amongst the Professors appointed, is Dr. Francis

Leiber, a German, to Lecture on the history of Commerce, Agriculture, and Manufacture.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

It is our intention, in a future number, to devote some of our columns to the consideration of this National establishment. Our present limits will only permit us to notice, in a very brief manner, some facts respecting it, which may be entertaining to the public.

The Society now consists of life and honorary members, and its government is vested in the former, who have paid a certain sum in lieu of all subscriptions. The present admission fee of a member is thirty guineas. A new bye-law has just been made, which admits a class of annual subscribers, called *associate annual*

subscribers, at three guineas each, per annum. These subscribers have the same privileges as the incorporated members, except that they have no share in the government of the Society, and they can neither be present at its meetings, nor take a book from the library.

A new descriptive catalogue of the minerals belonging to the Society's collection, drawn up by Sir Charles Giesecke, has just been printed, and will, we understand, be sold to the members and the public at cost price.

Our partiality to the chemical department of the Society, will induce us to

give a brief notice of some interesting facts lately discovered by Professor Davy, which, we apprehend, are scarcely known among scientific men. The Society, not long since, published a paper of his, "On a new Acid (the Fulminic) and its combinations." Whilst examining these substances, he discovered a new fulminating silver, having the common properties of Howard's compound, but distinguished from it, by spontaneously exploding in Chlorine gas. A single grain of this fulminate is sufficient to produce about 100 separate explosions in this gas, and about 1000 explosions may be produced in about a half ounce phial of the gas. The fulminate is instantly exploded when dropped into mixtures of gases containing 1-100 of chlorine gas. Hence it is a delicate test of the presence of this gas, and will probably admit of application as a substitute for the fulminating compounds at present used in the percussion locks of guns. The new fulminate of silver, according to the Professor's analysis, contains two proportions of fulminic acid and one of oxide of silver, and is the bifulminate, whereas Howard's compound, contains only half as much of the same acid and is the fulminate.

In the course of some recent experiments on the new test for chlorine gas, Mr. Davy was led to examine the gases produced by the mutual action of nitric acid and different chlorides, and also of the nitric and muriatic acids on each other, by which he discovered a new gas composed of equal volumes of chlorine and nitrous gases, hence he has called it *chloro-nitrous* gas. It may be made by treating fused chloride of sodium, potassium, or calcium, in powder, with as much strong nitrous acid as is sufficient to wet it. This gas is of a pale reddish yellow colour, and has an odour somewhat resembling that of chlorine, but less pungent. From its strong affinity for moisture, it fumes when brought in contact with the air. In its ordinary state of dryness, it destroys vegetable colours, but it first reddens litmus paper, before the colour is removed. Chloro-nitrous gas does not support combustion, but the bifulminate of silver explodes in it. It is readily absorbed by water, and in quantity, and the acid thus obtained, resembles very closely *aqua-regia* or nitro-muriatic acid, the common solvent of gold.

We shall, lastly, notice a paper of Professor Davy's entitled, "On a simple electro-chemical method of ascertaining the presence of different metals; applied to detect minute quantities of metallic poisons."

The voltaic arrangement used by the author, consisted of small slips of different metals, generally of zinc and platina, placed in contact, and forming a circuit with the interposed fluid containing the poisonous metal, which is presently deposited on the negative surface, in the metallic state. The zinc and platina employed were commonly in the form of foil, sometimes, however, a small platina crucible, or spatula was used. It is generally necessary to mix a drop or two of acid with the metallic compounds that are to be submitted to this test, and that are brought in contact with the platina, when on applying the zinc foil, the platina becomes coated with the reduced metal.

The author details many experiments proving the efficacy of his method to detect the different combinations of arsenic, mercury, lead, and copper; and notices the precautions to be observed in the case of each metal. He was enabled not only to detail the presence of arsenic, but to exhibit its characteristic properties, when only 1-500, and in some instances, when the very minute quantity of 1-2500 of a grain was deposited on the platina.

The author's electro-chemical method was found competent to detect very minute quantities of the different metals, when their compounds were mixed with a number of vegetable and animal substances. Thus, the presence of arsenic was readily discovered when mixed with the ordinary articles of food, as wheaton flour, bread, starch, potatoes, rice, peas, soup, sugar, gruel, tea, vinegar, milk, eggs, gelatine, wines; also when mixed with the principal secretions of the alimentary canal. Arsenious acid was detected with great ease, when mixed with butter, lard, oils, &c. The results were precisely similar with corrosive sublimate, the acetate of lead, and the sulphate of copper when added in very small quantities, to the most complicated mixtures of organic substances. And in instances where the common tests do not act at all, or only act fallaciously, the electro-chemical method acts with the greatest certainty.

BELFAST MUSEUM.

The first meeting of the Belfast Natural History Society, in the present session, took place on Wednesday, the 20th of October, when an address was delivered by the Rev. T. D. Hincks, M.R.I.A. In commencing it, he took occasion to notice the facility with which knowledge may now be acquired, contrasted with the difficulties which formerly retarded its acquisition; then dwelt on the humble commencement of the Natural History Society here, when it consisted of only eight members; and after touching on some of the different steps by which its progress had been marked, dwelt at considerable length on the vast range of objects which the science embraces, and the elevated pleasure which it affords. This address was delivered by Mr. Hincks at the request of the Society's Council; and to all the members it appeared highly gratifying to behold the same gentleman, who had so long presided over their meetings at a former period, come forward from amidst of other engrossing avocations, as the unwearied promoter of natural science. In the course of the remarks which the address elicited, Dr. Drummond, the president of the society, mentioned that he had long conceived that a popular course of lectures, illustrative of the facts adduced in Paley's Natural Theology, would be desirable; and that he might, perhaps, take occasion in the course of the present winter, to deliver a course of about forty lectures on those parts of the animal structure and economy alluded to in that work.

The following donations were presented:—A fine specimen of a vertical section of an *orthoceratite*, from Castle Espie quarry, by James Birch Gilmour, Esq., Maxwell's Court, near Comber; a number of native insects, which are now in course of scientific arrangement in the Museum, collected in the neighbourhood of Belfast, by Mr. A. H. Haliday, Dr. Templeton, Mr. G. C. Hyndman, and Mr. R. Patterson; a flying fish, and the jaws of a shark, taken on the passage from New Orleans to Belfast, presented by Mr James Vance; two alligators, both of which were living when received, from William Vance, Esq. New Orleans; the one which still survives, was exhibited, and appears about two feet and a half in length; a guana, small stuffed shark, a fine fan coral, and some shells, presented by Dr. Archer, of Liverpool. Above one hundred members and visitors were present on this interesting occasion. It was announced that the new subscriptions to the building fund since the 1st of October, amounted to 36l. 15s., and that a considerable augmentation was expected, upon the opening of the Museum for public exhibition, which will be in the course of a fortnight or three weeks. The first private meeting of the Society was fixed for Wednesday evening, the 6th November, when Mr. E. Getty read a paper on the varieties of grain lately under cultivation in the Belfast Botanic Garden. We understand that a paper was also read by Dr. H. Purdon, on the 21st November.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

At a General Annual Meeting, held at their House, Lower Abbey-street, on the 18th day of October, 1882, the following officers, &c. were elected:—

PRESIDENT—Martin Cregan, Esq., Professor of Painting, and Trustee, in the room of William Cuming, Esq., who resigned.

SECRETARY—George Papworth, Esq., Professor of Architecture, and Trustee.

KEEPER—Thomas J. Mulvany, Esq. Professor of Perspective.

TREASURER—John G. Mulvany, Esq.

LIBRARIAN—George Petrie, Esq., M.R.I.A.

COUNCIL—George Papworth, Esq., Robert L. West, Esq., John G. Mulvany, Esq. Joseph Peacock, Esq.

AUDITORS—George Petrie, Esq., and Thomas J. Mulvany, Esq.

HOUSE COMMITTEE—Thomas Kirk, Esq., Professor of Sculpture, and Trustee, George Papworth, Esq., Thomas J. Mulvany, Esq.

VISITERS—Samuel Lover, Esq., Robert L. West, Esq., Thomas Kirk, Esq., George Petrie, Esq.

ASSOCIATES—T. Bridgeford and Matthew Kendrick.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

We announce with feelings of sincere pleasure, the success of our highly-gifted fellow-countryman, Mr. George Petrie, in having obtained the first prize, a gold medal and fifty guineas, presented by the Royal Irish Academy, for the best Essay upon the origin and use of the Round Towers of Ireland. We trust Mr. Petrie may be induced to submit speedily to the public, the results of his judgment

and experience upon one of the most interesting topics connected with Irish antiquities; enhanced, as they will be, of course, by beautiful and accurate illustrations, for which Mr. Petrie's well known and deservedly appreciated taste and ability have long since ranked him among the most distinguished professors of the Fine Arts.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF IRELAND.

A general meeting of the members and friends of this most interesting and useful Society, was held on the 19th of November last, for the purpose of considering the plans of various improvements proposed to be made at the Gardens, in the Phoenix-park, and other matters relative to the furtherance of the interests and welfare of the Society.

The following is an abstract of the report:—

The Treasurer has received since the first general meeting to 1st Nov. 1832—

For subscriptions, £508 5 0

Admissions from 1st Sept.

to 1st Nov. 1833, 912 8 10

£1,420 13 10

Entire expense since com-

mencement, 1,331 9 9

Balance in Treasurer's

hands, £89 4 1

The visitors who paid for admission at the garden during the above period amounted to 36,497 persons.

There is a building fund in the hands of Mr. Cusack, the produce of a separate subscription, amounting to £44. Some of the members of your Society are disposed to lend sums of money to be vested in the hands of trustees, for the purpose of erecting buildings required for the animals, for which interest, at 4 per cent. is to be paid, until the principal is discharged. On this arrangement your opinion is requested.

We have voted Mr. Decimus Burton £75 for laying out a plan of your garden, and he very liberally became a life subscriber. He is supposed to be one of the best judges of such constructions, as you require.

LIST OF ANIMALS IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

QUADRUPEDS.—Two Wapeti Deer; one Nylghau; four large Zebus; two small Zebus; one Sambér Deer; one Peccary; one wild Boar; one Bear; two Foxes; one Otter; one Badger; one Hyena; one Coatimundi; one Aguati; one Lemur; one Ichneumon; two Squirrels; one Cape Sheep; two Raccoons; one Wolf; two Russian Rabbits; one Boar Hound; two green Monkeys; one Bonnet Monkey; one rib nosed Monkey; one Spider Monkey; one black Monkey; one Angola Cat; one Seal; eight small Monkeys; seven small Tortoises; two large ditto.

BIRDS.—Two Ostriches; two Emus; two Land Eagles; two sea Eagles; two African Cranes; three Golden Pheasants (one hen); two Silver Pheasants; one common Pheasant; Six Owls; one red legged Partridge; six common Partridge; five Canada and Poland Geese; three Wild Ducks; three Muscovy Ducks; three Peacocks; two Bantam Fowl; four Gulls; one Barnacle; one Pelican; two Macaws; one Cockatoo; three Parroquets; five Parrots; three African Doves; one Jay; two Kestrels; one Kite; two Hawks; one Curassow.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY CALENDAR for 1833, 1 Vol. small 8vo. Dublin; —WM. CURRY, Jun. & Co. and MILLIKEN & SON.

WE confess that we sat down to the perusal of the Dublin University Calendar, with minds not sufficiently unbiassed, to enable us to speak impartially of its merits. We had long looked in vain for such a record of our University, which should fully develop its chequered and instructive history, and present us with tangible information on a thousand points of interest, connected with a place so endeared to us by association, and possessing such claims on our respect and gratitude. We had learned, besides, somewhat of the progress of the work during the early stages of its advancement, and we felt we might rely much on the powers of the learned gentleman from whose pen it proceeds, while we could not but admire the laborious and determined course he pursued, in draining every source of necessary information, for the fulfilment of the task he had undertaken.

With such grounds of prejudice, we repeat, that we took up the volume before us, and yet we think we shall but echo general opinion in saying, that when we sought for an acquaintance with the origin, the annals and the discipline of our University, our desires have been abundantly answered, and whatsoever hopes we naturally entertained, from our knowledge of Mr. Todd's ability, discretion, and research, have been as fully realised.

Than the "Historical Introduction" to the University Calendar, we have never met sixty pages filled with more useful and entertaining information: Antiquarian lore, cautious enquiry after facts and dates, and an accurate examination of important MSS, afford strong evidence of the author's unwearied assiduity, and cannot fail to en-

gage the reader's attention, as well by the comprehensiveness of its style, as the clearness and accuracy of its detail.

Commencing with the golden age of Ireland, when she was looked up to by other nations as a model of learning and piety. Mr. Todd gives us a cursory, but distinct view of the ancient extent and flourishing of national erudition—of its decay and disappearance, and, subsequently, of its progressive revival—until, at the present day, it is found enshrined in the Institution of which he has proved himself a no less useful than intelligent member. Each part of this sketch brings with it claims on our consideration—the first, for the view it affords of the primitive national character and pursuits, when the present haunts of violence and superstition were the favourite retreats of religious and scientific seclusion; the next, for its developement of the state that succeeded, and the interest it lends to the early efforts of the University, at permanent independence; the conclusion, for an accurate and graphic record of the ultimate success they gradually attained.

So much we can say, with sincerity, for the historical introduction to the Calendar. The remainder of the volume refers only to the details of College discipline, and the minor facts of its annals, such as its institutions, and their origin, its occupants, and the names of all in any way distinguished, which will be found of deep importance to the student; and, we hesitate not to say, must secure to the University, with any who peruse them and are unacquainted with its merits, a very high place in their admiration and respect.

On the whole, we think Mr. Todd's book calculated to disabuse those who are strangers to the Institution, whence it emanates of many unfavourable and prevailing prejudices, and this object we deem especially desirable. One we shall

briefly instance : There has been no reproach so frequently or strongly urged against the Irish University, as that of its members having hitherto taken but little share in advancing, by personal exertions, the literature of the day. "Silent Sister" is a common appellative, and one which, in the mouths of cavillers, is ever supposed sufficient to counter-balance the evident merits of our College, or even efface them altogether.

Now, the simple and undeniable facts of the necessary difficulties and disadvantages of publication in Ireland, and that many of the leading works, which emanate from the English press, are often either conducted by, or altogether the production of the foster children of Alma Mater, will remove the imputation at once from those who but sojourn for a while within her walls, and throw it altogether upon the residents, who have a fixed connection in the establishment.

Let then any unprejudiced person, having carefully examined this reasonable view of the subject, which will certainly lead to its adoption, apply to the Dublin University Calendar for the nature and duties of a fellowship, and then say, dispassionately, whether a junior Fellow has time to give his attention to literature unconnected with his profession, averaging, as we do, the number of students at eighteen hundred, and his own pupils at one-eighteenth of that aggregate ; or if it be reasonable to expect that a Senior Fellow, himself fulfilling duties of importance, being occupied continually with the arduous task of arranging and regulating the academic government, could possibly make the brief leisure he enjoys available for the purposes so unfairly required.

Again, let any one examine the similar records of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, so boasted of for their literary renown by these cavillers at our own, and he will find that the number of dignitaries in either, at any time, will exceed the entire number of those in ours since its foundation. We find, by reference to the Calendar, that since the foundation of the Dublin University, a period of nearly three hundred years, there have been only four hundred and sixty Fellows. Now, the number of Fellows and ex-Fellows, in connexion with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, are almost as many at present as the whole number

in our College since its original foundation, and that there is literally not one amongst them whose greatest *compulsory* occupations will equal those of ours, whose hands are the emptiest.

We would fearlessly appeal to the issue of such an investigation of this subject, or rather proudly anticipate the awardment of praise and admiration, that so many high and renowned names are to be found in the long list of our dignitaries, as will appear in the pages of the University Calendar. A letter of the famous Archbishop Usher to Dr. Challoner, quoted by Mr. Todd, (p. 39-40,) will prove that the view we have taken of this subject was even in his early time thrown into a powerful light ; nor will the fact of six being *about* the number of Fellows at that period, although they now amount to twenty-six, at all invalidate our argument, when we remember the far more than proportionable increase of the number of students to the present day, and the duties attendant thereon.

In conclusion, we think the Dublin University, in which he holds such a distinguished rank, much indebted to Mr. Todd for the vindication and apology he has best offered for her in the unvarnished detail of the facts of her Institution and history, while we are pleased to discover that he is not the only person connected with Trinity College, who, in common with ourselves, is just now canvassing the approbation of the public in print.

The University Calendar, we feel, we may safely recommend to the Antiquarian for its research—to the Historian for its accuracy—to the Student for its discipline, and a faithful record of all prizes and honors—the latest examination for the most important of the latter, being fully and accurately detailed—and to all, generally, who feel an interest in the scene of youthful competition and instruction, and of their own early probation and ambition.

We most warmly recommend this work to all who seek for information on a subject connected with the best interests of society, and feel highly gratified at such an authentic document issuing from the press at the present period—by appealing to which the cavils of the ignorant declaimer may at once be decidedly refuted, and the friends of the establishment supplied with conclusive arguments to defend the interests of the Dublin University.

HUMBOLDT'S TRAVELS, by W. Macgillivray. Being Volume 10 of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, 1832.

We have never had a problem of more difficult solution connected with the human mind, than that afforded by the character of Baron Von Humboldt; how it was possible that qualities hardly ever coexistent in the same individual could be all united in this one person, has been a subject of astonishment and wonder to us since we first remember to have read any of his works. How the disposition and mental powers of a philosopher, worthy of the highest rank in all the various departments of natural and physical science, possessing extended knowledge of Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry, Botany, and Zoology, could be united with a minute acquaintance with Political Economy and Statistical research, has been to us an almost inexplicable fact, the more so, as these acquirements are generally the results of a life of retirement, and the studies requisite for them, almost universally productive of settled and sedentary habits; and yet, such is Humboldt; with the mental powers and knowledge of Cuvier or Browne, are united the enterprising spirit and untiring perseverance of Clapperton or Parry, and long would the general reader have remained ignorant of such a man, had not the compiler of the work before us possessed the industry and perseverance to wade through his voluminous and laboured works, and to select such portions as are sufficient to give an adequate, and, at the same time, popular idea of them; connecting these extracts by such judicious remarks or comments, as make the book valuable both to the general and scientific reader; to the latter of whom it will be of infinite service, as a book of reference, many preferring uncertainty to the labour of consulting the voluminous and frequently inaccessible tomes of Baron Humboldt. We would be happy if we had space to devote to it, to present several passages to our readers, we will however extract one or two, which will enable them to judge of some of the difficulties and dangers our traveller underwent during his researches, and enable the reader to judge of the courage requisite for the task:

"Bushes of sauso (*Hermesia castanefolia*) formed along the margins a

kind of hedge about four feet high, in which the jaguars, tapirs, and peccaries, had made openings for the purpose of drinking; and as these animals manifest little fear at the approach of a boat, the travellers had the pleasure of viewing them as they walked slowly along the shore, until they disappeared in the forest. When the sauso-hedge was at a distance from the current, crocodiles were often seen in parties of eight or ten, stretched out on the strand motionless, and with their jaws opened at right angles. These monstrous reptiles were so numerous, that throughout the whole course of the river there usually five or six in view, although the waters had scarcely begun to rise, and hundreds were still buried in the mud of the savannahs. A dead individual which they found was 17 feet 9 inches long, and another, a male, was more than 23. This species is not a cayman or alligator, but a real crocodile, with feet dentated on the outer edge like that of the Nile. The Indians informed them, that scarcely a year passes at San Fernando without two or three persons being drowned by them, and related the history of a young girl of Urituco who, by singular presence of mind, made her escape from one. Finding herself seized and carried into the water, she felt her fingers into them; when the crocodile let her loose, after biting off the lower part of her left arm. Notwithstanding the quantity of blood which she lost, she was still able to reach the shore by swimming with the right hand."

The following account is given in p. 200, than which nothing can more strongly exhibit the miseries the inhabitants of the banks of the Orinoko and its tributary streams are exposed to from the innumerable noxious and dangerous reptiles with which the country abounds:

"In the night they forded the Rio Urituco, which is filled with crocodiles remarkable for their ferocity, although those of the Rio Tisnao in the neighbourhood are not at all dangerous. They were shown a hut or shed, in which a singular scene had been witnessed by their host of Calabozo, who, having slept in it upon a bench covered with leather, was awakened early in the morning by a violent shaking, accompanied with a horrible noise. Presently an alligator two or three feet long issued from under the bed, and

darted at a dog lying on the threshold, but missing him ran toward the river. When the spot where the beuch stood was examined, the dried mud was found turned up to a considerable depth, where the alligator had lain in its state of torpidity or summer sleep. The hut being situated on the edge of a pool, and inundated during part of the year, the animal had no doubt entered at that period and concealed itself in the mire. The Indians often find enormous boas, or water-serpents, in the same lethargic state."

"Humboldt relates that, at the time of his stay at Angostura, an Indian from the island of Margarita having gone to anchor his canoe in a cove where there were not three feet of water, a very fierce crocodile that frequented the spot seized him by the leg and carried him off. With astonishing courage he searched for a knife in his pocket, but not finding it, thrust his fingers into the animal's eyes. The monster, however, did not let go his hold, but plunged to the bottom of the river, and, after drowning his victim, came to the surface and dragged the body to an island.

"The number of individuals who perish annually in this manner is very great, especially in villages where the neighbouring grounds are inundated. The same crocodiles remain long in the same places, and become more daring from year to year, especially, as the Indians assert, if they have once tasted human flesh. They are not easily killed, as their skin is impenetrable, the throat and the space beneath the shoulder being the only parts where a ball or spear can enter. The natives catch them with large iron hooks baited with meat, and attached to a chain fastened to a tree, After the animal has struggled for a considerable time, they attack it with lances." p. 286.

The above extracts will give our readers some notion of the nature of this most interesting book, which we recommend most warmly to their notice.

ALPHABET OF BOTANY FOR THE USE OF BEGINNERS, by James Rennie, M.A. London; William Orr, Paternoster-row, 1833.

A CONSPECTUS OF BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS found in Britain, &c. &c.

WE have no hesitation in asserting that Mr. Rennie has most ably supplied

by his Scientific Alphabets, the wants so long felt by the student, of a series of popular and clearly intelligible analyses of the subjects whose names are stated in his catalogue.—Judging from the two little volumes which have already appeared, we may speak with confidence of a similar success being deservedly ensured to those which are soon to follow, and which, from the ingenuity and tact which Mr. Rennie has already evinced in his combination of simplicity with accuracy, and amusement with instruction, cannot fail to be equally attractive as the former, even to those whose inclinations or pursuits will not admit of a deeper, or more extended research in these most interesting and delightful branches of natural knowledge.

In his plan of the publication prefixed to the Alphabet of Botany, Mr. Rennie makes a most excellent observation upon a defect, but too palpable, in the treatises which formed part of the Library of Useful Knowledge:—They are positively unintelligible to ordinary readers, owing to a mistake but too apt to prevail among those, who, being themselves complete masters of a subject, forget to supply the data, or the first principles of their theories, without which it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, for a beginner to attempt making any progress. This is by no means the case with Mr. Rennie, who, by the very conciseness and completeness of his arrangement, has given sufficient proof of his own ability, without confounding or disheartening the efforts of the tyro. In his preface to the 'Conspectus' there are some very entertaining remarks upon the ridiculous obscurity of what have been hitherto misnamed 'Scientific' appellatives, and which, as Mr. Rennie aptly observes, are a "uniform tissue of pedantic barbarisms, not for the diffusion, but the concealment of knowledge;" for example, *fluvous* and *luteous* for *yellow*, *griseous* for *grey*, *ochraceous* for *fusca*, meaning, as Mr. Rennie conjectures, *a dusky buff*, &c. After an attentive perusal of the 'Alphabet' and 'Conspectus,' we feel that we should be guilty of an injustice both to the public, and the author, if we were not to express ourselves highly gratified; there being, so far as we are competent to decide, no possible objection to the style and classification of the contents,

with which the neat and convenient size of these useful manuals are in perfect conformity. We trust most sincerely that the general opinion shall be found to coincide with our own, and that Mr. Rennie may receive in his progress, the ample encouragement to which his efforts are unquestionably entitled.

FAMILY LIBRARY, No. 36. SIX MONTHS IN THE WEST INDIES, IN 1825, by Henry Nelson Coleridge, M.A. late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. Third Edition with additions. London, J. Murray. 1832.

EVERY number of the Family Library, as it appears, confirms us in the expectations which we had formed, from the very outset of the work, of its inevitable success. To render the literature of the day attainable by those whose means were not proportioned to their thirst for knowledge, in its very design was praiseworthy, and, we are happy to be enabled to add, has won unlimited applause in the course of its execution. The subject of our present notice is the third edition of No. 36, to which we may address the somewhat commonplace, but in this instance, at least, most justly applicable compliment, that it is fully equal to any of its predecessors. It is written in a very happy, and rather light and humorous style, containing but few pages which are not enlightened and enlivened by some sparkling effusions of a ready and agreeable wit. We regret that our limits prevent our giving any extracts from this most entertaining volume, should our readers however, desire a single specimen, whereby they may be enabled to judge at once of the book, and of the propriety of our remarks, we would refer them to the 'Crossing the Tropic,' page 31.

REPUBLIC OF LETTERS. Edited by H. Whitclaw, Editor of the *Casquet*. Glasgow; Blackie and Son, 1833.

These elegant volumes, of which the fourth and concluding one has been just published, contain a selection of the most popular fugitive pieces, which have appeared from time to time in the leading periodicals, and to which a more permanent and enduring fame is given by their being embodied in a work which should form part of the library of every lover of the lighter tales of fiction. We are proud to see among the

articles selected as worthy a permanent place in the literature of the country, several originally published in that defunct and much-to-be-lamented (as the E. M. P. would say,) periodical, the *Dublin Literary Gazette*, and among these, some by the talented author of "Traits and Stories."

We sincerely recommend these volumes to the attention of all the lovers of the light literature of the day, and feel assured that the attractive nature of their contents, conjoined with their moderate price, will obtain for them an extensive sale and a favoured position in the book-case or on the table of every one who seeks to pass a vacant hour in the most delightful of all occupations.

ESSAY ON MINERAL AND THERMAL SPRINGS. By Dr. Gairdner.

For the present we can merely notice this book as a learned and ingenious essay on a subject most interesting to the Chemist and Geologist, as we intend to devote a separate article to this subject in a future number, when we will be able to enter more fully into this able essay on a topic of great importance, as it is intimately connected with the great problems of the Geognostic Structure and Physical constitution of the Globe. We most strongly recommend it to the notice of our scientific friends.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, No. 9, IRELAND; a Tale by Harriet Martineau. London, C. Fox, 1832.

HARIET MARTINEAU has again appeared before the public, in a ninth number of *Illustrations of Political Economy*. It was our original purpose to enter fully into the details of this and some other of Miss Martineau's tracts, but a press of more important matter obliges us for the present, to content ourselves with a brief sketch of the work before us. At some future period—perhaps on the appearance of her promised "Investigation of the long subsisting causes of Irish distress"—we may make some atonement for our present neglect. Having discussed the injuries inflicted on Ireland by a gradation of landlords, and partnership transactions, Miss Martineau favours us with her views on the introduction of Poor Laws into this country, and on the effects of absen-

teeism. Her reasonings are so ingenious, that we could, with Dr. Johnson, almost wish them conclusive. The last subject treated of, is that of tithes; and in this place we have the common-place objections,—viz., the hardships of the peasantry supporting a heterodox clergy, and contributing to the maintenance of a church from which they receive no advantage in return.

We cannot forbear quoting one or two sentences of the book itself on this head: "The incumbent of the parish is induced even to give up his tithes, retrench his expences, and, along with his family, live with the utmost frugality." The construction put upon such generosity we thus become acquainted with: "When reminded that the remission was an act of free grace on Mr. Orme's part, they replied, 'Thank him for nothing; he would never have got another pound of tithe in this parish, as he probably knows. He gives up only what he could not touch.'"

Without entering into the merits of her reasoning, we will be excused for

remarking that the agitation of such a subject, more particularly at the present juncture, is strangely at variance with the professed object of a person who wishes to ameliorate the condition of the country, by reconciling the conflicting parties, whose divisions now distract it.

The hero of the story, whose achievements form the premises from whence the above conclusions have been deduced, is an humble labourer, who, on being ejected from his holding, becomes a Whiteboy; commits, in company with his fellow mauraunders, crimes most unheard of; hangs out false lights to seaward on tempestuous nights, &c.; whose wife is transported for writing threatening notices, and who escapes justice himself, for the purpose, we suppose, of adorning Miss Martineau's next work on the improvement of Ireland. Her concluding words are—"Dan shall henceforth be heard of, not seen, by the victims of his virulence. He who was once the pride, is now the scourge of the Glen of Echoes."

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to acquaint our Contributors, that we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping of any *short* articles, either in prose or verse, which may be considered unsuited for insertion in our Magazine.

Tyro, Libertas, Rusticus, and T. C. B. are inadmissible.

There are one or two personalities in the article of "Academicus," which preclude our taking advantage of it as we could have wished. Such objections however, are easily removed. We should wish to hear from him further, when his other occupations may permit.

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A BRIEF DISCOURSE ON GENERAL POLITICS.

"Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honor and a gentleman, and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive is an open enemy, or an inglorious sower to mankind, in proportion to the misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him." These are the words of Sir Richard Steele, in a courtly dedication, (no very likely place to meet with truth,) yet we hold them to be just and honest, and applicable to all times, but more especially to periods when public affairs appear to be full of danger, and neither the applause of the multitude, nor the favor of the government can be looked for, by those whose zeal is not on the side of revolution. Such a period is the present, and we therefore feel it to be our duty to enter at once boldly upon the field of political discussion, although it is one in which we shall be obliged to contemplate a great deal that will give us no satisfaction, and to undertake the combat, with the odds fearfully against us. We are however, not appalled or disheartened; for we know that our cause is good—it is one not of party, but of principle—not of faction, but of justice. We do not want this or that man to be a Minister of the Crown, or a leader in the Parliament. We desire, that religion may be respected, and upheld, and its institutions saved from innovating and destroying hands—that the great political

establishments of the country may not be rashly disturbed, and ignorantly overthrown,—that the wise and the well-informed may be our legislators and governors, rather than the shallow conceited and turbulent parasites of a headstrong populace, drunk with religious or political bigotry—that the people may be taught the value of rational freedom, and the curse of popular licentiousness, and that every exertion may be made to better their moral and social condition. These are the objects of our political aspirations, and those who promote these objects are our political friends, by whatever name they may be called. We cannot believe that the majority of the British nation will long remain at enmity with such views as these:—whether they do or not, our part is taken, we had rather lose every thing in contending for them, than gain every thing else, while they were lost.

Having thus stated the present motive and the ultimate objects with which we undertake the discussion of political affairs, we shall now enter freely upon the task which we propose to ourselves in the present number, namely, to lay before our readers a brief view of the present state of politics, and the probabilities for the future, for so far as we can calculate upon them.

The Tory party—that party which seven years ago made its leaders all but absolute in Great Britain, and before which its opponents contended, without the slightest hope beyond that of

causing some inconvenience and embarrassment to a cause which could not be effectually impeded. That party is now all but utterly demolished. None foresaw, seven years ago, the course which events were likely to take, and very few up to the latest moment, could believe that the long-established power of the Tory party was to be shaken to its foundation; but now that the ruin has come, we can see well enough why it should have come, and there is no reason that we should not state plainly what we have too late discovered. The Tory party fell, because it deserved to fall. It had long neglected that, without which in this free country no party can, or ought to have, a great and lasting influence, we mean the affectionate respect of the great body of the people. We do not refer to the rabble or the brawlers who lead the rabble, but we mean emphatically the people—the thinking mass, whom the Tories took little pains to instruct, and none at all to please. There was nothing like popularity in the system of their government:—wrapped up in the forms of a kind of despotic official routine, which they seemed to think could never be seriously questioned, or effectually disturbed, they put away the people from them with cold repulsiveness, and they took no pains to make a figure before the nation, such as might obtain popular respect, if not affection. They had official power, and were content with its possession—they took no pains to convince the people that they deserved it. They forgot or neglected the system of Pitt. They did not seek out intellectual ability, nor encourage it when it came before them. They rather treated it with official superciliousness. There were no able writers—no gifted orators encouraged and brought forward by the Tory government; much more ready were they to give them up as sacrifices to the enemy, than to reward them as friends. Men of ability and spirit, were allowed no fair chance, for none but those who would become the hangers on of official, or otherwise highly influential patrons, were taken notice of: nor was this disposition shewn merely at head quarters, it was the same throughout the country; and though there were, of course, many exceptions, yet the general character of the Tory aristocracy was that of re-

serve and exclusiveness. They held themselves apart from the class which is the strength of the country.

It was not easy for men in the situation of the Tories, to find out the error they were committing, and the terrific danger that they were bringing upon the principles which, if fairly and judiciously maintained, would never have come into disrepute. Men with immense power to reward and punish, are seldom told of their faults, while there is never wanting to them a crowd of flatterers, who, partly from their base and cringing natures, and partly from habit, never cease to applaud even the most preposterous acts or opinions of those, whom they deem it to be their interest to please. Thus, it happened that the party made no preparation against the evil day; they had no notion of the deep-seated hatred that was borne them—no suspicion that many even of those who pretended to be their friends, yearned for an opportunity to feed fat the ancient grudge they bore them, and to exult on their discomfiture. At last came the *explosion*, and revengeful feeling against the Tories had its fill; but there is much reason to suppose, that even still the Tory leaders perceive not the error which alienated their old supporters—or at least that they do not regard their former conduct as erroneous. To this moment the English Tories do not dream, as a party, of cultivating the sympathies of the people, and making themselves strong in the respect and affection of the able and honest men of all conditions in life.

But if the Tories were harsh, and cold, and unbending to the great mass of those of whom they might have made warm friends, they shewed during the last seven years of their power, no such sternness to the leaders of the Whig faction, or the plausible advocates of anti-conservative theories. Year after year did the dexterous flatterers of the Whig party, who had found out at length the weak side of the Tory magnates, cajole them into concessions, which were no sooner obtained than they were used as vantage ground to undermine yet further the Tory strength. The Whigs, after having found the fruitlessness of direct opposition, which alarmed the pride of the Tories, and put them upon their

mettle, chose a different and much more successful method of wresting from them their ascendancy: they affected to be almost of one mind with the Tories, who, on their part, not to be out-done in courtesy, could no longer think of rejecting any proposition of such civil opponents; wonderful was the harmony and unanimity of the Houses of Parliament, while every bulwark of the Tory power was suffered to crumble away. His Majesty's Tory ministers, called the Whigs, with condescending jocularity "His Majesty's opposition," while the leading Whigs lost no opportunity to speak of the "liberality" and "enlightened views," which distinguished the Tory measures. These measures were the several steps in which the old policy of Great Britain, by which she became the mighty nation that she then might well boast herself to be, was either abandoned or reversed. The laws for the encouragement of her manufactures—for the protection of her trade and her navigation, were first allowed to be overthrown, and the ruin was crowned by yielding up the political supremacy of the Established Protestant Religion of the country. At last it came to this, that the Tory government was spoken of by its own supporters, as a *Tory government, acting upon Whig principles*. This was the consummation, and the work was that of the Tories themselves—of the Tories, not yielding to the desires of the people, but offending the people, in order to catch the applause, and conciliate the favour of an insidious faction. These suicidal errors of the Tories were, however, not universal to the party, a portion of them saw and felt the fatal mistakes of the general body, and separated themselves from it in disgust. Unhappily, in their anger against those, who they believed had betrayed them, they did not perceive the advantage which they gave to an enemy more dangerous, because more actively willed, than the beguiled and unfaithful whigified Tories. They lent their aid to the Whig opposition; the opportunity was given, for which the Whigs had long laboured and watched in vain; they rushed in with an exulting cry, and presently avowed with fiendish mockery their determination to do such things, as, if they did not establish themselves in power,

would certainly render it impossible for the Tories to govern the country;—false in their promises of good, but faithful in evil, they have kept their word.

We have thought it necessary to digress thus much upon the course of events which has led to the present state of the Tory party, in order to afford a better understanding of what that state is, to vindicate the people at large in the alienation which three years ago they felt from the Tory government, and to shew all those who think the present state of affairs a mere temporary eclipse of the Tory ascendancy, that there is no just reason for such an opinion. Toryism, and the machinery of its power, as it existed previously to November, 1830, are no more, and cannot exist again within our time. Had the reform bill been rejected, it might have been possible to rebuild and renovate the Tory system, the nation might have forgotten the errors of those who conducted it, and have again given them its confidence, but the reform act is (with regard to the empire generally, much more than Ireland individually) effectively a REVOLUTION; the legislating and guiding power of the nation has been thrown into completely new channels, and years will have passed away before it is re-adjusted, during which time it is idle to hope for political rest. A counter-revolution, or years of political strife and agitation are the alternatives that lie before us.

We are as yet upon the threshold of the dislocated political mansion, to which the reform act is the entrance. We do not know—the nation does not know—the government itself cannot calculate what will be the course of the parliament which has been returned. It is true, there have been classifications of the new members into Conservatives, Whigs, and Radicals. The ministerial journals are full of triumph, and those of the Conservative party full of despondency, as to the result of the elections, but beyond the general tendency to carry forward the tide of change, which has cast them within the haven of parliament, no man can predict the course of such legislators upon the great questions which will come before them.

All who have given even the slightest attention to the study of the English

character, must be aware that the mass of the people, however cold, circumstantial and unexcitable in the general tenor of their lives, are subject to sudden fevers of excitement upon public matters, which almost periodically recur, as though they were necessary to carry off the secretions of the mind, which in more free and communicative tempers are never suffered to accumulate. In this state, no nation under the sun is more violent, more unfeeling, and more unjust than the English; but considering their general calm good sense, we may well compound for these occasional out-bursts of harsh unreasonableness. In one of these explosions of long digested discontent, caused by such neglect as we have described, the ignorant, slavish, and shameless parliament was elected, which passed the reform bill. There can be little doubt, that John Bull became ashamed of this parliament and its gross servility to the minister;—the House of Commons, which in one night—say, within the same half-hour, came to precisely opposite decisions, upon precisely the same grounds, in order to comply with the will of the government, was not such as even Reformers' zeal could bear with patience after a little reflection; and so evident was the disfavour into which that house had fallen with a large portion of the public, that it was calculated by most of the Conservatives in England, and feared by many of those attached to the government, that a great re-action would take place in the new elections, and that a great accession would be made to the Conservative strength in the House of Commons. In this it appears that both parties reckoned erroneously; and to the great astonishment of even the most experienced, the English people, who had been so violently excited at the preceding election, neither recoiled from their headlong folly into Conservative caution, nor went forward into the extreme of radicalism, as had been expected. It seems that they were too obstinately bent on carrying into practical effect the experiment of the reform bill, to do the one, and had too much contempt for the persons who put themselves before the world as radical leaders, to do the other. Throughout the kingdom they have elected members, chiefly because of their connexion

with the reform measure, both within and without the House of Parliament, but chiefly the latter, at least in the new constituencies. It may seem, that this is inconsistent with what we have just said of the disfavour into which the reform-bill parliament appeared to have fallen with the country, but there can be no doubt that the facts were, or appeared to be, as we have described them; and we can only account for the apparent inconsistency, upon the supposition, that however disgusted many of the people were with the shameless servility of the members of that parliament, they were more willing to give them another trial under the new system, than to fall into the seeming contradiction of giving those who were opposed to the creation of the new franchises, the first benefit of their exercise.

By the new constituencies, however, the men elected have been, as we have already said, those who had bestirred themselves in their respective neighbourhoods about the reform bill, and who possessed local influence with a class of people who, until now, had no power of conferring any thing beyond local respect and distinction. The rich banker, or the great brewer, or the extensive attorney of the district, was a considerable person in his own neighbourhood, and never thought of being more—the operation of the reform act is, to send such men, with all their local prejudices, and all their ignorance of enlarged political questions, into parliament, to deliberate and decide upon affairs which they have little chance of ever understanding in their full bearings, and which they will not, and cannot help viewing with reference merely to their effect upon some local matter, that has fallen within the range of their experience. If it be said that, after all, these are no worse than the crowd of foolish, fashionable young gentlemen, the connexions of borough patrons, who for the honor of the thing, and the agreeable privilege of franking their own letters, were brought into parliament, we answer, that we fear they are, because these young gentlemen never pretended to do more than follow the leading of able and experienced politicians, whereas our provincial heroes, full of their legislative consequence, and eager to exhibit their parliamentary abilities to the world in

general, and their constituents in particular, will not be content without doing something in their own way, and, of course, in nine cases out of ten, doing mischief, or at the least, impeding the progress of the public business.

But there are other men of a much worse stamp than these, who have, we fear, got into parliament under the new system, in much greater numbers than they ever did before—we mean the active, cunning knaves who are desirous to make a “good thing” of the situation they have arrived at by pretended patriotism—trading politicians who, by intrigue and industry, flattery and lies, have wriggled themselves into parliament, and will use their voices and their votes to promote their own emolument solely. These are men who, in public matters, have no conscience, beyond a keen sense of what is for their own interest; and who are only safe from voting against their conviction, by a happy ignorance upon the public and general effects of any measure whatever. The secret service money, and all the minor employments in the gift of the minister, are the prey to which these sharp-eyed, keen-scented senators will direct their attention; and it will not be their fault if corruption do not thrive more in a *reformed* parliament than it ever did before.

With such materials as these making up, what is called by the public prints at present, the ministerial strength of the house of commons, it will be easily seen that the ministers can have nothing like an assured confidence of the regular support of a body so constituted. They must make up their minds to continual checks and defeats, or to continual study of the temper of the majority, and passive obedience to its decrees. There is also, yet, a third course, which such ministers as we have now, may not scruple to resort to,—that of overruling the house of commons from without, by the excitement of popular clamor in favor of revolutionary measures. There is, indeed, but too much reason to fear that the readiness for revolutionary changes within, will be quite enough even for ministerial purposes; but it is just possible, that the ministry, thwarted in some of their plans, from which they cannot retreat, may think fit to appeal once more to the multitudinous rabble against the *space of one* of the houses

of parliament, if not of both; for there are among the members of the present government, men, who from furious ill-temper, or dull, dogged obstinacy, or extreme self-conceit, would not hesitate to urge matters to any extremity whatever, rather than lose their consequence and their salaries, as ministers, or their power, as influencers of the legislative, and managers of the executive business of the country.

So far as we can at present anticipate, no attempt to proceed further with revolution, under the name of “parliamentary reform,” will be successful during the ensuing session. We do not believe, that either vote by ballot, or a shortening of the duration of parliaments, would find a majority in the new house of commons. The latter question would probably meet with a more favorable reception than the former—there is a growing disposition among the ministerial reformers to put on an appearance of great reasonableness, and to take a mean between extremes. If the government is pressed with much vehemence on the question of making parliaments triennial, we think it likely a compromise would be made between the present law, and that proposed, and that quinquennial parliaments would be admitted by the minister. But, *for the present*, the finality of the reform of parliament-measure, will probably be maintained by the minister, and the majority of the house of commons, notwithstanding the violent demands of a hundred radicals.

If, however, in the single particular of popular representation, which has already been revolutionized with so little wisdom, and so much fraud, there may be expected some check to the march of desperate innovation, there is, we fear, no hope, that in any thing else, the eager and conceited spirit of the time will be defeated or controlled. The church will be first assailed, and its venerable establishment, if not pulled to the ground, will be shaken through all its walls and buttresses; the tongue and hand of violence will be lifted up against it, and reason too, or rather that which pretends to be reason, the demonstrative power exercised in a hard and heartless spirit of humanly considered utilitarianism, will be used to wage war against the nobler feelings, which make dear to men the venerable and magnificent

institutions connected with the religion of the country. That the cause of strife between the people and the clergy, and the wretched anxieties regarding secular affairs, to which the latter are made liable in the present temper of the nation, should be taken away, is certainly most desirable; but we fear that the same power which has been active in causing and promoting the existence of that temper, will have too much concern in determining upon the remedy. There is no right spirit for a church reform at present in the legislature; it is not for huckstering political economists, to pull to pieces and re-arrange these institutions, the dignity of which they cannot feel, and the value of which they cannot appreciate. The narrow-minded, cold, worldly calculators, who talk much about the progress of intellect and the march of mind, because they themselves have made progress, and marched to a position which, if sense, and honour, and integrity, had been necessary to it, they never could have attained, would fain destroy, as ridiculous conceits, or mere impostures of antiquity, the aids which political institutions have supplied to the growth and maintenance of those things which have a higher aim and wider scope, than mere national utility or social convenience. In the noble and affecting language of Edmund Burke, we may say now, as he did of a former time, and of a national spirit not much differing from that which now threatens us with moral degradation and political ruin—"All the pleasing illusions which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off—all the superadded ideas furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns, and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature, and to raise it to dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded, as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion."

We really do not see before us, upon the most sober view of the case, any

thing but a series of ignorant, presumptuous, mischievous innovations, under the name of "judicious reforms," beginning with the church and going on through every great institution of the nation, which our new-fangled, conceited rulers and legislators will set down as wrong, because they were not arranged according to the superior lights of modern wisdom. Our colonies are likely to be sacrificed to spurious liberalism on the subject of Negro slavery, and our commercial institutions, our agriculture, and the manufactures, which depend upon legislative protection against foreign competition, will, in all probability, be sacrificed to the dogmas of political economists. The English manufacturers in cotton, who, by the reform bill, have obtained such a preponderance in the representation, will take care of themselves, and, if they can, will secure cheap production and a foreign market, heedless that, in doing so, they bring ruin on every other interest in the country. How well they are, in a moral point of view, deserving of especial favour at the nation's hand, may be judged of from the evidence elicited by Mr. Sadler's committee, respecting their treatment of the thousands of children in their factories, who are destroyed body and soul, by toil and tyranny, and the depravity occasioned in the promiscuous intercourse of such multitudes, without any moral governor at their tender years.

We look to the House of Lords for protection against the evil tendencies of the lower house; but how can we now look to it with confidence? Where is the proud independence—the deliberative strength—the lofty dignity of that great assembly, which held the balance between the impetuosity of the commons, and the immorality of the crown, so long as the integrity of the British constitution yet existed? They are gone: the Whig government, leaguely with the popular violence, has destroyed that proud security of the British people. The House of Lords now deliberates with the two-edged sword of prerogative and popular fury, suspended over it by a thread, ready to be snapped at the first indication of effective opposition to the will of a revolutionary government. The ministers, who pretend a zeal for liberty, and the traitors in

heart who second them, are prepared to crush, by the despotic exercise of the King's prerogative, the freely expressed opinion of the upper house of legislature, and thus, to render it, for purposes of action, a mere nullity, or worse than that, an instrument of public wrong. There are also men enough, and we tell it with indignation that we cannot conceal, creatures who are called honorable men, and gentlemen in society, ready to accept with thankfulness, the degrading and disgusting distinction of a coronet and chains, to bow and crouch before a haughty minister, and in return for a title, pledge themselves to trample upon the independence of the order, the outward trappings of which they aspire to.

The power of the upper house, therefore, as a direct and effectual bar to bad measures, is gone; but the assembly remains as a splendid theatre of debate upon public measures—an arena in which by far the noblest and most powerful intellects of the country, pour forth their strength in argumentative eloquence upon the questions which another power than theirs' must decide. Thus, the House of Lords has still its influence upon public opinion, independently altogether of its votes, and thus it is still of inestimable value to the country. As soon as the Parliament enters upon public business, we may expect from the discussions in the House of Lords, upon the monstrous course of our foreign policy, such an effect as will shake the ministers in their seats, though it may not remove them, nor alter that system by which the strength of England is made the test of French ambition, and lust of aggrandisement.

It is now almost time to close these brief remarks; but before doing so, we would say a few words, which the somewhat gloomy view we have given of affairs, may seem to call for. We have written seriously; but we have missed our intention if we have writ-

ten despondingly. It is true that the political horizon of these kingdoms is dark with threatening ills—it is true that the security of our institutions—the moral feeling of Great Britain, of which we were wont to be so proud—the matured liberties, and the established religion of the people, all are in danger, and it would be madness and wickedness to shut our eyes to such a condition of affairs, or seeing it, to treat it with levity. It is true that the enemy is strong, and the force which should fight the battle with it, is alas! not strong, nor well acquainted with its proper weapons; it is, moreover, divided and unsettled, and without fixed principles, acknowledged as the basis of universal action; but still we are far, very far from the condition of despair, our strength is still great, and, if we do our duty, will become greater. We end as we began—"Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honor and a gentleman," and there is nothing in the present state of affairs which absolves any one pretending to that character, from exerting himself with determined and unclouded spirit, for the "good cause." Now indeed is the time that zeal for the public good on the part of Conservatives assumes the noblest character. Our politics lead not to government place or popular favour: we strive for something better—we would, if it were possible, kindle, and fan into flame, the enthusiasm of virtue, the devotedness of honor, the steadfast firmness of integrity, and by these excellent lights, we would shew the populace the error and folly of their mad career. The Conservative cause is the cause of religion, of humanity, of peace and security in society, of social order, and of regulated liberty. Such a cause will not, and cannot be left without witnesses, while a guiding Providence reigns over the world, nor will it, in God's good time, be left without a pure and lasting triumph.

THE IRISH BENCH.

MR. JUSTICE BURTON.

We scarcely think it a departure from our proper limits, in hazarding a few observations on the highest legal functionaries in the land. We do not approach the subject in a spirit of uncandid or presumptuous criticism, much less from the unworthy motive of attracting curiosity by ill-natured and impertinent discussion. It is one of the best principles of a free press, to scrutinise public characters, be they ever so exalted, with unshrinking courage; evincing, nevertheless, a suitable respect for the individual whose pretensions are investigated, and preserving a strict adherence to the truth. Excessive flattery is as much to be shunned as violent abuse; the one injures, and the other degrades, the author more than the object of it. There is no branch of our constitution which we contemplate with more delight than the judicial department: the system is almost perfect in theory, although it has sometimes been defiled in practice. The British judge is independent alike of the sovereign who appoints him, and of the people over whose lives and properties he presides; were it otherwise, so long as the supreme magistrates held their situations at the will of the crown, removable at pleasure, fear might render them venal, profligate, and base; ready to truckle to the power on whose breath they depended, and expecting fresh promotion by infamous complaisance. Whatever hopes the Bench may, now, entertain, there is but little to affect their fears; and we think it would be an improvement on the present system, if the first appointment of the judge was final, without a chance of translation or advancement. The most difficult and delicate duty which the government is called upon to exercise in the disposal of its patronage, consists in the selection of the judges of the land, because experience has proved that the most mischievous and melancholy results have followed, and ever will follow, from prostrating the Bench to favouritism and the spirit of faction: nor can it be doubted for a moment that

such an administration incurs an awful responsibility, and merits the hatred of all honest men, which places on the Bench imbecility and ignorance in preference to knowledge and integrity. It is not that the corrupt and hesitating judge startles and disgusts the public by some act of barefaced and enormous turpitude, or of reckless subserviency to the powers that be: it is in the thousand instances which occur between man and man in the daily administration of justice, that the incalculable mischief is done. Here folly, caprice, incapacity, and prejudice may work their will, to the prevention of justice, and the ruin of the suitor. Who has ever travelled the circuit, and witnessed the almost absolute power which a single judge exercises over property, liberty, and life, that must not tremble at the idea of authority so vast being consigned to insufficient hands? How dreadful the action of a man's life being sacrificed to a whim, or his property lost by a jester; and the initiated know how fatal it is to the cause, for even a prejudice to cross the mind of the judge at a critical moment. These considerations surely should be enough to induce any wise government to evince their love of humanity and justice, by appointing to the Bench men above suspicion, of large understandings, of uncompromising integrity, and competent knowledge, and whose character and fitness for business the public have stamped by their confidence and support.

But if the Bar, as a working profession, has been improved within the last thirty years, so the constitution of the Bench has been changed materially for the better. We can assert, without fear and without flattery, that there are some as able men now upon the Irish Bench as ever adorned the judicial station: men who were distinguished not merely as plodding, safe, and careful practitioners, but for the ample measure of their natural genius; for the strength and grasp of their intellect; for depth of knowledge, accompanied with pow-

erful and splendid eloquence. Their celebrated speeches are amongst the finest specimens of genuine oratory; their grave and weighty arguments afford irrefragable evidence of learning, solid, extensive, and profound; and since their elevation to the Bench, it is no calumny upon the Bar to state, that their places have never been supplied. Impertinent and flippant speakers they were not; they united fact with beautiful illustrations; profound reasoning, with brilliant elocution; and combining manliness of logic with the charms of classic lore, made the whole delightful and irresistible. Some amongst them may have been touched with the infirmity of some great minds—an incapability of descending to the minutiae of smaller questions, being absorbed in the contemplation of nobler things. Curran was, perhaps, a good example of this feeling, but Mr. Peter Burrows, the present judge of the Insolvent Court, exhibits a more singular example of it. He made some of the most admirable and effective speeches ever delivered at the Bar; his statements were distinguished for simplicity, energy, and pathos; for ingenuousness of expression, and originality of conception; and yet the stories told of his mistakes of dates and names, and little facts, are excellent. 'Tis said that one day failing to recollect the name of his client, the plaintiff in an action of assault, a wag behind him suggested Napoleon Bonaparte, which he instantly adopted, to the infinite amusement of his hearers—still, there might be selected from his speeches at the Bar, some as fine as Esquimaux's. But the perfect lawyer is he, who, with a soul elevated and aspiring enough to reach and comprehend a subject, no matter how large, remote, and difficult, and with a genius capable of soaring to the loftiest heights, can yet exhibit as much tact upon small matters as commanding intellect when required—can seize upon a little point, or expound a mighty principle. No profession affords more ample scope for all the faculties and energies of the mind, and for the useful habits of the man of business. That practice and experience are essential to constitute the judge, there can be no doubt—no man could be a good judge without them; but when they are united to extensive acquirements, general as well as professional—to natural eloquence

and natural talent—the picture of a perfect magistrate is complete. And let no man say that extensive literary attainments are not essential to the judge. Do they not soften the dispositions, and humanize the character? and is it not of the last importance for the judge to have profound and comprehensive views of human nature, to dive into the secret springs of the soul, and penetrate the hidden motives of conduct? Perhaps there is no individual on the Bench who unites these qualifications in a greater degree than Judge Burton. Animated by no other feelings than those of respect and admiration, we would hazard a few remarks upon his character—a character which can stand the test of every examination, rendered only the purer and more exalted by the scrutiny. The labels of the factious, and the fulsome encomiums of the flatterer, are alike insulking and disgusting. We hope to avoid both.

Judge Burton affords the best illustration of any man on the Bench, of unassisted intellect, forcing its way to eminence—triumphant over every difficulty. Few individuals have been surrounded, in their outset in professional life, with more formidable obstacles. He was an Englishman, a stranger, unknown to the Irish public and the profession. The period, also, in which he commenced his career, was eventful. The stormy politics of the day disturbed the smooth current of the legal profession, and plunged many of its members in furious political controversies. Terrible events were of almost daily occurrence, and the social fabric was shaken to its very base. A struggling industrious barrister could scarcely expect an opportunity of displaying his knowledge of Coke upon Littleton: when a tempest of civil strife was raging round him, it was not the most auspicious moment at which to seek for a livelihood by honest means. But the troubles of that unhappy period of our domestic history were not his only difficulties. The profession was stocked with men of fine genius, and uncommon energies, whose powers and acquisitions were brought into constant action and collision by the desperate circumstances of the times. They filled a large space in the public mind, and deservedly, for their capacity equalled the emergency that required its exer-

tion. Peaceful times encourage industry, and studious habits, in the learned, happiness; but periods of civil distractions, and commotions, when the feelings of men are roused, and their worst passions infuriated—when discord, tumult, and confusion, threaten ruin to the state, are invariably fruitful in producing men of vast mental powers, the emanations of whose daring genius are not the less magnificent because prompted by hatred and revenge, and overshadowed by the darker passions of the soul.

Mr. Burton was thrown amongst persons distinguished above their predecessors and successors for eloquence and knowledge, many of whom have run a glorious race, and reached the loftiest elevation to which their ambition could aspire. It required no small portion of energy and talent to keep pace with such illustrious rivals—to prevent the brilliancy of their fame from consigning his best efforts to comparative obscurity. That Mr. Burton held his ground among the best of them, is no small praise, for the value of success should be estimated by the number and excellence of our competitors. Some people falsely imagine that his professional advancement was entirely owing to the friendship of Curran. Unquestionably it redounds to his credit to have acquired, and preserved to the last, the friendship of that remarkable man; but his friendship, however ardent and sincere, could no more have gained practice for Mr. Burton at the Bar than it could have made him Emperor of China. Mr. Burton was not in extensive practice till Curran had passed the zenith of his fame, and if he had not been more persevering and industrious than his distinguished friend, obscurity must have been his inevitable lot. Curran was incapable of severe mental exertion, or of undertaking the drudgery of his profession. Difficult, abstract, legal questions, he never could investigate or endure. A second Curran would hardly have succeeded at the Bar. Mr. Burton, on the contrary, if he had not the imaginative, yet possessed the reasoning faculty to the highest perfection, and a clear inquiring spirit, which taught him to explore, with patience, the principles and dull details of any questions that came before him, comprehend it with perfect distinctness, and discuss its bearings with consummate skill.

The rich gifts of fortune were not suddenly bestowed on Mr. Burton; nor did the patronage of the great, or accident, or luck—which have ere now befriended many an enormous blockhead—fill his pockets, or procure him place. On the contrary, and the fact may encourage talents which for years have lain undiscovered, and knowledge that has not yet been brought to light, he toiled on for a considerable period without business and almost without hope. For several years he went the circuit unnoticed, and for that very reason was a general favourite with the Bar, who regard, with exceeding kindness, the amiable, gentlemanly, good-natured young men who have a character for thick headedness, and are, therefore, unlikely to intermeddle in the monopoly of the few; but the instant the good-natured young man exhibits symptoms of ability, and what is worse, a likelihood of getting business, he is discovered to be not half so good-natured, very forward and presuming, and altogether a troublesome sort of fellow, unworthy any longer the encouragement and favour of a liberal profession. It is said, that chance threw a suit, involving a nice and difficult question, in a right of fishery, into the hands of Mr. Burton, in the town of Tralee. The illness, or the absence of his leader, and the *innocence* of his colleague, consigned the case entirely to his management; and so much deep and technical knowledge, such prompt ability did he display, that on circuit he was never afterwards unemployed. The same question was argued, subsequently, in the Court of King's Bench, and the argument of Mr. Burton, on that occasion, which is fortunately preserved, exhibits that closeness of reasoning, minuteness, and comprehensiveness of knowledge, and extent of research, calculated to raise him to the first eminence in his profession. He soon after obtained practice, and eventually reached the most extensive enjoyed by any individual of his time, and this by no mean acts, or wheedling practices. His business was a tribute paid to merit, large acquisitions, capacity, and industry. He became distinguished even for his eloquence, not flashy or diffuse, but grave, energetic, pointed, and convincing. When thoroughly warmed with the subject, Mr. Burton has surprised and delighted his audience by the boldness of his conceptions, the justness of his

views, and the vigour of their expression. He was not deficient in sympathy and passion when the subject required them. The current of his feelings flowed warily round his heart, but they were controlled by his sagacity, and regulated by the soundness of his judgment. He never offended the good taste of his hearers by violent and tasteless declamation. He was not deficient in matter, and, therefore, required not the aid of a multitude of unnecessary words to cloak his ignorance, or hide the nakedness of his mind. His eloquence was natural and wholesome, resembling the substantial fare set before vigorous and full-grown men, while the tawdry effusions of the quack orator, patched up with similes, scraps, and verses, are like the painted gingerbread prepared for whining and sickly children.

Perhaps the most important and remarkable case in which Judge Burton ever figured was the memorable trial between the late Chief Baron and the Crown, respecting the right of appointment to the office of Clerk of the Pleas in the Court of Exchequer. This case, with the arguments of Counsel, and the judgments of the Court of Error in full, has been accurately reported by Mr. Greene, and it tended more to raise the reputation of the Irish Bar throughout the empire than all the brilliant declamations ever delivered within the Four Courts. Saurin, Plunket, Bushe, and Burton, argued this case with unrivalled and splendid ability. There was no authority however obsolete that was not ransacked, no principle however obvious or remote which, if useful, was not applied, no source of legal learning, modern or ancient, that was not exhausted and brought to bear upon the subject. The reader of Mr. Burton's argument would be amazed at the quantity of knowledge evinced upon a theme apparently so barren, collected from every source, and he would be struck with the lawyer-like arrangement of so large a mass of facts, principles and authorities, and still more by the exactness of the logic and the strength and compactness of the reasonings which pervade this matchless argument. The language in which the whole was couched was strikingly appropriate, expressing the idea with perfect precision, and proving that the mind of the speaker was deeply imbued

no less with the principles than the phraseology of the law. On the trial before the Jury, Saurin was profound and luminous, Lord Plunket bitter and abusive, Bushe brilliant as ever, avenging himself upon his powerful opponent with many a splendid sarcasm, while he dazzled his fascinated audience. Burton shone not so brightly but with a steadier light, neither heated by his passions, nor led astray by his fancy, but compressed and vigorous, he reasoned with powerful effect; it was the understanding alone he sought to satisfy, to force conviction on the judgment by the noble weapons of truth and reason. He exhibited the utmost stretch of those powers of demonstration which the thing to be demonstrated required or admitted. If he did not soar to the highest flights of genius, he fathomed the utmost depths of reason.

The splendours of the imagination are excellent and glorious, but the reasoning powers of the human mind in their results are no less wonderful and infinitely more useful. The one, it is true, may captivate by its charms, or astonish by its novelties, but it may likewise mislead honesty and defend injustice, while by the other such dangers can be met, delusion dispelled, justice secured, and reason restored, to the throne from which imagination had for a time expelled her.

If we wished to impress the learned professions in England and Scotland with a suitable opinion of the Irish Bar, we would rest our claims to their respect and admiration on the cogent evidence which the case of Chief Baron O'Grady affords of sound judgment, manly logic, learning extensive and minute, clothed in the most emphatic and effective language.

Judge Burton has sat for several years upon the Bench, discharging his high duties with exemplary ability and skill. Conscientious and impartial, he has administered justice according to law, without fear, favour, or affection. The industrious habits of the lawyer have not forsaken him on the Bench. He decides nothing without patient investigation and research. Where he presides, the rights of suitors are not destroyed by ignorance, or injured by prejudice, caprice, or passion.

No vicious propensities display themselves in his behaviour on the Bench. No cruelties stain his judicial career,

He delights not in the shedding of human blood. He cannot play off a coarse joke, and sentence the trembling culprit to the gallows in a breath; he has never, for the gratification of parties or factions strained his ingenuity to snare a victim. He believes in a truth which in this country has been, in times past forgotten or overlooked, that justice may be vindicated and the laws upheld without an unnecessary waste of human life. Judge Burton is no doubt an ornament to the Court of which he is a member: but it is when alone, on circuit, and presiding in a Criminal Court, that the virtues of the Judge shine forth with peculiar brightness. The calm attention, the unwearied assiduity, the inflexible impartiality, with which the case of each unfortunate prisoner is heard and decided, must gain the heartfelt respect of every candid spectator. What could be more horrible than to witness a Judge, when the liberty or life of his fellow man is at stake, fretful, impatient, arrogant or unmerciful, availing himself of his vast power to crush the prisoner, taking a savage joy in the work of extermination, and like a gloomy fanatic, offering bloody sacrifices to the hideous idol he adores. No such character, we believe, now stains the purity of the Irish Bench to trample on the first principles of justice. The reign of cruelty and darkness, we hope, has passed away for ever. May we never behold a legal functionary who would hold a good dinner cheaply purchased with a life, and would cut short a vital discussion, sooner than spoil good cookery. Surely if there be one hell deeper than another it should be reserved for the corrupt or cruel functionary, who, placed in a situation which approaches most nearly to the diviner duties, converts the sword of justice into a weapon of mischief or oppression. Their victims are not, however, unavenged. Everlasting infamy in this world pursues the memory of the wicked Judge, and so sure as there is justice in the world to come, he cannot expect to find forgiveness. The hated names of Scroggs and Jefferies will be handed down from age to age, with greater

loathing and increased abhorrence. No extent of learning, no splendor of genius can compensate for the want of principle and virtue. Neither the prodigious erudition of Lord Coke, nor the subsequent nobleness of his conduct as a patriot and a Judge, will ever be able to wipe off the foul blot which his conduct to Sir Walter Raleigh has fixed upon his character. The fame of Lord Bacon as a mighty philosopher is no doubt immortal, but his infamy as a Judge will be immortal likewise; it cannot diminish the value of his discoveries, but it will sully his glory, and tarnish for ever his good name. Gibbon, in his Chapter on the Roman Jurisprudence, dwells upon the character of Trebianus, a famous civilian who flourished *thirteen hundred years ago*, the reformer of the Roman law, whose labours and whose talents were mainly instrumental in securing for Justinian his imperishable fame. "His genius," says the historian, "like that of Bacon, embraced, as his own, all the business and knowledge of the age." And having described his wonderful attainments and various employments, how the Council of Justinian listened to his eloquence and wisdom, and envy was mitigated by the gentleness and affability of his manners, the historian adds, "The reproach of avarice stained the virtues or the reputation of Trebianus. It was clearly proved and sensibly felt." If he allowed himself to be swayed by gifts in the administration of justice, the failings of Bacon, equally culpable will again present themselves to our attention. Nor can the merit of Trebianus atone for his baseness, if he degraded the sanctity of his profession, and if laws were every day enacted, modified or repealed for the base consideration of his private emoluments. Thus does the renowned historian fasten the stigma of his indelible censure upon the character of the corrupt and truckling Judge. It should operate as a warning to others, and teach them that if they have not shewn the talents of a Trebianus or a Bacon, they may shun their vices, and transmit to posterity an unsullied reputation.

A COWARD BY PROFESSION.

"War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble."

Mr. Eboron,

Perhaps it is, that, like Monsieur Parolles, I was born under some "charitable star," and when "Mars was retrograde;" but certainly I hold heroism, and heroes, extremely cheap, and deem Bob Acres and Sir Andrew Aguecheek more worthy of respect and commendation than all the knights and men of *valeur* in romance or history. "A coward, a devout coward, religious in it," was the character drawn of good Sir Andrew; and I am free to acknowledge to the world that it is the model which, from my earliest years, it has been my study and ambition to imitate. In this endeavour I have been aided by a good natural disposition—a sort of instinctive aptness, to take to my heels on the first approach, or even rumour, of any danger, however slight, or however problematical. I can lay my hand on my heart, and declare that, from the first dawn of reason in my mind, I never wilfully awaited the coming of the enemy, or scrupled (when involved in perilous circumstances), to avail myself of any mode of escape that offered itself, no matter how great the risk I thereby ran of incurring contempt and ridicule. My creed has ever been, that life is the first consideration, and honor the second; and the contrary tenet I have ever loathed and detested as a false and pernicious heresy. The feet, moreover, I have always considered as the most useful members of the human body; and strong is my conviction, that, were they employed more, and the hands less, it would be an incalculable advantage to society, by economising life, and effectually preventing all the various calamities and horrors of war. Impressed with these sentiments, I have long conceived the design of exposing, through the medium of the press, what, in my conscience, I believe to be the absurd opinions current in the world as to the relative merits of cowardice and

bravery; nor can I think of any more appropriate organ for conveying my views upon this subject to the public than the pages of a magazine established upon Conservative principles, the principles of the coward being Conservative in the highest degree, while those of your heroes and warriors are destructive in their very nature and essence. It is too much to expect that I shall succeed, in my own life-time, in producing a re-action in favour of my own party; but I am confident enough to hope that a century will not elapse before the revolution in opinion I speak of, shall have been accomplished, and all men who pretend to reason and civilization will agree to explode gunpowder, and turn all the swords and daggers, and bayonets, in the realm, into ploughshares and reaping hooks. I anticipate the day when a man shall blush to admit, far from triumphantly relating, that he spared no pains to get his throat cut, or his brains blown out; when a shout of scornful laughter will be sure to follow the narrative of a feat of arms; and when he that can prove, to public satisfaction, that he exerted his "tender Achilles" to the utmost of his power to keep out of the range of shot and sabre, point to the tree in whose umbrageous branches he perched during a conflict, or to the coal-hole where he ensconced himself pending the storming of his native city, shall be entitled to demand a pension, or a crown, and shall have epic poems composed in his praise by the most illustrious bards of his day. Yes, Sir, depend upon it, the day will come when a wound in the front will be a brand of infamy; and even he who has been wounded, "a *parte post*," shall be considered as having sullied his character, unless he be able to establish, in the clearest manner, that his having appeared on the battle-field at all was his misfortune, and not his fault.

I arraign the whole race of warriors

and heroes, as guilty of flat rebellion against the first and most sacred canon of nature—the law of self-preservation; and when I read or hear of them lying in heaps on the ensanguined plain, or crawling to their tents after their dear-bought victories, armless, legless, noseless, and riddled with balls, like so many targets, I behold the just punishment of their insurrectionary conduct. When the line of battle is drawn out; I own I do not even talk of these things without an itching of my heels; and a shuddering over my whole frame; when the swords are unsheathed, the bayonets fixed, the muskets loaded, the cannon ready to roar at a moment's notice from the gunners, is there not—I put it to every man of common sense, is there not a small still voice within us which distinctly says, "run away as fast as your legs can carry you." I have heard it a thousand times, on infinitely less trying occasions; it is, no doubt, one of those heaven-sent warnings, which it is dourright impiety to slight; and if we dare to disobey, our blood be on our own heads; we have none to blame but ourselves for the horrible consequences which are certain to ensue, as long as gunpowder and cold steel possess the property of repealing the union of soul and body. To my uniform and rigid observance of this inward admonition do I ascribe it, that I am now in the full enjoyment of life and health, and that when I call the muster-roll of the various limbs and features of my body, (in which I piously consider myself as having only a trust-property,) there is not a single one of the whole number missing. But you will say, "Sir, where is your reputation?" My reply is, that a live coward is well worth a dead hero; and an integral man better fifty times than one of those wretched fractions of humanity to be seen limping and creeping about our military and naval hospitals, with one limb in Flanders, a second in Portugal, and often a third in America or Egypt. I really do not know with what propriety one of these miserable remnants

"Same leg, same arm, same eye, same every thing."

can have manhood predicated of them at all? If we admit them into fellowship with our kind, it must be with the same limitations that we make in the case of a tailor, who is indeed the just algebraic equivalent of a Chelsea pen-

sioner. Let us calculate: put H for one of these mutilated warriors of a hundred fights, T for a knight of the thimble, and M for an integer man. Then, as H is by hypothesis an astonishing hero, and therefore retaining, in all probability, not above one-ninth of the carcase which he brought with him into the world, we have

$H = \frac{M}{9}$. Now, it is a theorem, as well

established as any in mixed mathematics, that the relation between T and M is expressed by a like fraction, or that

$T = \frac{M}{9}$. Comparing these two equa-

tions we arrive at the true expression or value for a warlike character, namely $H = T$; a conclusion which, by mathematical demonstration, places Mr. Hulby or Mr. Willis on a par with any military maniac on record, from the son of Peleus down to fighting Fitzgerald.

Again, it is an admitted principle, recognised by all sound political economists, that one of the chief elements of national strength is population. Now, what kind of population is to be understood? I answer, in the first place, a living population, not a dead one; and in the second, a population with as large, and not as small, a supply of hands, and feet, and eyes, and noses, as possible. What follows, but that he is the best patriot, who most anxiously provides for the safe-keeping of his person; in other words, the man who eschews an armed enemy, as a good Christian does the horns of the devil? I am aware I state what many will call a paradox; but I think it is a principle in politics, not more original than correct, that the strength of every country is directly proportioned to the quantity and intensity of the spirit of cowardice that animates her people. An alacrity to run away has saved many a good citizen for the service of the commonwealth, who had otherwise been a meal for carrion crows, or, at best, a subject for anatomical investigation. Were all men as covetous of cork legs, as the Marquis of Anglesea, what should we do for runners of the hank or post-men? A hero would make a bad letter-carrier or running foot man. Then there is Sir Henry Hardinge, who was so desperately gallant, that he left his right-arm behind him somewhere or other

on the continent. What would become of the loom and anvil, if there were not members of the community more frugal of their limbs than Sir Henry? Why, we should want stockings to our feet, and twelve-penny nails to knock up a booth at Donnybrook. The human frame is the great implement, or machine, of human industry; the fewer dislocations and mutilations it has undergone, the better it is adapted to its object. Take away an arm and it is like depriving a pump of its handle; take away a leg, and it is like pulling a wheel from a waggon; slice off a nose, and you might as well take the gnomon from the dial-plate. A perfect man is a perfect engine; his usefulness is the *maximum*. The difference between the hero and the dastard is this, the latter glories in the perfection of his frame; the former is never at rest—never contented for a moment, until he has minimised his body corporate, and reached the precise limit at which further subtraction is incompatible with existence; and when he has done this, he plants laurels and sits him down under the shade, and imagines himself a paragon of honour and glory. Such extreme folly is truly melancholy, and reminds one forcibly of the metamorphosed herd of Circe.

"And they, so perfect in their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But think themselves more comely than before."

The true glory is evidently in the opposite scale; and I have the authority of the great poet I have just quoted in support of my opinion.

—"Peace hath her victories,
Not less renowned than war."

The glories of cowardice flashed across the spirit of Milton as he wrote this, and other passages of the same tenor and import. He says in another place, contrasting the principles of warriors and cravens,

"But if there is in glory sight of good,
It may by means far different be obtained—
By deeds of peace."

"Means far different," must mean fight in battle, lurking in cellars during

sieges, abominating swords and pistols, preferring any extremity of disgrace to a duel, imitating the bearing of Horace and Demosthenes in action, but devoutly resolving, never, if possible, to show *even our backs* upon such disagreeable occasions. By "deeds of peace," the same thing is to be understood. The lyric poet just mentioned performed an exploit of this kind at Phillippi, when he threw away his shield and waddled out of the fray with all the speed he was capable of. He does not appear, however, to have been aware how creditable a line of conduct he adopted, or he would not have said in alluding to it,

"*Relicta non bene parvula.*"

He never did any thing in his life half so discreet and commendable. Demosthenes, too, achieved a "deed of peace," when he rushed from Cheronea like one pursued by fiends, and finding himself caught in his retreat, wheeled round, fell on his knees, roared like a wild bull, and craved quarter, of—a blackberry bush. Oh! Sir, this is true glory. This is not the bubble that is to be found "in the cannon's mouth," but the substantial reputation that is reconcilable with a skull unfractured, bones unbroken, and a long life in the bosom of our family and friends.

Let any one who likes have the renown of the Nelsons, Wolfes, and Abercrombies; I prefer my own bed, albeit a hard mattress, to any "bed of honour" that was ever prepared for warrior. The skin of a man is made from different materials than the hide of a rhinoceros, and as long as it is so, I shall hold it a point of conscience to shudder at a sword, even in the scabbard, and to run at the cocking of a pistol as if a rampant and roaring lion was at my heels. I am fond of my dinner, and I feel it convenient to have two hands to assist me in dispatching it: I like a walk over the hills in summer-time, and I doubt much if I should enjoy that pleasure often, was I so consummate a hero as his Excellency the late Lord Lieutenant.

I am, &c.

FUGAX.

GREEK SONG.

How wild, yet how sweetly the mariner's hymn
 Floats over Ionia's sea.
 As the trireme, bird-like, is seen to skim,
 The waters which 'neath the twilight dim,
 Roll darkly and peacefully.

A youthful warrior stands at the prow,
 In burnish'd mail array'd,
 His casque is of gold, with plumes that flow
 In graceful wavings over his brow,
 And gleaming thro' the shade.

He comes from the mouldering ruins of Troy
 To his love, to his native shore,
 His cheek flush'd with conquest, his eyes lit with joy,
 And the hope which alone could his soul employ,
 Of her he should part from no more.

As near he approached to Leucate's height,
 Behold on its summit above,
 He sees beside a watch-fire's light,
 Which sheds thro' the air a radiance bright,
 The beautiful maid of his love.

She had heard that the laurell'd sons of Greece
 Were to their home returning,
 Hope fill'd her heart with the balm of peace,
 And never thence did the watch-fire cease,
 Upon Leucate burning.

Even then from the brink of the dizzy steep
 She gazed o'er the swelling ocean,
 With eyes that sought not rest or sleep,
 And breast, that like the stormless deep,
 Heav'd with a gentle motion.

Swift o'er the billows the seamen bound,
 Plying the palmy oar,
 While the song of joy goes merrily round,
 Her watchful ears catch the mirthful sound
 As it nears the rocky shore.

Over the beetling cliff she hung,
 In breathless expectancy,
 And tho' many and loudly the victors sung,
 One voice thro' her wildered senses rung,
 With "Zarai I come to thee."

She fainted—Oh heaven! She fainted and fell
 From the rock that frowned on high;—
 And Grecian bards and maidens tell,
 That they, who when living had loved so well,
 In death united lie.

BARNY O'REIRDON, THE NAVIGATOR.

By SAMUEL LOVER, Esq. R.H.A. Author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

CHAP. II.

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

"Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good."—Old Saying.

The captain ordered Barney on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen or he would not have been so astonished. Barney made his appearance. Puzzling question, and more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barney, who, in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically—

"Oh! my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor, its a purty scrape yiv led me into. By gor, I thought it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear it is *Bingal*. Oh! the devil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make wid you at all at all! and my curse light on you, Terry O'Sullivan, why did I iver come across you, you onlooky vagabonde, to put sitch thoughts in my head? An so its *Bingal*, and not *Fingal*, you're goin to, captain."

"Yes indeed, Paddy."

"Au' might I be so bowld to ax, captain, is *Bingal* much farther nor *Fingal*?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weira-sthru, how 'ill I iver get there, at all at all?" roared out poor Barney.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come, as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv Heaven! an how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barney.

"Then you don't know your course it appears?"

"Oh faix I knew it, iligant, as long as your honor was before me."

"But, you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honor."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The devil a betther hand at the

tiller in all Kinsale," said Barney with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain. "And you know the points of the compass—you have a compass, I suppose."

"A compass! by my sowlan its not let alone a compass, but a *pair* a compasses I have, that my brother, the carpinthir, left me for a keepsake whin he wint abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' thim I can't say much, for the childher spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"What the plague are you talking about?" asked the captain.

"Wasn't your honor discoorsin' me about the points o' the compasses?"

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life? Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinals! faix an its a great respect I have for them, your honor. Sure, ar'n't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain in a rage—"I would take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"By my sow! I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"By dad it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin man didnt know somethin' about the wind any how. Why, captain dear, you must take me for a nath'ral intirely to suspect me o' the like o' not knowin' all about the wind. By gor, I know as much o' the wind a'most as a pig."

"Indeed I believe so," laughed out the captain.

"Oh, you may laugh if you plaze, and I see by that same that you don't know about the pig, with all your education, captain."

"Well, what about the pig?"

"Why, Sir, did you never hear a pig can see the wind?"

"I can't say that I did."

"Oh thin he does, and for that rayson who has a right to know more about it?"

"You don't, for one, I dare say, Paddy; and maybe you have a pig aboard to give you information."

"Sorra taste your honor, not as much as a rasher o' bacon; but its maybe your honor never seen a pig tossin up his snout, consaited like, and running like mad afore a storm."

"Well, what if I have?"

"Well, Sir, that is when they see the wind a comin'."

"Maybe so, Paddy, but all this knowledge in piggery wont find you your way home; and, if you take my advice, you will give up all thoughts of endeavouring to find your way back, and come on board. You and your messmates, I dare say, will be useful hands, with some teaching; but, at all events, I cannot leave you here on the open sea, with every chance of being lost."

"Why thin, indeed, and I'm behowlden to your honor; and its the houghth o' kindness, so it is, your offer; and its nothin' else but a gentleman you are, every inch o' you; but I hope its not so bad wid us yet, as to do the likes o' that."

"I think it's bad enough," said the captain, "when you are without a compass, and knowing nothing of your course, and nearly a hundred and eighty leagues from land."

"An' how many miles would that be, captain?"

"Three times as many."

"I never larned the rule o' three, captain, and maybe your honor id tell me yourself."

"That is rather more than five hundred miles."

"Five hundred miles!" shouted Barney. "Oh! the Lord look down on us! how 'ill we ever get back!"

"That's what I say," said the captain; "and, therefore, I recommend you come aboard with me."

"And where 'ud the hooker be all the time?" said Barney.

"Let her go adrift," was the answer.

"Is it the darlint boat? Oh, by dad, I'll never hear o' that at all."

"Well, then, stay in her and be lost

Decide upon the matter at once, either come on board or cast off;" and the captain was turning away as he spoke, when Barney called after him, "Arrah, thin, your honor, don't go jist for one minit until I ax you one word more. If I wint wid you, whin would I be home agin?"

"In about seven months."

"Oh, thin, that puts the wig an it at wanst. I dar'n't go at all."

"Why, seven months are not long passing."

"Thrae for you, in throth," said Barney, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Faix its myself knows, to my sorrow, the half-year comes round mighty sud-dint, and the Lord's agint comes for the thrifle o' rint; and faix I know, by Molly, that nine months is not long in goin' over either," added Barney with a grin.

"Then what's your objection, as to the time?" asked the captain.

"Arrah, sure, Sir, what would the woman that owns me do while I was away? and maybe its break her heart the craythur would, thinkin' I was lost intirely; and who'd be at home to take care o' the childher, and airm thin the bit and the sup, whin I'd be away? and who knows but its all dead they'd be afore I got back? Och hone! sure the heart id fairly break in my body, if hurt or harm kem to them, through me. So, say no more, captain dear, only give me a thrifle o' directions how I'm to make an offer at gettin' home, and its myself that will pray for you night, noon and mornin', for that same."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me well while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind, North, South, East, and West."

"Yis Sir."

"How do you know them, for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake—How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, Sir, the Sun, God bless it, rises in the Aist, and sets in the West, which stands to raison; and whin you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the North is fornaist you."

"And when the north is fornaist you, as you say, is the east on your right or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honour."

"Well, I see you know that much however. Now," said the Captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a Nor-East course, and you will make some land near home in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but, mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honour!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why thin indeed in the regard o' that same we are in the houghth o' distress, for exceptin the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh! you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration, "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honor! and I'd like to drink the health of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Paddy, you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heavens shower blessings an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve Apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' Saint Pathrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh! never fear, whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it, by dad, wid a heart and a half. And sure, your honor, God is good an' ill mind dissolute craythurs like uz, on the wild ocean as well as ashore."

While some of the ship's crew were putting the captain's benevolent intentions to Barney and his companions into practice, by transferring some provisions to the hooker, the commander entertained himself by further conversation with Barney, who was the greatest original he had ever met. In the course of their colloquy, Barney drove many hard queries at the captain, respecting the wonders of the nautical profession, and at last put the question to him plump.

"Oh! thin captain dear, and how is it at all at all, that you make your way over the wide says intirely to them furrin parts?"

"You would not understand, Paddy, if I attempted to explain to you."

"Sare enough indeed, your honor,

and I ask your pardon, only I was curious to know, and sure no wonder."

"It requires various branches of knowledge to make a navigator."

"Branches," said Barney, "by gor I think it id take the *whole three o' knowledge* to make it out. And that place you are going to, Sir, that *Bingal*, (oh bad luck to it for a *Bingal*, it's the sore *Bingal* to me,) it's so far off as you say?"

"Yes Paddy, half round the world."

"Is it round in airmest, captain dear.—round about?"

"Aye indeed."

"Oh thin ar'nt you afeard that whin you come to the top and that your obbleeged to go down, that you'd go sliddherin away intirely, and never be able to stop maybe. It's bad enough, so it is, goin' down-hill by land, but it must be the dickens all out by wather."

"But there is no hill, Paddy, don't you know that water is always level?"

"By dad it's very *flat* any how, and by the same token it's seldom I throuble it; but sure, your honor, if the wather is level, how do you make out that it is *round* you go?"

"That is a part of the knowledge I was speaking to you about," said the captain.

"Musha, bad luck to you, knowledge, but you're a quare thing! and where is it *Bingal*, bad luck to it, would be at all at all?"

"In the East Indies."

"Oh that is where they make the *tay*, isn't it, Sir?"

"No, where the tea grows, is farther still."

"Farther! why that must be the ind of the world intirely. And they don't make it, then, Sir, but it grows, you tell me."

"Yes, Paddy."

"Is it like hay your honor?"

"Not exactly Paddy, what puts hay in your head?"

"Oh! only becase I hear them call it *Bohay*."

"A most logical deduction, Paddy."

"And is it a great deal farther, your honor, the *tay* country is?"

"Yes Paddy, China it is called."

"That's, I suppose, what we call *Chaynee*, Sir?"

"Exactiv, Paddy."

"By dad I never could come at it

rightly before, why it was nath'ral to dhrink tay out o' chaynee. I ax your honor's pardin' for bein' troublesome, but I hard tell from the long sailor, iv a place they call Japan, in thim furrin parts, and is it there your honor?"

"Quite true, Paddy."

"And I suppose it's there the blackin comes from."

"No, Paddy, you're out there."

"Oh well I thought it stood to rayson, as I heard of japan blackin, Sir, that it would be there it kem from, besides as the blacks themselves—the naygurs I mane, is in thim parts."

"The negroes are in Africa, Paddy, much nearer to us."

"God betune uz and harm. I hope I would not be too near them," said Barney.

"Why, what's your objection?"

"Arrah sure, Sir, they're hardly mortals at all, but has the mark o' the bastes an thim."

"How do you make out that, Paddy?"

"Why sure, Sir, and didn't Nathur make thim wid wool on their heads, plainly makin' it undherstood to chrishtans, that they wur little more nor cattle."

"I think your head is a wool-gathering now, Paddy," said the captain, laughing.

"Faix maybe so, indeed," answered Barney, goodhumouredly, "but it's seldom I ever went out to look for wool and kem home shorn, any how," said he, with a look of triumph.

"Well, you wont have that to say for the future, Paddy," said the captain, laughing again.

"My name's not Paddy, your honor," said Barney returning the laugh, but seizing the opportunity to turn the joke aside, that was going against him, "my name isn't Paddy, Sir, but Barney."

"Oh, if it was Solomon, you'll be bare enough when you go home this time; you have not gathered much this trip, Barney."

"Sure I've been gathering knowledge, any how, your honor," said Barney, with a significant look at the captain, and a complimentary tip of his hand to his caubeen, "and God bless you for being so good to me."

"And what's your name besides Barney?" asked the captain.

"O'Reirdon, your honor—Barney O'Reirdon's my name."

"Well Barney O'Reirdon, I wont forget your name nor yourself in a hurry, for you are certainly the most original navigator I ever had the honor of being acquainted with."

"Well," said Barney, with a triumphant toss of his head, "I have done out Terry O'Sullivan at any rate, the devil a half so far he ever was, and that's a comfort. I have muzzled his clack for the rest iv his life, and he won't be comin' over us wid the pride iv his *Fingal*, while I'm to the fore, that was a most at *Bingal*."

"Terry O'Sullivan—who is he pray?" said the captain.

"Oh, he's a scout iv a chap that's not worth your axin for—he's not worth your honor's notice—a braggin' poor craythur. Oh wait till I get home, and the divil a more braggin they'll hear out of his jaw."

"Indeed then Barney, the sooner you turn your face towards home, the better," said the captain. "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time."

"Thru for you, your honor—and sure its well for me had the luck to meet with the likes o' your honor, that explained the ins and the outs iv it, to me, and laid it all down as plain as prent."

"Are you sure you remember my directions?" said the captain.

"Throth an I'll never forget them to the day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barney; but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall eave me?"

"The Nor-Aist coorse, your honor, that's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that! never alter that coorse till you see land—let nothing make you turn out of a Nor-East coorse."

"Throth an' that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was yourself that ordered it. Oh no, I'll depend my life an the *Nor-Aist coorse*, and God help any one that comes betune me an' it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good bye, Barney."

"Good bye and God bless you, your honor, and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barney—never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh sure I'm as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin the wind is conthrary; sure the Nor-Aist coorse 'ill do the business complate. Good bye your honor, and long life to you, and more power to your elbow, and a light heart and a heavy purse to you evermore I pray the blessed Virgin and all the Saints, amin!" and so saying, Barney descended the ship's side and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvass, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers. The finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea-bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only chance of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one, the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless." To the other, it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship, at parting, was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barney O'Reirdon.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits! How kindly have they been fortified by Nature against the assaults of adversity; and, if they blindly rush into dangers, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of it if they can.

But each hurra became less audible. By degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness: and, finally, were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The first feeling of loneliness that poor Barney experienced was when he could no longer hear the exhilarating sound. The plash of the surge, as it broke on the bows of his little boat, was uninterrupted by the kindred sound of human voice; and, as it fell upon his ear, it smote upon his heart. But he rallied, waved his hat, and the silent signal was answered from the ship.

"Well, Barney," said Jemmy, "what was the captain sayin' to you all the time you wor wid him?"

"Lay me alone," said Barney, "I'll talk to you when I see her out o' sight, but not a word till thin. I'll look after him, the rale gentleman that he is, while there's a topsail of his ship to be seen, and then I'll send my blessin' after him, and pray for his good fortune wherever he goes, for he's the right sort and nothin' else." And Barney kept his word, and when his straining eye could no longer trace a line of the ship, the captain certainly had the benefit of "a poor man's blessing."

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barney until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent inward outpouring of prayer, resigned himself to the care of his Creator. With an admirable fortitude, too, he assumed a composure to his companions that was a stranger to his heart; and we all know how the burden of anxiety is increased when we have none with whom to sympathise. And this was not all. He had to affect ease and confidence, for Barney not only had no dependence on the firmness of his companions, to go through the undertaking before them, but dreaded to betray to them how he had imposed on them in the affair. Barney was equal to all this. He had a stout heart and was an admirable actor; yet, for the first hour after the ship was out of sight, he could not quite recover himself, and every now and then, unconsciously, he would look back with a wistful eye to the point where last he saw her. Poor Barney had lost his leader.

The night fell, and Barney stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered, if any change in wind occurred, that they should instantly awake him.

He could not sleep long, however, the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes, and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail, and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The devil a taste," said Barney, "I'll not quit my *Nor-Aist coorse* for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nophin' to do but to plaze you."

Again he was hailed.

"Oh! bad luck to the toe I'll go to you."

Another hail.

"Spake loudher you'd better," said Barney, jeeringly, still holding on his course.

A gun was fired ahead of him.

"By my sowl you spoke loudher that time sure enough," said Barney.

"Take care Barney," cried Jemmy and Peter together. "Blur an agers man, we'll be kilt if you don't go to them."

"Well, and we'll be lost if we turn out iv our *Nor-Aist coorse*, and that's as broad as its long. Let them hit iz if they like; sure it 'ud be a pleasanther death nor starvin' at say. I tell you agin I'll turn out o' my *Nor-Aist coorse* for no man."

A shotted gun was fired. The shot hopped on the water as it passed before the hooker.

"Phew! you missed it, like your mammy's blessin'," said Barney.

"Oh murther!" said Jemmy, "didn't you see the ball hop aff the wather forinist you. Oh murther, what 'ud we ha' done if we wor there at all at all?"

"Why, we'd have taken the ball at the hop," said Barney, laughing, "accordin' to the ould sayin'."

Another shot was ineffectually fired.

"Im thinking that's a Connaughtman

that's shootin'," said Barney, with a sneer.* The allusion was so relished by Jemmy and Peter that it excited a smile in the midst of their fears from the cannonade.

Again the report of the gun was followed by no damage.

"Augh! never heed them!" said Barney, contemptuously. "It's a barkin' dog that never bites, as the ould sayin' says," and the hooker was soon out of reach of further annoyance.

"Now, what a pity it was, to be sure," said Barney, "that I wouldn't go aboard to plaze them. Now, who's right? Ah, lave me alone always Jimmy; did you iver know me wrong yet?"

"Oh, you may hillow now that you're out o' the wood," said Jemmy, but, accordin' to my idays, it was runnin' a grate risk to be contrary wid them at all, and they shootin' balls afther us."

"Well, what matther?" said Barney, "since they wor only blind gunners, an' I know it; besides, as I said afore, I wout turn out o' my *Nor-Eist coorse* for no man."

"That's a new turn you tuk lately," said Peter. "What's the raison you're runnin' a *nor aist coorse* now an' we never heard iv it afore at all till afther you quitted the big ship?"

"Why, this, are you sitch an ignoramus all out," said Barney, "as not for to know that in navigation you must lie an a great many different tacks before you can make the port you steer for?"

"Only I think, said Jemmy, "that its back intirely we're goin' now, and I can't make out the rights o' that at all."

"Why," said Barney, who saw the necessity of mystifying his companions a little, "you see, the captain towld me that I kum a round, an' rekimmind me to go th'other way."

"Faix its the first I ever heard o' goin' a round by say," said Jemmy.

"Arrah, sure, that's part o' the saycrets o' navigation, and the various branches o' knowledge that is requisit for a navigator; an' that's what the captain, God bless him, and myself was discoovrsin an aboard; and, like a rale

* This is an allusion of Barney's to a saying prevalent in Ireland. When a sportsman returns home unsuccessful, they say, "so you've killed what the Connaughtman shot at. Besides, the people of Munster have a profound contempt for Connaught men."

gentleman as he is, Barney, says he ; Sir, says I ; you've come the round, says he. I know that, says I, bekase I like to keep a good bowld offin', says I, in contr'y places. Spoke like a good sayman, says he. That's my principles, says I. They're the right sort, says he. But, says he, (no offence), I think you wor wrong, says he, to pass the short turn in the ladie-shoes,* says he. I know, says I, you mane beside the three-spike headlan'. That's the spot, says he, I see you know it. As well as I know my father, says I."

"Why, Barney," said Jemmy, interrupting him, "we seen no headlan' at all."

"Whisht, whisht !" said Barney, "bad cess to you, don't interrupt me. We passed it in the night and you couldn't see it. Well, as I was saying, I knew it as well as I know my father, says I, but I gev the preferrin'ce to go the round, says I. You're a good sayman for that same, says he, an' it would be right at any other time than this present, says he, but its onpossible now, tee-totally, on account o' the war, says he. Tare alive, says I, what war ? An' didn't you hear o' the war ? says he. Divil a word, says I. Why, says he, the Naygurs has made war on the king o' Chaynee, says he, bekase he refused them any more tay ; an' with that, what did they do, says he, but they put alumbaago on all the vessels that sails the round, an' that's the rayson, says he, I carry guns, as you may see ; and I'd rekimmind you, says he, to go back, for you're not able for them, an' that's jist the way iv it. An' now, wasn't it looky that I kem across him at all, or maybe we might be cotch by the Naygurs, and ate up alive."

"Oh, thin, indeed, and that's thrue," said Jemmy and Peter, "and when will we come to the short turn ?"

"Oh never mind," said Barney, "you'll see it when you get there ; but wait till I tell you more about the captain and the big ship. He said, you know, that he carried guns afear'd o' the Naygurs, and in throth its the hoight o' care he takes o' them same guns ; and small blame to him, sure they might be the salvation of him. 'Pon my conscience, they're taken betther

care of than any poor man's child. I heer'd him cautionin' the sailors about them, and given them ordhers about their clothes."

"Their clothes !" said his two companions at once in much surprise ; "is it clothes upon cannons ?"

"It's truth I'm tellin' you," said Barney. "Bad luck to the lie in it, he was talkin' about their aprons and their breeches."

"Oh, think o' that !" said Jimmy and Peter in surprise. "An' twas all in a piece said Barney, "that an' the rest o' the ship all out. She was as nate as a new pin. Throth I was a'most ashamed to put my fut an the deck it was so clane, and she painted every colour in the rainbow ; and all sorts o' curoisities about her ; and instead iv a tiller to steer her, like this darlin' craythur iv ours, she goes wid a wheel, like a coach all as one, and there's the quarest thing you iver seen, to show the way, as the captain gev me to understan', a little round rowl-powly thing in a bowl, that goes waddlin' about as if it didn't know its own way, much more nor show any body their's. Throth its myself thought that if that's the way they're obliged to go, that its with a great deal of *thrumblin'* they find it out."

Thus it was that Barney continued most marvellous accounts of the ship and the captain to his companions, and by keeping their attention so engaged, prevented their being too inquisitive as to their own immediate concerns, and for two days more Barney and the hooker held on their respective courses undeviatingly.

The third day Barney's fears for the continuity of his *nor-aist coorse* were excited, as a larger brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barney's course.

"May the divil sweep you," said Barney, "and will nothin else sarve you than comin forninst me that-a-way. Brig-a-hoy there !!" shouted Barney, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig-a-hoy there !—bad luck to you, go 'long out o' my *nor-aist coorse*." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker.

* Some offer Barney is making at "latitudes."

"Oh look at this;" shouted Barney, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a-purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hatched to you, *quit* this minit or I'll run down an yes, and if we go the bottom, we'll hant you for ever more—go' long out o' that I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that wont go out iv a man's nor-aist coorse!!"

From cursing Barney went to praying as he came closer—"For the tender marcy o' heavin and leave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my nor-aist coorse! May angels make your bed in heavin and dont ruinat me this-a-way." The brig was immoveable, and Barney gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being "*done out of his nor-aist coorse*."

"A-hoy there!!" shouted a voice from the brig, "put down your helm or you'll be aboard of us. I say, let go your jib and foresheet—what are you about you lubbers?"

'Twas true that the brig lay so fair in Barney's course that he would have been aboard, but that instantly the manœuvre above alluded to was put in practice on board the hooker, as she swept to destruction towards the heavy hull of the brig, and she buffed up into the wind along side her. A very pale and somewhat emaciated face appeared at the side, and addressed Barney.—

"What brings you here?" was the question.

"Throth thin, and I think I might betther ax what brings *you* here, right in the way o' my *nor-aist coorse*."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Kinsale; and you did'nt come from a betther place, I go bail."

"Where are you bound to?"

"To Fingall."

"Fingall—where's Fingall?"

"Why thin aint you ashaimed o' yourself an' not to know where Fingall is?"

"It is not in these seas."

"Oh that's all you know about it," says Barney.

"You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provision on board."

"To be sure we have; throth if we hadnt, this id be a bad place to go a beggin."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why you're mighty ignorant intirely," said Barney, "why scalpeens is pickled mackarel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of every thing eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader, that unfavourable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, every thing eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait the arrival of Barney O'Reirdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succour to them, and a lucky chance for Barney, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barney lamented much however that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practice his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *nor-aist coorse* once more, and ploughed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was a great God-send to Barney in more ways than one. In the first place he found the most profitable market he could have had, and secondly it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and consequently being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away upon one of Barney's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favour; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barney said to his companions, "why thin boys, 'pon my conscience but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfort'nate craythers this blessed day, and was enabled to extind our charity to them. Sure an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' across them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of marcy, that is, feedin' the hungry; and sure every good work we

do here is before us in heaven—and that's a comfort any how. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowid, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may as well jist go home."

"Faix I'm sorry myself," said Jemmy, "for Terry O'Sullivan said it was an iligant place intirely, an' I wanted to see it."

"To the divil wid Terry O'Sullivan," said Barney, what does he know what's an iligant place? What knowledge has he of iligaunce? I'll go bail he never was half as far a navigatin' as we—he wint the short cut I go bail, and never daard' for to vinture the round, as I did."

"By dad we wor a great dale longer any how, than he towld me he was."

"To be sure we wor," said Barney, "he wint skulkin' by the short cut, I tell you, and was afeard to keep a bowld offin' like me.—But come boys, let us take a dhrop o' that bottle o' sper'ts we got out o' the brig. By gor it's well we got some bottles iv it; for I wouldn't much like to meddle wid that darlint little kag iv it until we get home."

The rum was put on its trial by Barney and his companions, and in their critical judgment was pronounced quite as good as the captain of the ship had bestowed upon them, but that neither of those specimens of spirit was to be compared to whiskey. "By dad," says Barney, "they may rack their brains a long time before they'll make out a purtier invintion than *potteen*—that rum may do very well for thim that has the misforthin not to know better; but the whiskey is a more nath'ral sper't accordin' to my idays." In this, as in most other of Barney's opinions, Peter and Jemmy coincided.

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barney most religiously pursued his *Nor-Aist coorse*, but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered on the horizon, and in the direction Barney was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American, for though it is needless to say he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him

was of transatlantic build: nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barney now determined on a manœuvre, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat.

Moreau's highest fame rests upon his celebrated retrograde movement through the Black-forest.

Xenophon's greatest glory is derived from the deliverance of his ten thousand Greeks from impending ruin by his renowned retreat.

Let the ancient and the modern hero "repose under the shadow of their laurels," as the French have it, while Barney O'Reardon's historian, with a pardonable jealousy for the honor of his country, cuts down a goodly bough of the classic tree, beneath which our Hibernian hero may enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*."

Barney calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay, almost as directly in the way of his "*Nor-Aist coorse*," as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee Captain.

"Faix an its glad I am to see your honor again," said Barney.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barney so.

"Oh throth I couldn't forget a gintleman so aisy as that," said Barney.

"You're pretty considerably mistaken now, I guess," said the American.

"Divil a taste," said Barney, with inimitable composure and pertinacity.

"Well, if you know me so tarnation well, tell me what's my name." The Yankee flattered himself he had nailed Barney now.

"Your name, is it?" said Barney, gaining time by repeating the question, "Why what a fool you are not to know your own name."

The oddity of the answer posed the American, and Barney took advantage of the diversion in his favor, and changed the conversation.

"By dad I've been waitin' here these four or five days, expectin' some of you would be wantin' me."

"Some of us!—How do you mean?"

"Sure an' arn't you from Amerikay?"

"Yes; and what then?"

"Well, I say I was waitin' for some ship or other from Amerikay, that ud be wantin' me. It's to Ireland you're goin' I dar say."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose you'll be wantin' a pilot," said Barney.

"Yes, when we get in shore, but not yet."

"Oh, I don't want to hurry you," said Barney.

"What port are you a pilot of?"

"Why indeed, as for the matther o' that," said Barney, "they're all aigual to me a'most."

"All," said the American. "Why I calculate you couldnt pilot a ship into all the ports of Ireland."

"Not all at wanst (once)," said Barney, with a laugh, in which the American could not help joining.

"Well, I say, what ports do you know best?"

"Why thin, indeed," said Barney, "it would be hard for me to tell; but wherever you want to go, I'm the man that'll do the job for you complete. Where is your honor goin'?"

"I won't tell you that—but do you tell me what ports you know best?"

"Why there's Watherford, an' there's Youghall, an' Fingal."

"Fingal! Where's that?"

"So you don't know where Fingal is.—Oh, I see you're a strhanger, Sir,—an'then there's Cork."

"You know Cove, then."

"Is it the Cove o' Cork why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min out of it."

Barney thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the Captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind aff the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honor."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 'twas from the Nor-East."

"Oh, directly!" said Barney, "faith you're right enough, 'twas the *Nor-Aist coorse* we wor an sure enough; but no matther now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home anyhow."

"Well, get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honor, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why sure its not goin' to turn pilot

you are," said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barney, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now mind me, Pether. You don't undherstan' navigashin and the varrious branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to folly the ship when I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barney then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through "a power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for in troth its myself and sleep that is strhayngers for some time," said Barney, "an' if your honor'll be plazed I'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me until I'm wanted, for sure till you see the land there's no use for me in life, an' throth I want a sleep sorely."

Barney's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four-and-twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight, and when he came on deck the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities and "calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four-and-twenty hours on a stretch, before."

"Oh, Sir," said Barney, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little hazy, "whiniver I go to sleep I pay attention to it."

The land was soon neared, and Barney put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first land mark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barney gave a "whoop," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though, we flatter ourselves, it is not to those who do Barney the favor of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are, my darlint ould head! an' where's the head like you? throth its little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin. But God's good!"

In such half muttered exclamations did Barney apostrophise each well-known point of his native shore, and, when opposite the harbour of Kinsale he spoke the hooker that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter

to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could after piloting the ship into Cove. "But an your apper! don't tell Pether Kelly o' the big farm, nor indeed don't mention to man nor mortal about the navigation we done until I come home myself and make them sensible of it, bekase Jemmy and Pether, neither o' yiz is aqual to it, and does'nt undherstan' the branches o' knowledge requizit for discoorsin' o' navigation."

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barney sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he ever had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befel his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barney pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barney swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barney got himself paid for *piloting* the ship that *showed him the way home*.

All the fishermen in the world may throw their caps at this feat—none but an Irishman, we fearlessly assert, could have executed so splendid a *coup de finesse*.

And now, sweet readers, (the ladies I mean), did you ever think Barney would get home? I would give a hundred of pens to hear all the guesses that have been made as to the probable termination of Barney's adventure. They would furnish good material, I doubt not, for another voyage.

But Barney did make other voyages I can assure you; and, perhaps, he may appear in his character of navigator once more, if his daring exploits be not field valueless by an ungrateful world, as in the case of his great predecessor, Columbus.

As some *curious* persons, (I don't mean the ladies), may wish to know what became of some of the characters who have figured in this tale, I beg to inform them that Molly continued a faithful wife and time-keeper, as already alluded to, for many years. That Peter Kelly was so pleased with his share in the profits arising from the trip, in the ample return of rum and sugar, that he freighted a large brig with scalpeens to the West Indies, and went supercargo himself.

All he got in return was the yellow fever.

Barney profited better by his share; he was enabled to open a public-house, which had more custom than any ten within miles of it. Molly managed the bar very efficiently, and Barney "discoorsed" the customers most seductively; in short, Barney, at all times given to the *marvellous*, became a greater romancer than ever, and, for years, attracted even the gentlemen of the neighbourhood, who loved fun, to his house, for the sake of his magnanimous mendacity.

As for the hitherto triumphant Terry O'Sullivan, from the moment Barney's *Bingal* adventure became known, he was obliged to fly the country, and was never heard of more, while the hero of the hooker became a greater man than before, and never was addressed by any other title afterwards than that of THE COMMODORE.

OBERON TO TITANIA.

O haste thee to our fairy glen,
 Far, far remov'd from mortal ken ;
 Where no unhallow'd steps e'er trod
 The verdure of the Elfin sod ;
 Where never curious eye hath been
 To scan the wonders of the scene ;
 Nor human voice, with accents rude,
 Dare break upon our solitude ;
 No other sound shall meet our ear,
 Save when the nightingale we hear,
 Who loves in this enchanted dell,
 Her sweetly plaintive tale to tell,
 While echo, list'ning to the song,
 Doth every warbled note prolong.

There let us wander thro' the grove,
 Thro' every shaded dingle rove,
 Or linger by the sparkling rill,
 That gushes from the moss-grown hill,
 And watch its liquid diamonds play,
 All glittering in the sunny ray ;
 While from the flower-enamell'd side,
 By nature robed in all her pride,
 I'll cull for thee a garland rare,
 And wreath it in thy golden hair ;
 Crown'd with this fragrant diadem,
 Without one rich or costly gem,
 More lovely thou shalt seem to me,
 In unadorned simplicity,
 Than if Golconda's mines had shed
 Their treasured jewels o'er thine head.
 There too for thee I'll build a bower
 Of many a bright and blooming flower,
 The new-blown rose thy couch shall be,
 The hyacinth thy canopy ;
 The finest woof the silk-worm wove,
 Shall curtain thee, my fairy love ;
 The lotus and the violet
 Shall blend in one sweet carcanet,
 And form a fair and fragrant dome,
 For this, 'Titania's queenly home,

When by the noon-day heat oppress'd,
 Thine aerial limbs shall long for rest,
 I'll lead thee to this balmy shade,
 Where, on the blushing roses laid,
 In softest ease thou shalt recline,
 Thy zone unclasp, thy wreath untwine,
 And from the cowslip's chalice sip
 The nectar'd dew to cool thy lip ;
 While Zephyr, as he flutters by,
 Shall fan thee with a fragrant sigh,
 And on his iris-tinted wing,
 To thee ambrosial odours bring,
 From beds of never-fading flowers
 Bathed in the purest vernal showers.

If slumber steal upon thine eye,
 The dove shall sing thy lullaby,

And fancy's fond illusions beam
 All brightly on thy blissful dream,
 Thy snowy bosom's gentle swell
 Their happy influence shall tell,
 The smile upon thy rosy cheek
 The sweetness of thy visions speak.
 Then with a more than mortal care,
 I'll watch thee as a treasure rare,
 And bending o'er thy lovely form,
 Gaze silently on every charm ;
 Then view thee when thy slumber flies,
 In renovated beauty rise,
 And feel that of a realm so fair
 Thou should'st alone the sceptre wear.

Then haste thee, ere the dawn be past,
 We'll meet Aurora in the east,
 Who comes the gloomy night to chase,
 And fold the earth in her embrace.
 See where awaits our magic car,
 To waft us thro' the cloudless air,
 Until we reach our lov'd retreat,
 For sinless spirits only meet :
 There, my Titania shall alight,
 With the first blush of morning bright,
 And springing to the charmed ground
 With sylphlike and elastic bound,
 Buds shall beneath thy footsteps spring,
 And birds thy joyous welcome sing,
 While all within the lovely scene,
 Shall greet with smiles the Fairy Queen.

FOLIA SIBYLLINA.

“ Since earth is but a desert shore, and life a weary dream.”

A weary dream indeed is life,
 A scene of never-ending strife,
 Beset with bitterest woes :
 The Pilgrim, with its pains oppress,
 Hails as his last unbroken rest,
 The sepulchre's repose.

The pangs of love rejected ne'er
 Disturb his peaceful slumbers there ;
 He never wakes to weep.
 The faithless heart and wily tongue
 Mock not the bosom which they stung,
 In death's enduring sleep.

Too fondly and too well he lov'd,
 Too deeply was that feeling prov'd,
 Then thrown unheeded by.
 'Twas his to sympathise and feel
 With others' woe, for others weal,
 And then neglected die.

Oh! if his lot deserve a tear,
 Then shed the sacred tribute here,
 And ere you turn to tread
 The stormy paths of life again,
 Where griefs are real, pleasures vain,
 Think, think upon the dead.

APPLICATION OF METAPHYSICS TO SCRIPTURE.

NO. I.

"But Christ's lore and his Apostles twelve
 "He taught."—CHAUCER.

The great object of human existence should be the regeneration of the heart. The principle by which this is to be effected, must be one which will supply new motives of action, flowing either from general laws or generated by particular impulses, as well as eradicate those vicious propensities inherent in our nature. Whether in his unaided strength, an individual submits to the imperious dictation of passion, or regulates his conduct by a rule of mere rationality, he will find that the flash of the one or the ray of the other, can never light him far on his road through life. The works of Providence form a system; every part of which has some relation to, and will be affected by, the movements and condition of other portions; and as it is necessary to have a knowledge of the consequences of any action upon a system, before we can determine how far that action is likely to be beneficial or detrimental, it follows that the clearer man's views, the more extended his knowledge of creation, and of the Creator's dealings with mankind, the more competent is he to estimate the qualities of actions. Passion only dwells on the immediate consequences; reason and conscience can only determine the proximate results, and revelation alone declares the ultimate effects of human conduct. But revelation goes further; it supplies the machinery by which the human heart is to be remodelled, and the principle by which man's conduct is to be directed, a principle which not only carries within it a general and immutable law, but supplies to the particular affections of our nature an object for their beneficial gratification, while it places a restraint upon their pernicious indulgence. A moral code could not so operate upon the moral constitution of man; give it the ordinary sanction

of rewards and punishments, still it will leave the subjects of its government in every case, open to the accidental results of contending passions, or the imperfect check of reason. As in the natural world we find the dusky twilight of evening lingering on till it gradually melts into the dark gloom of night, while the grey glimmering of morning springs into the risen light, so the influence of gospel grace, by pouring the light of eternal truth into the recesses of the human heart, vigorously expels all its clouded corruptions and gloomy passions, while over the obscure and dismal sanctions of the law, those corruptions float in buoyant and dubious suspension. At this eventful period of the history of man, when those who feel that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, are clinging to its consolations; when, with one arm resting in faith and humility upon the altar, they are called upon to raise the other, in defence of those blessed truths which reason demonstrates and revelation declares to be the only principles for the guidance of man as an immortal being, the analysis of the operations of those principles of divine grace and omnipotent love must be a subject of surpassing interest. The savage will trace omnipotence in the thunder; he will tremble at the howlings of the storm, while he marks the avenging voice of the author of nature: but the Christian's prerogative is to trace the operations of divine love in the still small voice that whispers

"Peace on earth; good will towards man."

If, therefore, scriptural truth be a pearl of priceless value, and if the seat of its operation be the human heart, and its principal communications be made through the medium of language from the word of revelation, it cannot be denied that the cultivation of metaphysi-

cal and moral science may be rendered powerfully subservient to the great end of inculcating the lessons of divine knowledge. In society there appear to be three classes of individuals. The first are those who believe that the gospel was sent to man as glad tidings of great joy. The second (amongst whom are to be reckoned the supporters of the gospel of the government) are those who profess to believe that a revelation was given, but that "the glad tidings" are not to go to but from man to his fellow men. The third are atheists, who deny the Creator as revealed in his Son. Upon the principle already established, that a more perfect knowledge, which can alone be had from a more extensive intimacy with revelation, leads to a sounder rule of life, it can at once be proved that the second and third classes are courting the darkness of error. The third is more consistent in its blindness than the second. For while the latter cannot deny the necessity of divine assistance, and thereby acknowledge the paramount importance of revelation, they with a singular fatuity close up the fountains of that living water which alone (as they dare not deny) can quench the burning thirst of the weary pilgrim. They would control man's licentiousness by a code of decent morality, but not awaken his affections by a system of grace and reconciliation. Again, be it remembered that their system, like every system of human contrivance, fails in supplying a proper object for the affections of our nature, although perhaps its sanctions may, in particular cases, prevent the indulgence of a passion in reference to a pernicious object. So that at most such virtue can only be negative; the offspring of fear; the toilsome duty of the galley slave; no labour of love, no positive holiness, no cheerful subservience to the divine will. They would read the great commandment, as if it were written, "Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God," &c., and even then they would fear man rather than God; for he who would compromise the integrity of scripture, rather than offend the prejudices of a fellow sinner, betrays a fear of the creature without the love or fear of the Creator. Like Saul's companions, such see the light, but hear not the voice that speaks. Upon the principles then of metaphysical and

moral science, it appears that the full revelation of God's will, and the manifestation of his character in our Redeemer, is the only safe guide for a wandering sinner. In order to shew with what advantage these sciences may be called in aid, in a clear analysis of the holy symmetry, the regenerating influences and the internal evidences of the divine character of the Christian's creed, it may be important to give a few examples of the application of such principles of these sciences as may be considered more peculiarly adapted to the purposes of such an analysis.

The operations of matter upon mind, and the degree in which the latter is affected by the former, appears to constitute the distinction between man and man, and man and the inferior animals; and this in reference to the principle already stated, that the competence of an individual to determine the quality of an action, depends upon the extent of his acquaintance with that vast system of which he forms an atom. Thus many of the inferior animals can perceive and remember; but on examination it will be found, that whatever in them appears to partake of rationality is simply subservient to their temporal wants, and thus circumscribed by the influence of matter. They have particular appetites or affections which are at once directed by instinct to the objects of their gratification. Man in his natural state, has these particular affections, together with a principle by which he may, at his discretion, control their gratification: but in this natural state, (that is independent of revelation) he has not, and cannot have the knowledge requisite to enable him to exercise a safe and sound discretion; and furthermore, this discretion is mainly exercised in prohibition and not in the proper developement of those affections to promote the Creator's glory, by positive acts of obedience and holiness. There is no advancement in moral excellence. When Saint Paul speaks of the natural law of the Gentiles, it is not that that law is sufficient for spiritual guidance, but only as a branch of that great proposition which he demonstrates, and which is the foundation of all religion, that in every condition of man, he has light enough afforded him to convince him that he is an offender against that light, and

that his own efforts to save himself must necessarily be fruitless and unavailing. Let us now examine the process of the human mind in generalization. The inherent power of the infant mind, is but a capacity to receive impressions through the medium of the senses. It must primarily be affected by individual objects, and hence the sensations produced, must be single and unconnected. The mind thus acquires materials, which appear to be only its particular states or affections created by qualities of matter. The mind exercising itself on these, acquires a new train of ideas. An idea may be properly defined to be that particular condition or affection of the mind, when engaged in contemplating the qualities of external, material objects, or the sensations which they produce. Being at one period affected in a certain manner by a definite object, or a definite sensation, and being at another period affected in a similar manner by a certain other object or sensation, the mind from a feeling of partial resemblance considers these two affections under one head, and thus begins to classify and arrange; and so proceeds to the formation of an abstract or general idea. It is material to observe however that the process is from particulars to generals, as will be of much importance when we come to examine the idea of God. The only idea we can have of a substance is, that the mind is affected in a certain way by a number of qualities; and by abstraction, we may consider the isolated effect of any number of these qualities independently of those which remain unnoticed. By this process we can reduce substances to a general class, by considering those qualities which are similar, and omitting to consider those in which the substances differ. On this position the Socinian error is founded; and the fallacy is obvious, because Christ is only therein considered with reference to a *portion* of his nature, and as contrasted with mankind. The positive nature of a Saviour cannot be determined by that which is founded upon comparison and abstraction; and, consequently, to determine the true nature of that Saviour, we are not to omit any of the Divine attributes of his character. So with our notion of God. So far as we render it comparative or abstract, it must be erroneous. The true notion

of God, therefore, cannot be obtained by the ordinary process of the human mind; and, therefore, without the manifestation of God in Christ, and the communication of the Divine Spirit, it is clear as demonstration that man cannot know God. If he cannot, without these aids, know Him, he cannot know His dealings; and, consequently, cannot, without these aids, determine on any sound general law of action, or safely act upon the impulses of passion or appetite, or propose any proper object for the development of his affections. By the very nature of man, time and space are laws of his mind; he cannot, therefore, understand the peace of God; he cannot conceive the joys of Christian blessedness; he cannot, unquestionably, on the same principle, rectify his condition to prepare for an *eternal* dwelling in the world to come, because his thoughts and actions are limited by time and space. Now, as many errors flow from the discussion of questions wherein general terms are used, and to which different individuals affix different meanings, according to the extent of the abstraction followed out by each, so the greatest variety of fallacies spring from an inattention to this leading truth, that time and space are laws of the human mind. Thus as to the Scripture doctrine of Divine omniscience and election. A common argument is drawn from what is called God's *fore-knowledge*, as creating a necessity, and, therefore, extinguishing human responsibility. God's knowledge is not qualified; it is not subject to the limitation of time. All events are at once apprehended by God's omniscience, and consequently no argument can be drawn from *FORE-knowledge* as contradistinguished to the knowledge of past events; or, in other words, there must be error in applying to the eternal and omniscient Creator, a conclusion drawn from a quality of knowledge, growing out of the limitations or laws of a fallen and imperfect creature. So, again, there must be boundless error when God is not beheld in Christ. There we have all his attributes reduced to the comprehension of human capacity, and subject to the original laws of human sympathy. Close the pages of Divine Revelation, and in vain you search for Divine sympathy for human frailty. Where is there such a God as the God of the Bible, manifested in the

flesh? Our fellow-sufferer; our constitutional intercessor.

The instrument by which the mind of man is supplied with the thoughts of others, is called language, the very nature of which implies that the thoughts which its symbols represent, must have an existence previous to those symbols; and, consequently, general or abstract ideas must have had an existence before general terms. The feeling of partial resemblances causes the formation of the general idea; conventional arrangement or arbitrary formation creates the general term; and, as has been already remarked, great fallacy arises from the impracticability of having the precise meaning of such terms clearly settled, so much is left to individual caprice. This would solve many apparent paradoxes and moral enigmas in the writings of learned and eminent men. But a different view of the origin of general terms has been taken by Smith, and approved of by Dugald Stewart. According to this view, a savage, seeing a particular object, which he designates a tree, on seeing another object, possessing a resemblance to the former, applies to it the same name or appellation, and so on; and thus the name, which was before a particular denomination, becomes a general term. Now, in the instance adduced, the word tree is the sign, and is used by the savage to designate a particular object; that is, to express the feeling or affection of his mind, produced by the contemplation of that object, or rather by the various qualities of that particular object to which the name is primarily applied. That name, therefore, cannot be applied to express the affection of his mind produced by any but the same qualities in another object: as a sign can only represent the one thing signified, that is the one affection or condition of the mind. A symbol and a sign are very different; the one being merely an arbitrary character; the other being a chosen representative. If Smith's principle be correct, then, in the very first application of the term tree, the abstract general idea of a tree is formed; and, consequently, we might have an abstract idea of a class of objects or sensations, by only having seen one object or experienced a single sensation. This subject was handled with considerable acuteness by the late Arch-

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bishop Magee, One apparent error, however, in his views, deserves to be noticed, namely, that resemblance is not the origin of generalization. He analyzes the case of a child, designating several persons by the name of father. He says—"The child, it is true, may give the name of father to an individual like to the person it has been taught to call by that name; but this is from mistake, not from design; from a confusion of the two as the same person, and not from a perception of resemblance between them whilst known to be different." It would appear, however, that, by the term father, a child expresses the idea produced by seeing an individual who has been in the habit of caressing or fondling it; whose actions have thus produced a certain feeling upon its mind, and, therefore, it naturally and correctly applies the term father, to every person whose actions produce these sensations. But if, in maturer years, it discovers that in the received use of the term, other qualities are comprehended besides those which it supposed the term to include, and which additional qualities limit the applicability of the term, it then accommodates its application of the term to, and corrects it by, the received meaning attached to the term. The errors of both Smith and Magee appear to result from their assuming the pre-existence of the sign, and hence the fallacy, because the thing signified must be formed before the symbol can be applied as a sign to express that thing so signified. The term is the sign, the idea the thing so signified. And as in the process of abstraction, the particular idea, designated by a particular term, becomes changed, the term must also be changed. But it is a manifest fallacy to suppose and assume the term as formed, when we analyze the theory of its formation; in doing so, the reasoning must be in a circle. In Smith's theory, the general idea is to be obtained from a single sensation, which it manifestly is not; or it is to be obtained by comparison. In the latter case, the appellation by which the savage designates the first tree, and which includes all its qualities which affect the mind, would be erroneously applied to designate another object not possessing all those qualities; and, therefore, would not be the same sign, though it might be the same symbol. A learned

continental writer, M. Turgot, has suggested that in all probability abstract ideas are the first which are formed in the minds of children. The origin of this hypothesis, rests upon the common habit of children apparently confounding familiar ideas, as in the instance already analyzed, of a child calling several persons by the name of father. This, as has been shewn, arises from the child affixing to the terms it employs certain significations, which differ from those which those terms in ordinary acceptance, and by conventional arrangement, usually express. Now the great perfection of the Christian's creed is this, that the meaning of its leading terms is previously settled by its divine author; and the Christian beholds in his God, his Creator, his Redeemer, his Sanctifier. He finds in the page of revelation, the fixed relation in which man stands to his God; and the mode by which he is to become one with Christ. And while others are tossed upon the troubled ocean of life, driven before the storm, and overclouded in the tempest, his chart is spread before him, his prow is ever towards the haven of his rest, and as he ascends upon the swelling bosom of the heaving and tempestuous billow, he only feels himself, when poised upon its crest, (as it were) flung the nearer to Him who is his present help in trouble. The man who takes his creed, his principles and his definitions from the Bible, will find that his lamp will be trimmed and his oil provided, when he is summoned "to attend the Bridegroom." Reasoning on spiritual things cannot proceed safely without this precaution. Reasoning is the perception of the relation of two ideas by means of their mutual relation to another idea or ideas. A thought is the affection of the mind created by the perception of the relation of two objects or ideas. Reasoning then may be considered as the process by which we arrive at an abstract thought, and which is effected by comparing a particular thought with other thoughts and tracing a similitude of relations. It has been considered by an eminent philosopher that this process may go forward by using words like algebraical symbols, and without reference to the precise signification of each particular word, in each stage of the process. This dangerous opinion has its foundation in a position which

appears totally fallacious, that algebraical results are analogous to the conclusions which we draw in general reasoning. It confounds the sensible relations of material quantity with the abstract relations of impalpable qualities, than which nothing can be more dissimilar. From the very nature of language, verbal reasoning must be preceded by mental. And the individual who has advanced this doctrine appears unconsciously to have controverted it in another portion of his valuable work, for he tells us, that "part of the process in reasoning, consists in fixing, with a rapidity that escapes our memory, the precise meaning of every word which is ambiguous, by the relation in which it stands to the general scope of the argument." In algebraical deduction, it is true, that there is a meaning primarily attached to the symbols, from which meaning we are supposed not to depart, and so far it may be considered analogous to general reasoning. But in the former the process of tracing the relations is conducted on pre-established principles, founded on the known relations of quantity; whereas in the latter, that process altogether depends on the meaning of the general terms employed. The perception of the several relations can only be ascertained by tracing the similitude of the qualities which produce sensations, or in other words by analyzing the precise meaning of the terms employed. Language is a necessary instrument to communicate thought, but is not essential to thinking. The vast importance, therefore, of having the language of scriptural discussion clearly understood, cannot be too strongly urged. And so in defending our holy faith, we should always ascertain the verbal weapons of our adversary, and make him draw his sword from the scabbard. How strangely or rather how divinely coincident are the opinions, and harmonious the feelings, of all those who acknowledge the doctrine of the influence of God's Holy Spirit as essential to the formation of a true believer. And how diversified and various the tracks and courses of those who leave the spiritual convoy, and trust their frail barks to the casual gusts of polemical dissension. If the errors into which, in the ordinary process of reasoning, from its very nature, man must always be liable to fall,

are all avoided by the Gospel system, if the true chart and compass for a heaven-bound voyage can only be found in the page of Divine Revelation ; if by the system of Scripture alone, man's nature can be re-constructed, its symmetry adjusted, and reconciliation with his Creator effected—if every affection of the heart, and every emotion of the soul, there, and there only, find the bread and the water of life, to satisfy the hunger and thirst after righteousness—if by that avenue alone we find an approach to the throne of grace, enabling us to stand erect in the robes of imputed righteousness—if that system finds men scathed by the lightning of the wrath of offended purity, and clothes him in all the loveliness and eternal verdure of infinite grace—if it gives and realises to man the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come—if it smashes and shatters the fetters of sin, and emancipates the sinner from the slavery of an unholy nature—if it whispers peace in affliction, sympathy in sorrow—if it lights up the darkness of the grave—if it transfers our affections to the high considerations of divine mercy, and affords a theme for our

heavenly contemplation, the glory and sublimity of which is coeval with eternity and coextensive with immensity, and all these its effects are traced by the finger of God in his Word, as they demonstrably flow from that divine system upon the principles of metaphysical and moral science ; “ How beautiful then upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ! ” Let the political tempests now gathering around rage as they may ; we have each our position to defend, and may we be enabled firmly to stand in the day of trial. This consolation, at least, must remain to the true believer, that when driven to the last entrenchment of that civil and religious freedom with which we once were blest, as subjects of a temporal King, and when the last inch of ground remains, and the last moment intervenes between his allotted time and his entrance on eternity, he falls upon the bosom of his martyred master, where a hallowed home and an everlasting rest remain to him, as to all who have trusted in the same unfailing promises, and walked in the same infallible light.

A DREAM.

I slept—and back to my early days
Did wandering fancy roam,
When my hopes were bright, and my heart was light,
And my own a happy home.

And I dream'd I was young and innocent,
And my brow untrac'd by care,
While my parents smil'd on their darling child,
And breath'd for his weal a prayer.

Once again I was rising before the sun,
For in childhood I was told,
If its earliest ray on my head should play,
It would turn each tress to gold.

I was kneeling again on the grassy knoll,
Where I never may kneel more,
And I pray'd, and was blest, with that holier rest,
Whose halcyon reign is o'er.

I was sporting again thro' the fields and flowers,
And felt at each step new joys ;—
But I woke with a sigh, that e'er memory
Should revive what time destroys.

LOVE AND LOYALTY,

A LEAF FROM THE "OLD ALMANACK."

CHAP. I.

" Young leaves bud forth, expand, and bloom,
To live and die, their annual doom,
While all-unchang'd, the parent tree
Presents a type of history,
Which still renews to every age
Th' instructive lessons of her page."

ANON.

The benefits of history are lost to him who, either a fool or a knave, would regard it as an "*Old Almanack*." Without it, man's life should be but the present hour as it flits from him, and, like a ship at sea, no shore in view, no rudder, compass, or log-book, the past course were unprofitable, the future without an object. I confess that I entertain great reverence for history, and, without being the keeper of any man's conscience but my own, I would hold it a sin of deep dye against the happiness of mankind, to vilify its character or deny its authority. It is a treasury upon which all may draw to render the path of life safe, useful, and pleasant; and to it I am indebted for the following narrative, in which private loves, dangers, and sorrows, mingle with the vicissitudes and sufferings of royalty. That narrative, Mr. Editor, I offer as an humble tribute to your laudable attempt to add to the yet scanty stores of our national literature.

A bright morning often ushers in a gloomy and tempestuous day. Charles the First ascended the throne of England with as much popularity as ever flattered or deceived a sovereign—evil advisers brought him to ascend a scaffold, and by his death

To point a moral or adorn a tale.

Henry the Fifth had the magnanimity, or, what is better, the wisdom to forget what the Prince of Wales endured from the official faith and duty of the

Lord Chief Justice. Charles followed his example towards the gay and vicious Duke of Buckingham; but not in the same spirit with that of the hero of Agincourt; and if, at a period nearer to our own times, a prince, on his accession to the throne, had forgotten towards a minister an act of duty which a very limited understanding, alone, could have construed into personal offence, England might, probably, have been spared calamities for the pen of history yet to record. Charles was a man of an excellent heart, but of weak intellect as to the art of governing. He had a bad minister, but, worse and more fatal to his fortunes, he had in Henrietta of France, his royal consort, a bosom-counsellor to popery. Alliance of any kind with France, has been fatal to the throne and people of England. Hume, inclined himself to the Stuarts, has not attempted to withhold or disguise from the judgment of posterity, that the favouring of popery and innovations upon the Established Church, even more than the arbitrary dispensations of the laws, led to the embroilment of the state and the execution of the King on a scaffold, as having violated the laws and constitution of which he had been appointed the guardian, and the integrity of which he was bound to maintain. The assassination of Buckingham did not relieve Charles from the evils which had been superinduced by his pernicious councils. The impetus given to

miracle continued after the head from which it proceeded was laid low, and, when forced by the long parliament, to concession after concession, he found, as in our own times, that he was only endeavouring to "fill a sieve with water"—the stream of time has always "stepping-stones" to facilitate the progress of revolution and calamity. The King gave his assent to the bill depriving the Bishops of their votes in parliament, and in that moment he cast from him the soundest and strongest staff which he had to lean upon. It consummated the views and the power of the republican faction. So "anti-monarchical an act," as Clarendon terms it, stamped the cause of the King with the seal of desperation and destruction. The royal bark began to sink, the rats obeyed their instinct, and the few, in either house of parliament, who had been the King's friends, forsook him and sided with the "lords of the ascendant." Charles, whatever the errors of his government, passionately and faithfully loved his Queen—no profligate minister or favourite, whig or tory, could detach him from her. He inherited the fatal uxoriousness of the "first man," and incurred his penalty: his Eden was forfeited, he was made acquainted with death, and his Eve was sent forth on the world. The Queen, after the death-contest began, embarked at Dover, for Holland, and the King, who had attended her embarkation, returned to Greenwich to be sacrificed to the spirit of democracy. What followed between this period and that when the fortunes of Charles had arrived at a still more interesting crisis, needs not to be detailed here. We are not about to give a regular history of the life and death of the royal martyr, but wish to raise the veil of time from facts relating to some individuals of the Itinerant Court, whose destinies were involved in those of the unhappy monarch, and whose LOVE and LOYALTY were never separated from the fortunes of the royal victim. But let us on to our tale without further preface.

It was on a keenly cold and frosty night, or rather morning, by the clock, on the eleventh of February, in the year of Grace, one thousand six hundred and forty-three, that the little town of Docklum, situated at the mouth of the River Ee, in Friedland,

lay, wrapt profoundly in its accustomed state of tranquillity. This place, now a neat and pleasant town, was, at the period in which our narrative commences, remarkable for nothing but the goodness of its harbour, which, with its proximity and safe egress to the German ocean, and the excellent quality and great variety of the finny tribes swarming on its shores, had rendered it one of the small emporiums, where the patient and money-loving Hollanders carried on their thriving fisheries. Being entirely occupied, either in the pursuits of a maritime life, or the less dangerous, though not less laborious one, of curing their fish, as their days were peaceful and industrious, so were their slumbers tranquil and profound; and it required neither watchmen nor patrol to secure the property or protect the lives of the well-regulated denizens of Docklum. The modern march of intellect had not yet reached them, nor ultra-civilization cursed them with the increase and ingenuity of crime, which in our day, and in our country, makes municipal police, the most arduous part of the science of Government to concoct and reduce to practice. There was then, as we believe there is now, perfect harmony in the mental and physical conformation of our Dutch neighbours, and the Craniologists (if there had been any in that day,) would have found few *bumps* on the head of a genuine Mynheer, unless, as in the 'Emerald Isle,' produced by the very successful application of a 'sprig of shillela.' The organ of money-making could, certainly, have been found developed, but so incorporated with that of honesty that they could not be separated. In numerous points of modern knowledge, it must be confessed, the inhabitants of Docklum, in common with their countrymen in general, were miserably deficient, probably because that then "the Schoolmaster was *not* abroad," and that none of the shining lights of our modern administrations had at that time any archetypes in the political firmament; nor the labours of Paine, Cobbett, Hone, Carlisle, and those of the Edinburgh Reviewers had been cast upon society like a moral malaria. The inhabitants of Docklum were so shamefully ignorant, that they knew not the distinctions of Whig and Tory, Repealer and Radical—they were troubled neither with Catholic

Emancipation—Parliamentary Reform—Jesuit Ministers, nor Jesuit Priests : 'passive resistance' could not be translated into their language ; they held Pope and Devil in equal repute, and would have had no dealings with either except—upon *Change* ; and the Pope (we will not answer for the other gentleman) seemed as little disposed to have any thing to do with them ;—in a word, they were good, plain, downright Protestants, and, however deficient in other reading, they were deeply versed in their Bibles and their ledgers ; which was the most favourite study, we presume not to say, but if they laboured equally to save their souls and their fish, they did that which was rare in their own age, and is still more so in ours ; above all, they had the wisdom, which we have woefully proved ourselves not to have possessed—they respected the adage, "Let well enough alone,"—had no King or Prime Minister to provoke to love of change, and, necessarily, were happier than most of their neighbours.

Such were the simple and honest Docklunonians on the night already mentioned ; but even Morpheus's leaden sceptre cannot ensure general obedience, and there is scarcely a well-inhabited house, much less a small fishing town, in which "kind nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," does not deny her nourishment to some ; and, on the night in question, Peter Von Double-Chalkem, the proprietor of a small change-house in Docklum, had been sedulously courting her influence, but she "no ready visit paid." An intense swelling in his legs, which "murdered sleep," and had baffled all medical skill and sagacity to alleviate or determine, had kept him awake. Peter, however, nowise disposed to the *rus in urbe* of the Docklum *Pere la Chaise*, kept his ante-mortem ground, despite of every professional prediction to the contrary. Truth to say, our Host of the Dolphin laboured hard to support the credit of his physician, who, with great respect be it spoken, never graduated beyond the pestle and mortar, which formed the sign over his shop-door, situated at the corner of Tombstone-Alley ; and, although in daily indulgence of potations, deep and strong, Peter still kept on his legs, bad as they were, and would almost lead one to believe that the only danger attending medical ad-

vice is, the observance of it. Peter was under the influence of his swelled legs and stubborn constitution, on the fine and cold night we have mentioned, when sounds to which his ear was not unaccustomed, brought him to the case-ment, which looked up the street. It was the distant tramp of a small party of horse, and as our Host added to his retail business, the wholesale benevolence of administering to the wants of those who nauseate the flavour of any liquid which had undergone the ordeal of an impost, or, in other words, that had been *exchequered*, he felt assured that some of his free-trade friends were about to visit him ; he was disappointed, and so was the love of gain, which was as national to Peter as natural to all in every part of the world, who sell ale or any thing else. He saw pass under his window a sight, then as rare in Docklum, as an honest statesman, or peace-loving priest of mother church, would be in our day. This sight was an officer and two mounted dragoons, fully caparisoned in the ponderous accoutrements of the times, and corresponding in stature to their horses, which were of the largest black Flanders breed. Peter thrust his head out of the window, looked after the men at arms, wondered what the devil it could be about, and went to bed.

Now, although our Host of the Dolphin is not the hero of our tale, nor long to hold place in our narrative, we are in conscience bound to vindicate him from any distinctive imputation resting on his character, in consequence of our having said that his love of gain was disappointed, because, that whatever called for the visit of the dragoons, they did not call for drink.—Truth to say—and we value truth if for no other than a mercantile principle for its scarcity—honest Peter differed in nothing, that we have ever known, from all other honest men, whose creed was to be found in the balance sheet of *profit and loss*. Indeed, nothing seems more strange and unaccountable to us, than that so much discord and crime should fill the world under the pretext of difference of religion—for a mere and shallow pretext it is, and there is no man, willing to see things in their true light, who must not be convinced that there is but one universal religion, and that the whole human race—the inhabitants of Utopia

excepted—are united in sincere and ardent worship of that portable and ubiquitous deity which they carry in their pockets, or commit to the guardianship of those High Priests of Mammon, vulgarly called bankers.—From the days of Judas Iscariot down to the Judases of our time, we could adduce such accumulated proof of this truly Catholic creed as would overwhelm and smother any heretic dis-senter.

What were the officer and his two dragoons doing all this time?—That is a state secret, and may not be disclosed but in its own season. The officer was deputed to communicate certain orders from head-quarters at the Hague, to Karl Donderheyden, Chief Burgher or Mayor of Docklum, a man, of whom could be said that which we could not altogether venture to say of existing deputy-authorities of a higher caste. He never wished, nor ever sought, to do other than render justice, on fair and plain shewing, without regard to the rank, wealth, or political or religious opinions of the parties—he never experienced the greater difficulties of the corrupt and pliant knave in office, who labours to wrest judgment to the will of power, and fatten on injustice, and the only popularity he was anxious to acquire, was that which should attach to an honest man. He could adjust the disputes of his neighbours always, to the satisfaction of one of the parties at least, and not be obnoxious to the hatred of both, like some people whom we could name, and if he was not highly honoured, no one could say that he was heartily despised. His investigations for the discovery of guilt, were not inflictions upon innocence, nor his prosecutions of criminality farces. Except those family quarrels, which ever did and ever will exist, even in the best regulated states, tranquillity and happiness pervaded the sphere of his authority. If any modern ruler or deputy should desire to be possessed of Karl's successful plan of government, it was simply this—he enforced the laws and caused them to be respected. This, however, must be admitted, that in his time popular intimidation had not invaded the sphere of public justice, nor was crime made the ally of Reform. In this respect Friedland, to this hour, is egregiously behind-hand with our-

selves. All the rogues in Docklum might have been hanged and forgotten, and no incendiary Bristolize its inhabitants; nor would the trial of the murderer be postponed, and the judge scared from the bench by a street ballad, sung to the tune of "The humours of Kilkenny." We could say much more on this subject, but refrain, and, like Michael Cassio in the play, we hope that what we have said has been

"Without offence to any man of quality."

The officer had a long and private conference with Karl, who was enjoined to the strictest secrecy upon the matters given him in charge, and particularly, he was told that in this instance, his identity must be separated from his amiable Vrow, who was not to be considered "bone of his bone." This much, however, we may disclose to the reader. The officer informed the Burgomaster, that if the wind continued in the quarter it then blew from, he might expect on the morrow or the day after at farthest, the arrival of a small squadron under convoy of a man of war, for which he must be on the constant look out, and be prepared to afford the assistance of pilotage, together with the necessary facilities for the embarkation of a body of horse, and also to provide that forage and provisions which the brief time would admit of. The officer then giving the municipal magnate, a sealed packet, with a duplicate of which the Commodore of the squadron was also to be furnished, to the intent that he, the Burgomaster, might to the extent of his power, obey the commands of the Commodore, the man of arms took his leave.

In every community great or small, possessed of a free government, there are troublesome prying persons, who think they have a right to inquire into public affairs, and overhaul the acts of their rulers, whether a Prince, Prime-minister, or Burgomaster. It is not to be supposed that the heavy tramp of large Flanders' troop horses, could have been altogether unheard passing at midnight through the streets of Docklum, even had not Peter, the Tapster, had ocular demonstration of the fact. Early in the morning there was a gathering of the curious round our Host's stove, upon the arms and hobs of which stood several warm and comforting prepared potations named "Mint-sling," something of the nature of that beve-

rage formerly (we know not if now) a favorite with our working classes, and of which notice might have been seen on the windows of "our fountains of intemperance," in these words—

"Purl and Gill as early as you will."

Last night's military incursion was the subject debated, while each, at intervals, also discussed his stoup. There was of the group one shrewd fellow, Ralph Bomtinnck, he had served at Amboyna and other places with signal bravery, and was held in no small respect by his townsmen. He had learned much of the night's business upon which to found surmises—the officer's secret conference with the Burgomaster; a quarrel between this functionary and his vrow, in which strange to say, and "portent ominous," Karl was ascendant; and an express hastily despatched to the Farmer-general or Intendent. If danger was in the wind, they saw no reason why they should be kept in the dark, and, therefore, it was resolved to proceed in a body, with Ralph at their head as spokesman, and put Karl Donderheyden to the question. "No sooner said than done," and straight they stood in "the presence." It would, no doubt, be edifying to our readers, and afford a fine specimen of municipal eloquence, were we to report fully Ralph Bomtinnck's address to the Mayor, but we decline it for reasons which, detailed, would not assist to the shortening of our story. Suffice it to say, that whether honest Karl was puffed up, beyond his usual temper and demeanor, by hopes of preferment held out to him by the officer, or by his over-night victory, in the contest of keeping a secret from his wife, the fact is that he cut the business very short with the deputation, in the brief and pithy admonition, to return home and mind their business! The real key to this chuff and unusual conduct of the Mayor may probably be this—About a year previous to the period of the deputation, Karl had taken what was considered a strange fancy, no less than a general review of all the herring-busses in the port, and their marine evolutions, putting the corporation to much unnecessary expense. This freak, which, at the time, occasioned some free conjectures as to the state of the Burgomaster's upper story, was strongly censured in a public resolution, of which Ralph was the

mover, and it was shrewdly suspected that Karl kept the circumstance in his nose until an opportunity should offer of playing off the "quid pro quo" which we have just mentioned. Ralph and his companions returned to the little change-house, in not the best humour with the Burgomaster, and were smoking and chatting round the stove, when a sudden crash, which made the house rock and rattle, as if the tiles on the roof were coming about their ears, made them all rush forth, as fast as they could, into the street, to which they had scarcely arrived, when a repetition of the awful phenomenon nearly deprived all, except Ralph Bomtinnck, of their senses, but he, an old soldier, recovered immediately from his surprize, and stated his opinion, that it was the report of shot from a ship of war in the offing, and straight-way they attained a position commanding a view of the roadstead. The Amboyna warrior was not mistaken. Just without the bar which crosses the mouth of the harbour, four Brigantines were seen lying, each with her main-topsail aback, and a flag at her fore-top masthead, intimating the want of pilots. Immediately beyond them in the roadstead, and as close as her draught of water admitted, a large man of war was in the act of clewing up her sails, and coming to anchor, developing, as she gradually came up, her imposing length, and the destructive engines with which she was bristled, the report of two of which, a signal of the squadron's arrival, had thrown the divan in the Dolphin into such consternation. Boats had now pushed off to the several brigantines, and the man of war was safely brought to her anchorage, where, like a stately swan, she lay balancing on the rippling tide. A boat lowered from the stern, and brought to the gang-way, received a small party of men, and then pulled right ahead into the harbour. As the boat rapidly neared the shore, they could distinguish an individual, dressed in a blue and orange uniform, richly ornamented with gold lace, and wearing a huge flapped hat, decked with a large white plume. We shall now bring the reader nearer to the principal actors, leaving the Dolphin Junta to follow at their leisure.

The boat reached the shore, and the officer, landing, advanced with a small

flag in his hand, to Karl Donderheyden, who was waiting on the pier, and was easily distinguished by the badges of his office, and an air, partly subdued by the new arrival, which pretty plainly told him that he was not, just at that moment, the greatest man in Docklum. The sense of one's own importance is a wonderfully sustaining power, but only relatively so. The man in office, when in communication with his inferiors, struts or swells like a turkey-cock, in the extremes of anger or of love; while to his superiors his air and tone relaxes into the bending pliancy of the weeping willow, and he shrinks into himself as does the sensitive plant when touched. This contrast is most perceptible in the meanest minds, and would in itself furnish matter for an excellent chapter, but it is better described in one line of Wycherly's plain-dealer, than if we were to bestow a volume on it.—

"I hate a Harness—kissing my leader behind, that another slave may do the like to me."

The Commodore, for such was the rank of the naval officer, had scarce time to make such arrangements with Karl, when the glittering casques of some dragoons on the little eminence at the top of the street, and the shrill blast of a trumpet, announced the arrival of the party expected by the Commodore and Burgomaster. The party halted directly opposite the stadthouse, and consisted of two females, and three men, attended by about one hundred horse under the immediate command of an officer in the Dutch service. Some of these were engaged in keeping at due distance the crowd eagerly thronging around them—such a sight was never before seen in Docklum.

The evidently paramount personage of this small party was a female in the prime of life, whose appearance not only commanded but rivetted attention, Dark eyes of brilliant lustre and piercing expression, added to fine teeth and a complexion of the clearest brown, enlightened a face which, if all its features were not critically regular, was yet replete with dignity and sweetness: its general contour might have pointed out to a discriminating observer, that sorrow or adversity had given a chastened cast to a countenance once remarkably gay and lively, and despite of the new hopes which our alter-pages will make known in their season, a pro-

phetic woe seemed to strive within her and to say—

"—— methinks
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in Fortune's womb,
Seems coming toward me; ——"

She was mounted on a white charger richly caparisoned, and her costume was elegant and singular. A riding-dress of green velvet of Genoa manufacture, fastened with gold clasps, massive and elaborate as was the fashion of the time, was surmounted, as low as the waist, by a slight open corset formed of slender bars of polished steel inlaid with gold, and of the most exquisite workmanship, which also protected the arms. Her gloves, which came high over the wrists, were of buff-leather richly embroidered, and with these her low buskins corresponded. On her head she wore a light casque or helmet composed entirely of steel beads, crowned with a plume of feathers, and a ruff of the most costly lace surrounded her neck. Attached to her waist by a silver chain and swivel, was an ivory-hilted dirk or dagger, in a shagreen scabbard mounted with amber, and in her right hand she carried a small truncheon, tipped at each end with carved silver. On her left hand, his horse's head being about half a length behind, was a knight, apparently in the latter part of the autumn of life, and whose dress and appearance bespoke him noble, being decorated with the insignia of several orders of honor. The other female was in the very freshest bloom of youth, habited in a rich riding dress and a large Spanish hat and feathers shading a face of uncommon beauty, on which it was impossible to look without admiration; while the strong likeness she bore to the aged Cavalier gave evident assurance of their consanguinity. She rode a small jet-black foreign horse of the most elegant symmetry, and of which she appeared to have perfect command. Close by her side was a Cavalier equipped in the kind of light demi-armour which had then superseded the entire coat of mail, and who having dismounted from a large piebald Hungarian horse, was leaning his arm on its shoulder, his helmet covering his face, so as not to render it plainly discernible. The fifth and last personage composing this small cortège was not the least remarkable. He was an ecclesiastic, in the decline of life, robed in a long gown of black or rather

raven grey, encircled by a plain black leather band, from which depended a velvet bag or satchel: his head was covered with a close round black velvet cap, and although his brow was wrinkled and his hair scant and grey, his eye was keen and penetrating. He was seated on a large mule, whose harness corresponded with the plainness of his own apparel, and he carried in his hand a singularly large, stout, staff, which, when walking, he grasped in the middle, and which was ornamented at the top with a small silver crucifix.

To this groupe the Commodore made way through the crowd, and drawing his hanger, the point of which he declined, and doffing his hat, with his left hand, advanced to report his name and rank to the knight who rode in front. The elder female spoke a few words, in a language not understood by the seamen, to the dismounted Cavalier, who advancing, returned the Commodore's salute, and, in rather imperfect Dutch, the acquisition of brief residence in Holland, requested that a barge might be got ready with all expedition to carry them on board. The Commodore had already made the signal to that effect. The soldiers now cleared the passage towards the pier, to which the party proceeded, when the barge, canopied with crimson cloth, and decorated with flags, was seen rapidly sweeping into the harbour, steered by an officer in full uniform, and lustily impelled by twenty seamen, in neat caps and jackets, their oars flashing like silver in the sunbeams, as they feathered them with critical exactness at every pull. No sooner was the barge made fast to the pier, than the elder knight dismounted, and respectfully uncovering, made a low reverence to the elder female, placing himself at her horse's head, while the younger cavalier, dropping on one knee, presented his right arm, by the assistance of which she dismounted, and then, taking an arm of each, was safely placed in the barge, which, in the act, rose upon the swelling waves as though proud of it's new freightage. The younger cavalier then returned, and with less

ceremony, but with the utmost punctilio, conveyed the remaining lady on board, taking also the station allotted to himself. The ecclesiastic was next preparing, with the assistance of the Commodore, to embark, when the younger knight addressed to him a few words in French, upon which he stopped, and drawing a purse from the satchel attached to his girdle, advanced to Karl Donderheyden, who, with hat in hand, was standing a little apart on the pier, and placing the net of gold fish in the Burgomaster's not unwilling hand, communicated his generous mistress's intention of making good report in the proper quarter of the civic functionary's assiduous attention to the discharge of the duty with which he was entrusted. The only part of this address understood by Karl was the purse. The ecclesiastic entered the barge, which pulled off to its destination, leaving the Commodore on shore to superintend the embarkation of the horses, which being effected, he and his boat's crew returned on board the man of war.

The brigantines now loosed from their moorings, warped out of the harbour, where the man of war, having meantime weighed anchor, was lying-to; having made a signal, which was severally answered by the smaller vessels, she filled her topsails, and stood majestically to her course, the scene illustrating, both on sea and shore the lines of Falconer—

"The natives, while the ship departs the land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand;
Majestically slow, before the breeze,
In silent pomp she marches on the seas."

The curiosity excited in the inhabitants of Docklum on this occasion, was not confined to that little community—the event agitated and interested all Europe—it was connected with the fate of a mighty empire convulsed to its centre and deluged with its own blood, and we may now tell the reader what, perhaps, has been anticipated, that the squadron which then departed from the harbour of Docklum, bore the Queen of England and her fortunes.

CHAP. II.

“ Oh England, fair England, thy zone thou entwinst,
 Thy robe flows dishevelled, thy locks are unbound;
 On anarchy's lap thy sad head thou reclinest,
 And mournfully point'st to thy festering wound.”

Masque of Alfred.

It was indeed, the unfortunate but high-spirited HENRIETTA, who, with slender means, and surrounded by imminent dangers, was returning to the assistance of her unhappy consort, long feebly and in vain, endeavouring to suppress his unruly subjects, the greater part of whom were in open rebellion against his authority. The Queen's thoughts on the first impulse were naturally directed towards her brother the King of France; but she was too well aware, that there existed impediments in that quarter of too serious a nature to permit a direct application for assistance. She, therefore, contented herself with requesting permission to pay him a visit, adding the hope that he would, at least, make some diplomatic demonstration of due anxiety for the support of perilled royalty. This was a natural hope from one crowned head to another, but still more so from a distressed and insulted sister to a powerful brother; but it was met by an intimation “that her presence would not be acceptable in France.” Unhappy Queen! She lived at a period when the spirit of England awed the Powers of the Continent; when France feared England—but were she now living, she would find the case reversed under the rule of men who are alike sacrificing the peace and honour of their country and the security of the Sovereign who called them to his councils. The pearls of the monarchy are cast at the feet of a swinish democracy—in the licence of the people the nation is weak, and its unregulated strength, like the paroxysms of madness, works to its own debility and destruction. It is a paradox for the historian and the philosopher to reconcile, why the victory of Waterloo should lead to the humiliation of the conquerors, and the glories of England wither on the tomb of Napoleon. The solution may be found in that

retributive justice by which abused power brings on its own punishment, and treachery and dishonour vegetate to a harvest of disgrace, even though their seeds should have been cast on the sterile rocks of St. Helena. The imperial Captive is beginning to be avenged in his grave.

But not the fear of England, alone, paralyzed the arms of France. There were other causes for the ungracious conduct of Louis the Thirteenth, imputable neither to the apathy of the brother, nor the broken and timid spirit of his subjects. Cardinal Richelieu, a man of imperious pride and uncontrollable passions, stood at the helm of affairs in that kingdom, and ruled with despotic sway. Exercising over the mind of the monarch the most unbounded influence, he, to ensure this dominion, contrived the removal of the Queen Mother, and now prevented the approach of her daughter, the Queen of England, to the ear of his royal master. Such are the influences that make regality a cypher, and bring it into contempt. It is fitting that a monarch should have councillors but when they cease to be wise, and commit the real interests and happiness of a people to wanton and hazardous issues, then it is that the independent action of the sovereign becomes the first virtue in the man—the first duty to the state: the illustration of the maxim would be a blessing in this our day. The hatred which Richelieu bore to England knew no bounds, and, as in the gratification of his revenge, he was regardless of consequences, he sacrificed without remorse, the happiness of the august family to whom he owed the elevation of his fortunes. Not only did he bar the direct interference of Louis in the cause of his royal sister; but by means of the French ambassador to the English parliament, we cannot say court, continued to foster the

poison of discontent. Who can say but that a wily and well-practised foreign diplomatist, may be playing the same game, but by different movements, in our own day? The cardinal knew that internal discontent and civil strife were the most effective allies of a foreign enemy. The favourite and proud boast of England, that she held the balance of power in Europe, had been put forth by her accredited agents at foreign courts with so little delicacy, that other powers, as well as France, were not altogether unwilling that the haughty Islanders should suffer the chastisement of internal convulsion, and viewed the calamities with which she was afflicted, with feelings not unallied to pleasure, not considering how infectious such examples are, and how dangerous the explosion of such volcanoes however remote.

Unnaturally repulsed by her brother, but yet undismayed, the high-minded Henrietta applied to the Prince of Orange, at whose court she met with a hospitable reception. This prince, who felt like a man and a sovereign, listened to the fair applicant with the delicate and generous sympathy which her perilous and affecting situation so strongly demanded, and had his ability equalled his inclination, effective aid might have been timely afforded. But the prince was restrained by over-ruling necessity, and it was in a very partial degree, and almost by stealth, that he could give his royal guest any assistance. The all-pervading and baneful influence of France extended itself to this quarter, to which that powerful state was too near a neighbour to be safely disregarded or incensed. The small aid which was in his power, and without making an obvious and decided demonstration, he supplied with that grace which enhances obligation, and it was by means of a vessel which he had granted to the Queen's first importunities, that her royal consort was relieved from the impotent situation he was placed in at York, after the failure of the attempt on Hull, and which enabled him to set his army in motion, and put his cause to that test on Keintown-field, which, if not attended with all the advantages expected from it, furnished proof that the loyal party, though weak in means were strong in courage and faithful devotion. The levies of the preceding

year, which were now concentrated about Oxford and the midland counties, had been wholly provided by the activity and perseverance of the Queen, and with the last recruit which it was possible to obtain or hope for, she was now doubtfully endeavouring to gain access to the Northern army, and by uniting this force with the King's, to aim at striking a blow which might restore tranquillity to them and to their dominions.

But there was an impulse which actuated this heroic Princess, more powerful far than the indignant feelings of insulted royalty, or the consequent desire of vengeance. This impulse was love—tender, faithful love! a love which, in rare exceptions, infuses its warm and animating principles into the cold compacts of royal unions, wherein the happiness of the individuals is sacrificed on the shrine of national policy, and the torch of hymen extinguished by the secret tears of the victims of diplomacy. Henrietta, although a bigot to her religion, was no Jesuit to her love—that, at least, was pure and holy, and not in the selfish or deceptive spirit of cabinets and creeds. It was this love that gave irresistible energy to every thing she attempted—threw the bright halo of hope and enthusiasm around all her actions, and which was now conducting her through stormy seas and imminent perils, to the land which, however convulsed by faction, contained all that was dear to her soul in the idolatry of the heart. Before her departure had been resolved on, it was well known that the English cruisers, which, from the defection of the Lord High Admiral, the Earl of Warwick, were, to a ship, in the interest of the parliament, had, under the command of Batten, the Vice-Admiral, been stationed in small squadrons to watch the different ports in Holland, in order to intercept her passage, should she attempt the succour of her royal consort, and it was on this account that the port of Docklum, having been ascertained to have escaped their vigilance, had been selected for the place of embarkation. Was Henrietta's love thrown away upon a barren and ungrateful soil? O! no—the profligacy of the second Charles was not inherited; his unhappy sire was faithful as he was uxorious, and capable of feeling as of inspiring a pure and lasting passion.

When at Dover, under the melancholy necessity of their separation, the King parted from his adored Queen, he committed her Majesty to the care of the Marquess of Winchester, a nobleman of whose entire devotion, even in those false times, he could not but feel perfectly assured, and who accepted the sacred and anxious trust with a determination of duty worthy of the confidence reposed in him. On this mission the Marquess was accompanied by his only daughter, Lady Eleanor Paulet, who was the sole companion or attendant of rank who accompanied the Queen to Holland, and they were now returning with their royal mistress to whom they were endeared by every tie of affection and loyalty which could unite them, as subjects and friends to their Sovereign. They were tried in the balance of the times and "not found wanting"—their services flourished not in the sunshine of prosperity, and the forcing temperament of a gay, rich, and powerful court, but under the killing frosts and rude blasts of adverse fortune—these their still green and vigorous loyalty withstood, elastic to their pressure, and

proof against the power of vicissitude—that agency of heaven, to humble and correct the mighty great—to put the integrity of friendship to its severest task—to instruct mankind in the mutability of all earthly things, and to direct wisdom to the contemplation and choice of those objects alone worthy of her solicitude. The Marchioness of Winchester, a woman of a fine person, infinite address, and unbounded devotion to the royal cause, had remained at Oxford to exert her powerful influence, and more immediately superintend the aids which the Marquess's large possessions and numerous tenantry constantly and cheerfully supplied. In those days, and even amidst the decomposing influence of civil strife upon the social virtues and obligations, the wholesome relations between landlord and tenant were not dissolved; and to Ireland, in the nineteenth century, it was reserved for the popish priesthood to re-enact in a degree, the horrors of 1641, and use all but fiendish agency to further the purposes of their bigoted hatred and secure the promotion of their temporal ambition. C.

End of Chap. II.

----- LINES ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

She has fallen in her youth, like a blossom in spring
 When the cold chilly blast has blown o'er it,
 And our hope of the fruit that in autumn 'twould bring.
 Is gone, with the blossom that bore it.
 Oh blush not to weep! she has fallen in her youth,
 And each tear, while 'tis silently flowing,
 Recals to our thoughts all the mildness and truth
 With which her young bosom was glowing.

How vain is this world!—in the hour that she died
 While we wept o'er her pitiful story;
 The spring smiled around in her loveliest pride,
 And the sun was abroad in his glory—
 "How vain!" I exclaim'd, in a half-stifled breath,
 "Are the dreams to which pleasure hath bound us!"
 For I felt while I sat in the chamber of death,
 That all was but vanity round us.

Oh never, belov'd, shall those words be forgot
 Which you spoke of the dead and the dying,
 While together we gazed on that lone stilly spot,
 Where thy mould'ring remains are now lying—
 "How soon," you exclaim'd, "may death call us away
 "From this scene of contention and sorrow."
 I followed thy bier to the cold grave to-day,
 May not I be its victim to-morrow?

A VERY NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

"In nova fert animus."—OVID.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

At the present period, when reform is progressing with such rapid course, beginning with the high and mighty parts of the social fabric, and proceeding downwards through all the portions of the domestic systems, from Kings and Parliaments to scavengers and climbing-boys; when the school-master, with broom in hand, is verifying the old adage, and sweeping clean all the dust of ages, and together with the cobwebs, demolishing in his zeal, many of the ornaments rendered venerable by time, or, more truly, knocking down the old pillars of the building, because they are old, without preparing to replace them by new, or without their labouring under the imputation of uselessness, it would ill become me, a genuine disciple of the utilitarian school, to allow any longer time to elapse without divulging to the world a new system, which renders easy the system of governing, facilitates education, and in fact may be considered the grand desideratum in this age of renovation.

It may be necessary for me to *begin* to state to you, that I have, I believe at last, discovered, after years of patient research, the *TO KAAON* in philosophy and morals, the royal road to learning, and that by my system of instruction, the most illiterate may, in an incredibly short period, attain proficiency in at least the ground work of every sort of knowledge that man can seek for. If Government can be induced to encourage my undertaking, and to transfer the education grant from the present board to me, I shall render the whole nation so rational, such politicians and judges on the most refined questions of finance and political economy, that the Universal Suffrage must become a salutary and efficient measure.

There are to my plan none of the objections which obtain against the generality of systems of education. I do not un-

dertake to teach the ploughman to work by trigonometry, nor the tailor to integrate a function, in order to find the expression for a pair of inexpressibles—I seek not to teach the cobbler the calculus of variations, in order to fit a pair of impaired feet, nor metaphysics, to enable him to prove the mortality of the *sole*—I ask not to instruct the fish-wife in zoology, to enable her to distinguish a mackerel from a whiting, nor the butcher comparative anatomy, in order to cut a fat steak for my dinner—no, sir, I leave such things to the Society for promoting useless knowledge, and pledge myself to you and my country, to effect more practical benefit in six months than they will do in sixty years. In order to this, it is my intention, in case Mr. Stanley addresses a letter to me, (to be left at Messrs. Curry & Co's, 9, Upper Sackville-street,) with an offer of a handsome salary, to proceed through the country, and deliver courses of lectures on the subject of Proverbs, which are the means by which I will bring about the great change which it is my purpose to effect in the social system. At the same time, I will give a hint to Government to be immediate in their application, as in case I get no offer of assistance, I will, like the Sybil, burn my books, and consign to everlasting oblivion, what money can never again purchase, and what the Tarquins of our age may uselessly deplore. As it may seem extraordinary to you how such apparently trifling means can conduce to the great ends I have in view, it will be necessary for me to state as precisely as I may the grounds of my presumption.

Proverbs—which may be adequately defined as the concentrated essences of the wisdom of our ancestors—have in all ages, and at all periods of the world's history, been considered the "*ultima rationes*" in logic, the arbiters from whose decision no appeal is allowed, or in fact, as the House of Lords

of scholastic disputants. Even Mr. Locke allows them this use, and acknowledges that they may serve to advance science—for he says that “general maxims were not the foundations on which discoverers raised their admirable structures, nor the keys that unlocked and opened their secrets of knowledge. Though afterwards, when schools were established, and sciences had their professors, they often made use of maxims (or proverbs,) which being received as unquestionable verities, they, on occasion, made use of, to convince their scholars of truths in particular instances.” So far does Mr. Locke give me his authority for attaching importance to maxims or proverbs; and that there are such things as first principles both of contingent and necessary truths, I do not believe any one will feel disposed to deny, now that Hume’s philosophy has been so completely refuted by the labours of Reid, Stewart, and Brown: besides, according to Bishop Berkeley, it is a work well deserving of pains, to make a strict enquiry concerning the principles of knowledge, and to sift them on all sides. With such an host of evidence on my side—with the sanction of so many great names, I may confidently claim for proverbs at least the merit of “silencing obstinate wranglers and bringing contests to some conclusion, and of being, like an oath for confirmation, the end of all strife.” Do not suppose, Sir, that I mean, like the Aristotelians, to lay down false axioms, and deduce conclusions from these, which serve only to retard and perplex knowledge, or that my design is to imitate their disciples, and propose questions for disputations, to be carried on by appeals to scholastic axioms, such as that of Aquinas—“Whether God loves a possible angel better than an actually existent fly;” or, *num chimæra bum-binans in vacuo possit comedere secundas intentiones*? No, Sir, my only intention is, by laying my foundation on those well packed morsels of learning, to enable those who furnish the intellectual ammunition of the young ideas, whom it is their “delightful task” to teach “how to shoot,” by a more royal road, to arrive at the perception of truths, which, by former systems, could not be attained without considerable loss of time and labour.

As it would occupy too many of your pages, I cannot, in my present letter, enter as fully as I could wish into my subject. I cannot dilate on consequences which will result from the adoption of my system in its fullest extent, nor enter into a metaphysical controversy on the nature of the understanding, from which I would deduce more fully the advantages of my system. I will, therefore, take up the more popular part of it, and by an inductive argument prove the advantages of proverbs, and also expose a few of the abuses to which they are subject.

Do misfortunes come upon us “like a cloud?”—Do dangers and difficulties encircle us on every side? or do we lie upon a bed of sickness, suffering all the ills that flesh is heir to, writhing, perhaps, under the agonies of what one of our high civic authorities called *tic toorleloo*, or cursing that last bin of claret, which has given us an intolerable cholic; or, do our dearest friends drop out and bailiffs drop in, for the kind purpose of saving useless expenditure, by giving us gratuitous, accommodation in one of his Majesty’s reception-houses. Some kind and warm-hearted acquaintance then visits us, and having satisfied his curiosity, and obtained materials for a good story at his next dinner-party, takes his leave, with “Well, my dear fellow, keep up your spirits, it’s well it’s no worse, and it’ll be all the same in a hundred years.”

If some Van Twiller of a friend refuses to assist us when harrassed by tailors, washerwomen, or other adhesive bill-stickers; or when reduced to the extremity of limiting ourselves to Sunday recreation, and of accounting for our absence from evening parties by “New Magazine,” “Article on Foreign Affairs,” “Free Trade Question,” “Solicitations of Editor,” while he, poor easy man, hardly knows of our existence, and would as soon think of extracting marrow from paving stones as political economy from our brains; and if we are at last compelled to write to some attached friend, or very humble servant, for even a half crown to purchase perchance, our hebdomadal repast, he justifies himself in the refusal by the ten times told and worn-out tale of “thoughtless extravagance covering a man with rags,” and conjures up the images of departed sovereigns by

"*Amici vitia si feras facis tua*," vainly supposing that he is acting according to the advice of Plutarch, "*Ὅς οὐ τοῦ ἀδικοῦ μισῶν, ἀλλὰ τοῦ πλεονεκτημένου*," while he is making our unfortunate body suffer for crimes of which it was only the instrument, and thereby evincing *personal* hostility towards us as well as towards our misdemeanours.

If some profligate spendthrift have represented to him the folly of bartering his peace of mind, and health of body, for the pleasures of an hour, and the absurdity of wasting time and opportunities in pursuits as profitless as they are irrational, and as devoid of real pleasure as they are absurd, he replies with an oath that he must "do at Rome as Rome does," and proceeds to the midnight revel, satisfied that there are as great fools in the world as he is, and that a proverb sanctions his imitation of them.

When religion is chosen in any society, as the subject of conversation, and its truth demonstrated, or its sanctions discussed; when the advantages attendant on its progress through the world are pointed out, and the consequent importance of national scriptural education is enforced, some objector immediately starts up, and by the use of phrases, if not proverbial, at least disguised under the form of proverbs, and received as such by that very extensive portion of mankind who abhor the labour of thinking, and prefer adopting the cant of a party, at once refutes his antagonist by asserting, "that truth and falsehood, in such cases, are merely dependent on the circumstances of time and place;" in fact, that longitude and latitude are their best criterions, opinion varying as these do, their only standard being expediency; he then proceeds with his sapient reasoning by the observation, that, "many men, many minds," and concludes with a phillippic against enthusiasts and zealots; including the importance of universal benevolence and toleration; the advantage of letting every one follow his own course in morals and religion; and then walks out of the room with the proverb of "the nearer the church the farther from God."

In politics, if consistency be applauded, or political honor advocated, as essential to the well-being of society; if truckling for place and power be reprobated, and held up to public scorn;

if that base and servile spirit which, to retain ministerial rank, prostitutes the executive part of the constitution to the leaders of a priest-driven people, or the mobs of political unions, be condemned; if the successor of Pitt be ridiculed for "licking the dust before a barber's feet," and requesting this dispenser of "promotion and power" to watch his conduct, and not to fail, whenever he saw this sapient chancellor acting wrong, to inform him of his misconduct, and school him in all his acts; if, in fine, that spirit be reprobated which will swear to-day only to forswear to-morrow; which promises retrenchment, and practises profusion; preaches non-interference with foreign states, yet, on the first opportunity, violates the pledge without even a shadow of cause; which attempts to restore the constitution, and effects its overthrow; which governs without patronage, yet advances to place and pension only its own creatures; which disclaims nepotism, and promotes only the allied dunces of its own faction; which, in a word, promises anything, and performs nothing, unless the latter be likely to prove beneficial to the country; the solution of all these inconsistencies is at once afforded by the proverb, "*Lucri bonus est odor ex re qualibet*;" and the individual actors in the farce satisfy themselves by Sancho's proverb, "that get is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better."

So far have I shewn some of the abuses to which proverbs have been subject in the world; I have shewn that in general society, in religion, morals, and politics, they are appealed to as sufficient excuses for folly, immorality, and scepticism; and that in politics statesmen are not ashamed, if not openly grounding their defence, on an appeal to them, of yet acting in such a manner, that a dependance on these much abused guides is the only mode of explaining their inconsistencies. We are fully assured of their value at contested elections, where the "bird in the hand being worth two in the bush" has decided many a dubious voter, and when the proverbial fragility of promises has satisfied the conscience of many a doubter, who preferred the immediate certainty of advancement to the contingent possibility of his former friend's being restored to place, and who has found more satisfaction in the

well-filled purse than the self-satisfied conscience. These then are some of the abuses of proverbs; let us now consider what I may call their neutral ground, where their use is neither attended with advantage or injury; at least with no positive good or evil. And first let us consider the proverbial use in which an individual of the genus *nihil* is constantly employed. You have, no doubt, frequently heard and as frequently used the word *nobody*, to express an actually existent being; and though I have placed this unfortunate gentleman on the neutral ground, yet I fear he has been so very much ill used, that I should put him in my preceding classification; not merely on moral grounds, but on the score of his being appealed to, without the recollection of those rules which should be our guides in all our reasonings; but I place him in the present arrangement, because neither reason nor common sense sanction the use or rather the abuses to which he is subjected; consequently the proverbial use of his name cannot be supposed to obtain either for or against my system, and therefore he cannot be placed in either of my classifications. That *nobody* can be a non-existent being is almost wholly incredible, when we recollect the numerous and familiar instances in which appeal is made to him in his individual capacity; if any one assert that there is no supposition of individual existence in the proverbial appeal to *nobody's* generosity, I will beg to ask him how he can understand the common excuse among children and servants when guilty of any breach of discipline or china, "Why, Sir, *nobody* did it." If they do not attribute to *nobody* an existence here, they violate a rule of primary importance in metaphysics, namely, that there is no effect without a cause, and thereby strike at the root of all morality; and if they do give him individuality, let them at once define him by his "essential difference" or at once cede to me the impropriety of their use of the word *nobody*. Though I have pointed out an abuse in this instance, yet it is of such trifling consequence I prefer placing it in the neutral ground, together with the proverb "nil de gustibus disputandum," the value of which I would most strongly impress on all my friends, as it is simple and of universal applica-

tion; in fact there are few subjects to which it cannot be applied when a controversy may chance to arise; from the lowest and most trifling, to the highest and most important, from cookery or tea-making, to politics or polemics; its value is also enhanced by the agreeable state of doubt into which it throws both parties; affording, according to Lord Wellesley's principle a triumph to neither; unless priority of use, gives some slight grounds of boasting to the ingenious disputant who uses it; in fact it is an inestimable quotation, to which appeal is always made when two or more friends prefer its decision, to a wordy argument in which each will ultimately be successful—in his own opinion.

I will now give you a few examples of the advantages to be attained by the study of proverbial expressions, in easing our consciences, when we are doubtful of the rectitude of our actions, or in confirming our purpose of acting right, when there are numerous temptations in the way of our doing so.

Suppose we should have a wealthy aunt, whose heir we expect to be, and that she is old, captious, querulous and miserly, having all the diseases of age and ill temper, and that at some happy period the fatal shears cuts "short her thread of life," and leaves us all the wealth amassed by the most penurious economy of her, who for no love of us, denied herself every comfort, and almost died of starvation rather than buy a "ptisane of rice." We try for an hour or so, to look becomingly grave, and to exert a little cambric sensibility, but the exertion at last proves too great, and we are at length obliged to give way to our overflowing spirits. This is the cause of great inquietude, not because it is wrong, but that it appears so to many, who attribute it to "want of delicacy," "brutal insensibility," or "savage ingratitude;" and who in our place would most probably only evince gratitude for the death of the "most affectionate relative, who always loved him as a son," and who praise her when dead, merely because she never deserved it when living; envying and therefore abusing us, for the most natural ebullition on our good fortune. We are consequently again lapsing into hypocritical melancholy 'till we recollect the proverb "Avara, nisi cum moritur nil recte facit," and we rejoice at our excellent

relatives having performed one act in her life, by which she has gained credit, and we have obtained a fortune.

How many advantages would result to mankind if they would bear continually in mind the proverb, "*Dicite quod audias omne, quod credas proba.*" How many lying reports would it prevent gaining circulation, how many a character would it save from unmerited reproach, or blasting calumny, concocted over the cups, "which cheer but not inebriate," but in some unintelligible way dispose old and young maids to seek for materials to ruin those whom they envy or dislike; how many false opinions have been propagated by inattention to the first part of the sentence, and gained permanency by disregard of the conclusion of it; in short, if observed as a maxim through life, how many troubles and annoyances would be saved by it, both to ourselves and others; but from a disregard to the spirit of it, we believe every thing bad of an enemy, and very little good of a friend, and pay little attention to the examination of that, which gratifies our spleen, or annoys our self-love, as few can ever conscientiously say they have rejoiced in their friends prosperity, and I fear some who will not allow with Rochefoucault that, *Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis ; nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas.*

I might bring forward, if my time permitted me, a far greater number of examples of the utility of proverbs, but will refer my reader to that inestimable repository of proverbial lore, Don Quixotte, *passim*, where he will see with what admirable effect they are continually used, and though there appear a redundancy of these "moral maxims," yet their efficacy is not the less apparent. I shall not make any quotation from a book which is so familiar to most of your readers, but having now shown you the importance of proverbs, by reference to a few cases in real life, and exhibited the manifest advantages to be attained, by the study of this system of condensed morality, and the immense importance to be attached to the system, of which it is my pride to be, if not the inventor, at least the improver: I shall now proceed, as concisely as possible to lay before you the method, according to which it is my intention to deliver my course of lectures.

I shall in my first lecture speak of the origin of proverbs, tracing their history from the remotest ages, referring to the histories of the Chaldeans, Chinese, and Egyptians, shewing that these people were their probable authors, as the Hieroglyphics of the last of them, are nothing but illustrated proverbs; I shall then give a short commentary on the proverbs of Solomon, and proceed through all the proverbialists of antiquity, dilating very fully on those of Seneca, Publus, Syrus, &c. &c., to the great autocrat of proverbs, my prototype, Sancho Pança. I shall here give the reins to my imagination, and expatiate most largely on his history, giving a short biography of him, collected from the most authentic sources, and enriched with many original letters. I shall in this lecture enter most fully on the mode of education to be pursued by those who are anxious to train up children in the way they should go, in order to attain the same happy facility that he had in the use of proverbs, showing from original manuscripts, at present in my possession, that from his earliest childhood, he was made to undergo a particular and peculiar course of education.

This lecture it is my present intention to dedicate to those most learned Pundits—the members of the New Education Board, and hope that they may have the judgment to see the manifest advantages my system possesses in common with their own; and if it possesses any more claims to public confidence, and through my advocacy gains any hold on the promoters of education, it will, I trust, afford me additional grounds to hope for the support of an economical government, which is at present obliged, for a contingent advantage, to support such an expensive sinecure as the present board is allowed on all hands to be; the members of the board must advocate my system, as it possesses the grand desideratum of non-interference with religion; and in my books of instruction, the only scriptural quotations being from the "Book of Proverbs," consequently all danger of the bugbear proselytism will be out of the question.

I shall then give a dissertation on the requisites for proverbs, shewing, as I have already partially done in a former part of this letter, their effects on politics, morals and religion, and on

the modes of guarding against the abuse of them, the principal of which I shall demonstrate in that portion of my course, in which I proceed to the dissection of proverbs, by which their true uses are most fully developed; for by a minute examination of all the parts of a proverb in all its various bearings, we at length arrive at a full notion of its value, and are enabled to estimate its effects on society—for many of the errors on this subject may be traced to that narrowness of comprehension, which has confined the employer of a proverb to its literal and apparent meaning, whereas if he had entered fully into the subject, and considered the different parts of which it is composed, and examined each branch of each word which enters into its composition, he would have been able to enter fully into its spirit, and to have seen its full value and importance. For the elucidation of my design I will, with your permission, extract as much of my lecture on this point as may serve to give a clear idea of what I mean to assert.

It is an established maxim of my Lord Bacon, that "*nil nisi certo ordine certâ viâ scribi posse*," that is, unless we go methodically to work we can never arrive at any knowledge of truth. Agreeing, as I do, with this great authority, I first (like Mrs. Glass' receipt for making hare soup, "to first catch your hare,") take the proverb on which I intend to lecture, and—but I will here transcribe the heads of a lecture on one of the most common and vulgar proverbs in use, and thereby trust to shew you the value of my system. The proverb is, "*Every one to their taste, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow.*" Now will any one expect that from this any important deductions can be made, or that knowledge can be materially advanced by such a piece of hacknied vulgarity? What is there in it but a vulgar mode of expressing that different people have different tastes? So I grant it may appear at first sight; but this is not an *a priori* proof against me. Yet how many thousand casts might be brought to prove the folly of prejudging, as few could infer from the falling of an apple to the ground that Newton could have been led to the discovery of gravitation, or that a few drops of wine in a flask would have led to the construction of the steam-engine?

Now, Sir, I will, in a few minutes shew the immense mass of knowledge contained in this vulgar every-day proverb. You will excuse my merely transcribing the heads of the lecture as they appear in my note-book.

Every one to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed her cow.

EVERY ONE—Notices, biographical and critical, of every one—Question, whether every one includes each individual of the species—Whether it is a generic or specific term—A short treatise, "*de omnibus rebus*," with concise views of the lecturer, "*de quibusdam aliis*"—Origin of the omnibus, or long coach—Travelling in England and France—Comparative view of the state of England and France—Moral view of the French people—Dutch war—Taking of citadel of Antwerp—Number of killed and wounded—Military hospitals—Charitable societies—An appeal to the public on behalf of the sick and indigent room-keeper.

ONE—On the number one—To take care of number one recommended—On the properties of unity—On dramatic unities—Theory of numbers—Pythagoras and mystic numbers—Consideration of the question proposed by Thomas Aquinas, whether six is a perfect number, because the creation was finished in six days, or if the creation was finished in six days, because six was a perfect number—Different numbers of the Dublin University Magazine—Their relative merits—Sketch of Dublin University—Comparative view of Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin—the Dublin University Calendar.

TASTE—On taste in general—the gustatory nerves—Dr. Kitchener's book's oracle—Alison on taste—Simple perceptions—Mode of forming the taste—Education of men of taste—On mince pies—A new receipt for plum-pudding—On smell—Different kinds of smells—Relation of cause and effect—Wherein perfumes and their opposites differ—Origin of perfumes—Explanation of the passage, "*Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum*"—Horace and the poets of the Augustan age—Modern poets—Merits of Headrie's and Gattie's perfumes.

OLD WOMAN—Cicero de Senectute—Lives of Remarkable old women—On woman in general—Personal sketch of Eve—Origin of evil—Archbishop

King—Analysis of Butler's analogy—Undergraduate course of Trinity College—Fellowship course—its late improvements.

KISSED—Origin of kissing—Sketch of the Methodists—Life of Wesley—His biographer, Southey—On the office of poet Laureate—Autobiography of Colley Cibber—Dramatic literature of the last century—the drama—its decline—the plays of Sophocles—Euripides—Aristophanes—Socrates—Poisoning—Medical jurisprudence.

Cow—Cowpock—Vaccination and life of Dr. Jenner—Cowardice—Practice of duelling—Cucumbers—Sunbeams extracted therefrom—Life of John Bull, Esq.—Irish bulls—Miss Edgeworth—Writers on Irish character—Traits and stories of the Irish peasantry, &c. &c.

I should hope the above would be sufficient to show the most sceptical the value of my system of lecturing, especially if they consider that here I merely give the outlines, and will dilate most fully on each particular subject contained in the above enumeration. For the benefit of your readers, I will transcribe the heads of my two remaining lectures on this part of my subject; and first, the heads of my lecture on the proverb—

The pitcher that goes often to the well is at last broken.

Disquisition on the general meaning and application of the proverb—its history, and derivation—analysis.

PITCHER—Derivation of the word—Various kinds of pitchers—Dissertation on the manufacture of pottery—Life of Mr. Wedgewood of Etruria—Incidental mention of pitch and its various applications—pitch-plasters and the history of Burking, with the outlines of the late Anatomy Bill—Tailor's Bills—Reform Bill—Billhooks—Tar—Sailors, why so called—Tar-water, and Bishop Berkeley's treatises thereon—Pitch-and-toss—Origin of the game—Whether pitch-and-toss be derived from pitch, or pitch from pitch-and-toss—On gaming in general and its evils—Different kinds of games—Olympic and Pythian games—Game laws and game cocks—Game eyes—Pitching ships and ships pitching—Sea sickness—Life of William Pitt—Pitt club—Political review of the state of England—Pitted with the small pox, whence derived—Epidemic diseases, and a treatise on epidemic cholera.

WELL—Derivation of the word—Different kinds of wells—Dr. Wells the meteorologist—All's well—Pumps and hydrostatic principles on which constructed—Forcing pumps—Dancing pumps—Truth lies in a well, reason of explained—Essay on truth—Dr. Beattie's life—Well stairs, and life of the celebrated actor Bannister—Lives of the actors—View of the present state of the stage—All the world's a stage—Stage coaches—Steam carriages and their probable effects on the trade of these realms.

LAST—Cobbler's lasts—Life of Blackett the cobbler and poet—Campbell's last man—Byron's Darkness—Sketch of the state of Literature in England—Last wills and testaments—Last dying speeches—Last words of Marmion, and life of Sir Walter Scott—The last election—And news of the day up to last night.

My next lecture will be on the proverb, *He has a tear in his eye, like a widow's pig*.—General discussion on the remote origin of the proverb, and explication of its general meaning and application—Consideration of the reason why widow's pigs are given to tears, and dissertation on the sympathies of the swine race, and exculpation of them from the charge of stupidity—Analytic investigation of the proverb.

TEAR—Derivation of the word from *tero* to rub—Analysis of tears—Why pity is akin to love—Genealogies of each—Crocodile tears—Counsellor I. B. B.—I's hypocritical or false tears—Reading wills—Legacies—Onions—Residuary legatees—Lacrymal glands—Anatomy and Physiology.

EYE—Dissertation on Optics—Lloyd on Light and Vision—Newton—Brewster—Herschell—Light weights—The Lord Mayor's Office—Duties of Magistrates—The pronoun I—its uses and abuses—On Egotism.

WIDOWS—Duties of husbands and wives—Matrimony and Marriage Act—On jointures and laws thereof—On Dowries—Difference between *widua* and *widwidia* explained—Marriage ceremonies of various nations—National customs—and National Political Unions.

PIG—Pigs of iron and pigs of lead—Life of Bacon—Sketch of the Ettrick Shepherd—Hams—Whether Africa was peopled by Ham—Noah and the Deluge—World before the

flood—Outlines of Geology—Baron Cuvier—Fossil remains—Irish Elk—The new Survey of Ireland—Engineering and Coal Mines—Capabilities of Ireland if properly developed—Absenteeism and REPEAL OF THE UNION.

I trust, Sir, that the above specimens will be sufficient to convince the most sceptical, of the importance of considering even the most trifling subjects in all their bearings, previous to passing a judgment on their merits or demerits. As I have, I think, sufficiently shewn you, that even from the most vulgar and trite proverbial expressions a mass of knowledge can be deduced, and acquired by those who truly seek for it. I have preferred the above proverbs for the purpose of shewing, that even in the most unfavourable cases, information may be conveyed to the people of this country through the medium of proverbs, and that there are none so trite, but may be made subservient to conveying instruction in the most refined questions of science or morals.

Having so far elucidated my design, and explained my system of proceeding, I will draw to a conclusion, not, however, till I have informed you, that in my researches after the origin of the proverb, "All in my eye and Betty Martin," I have discovered a number

of curious manuscripts, which fully satisfy me of the misconception which exists in general respecting the origin of this proverb. I will take occasion in one of my lectures to prove, that it owes not its origin to the monkish prayer, *Oh Mibi Beate Martine*, by the production of one of my manuscripts, which is entitled the "Autobiography of Miss Elizabeth Martin—her life and times," and is enriched with many original letters, and a facsimile of her writing; this most valuable work it is my intention shortly to submit to the public, together with an appendix, which will contain selections from some other manuscripts, also in my possession, in proof of the proverb having had its origin at the time she lived, in allusion to some peculiarities of this most remarkable woman.

I now conclude, having I trust so far explained my design, as to sufficiently convince all unprejudiced persons of the superiority of my system of education. I shall merely add, that if after the publication of this letter I get sufficient encouragement, I shall make immediate arrangements for delivering my first course of lectures on what I believe to be a most important subject.

I remain, Sir, your's,
SOLOMON PANÇA.

BION. IDYLLIUM III.

Night's wide and starry banner was unroll'd
O'er her vast realms—within the sheltering fold
My flock was penn'd. My faithful Argus kept
His anxious vigil, while the shepherd slept.
I dreamed that in a flood of golden light
The Queen of Beauty met my dazzled sight,
And by the hand her lovely boy she led,
Who eyed me archly, while his mother said
"Good shepherd, pray thee teach this idle child
Some of thy woodland airs, so sweet and wild."

She spoke and vanish'd. To my youthful ward
I sung the strains of many an ancient bard:
How Pan wrought pipes, Minerva formed the flute,
Hermes the lyre, Hyperion the lute;
But the sly god of the unerring shaft
In mockery of my simple sonnets laugh'd,
And sung himself so exquisite a strain,
As I may never wake to hear again;
Such too the magic of his melody
That I was pupil, and the master, he.
Alas for me! I learned by heart too well
The tale he told, which now I burn to tell.

THE EARLY REFORMERS—GEORGE JOYE.

The boast of Sthenelus in Homer, is no uncharacteristic motto for the present times : *ἄλλος τῆς πατρίδος μίγ' ἀμείνωνι βυχίμαθ' ἔμμαι*—How many do we hear exclaiming, that the collective mind of "all our yesterdays" is as nothing compared with "the march" and "movement of to-day?" But the truth is far otherwise. We appeal to every man that coolly observes the present, and rationally reflects upon the past.

When the intellectual dayspring of the age of reformation, the *sixteenth* century, bursts on the astonished mind, the little fire-flies, flitting and sparkling, through the present day, vanish in insignificance.

But the majority even of the reading public are now too much occupied with the *gross* and *tangible* objects of knowledge, to contemplate, with attentive thought, the annals of the past : *αὐταίτιοντος τοῖς Πόλεως*, says the historian of the Peloponnesian war, *ἡ ζήτησις τῆς ἀλήθειας, καὶ ἵνα τὰ ἱστορικὰ μὲλλον ἐρίωνται*, so impatient are the multitude in the search of truth, and ready to adopt any opinions which are made to their hands. Having heard that mechanic arts, manufactures, agriculture, and commerce, have improved, and that every thing that tends to promote our animal comforts, or to multiply the refinements and embellishments of society, has increased beyond any former period, and that the elements of political and scientific knowledge are more generally diffused, most men sit down well contented with the discovery, and, with a strange logic, infer, that they and their cotemporaries are *every* way raised in the scale of humanity and intellect above those of former days. But there is no new thing under the sun. We are told by Plato, in a dialogue between Socrates and Hippias, that the Grecian sophists

made the same inference two and twenty hundred years ago! Our readers shall have a portion of the dialogue :—

"Socrates : Hippias! the dandy and the wise man! 'Tis a long time since last you touched at Athens.

Hippias : 'Tis, because I have not had leisure, Socrates!

Socrates : Come, tell me, in the name of Jove! because our other *art* have advanced, and the *mechanics* of former days were contemptible in comparison with ours, must we say, that *your art* has in like manner improved, and that the *ancients*, who applied themselves to *wisdom*, were nothing compared with *you* (march-of-intellect-men), of the present age?

Hippias : Quite right, old Socrates! this is the very truth!

How entirely does this dialogue, when considered in relation to the present times, verify the words of Guicciardini, when writing to the Florentine historian, "*vedi che mutati sono i visi degli uomini ed i colori estrinseci* : le cose medesime tutte ritornano, ne vediamo accidente alcuno, che a altri empì non sia stato veduto!"

But, admitting this boasted spread of physical knowledge, and the enlarged command of the products of the material world, let us ask, "have moral happiness and virtue, and the sympathies, which bind man to man, increased in equal proportion?" Every one is compelled to admit, that they have not; but too many plume themselves in the self-satisfying fiction, that the evils in the world are not so much the result of their own worthlessness and vices as of what their ancestors have done or established. "Delusion all, and vain philosophy!" We are little disposed to disparage the present times. We admit all their peculiar advantages, and thank God for them ;

* 2. *Ἰωνίως δὲ καλὸς ἐστὶ καὶ σοφὴς, ὅς διὰ χρόνου ἦν κατήκας εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας.*

1. οὐ γὰρ σχολὴ αὐτῷ Σωκράτει.

2. ἀρ' οὐν, πρὸς Δίον, αἴσχιον ἢ ἄλλα τέχνην ἐκιδιδάσκει καὶ καὶ παρὰ τοῦτον τῶν δημιουργῶν ἢ πολλοὺς φανλῶν, ὅντων καὶ τῶν ὑμῖν τεχνῶν ἐκιδιδάσκωνται φημὶν, καὶ εἴπω τῶν ἀρχαίων τοῖς πρὸς ΣΟΦΙΑΝ φανλῶν πρὸς ἑμῶς ;

1. πᾶν μὲν οὐτ' ὁρῶνς λίγους, &c.—Plat. Hipp. Maj.

but, when we contrast the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, those "periods of reviving splendor in the cultivation of the human mind"—when thought *was* thought, not reading—when the mind of man was stirred and stirred to its depths, and the aspirations of the human heart were for liberty—not licentiousness—and intellect was absorbed in the contemplation of truths spiritual, eternal, and universal, deeply drinking in the soul of things, with an intensity and universality, as if it never could be deadened or satiated—again when we contrast those periods with the present times, we feel like the traveller, who, having beheld the Nile, the Ganges, the River of the Amazons, or the mighty Andes,

——— "Turns his gaze

To mark the wanderings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet."†

One of the first of those who stood forward in England in the 16th century to advocate the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures amongst the people, and to proclaim the sacred right of private judgment, was George Joye. Though he is mentioned in terms of the highest praise by his most eminent contemporaries, few notices of his life or writings have been collected in any one

place. He was a native of Bedfordshire, and was educated at Cambridge, and elected Fellow of Peterhouse in 1517, about which time Luther commenced his labours in the cause of Reformation. Learning was then at a very low ebb in both the English Universities. Cambridge was the seat of ignorance, of bigotry and superstition. The nurslings of a purer faith and of religious reform, who remained for a time unnoticed or neglected within her cloisters, were soon blasted by the poison-breath of persecution, and he who presumed to teach the right of private judgment, or to promulgate the truths and expose the corruptions of the Scriptures, was instantly beset by a swarm of monkish hornets, who dreaded, lest the light of God's Word, shed abroad upon the people, striking through the blank and settled night of ignorance and error, should discover to the world the unholy recesses of their nests of indolence, impiety, and iniquity. The classical reader will here be reminded of the piteous plight in which Pluto is described by the great Epic Bard, starting from his throne, lest the mysteries of his dark abode should be unveiled to mortals.

*Θαυρὸν ὀδωμένης ἐκείῃ βίαν· Ἄλγεα δὲ,
δίνος ἦν ὅριον ἄλγεα καὶ ταχὺ· μὴ δὲ
ἴσμευε.*

* Can the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries assemble such great names as the following:—Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Beza, Zuinglius, Erasmus, Oecolampadius Bullinger, Martin Bucer, Tyndale, Knox, Ridley, Hooper, Latimer, Jewell, Hooker, N. Bacon, Raleigh, Vasco de Gama, Bacon, Des Cartes, Gassendi, Kepler, Copernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Grotius, Salmasius, Wallis, Sir Matthew Hale, Newton, (born in 1642), Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, B. Jonson, Sir Philip Sydney, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Rubens, Guido, Domenichino; or such theologians as Hales, Usher, Bedell, Hall, Fell, Hammond, Calamy, Walton, Baxter, Pearson, Barrow, Cudworth, Boyle, Locke, Chillingworth, Stillingfleet, Mede, Parker, Tillotson; the two Buxtorfs, Voet; the Spanheims, Du Moulin, Abbadie, Saurin, Claude, Whitgift, Donne, Herbert, Nowell, Sanderson, Beveridge, (born 1638), Sir H. Wotton, the two Henrys, Hall, &c. &c.

† It has been truly remarked by Schiller, in his introduction to the thirty years war: "Seit dem anfang des religions kriegs in Deutschland bis zum Munsterischen Frieden, ist in der politischen Welt Europens kaum etwas grosses und merkwürdiges geschehen, woran die Reformation nicht den vornehmsten Theil gehabt hätte. Alle weltbegebenheiten, welche sich in diesem zeitraum ereignen, schliessen sich an die gläubensverbesserung an, wo sie nicht ursprünglich, darans herfließen, und jeder noch so grosse und noch so kleine staat hat mehr oder weniger, mittelbarer odd unmittelbarer, den Einfluss derselben empfunden."

"From the beginning of the war of religion in Germany, to the peace of Munster, no great or remarkable event happened in the world of Europe in which the Reformation had not the principal share. All the important events of this period were connected with it, if they did not originate from it, and every country has felt its influence."

‡ A Life of Latimer, prefixed to the 4th Edition of his Works.

γαῖαν ἐναρτίῃσιν Περὶ δὲ τῆς ἐκείνου
 ἰσχυρῆς καὶ ἀδρανῆς φωνῆς,
 ἀμφὶ δὲ τῆς ἐκείνου, καὶ τῆς ἐκείνου
 οἰκίας.

It is no matter of surprise that Joye, who advocated the universal diffusion of the Gospel, and who was, as we are told by Fuller, "the great friend of Master Tyndale," became the object of calumny and persecution. Accused of heresy, in a letter from the Prior of Newenham to the Bishop of Lincoln, he was sent for, to use his own words, "as from the Cardinal Wolsey, by one of his officers to Cambridge, with letters delivered to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Edmunds, then Master of Peterhouse, in which letters he was desired to send me up to appear at Westminster at nine of the clock, with Bilney and Arthure, for certain erroneous opinions. I saw the Cardinal's sign manual subscribed in great letters, and his seal. I got me horse, when it snowed, and was cold, and came to London, and so to Westminster, not long after my houre, when Bilney and Arthure were in examination. When I knew but those two poor sheep among so many cruel wolves, I was not overhasty to thrust in amongst them, for there was a shrewd many of Bishops, besides the Cardinal, with others of that faction. On the Saturday, a Master of mine, William Gascoigne, the Cardinal's treasurer, bade me go to the chamber of presence. I was but a course courtier, never before hearing this term, and I was half ashamed to ask after it, and at last happened upon a door, and knocked, and one opened it, and when I looked in, it was the kitchen! Then the treasurer told me, the Cardinal sent not for me. Then I began to smell their secret conveyance, and how they had counterfeited their Lord the Cardinal's letters. And here the treasurer sent me to the Bishop of Lyncolne; Dr. Barnes shewed my Lord of me, and said that I must come down again in the morning at six of the clock. I did so, and waited at the stair's foot 'till it was about eight. My Lord came down, and I did my duty to him. He asked me, "Be you Master Joye?" "Yea! forsooth, my Lord," quoth I.

"Abide," quoth he, "with my Chancellor 'till I come again." I desired my Lord to be good Lord to me, and shew me his pleasure, what his Lordship would with me; and he answered me like a Lord, and said, I should wait upon his leisure. On the morrow, I met with a Scholar of Cambridge, and he told me the Bishop of Lincoln had sent his servant busily to enquire and to seek me. "What is the matter?" quoth I. "Marry," quoth he, "it is said he would give you a benefice!" "A benefice!" quoth I, "yea! a malefice rather, for so reward they men of well-doing!" Then I got my horse, and rode from my benefice, and left College and all that I had. And the Bishop of Lincoln laid privy wait for me to be taken, and my feet bound under an horse's belly, to be brought into him."

Suspecting that the Cardinal had no charitable design towards him, and believing that his religious principles would be more effectually made known to his countrymen from a foreign land, he resigned his fellowship, his home, his country, and his friends, and went to Strasburgh in 1572.

"Your letters," as he pathetically writes to his calumniator, "wrought me much trouble, and drew out of my breast many a deep sigh, and many a salt tear out of mine eyes; they made me suddenly to fly—to forsake my poor living, my college, my learning, my promotion, and all that I had. They drew me out of my native land, whose desire yet holdeth me, for that I would right gladly return, and dare not, being exiled into a strange land, among rude and boisterous people. Your letters caused me not only to forsake my kin and friends, but they slandered me so grievously, that they made them to forsake me, and so to hate me, that yet I cannot come again into their favour, for they abhorred me so sore, after your secret letters had openly defamed me, that they would not suffer me to come into their houses, nor speak with me, nor help me, but fled from me, and loathed me, which before both loved me, and were right glad of my company. But if you had known Christ and his Word, you would never have done thus unto me—I know it well."

Thus exiled from all that earth held dear to him, he trusted not to dissipation of mind, or to length of time, to free him from his afflictions. He knew that even sufferings often make a necessary part in the disposition of things as ordained by Providence—he knew that resignation to the will of that Providence was true magnanimity. His mind was in himself—his mind in himself was also in God; and therefore he loved and therefore he soared*. He remembered that he was but a pilgrim on the earth, travelling to a better and an eternal world; and if asked where his country lay, he would have pointed, like Anaxagoras, to the heavens. "Expulsed," as he writes in his letter to the Prior, "from my native land, forsaking all my kin and friends, I do daily comfort myself, as God giveth me grace, with this one comfortable saying of my Saviour—"Blessed are you when men cast rebukes upon you, persecuting you, and report all manner of evil against you, for great is your reward in Heaven. This one sentence is enough to comfort me against all slanders and false reports."

"Men ignorant of the Gospel," as he writes in another work, "what comfort and deliverance have they in such anxieties? Verily none at all. Wherefore let us embrace the Gospel, love and reverence the very true church; let us know the godly not to be called to sluggishness and idleness, but into the most sharp, hard, and jeopardous battle."

It is this feeling that so eminently distinguishes the writings and deeds of the early Reformers from the *spirit* of action and of thought in the present day. "Duties are man's, consequences are God's," was the motto of their lives. Thus only can their wonderful achievements be accounted for. "Que eût crû," exclaims the eloquent Saurin, "que Luther pût triompher de tant d'obstacles, qui s'opposoient au succès de ses predications en Allemagne? et que ce superbe Empereur (Charles 5.) qui comptoit parmi ses Captifs des Pontifes et des Rois, ne pût triompher d'un miserable moine?"

Does the same principle mark the present times? Far from it. "Calculations of presumptuous expediency, groping its way among partial and temporary consequences, have been substituted for the dictates of paramount and infallible conscience†." How strange would it appear to our politico-religious senators of the 19th century, should they be addressed by the Lord Chancellor, on the opening of their councils, as the Lord Keeper Bacon, in the name of Queen Elizabeth, once addressed the Peers of England? "In all councils and conferences, my Lords, first and chiefly there should be sought the advancement of God's glory, as the sure and infallible foundation, whereon the policy of every good public weal is to be built; and, as the straight line whereby it is to be directed and governed; and, as the chief pillar and buttress wherewith it is continually to be maintained."

Such were the principles by which, under the blessing of the Alone-Good, the early Reformers, amid the huge overshadowing train of error that had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church‡, went forth conquering and to conquer.

"They shrunk not, though assailed
With hostile din, and combating in,
sight
Of angry umpires, partial and unjust;
And did, thereafter, bathe their
hands in fire,
So to declare the conscience satisfied;
Nor for their bodies would accept
release;
But blessing God and praising him,
bequeath'd,
With their last breath, from out the
smould'ring flame,
The Faith which they by diligence
had earned,
And thro' illuminating Grace received,
For their dear countrymen, and all
mankind;
O high example! constancy divine!"

WORDSWORTH.

But we resume the subject of our memoir. From his exile at Strasburg,

* See a most eloquent pamphlet by the truly philosophic Poet, Wordsworth, on "The Relations of England, Spain, and Portugal," published in 1809.

† See Milton on "Reformation in England."

‡ See Gilbert's Hurricane in Notis.

Joye wrote his "Answer" to the Prior of Newenham Abbey*, in which he exposed the greatest errors of the Church of Rome, with an honest sincerity, a strength of argument, a piety and command of scriptural illustration which few writers on the abuses of that Church have surpassed.

Speaking of the Scriptures being withheld from the laity, he says, "If ye were well acquainted with Christ his Gospel, you should have read there, Wo be to you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you shut up the Kingdom of Heaven before men. You say *the knowledge of God's word is hard and dark for the lay people*, but wo be to you, saith Isaiah, that tell the light to be darkness. You say, that the Scripture in English would make sedition and breed errors and heresies among the laymen: but wo be to you, saith Isaiah, that say that thing which is good to be evil! You say, the letter slayeth, is unsavoury and bitter *for them*, but wo be to you, saith Isaiah again, that say, that which is sweet to be bitter."

As an instance of the grave and weighty arguments by which the translation of the Scriptures into English, was opposed by the clergy of the Roman communion in that day, the reader is referred to a discourse which Dr. Buckenham, Prior of the Blackfriars in Cambridge, delivered against Latimer, that pillar of the Reformation, who did indeed, as he prophesied immediately before his execution to Ridley, light such a candle, with God's grace, in England, as shall never be extinguished. "If the ploughman," said the learned Prior, "should read in the Gospel, no man that layeth his hand on the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God, he would cease from his labor; and the baker, in like manner, finding, that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, will, peradventure, leave our bread un-leavened; a third, reading, if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee, may be induced, in obedience thereto, to pluck out his eyes, and so the world be filled with beggars."

This ingenious piece of argumentation reminds us of the expostulation of the Oulemas, or lawyers, in Turkey, when Achmet the Third wished to establish a printing press, about 1727, to print the Koran. "O!" said they, "it would be an act of impiety, if the word of God should be squeezed and pressed together!" It seems, that they derived a considerable income from transcribing the Koran, which would thus have been lost.

Latimer promised to reply to the learned Prior of the Blackfriars, on the following Sabbath. Before the sermon began, the Prior entered, with his cowl about his shoulders, and took his seat in front of the pulpit. Latimer gravely recapitulated the doctor's arguments, and then expressed his commiseration for the people, whose understandings were held by their spiritual pastors in such low esteem. He wished, however, that his honest countrymen might only have the use of the Scriptures, *until they showed themselves* such absurd interpreters as the Prior represented them. "A figurative manner of speech," said he, "is common to all languages. Images of this kind are in daily use and generally understood. For instance (addressing himself to that part of the audience where the cowed Prior was sitting,) when we see a fox painted in a friar's hood, nobody imagines that a fox is meant, but that craft and hypocrisy are described, which are so often found disguised in that garb." This comparison, not indeed suited for the sacredness of the pulpit, excited a general smile from the audience. The raillery had the effect of shutting up Friar Buckenham within his monastery, and the reasoning of the preacher drove him eventually from the University.

Does our reader smile at the solemn trifling of the Prior of the sixteenth century? After a lapse of three hundred years, are not the present pretexts for withholding the Bible from the people, equally impious, ridiculous and absurd? The fact that they are so, should the more stimulate those, who sincerely desire to see the Holy Scrip-

* "The Letters which Johan Ashwell, Prior of Newenham Abbey, sent secretly to the Bishop of Lincolne, wherein the said Prior accuseth George Joye of four opinions, with the answers of the said George unto the same opinions," printed at Strasburgh A.D. 1527.

tures in the cottage of every peasant in the land. Nor let expediency, "that smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity," as Faulconbridge picturesquely expresses it;—let him not flatter himself, that reasoning, or the "march of intellect," or "apathy," or "leaving people alone," or temporal inducements, or compromising the TRUTH, "holding the world in one hand and Christ in the other"* will be effectual, any more than persecution or penal laws, or the sword, in turning man from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God. These *have* been tried and tried in vain. What then remains, but that Protestantism should go forth in blended might, shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace—with the sword of the Spirit, which is the WORD OF GOD, *into every corner of the land?* Has He not promised, that his Word shall not return unto him void? And though on earth is distress of nations, the wind and the seas roaring, there is, in Heaven above, and on earth beneath, and in the paths of the deep waters, a Voice mightier far—"it is I; be not afraid."

We have said, that all other means, legitimate and illegitimate, *have* been tried and tried in vain. When Elijah stood upon the mount, behold a great wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind, an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake, a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire, a still, small voice; and behold there came a voice unto him and said, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" So will the still, small voice of Scripture whisper to the wanderer on the dark mountains, and in the mists of error—"What doest thou here?"†

But to resume our subject. "The answer of the Prior of Newenham" is divided into four parts: the first is entitled, "Of the keys, and of binding and loosing." In this he discusses, and denies, the superiority of Peter over the other apostles, and maintains that the Pope has no greater power to give absolution for sins than a simple priest. The second part is entitled "By faith without works a man is justified." In the third, he condemns, with indignant argument, the celibacy of the clergy, as enjoined by the Roman Catholic Church; and in the fourth, maintains that a layman may hear confession as well as any priest, and that every confession "pre-supposes a penitent and contrite heart, humbled, and unfeignedly confessed before God." He adds some remarks on pilgrimages, and worshipping of images: which latter practice he discusses at greater length, and with copious scriptural illustration, in his subsequent commentary on the prophecies of Daniel.

If it be objected, that from the brevity and quaintness of this inestimable little work, and the vein of playful humour which we occasionally find in it, it was not likely to be read with much serious interest or advantage; let the reader remember what Warton has remarked, in his History of English Poetry, that the short colloquies of Erasmus, which exposed the superstitious practices of the Church of Rome, with so much humour, and in pure Christianity, made more Protestants than the ten tomes of John Calvin.

About the year 1591, and during his residence at Strasburgh, Joye translated the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah into English. He also published, soon after, a translation of the Primer and

* See the admirable "Advice to Cottagers," part 2nd, written by a Lady in the North of Ireland, which will shortly be republished by the Religious Book Society in Dublin, and is recommended as peculiarly adapted for circulation amongst the poor.

† The Scholars in connection with the Sunday School Society alone, which is but one of many Institutions for the promotion of Scriptural knowledge, increased between 1822 and 1832, amidst every species of opposition, threatening, terror and excommunication, from 144,000 to 202,000. In Munster alone, they increased nearly four-fold in the same time, and even in the wilds of Connaught, the number of Schools has doubled. But can we desire a stronger proof of the silent, but triumphant progress which the reading of the Scriptures was making through the land, than in the co-operation of the Priesthood of the Church of Rome in Ireland with the new Board of Education? How otherwise can we account for this accommodating

Psalter, as is mentioned by Sir Thomas More. It would seem that, about the year 1533, he had a design to print the whole Bible, from what Tyndale says in his letter to Frith, then confined in the Tower, and soon after crowned with martyrdom. He writes, that "George Joye, at Candlemas, being at Barrow, printed two leaves of Genesis, in a great form, and sent one copy to the King, and another to the new Queen, with a letter to N. to deliver them, and to purchase licence, that he might so go through all the Bible. Out of this is sprung the noise of the new Bible, and out of that is the great seeking for English books, and for an English priest that should print.*" Thus Joye's great object of ambition was, in the eloquent language of Milton, "that the word of truth, hewn, like the mangled body of Osiris, into a thousand pieces, and scattered to the four winds, should be gathered limb to limb, and moulded, with every joint and member, into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection."

Joye's great friend, the pious and amiable Tyndale, who is described as "a man without stain or blemish of rancour or malice," and whom Sir Thomas More designates, "the Captain of English heretics," resided at this time at Antwerp, where he had taken refuge from the persecution to which he was exposed in England, after he had embraced the Reformed Religion. He had been originally educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and had afterwards removed to Cambridge. During his residence at Antwerp, "considering in his mind, and conferring also with John Frith, he thought with himself,"

as Fox mentions in his Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs, "that no way would be of more advantage than if the Scripture were turned into the vulgar speech, *that the poor people might read and see, the simple, plain word of God.*" In a conversation with some of the Clergy of the Church of Rome, at Little Sodbury, in Gloucestershire, he exclaimed, "I defy the Pope and all his laws, and if God spare my life, I'll teach one of the poor plough-boys to know more of the Scriptures than *you* do." He was an excellent Greek scholar, and, in 1526, he published a translation of the New Testament, which was the first that had ever been *printed* in the English language.

The first edition was speedily bought up by Tunstal, then Bishop of London, who hoped by that means, surely to prevent the laity from becoming acquainted with its contents. The result however proved far otherwise, as the profits of the sale enabled Tyndale to publish forthwith a new and much enlarged edition, which circumstance is thus quaintly related by Hall, in his Chronicles of England.

"Shortly after, it fortuned that one George Constantine to be apprehended by Sir Thomas More, of suspicion of certain heresies. And this Constantine being with More, Master More said in this wise to Constantine—'Constantine, I would have thee plain with me in one thing. There is beyond the sea Tyndale, Joye and many mo; I know they cannot live without help: I pray thee, who be they that thus keep them?' 'My Lord,' quoth he, 'will you that I should tell you the truth?' 'Yea, I pray thee,' quoth my Lord.

spirit,—this concession—this co-operation in religious education of the Prelates of that Church with Protestants of the most various denominations? Does the reader remember the words of the Carthaginian Queen in the *Æneid*, when the alarm was given of the threatened departure of *Æneas* and his companions from her shores?

Anna! vides toto properari littore! circum

Undique convenere; vocat jam carbasus auras,

Puppibus et læti nautæ imposuere coronas!

We were reading this morning a circular letter of the late Pope, dated May, 1824, in which he complains indignantly that "the Bible Society is audaciously disprending itself (*audacter vagari*) through the whole world, and *translating in opposition to the well-known decree of the Council of Trent*, or rather perverting the Bible into the vernacular language of all nations." The same Pontiff expressed, about the same time, his *undoubted hope in the Lord, that the power of secular Princes would be with the Prelates of his Church*, and he exhorted the faithful to pour forth their prayers for the exaltation of the Holy Church, the extirpation of heresies," &c.

* Fox's Acts and Monuments, vol. 2, p. 308.

‘Marry, I will,’ quoth Constantine. ‘Truly,’ quoth he, ‘it is the Bishop of London, for he hath bestowed among us a great deale of money in New Testaments, to burn them: and that hath been, and yet is our only succour and comfort.’”

Those who were suspected of importing Tyndale's Version into England, were adjudged by Sir Thomas More to ride with their faces to the tails of their horses, with papers on their heads, and the New Testament hung about their cloaks, and to throw them at the Standard in Cheapside into a fire prepared for that purpose, and to be fined at the King's pleasure. The people formed a very unfavourable opinion of those who ordered the Word of God to be burned, and concluded that there must be an obvious repugnance between that Word and the doctrines of those who treated it with such indignity.

In our own “enlightened” and “liberal” days, a Bishop of the Church of Rome in Ireland, a learned D.D., has spoken with the greatest admiration of a Kildare peasant, “who, lest he should be infected by heresy exhaled from the Protestant Bible during sleep, took it with the tongs, *for he would not defile his touch with it*, and buried it in a grave when he had prepared for it in his garden! Should I happen to meet with him, adds the enlightened Prelate, “I will reward him for his zeal!”

We deprecate every disposition to reproach or to censure the ignorant peasant. He was nursed from his cradle in obedience to his pastor's beck; he acted only as his fathers acted; he worshipped only as they worshipped—no more; and if *ours*—by the irresistible might of weakness—guided by the grace of God, had not burst their bonds, *we*, too, might, at this hour, be the victims of the same bigotry, intolerance, and intellectual prostration. Of his pastors, too, we speak more in sorrow than in anger; for it should be the glory of a Protestant to speak in the spirit of Christian love of every brother in his father-land;* but those pastors have not, like the peasant,

the plea of ignorance; to *them* the Bible is not necessarily a sealed book, and when they set such examples to their flock, can we wonder at a recent declaration of a dignitary of their church to a foreigner in this country: “We have scarcely such a thing as a Christian in Ireland: *all* have one common religion—that of hatred.”†

In 1534, a fifth edition of Tyndale's translation was published, such was the eagerness with which it was demanded by all classes of the people. Many elderly persons, as we find in Strype's life of Cranmer, learned to read, for the sole purpose of imbibing its divine doctrine and precepts. The first edition consisted of about fifteen hundred copies; and in the two Dutch editions of 1527, there were about fivethousand printed. The fourth Dutch edition, a copy of which is in Lord Pembroke's library, was superintended by Joye. He was censured by Tyndale for having taken certain liberties with the translation, in answer to which charge, he published his “Apology, if it may be, to satisfy William Tyndale.”

Tyndale's labours were soon to have an end; and when we passed through the town of Vilvorden, between Antwerp and Brussels, in the spring of 1828, we had a mournful recollection, that we were on the very ground on which he was strangled, and his body consumed to ashes in 1537. He expired, praying earnestly, “Lord! open the king of England's eyes!”

There is an amiable sentiment prevalent amongst many sincere Protestants at the present day, that the spirit of intolerance and persecution has passed away from the church of Rome, (*μεγαλὴν ἀπονομίαν ἔσται τοῖς ῥώμης,*) and that it is illiberal and narrow-minded to refer to, or to draw any inference from its spirit in former times. Is this sentiment, however amiable, founded on truth? So lately as 1825, the bishop of Hermopolis, one of the heads of the French church, attempted to justify (in his *Defense du Christ*), the principle of the Inquisition; and quoted, in italics, with seeming satisfaction, the following passage:—“The Inquisition

* Semel ergo, breve præceptum tibi præcipitur: Dilige, Et Quod Vis Fac. Radix sit intus dilectionis; non potest de ista radice nisi bonum existere. Augustine 3, 875.

† See Travels of a German Prince in Ireland, &c. London, 1832.

is the political means used to maintain religious unity, and to prevent religious wars. During the three last ages, there have been, by virtue of the Inquisition, more *peace* and happiness in Spain than in any other country in Europe!" Now, what says history of this peace? Scarcely had the tribunal of the Inquisition been established in Spain, (see Zopf's *Precis Hist.* v. 2), when two thousand persons were burned by order of the grand inquisitor, Jon de Torguemada! And is it this that M. Fraysinnous, Bishop of Hermopolis, and lately a member of the French cabinet, calls peace? "*Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.*" When we stood in the great hall of the Council of Constance, soon after the publication of the Bishop's *enlightened* work, we could not but call to mind, that the same writer had even ventured to extenuate "the human sacrifice" of John Huss, by that council, 1415!

Does the reader require any further instance of the boasted "liberality" and "tolerance" of the church of Rome in the nineteenth century? Instances, such as this, are, alas! too easily afforded. The *Courier Francois*, of November, 1825, an extract from which is now lying before us, mentions a then recent prosecution in France of sixteen women, two children, and one man, for reading the New Testament, in a private house, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. Each, including the children, was fined in the *mitigated* penalty of fifty francs! But we return to our subject. About 1534, or earlier, a work on the Lord's Supper was published in the Low Countries, which Bale, in his centuries, mentions in the list of Joye's works; and Sir Thomas More, in his "Answer to the poisoned book called the Supper of the Lord," attributes it to him, and complains, that "the nameless heretic," as he styles him, "would, if he could, convey from the blessed sacrament, Christ's own blessed flesh and blood, and leave us nothing therein but a memorial only of bare bread and wine."

It is remarkable, that Joye should have so early adopted the reformed doctrine of the Eucharist, as we have reason to believe, that even the learned

and enlightened Cranmer did not reject the doctrine of Transubstantiation for several years after.*

In 1535 Joye published "A Compendious Sum of the very Christian Religion." Sir Thomas More mentions this in his "Confutation of Tyndale's Answer," and is indignant, that, by the influence of such heretics as Tyndale, Joye, and others, the philosophical studies of the young were almost superceded by the reading of the Scriptures; and he remarks, that, "after the Psalter children were wont to go to their Donate and their Accidence, *but now they go straight to Scripture!* and thereby, have we, as a Donate, the book of the 'Pathway to Scripture,' and, for an Accidence, we have 'The whole sum of Scripture,' in a little book."

The writings of Melancthon, to whose piety and virtues his greatest enemies have borne abundant testimony, and from whom, Mosheim remarks, the cause of true Christianity has derived more effectual support than from any of the other writers of his age, from his judgment, his meekness, and his humanity, seem to have been a favourite study of Joye. In 1542, he wrote a commentary on Daniel, which is, in great part, extracted from Melancthon, whose letter of dedication to Prince Maurice of Saxony, he has translated and prefixed to the work. Sir Thomas More, in his "Answer to the Poisoned Book," bears testimony to the reputation for learning and talent which Joye had in England, and we find him frequently quoting the classic authors of antiquity, for whom even his acquaintance with the writings of Melancthon, would have given him a relish.

To conclude this hasty sketch, "George Joye was," in the words of Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," "the great friend of Master Tyndale, and therefore perfectly hated by Wolsey, Fisher, and Sir Thomas More. *The particulars of his sufferings would justly advance him into the reputation of a Confessor.* Notwithstanding many machinations against his life, he found his coffin where he fetched his cradle, buried in his own country, the last year of King Edward VI."

* Probably about 1547. See Fox, and Sir John Cheke's Preface to the Latin Translation of Cranmer's Defence against Gardiner.

Those who wish to see a list of the numerous works published by Joye, both in England and on the Continent, are referred to Bale's *Scriptorum Illustrum Mag. Brit. Catal. Cent. ix. p. 721*, and to Tanner's *Bibliothec. Brit. Hi-bern. fol. 1749*.

We believe that many of our readers will not regret being thus led aside from the dusty high-road of present politics and events, from discontent

and loud commotion, to meditate on the moral heroism of ancient days. The lives of the early reformers are becoming daily more interesting. The time may not be far distant, when the same undaunted and self-devoting spirit will be again as loudly called for as it was in the sixteenth century. It is beautifully expressed in the Wallenstein—

“Wie sich der sonne scheinbild in dem Dunstkreis
Mahlt, eh 'sie Kommt, so schrieten auch den grossen
Geschicken ihre Geister schon voraus,
Und in dem heute wandelt schon das morgen.”*

If such times *do* arrive, it will not be enough to *admire* our ancestors, we must also imitate them. The trophies of their achievements were erected, not only that we should behold them with admiration, but that we should emulate the zeal and devotion of those who raised them.†

Infidelity and Apostacy! You may again be destined to have your hour, and the power of darkness, but

—The righteous cause
Shall gain defenders zealous and devout
As those who have opposed her.

Truth *must* eventually prevail. It is a gentle spring, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snow drift, that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns its obstacle into its own form and character, and, as it makes its way, increases its stream. And should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and waits only for a change, to awaken and again roll onward.‡

* “————— As the Sun
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.”

† See “The Friend” by Coleridge, and Chénier's beautiful lines on the River Po.

‡ The classical reader will remember the heart-stirring eloquence with which Demosthenes thus concludes his oration for the liberty of the Rhodians. Χαίρετε, ἀκούοντες, ἵναν τις ἰσχυρῇ τοῖς πρῶτοις ὑμῶν καὶ τὰ πτωχευμένα ἑλευθερίᾳ δίδῃ, καὶ τὰ τρέψαντα λίγη. νομιζέτε τούτοις τὰντα ἀναδιναι τοῖς πρῶτοις ὑμῶν, οὐχ ἵνα θαυμάζετε, ταῦτα θεωροῦντες, μέντοι, ἀλλ' ἵνα καὶ μίμησθε τὰς τῶν ἀναδιντῶν ἀρετάς.

VILLAGE ANNALS.

“ And to be wrath with one we love,
Doth work upon the brain like madness.”

“ Why will you not then accompany me to the ball to-night ?” said Edmond M’Naghten to the young and interesting girl over whom he was leaning—“ why will not Julia come with me, and cheer me with those sweet smiles, without which any place is lonely ?”

“ Ah ! Edmond,” she replied, “ the ball-room is no place for me. There was a time when such amusements had a charm—when my vanity was gratified by the opportunity of displaying those beauties which I fancied I possessed ; but now I love solitude, and hate society ;” and as she spoke a deep drawn sigh showed that her words were the language of her heart.

M’Naghten seemed disappointed ; her eyes were fixed on the ground, or he could have seen the tears that stood trembling on their lids.

“ Am not I,” he replied, “ all the world to you ; come with me, and if your love be such as mine, in the presence of its object you can forget every other.”

“ Edmond, your love does not surpass the love of woman,” she answered with a smile ; “ but would you ask me, or wish me, to bear the laughty glances that should be cast on me by the proud of my own sex, were I to enter that room to-night leaning on your arm.”

“ Upon what arm should my wife more naturally lean,” said he in a tone in which deep agitation was mingled with disappointment.

“ Your wife,” she repeated after him, and burst into tears.

M’Naghten was moved ; he clasped her in his arms ; she leaned her head upon his bosom, and sobbed aloud. “ Julia,” said he, “ is this your consciousness of innocence ? Are not our vows enrolled in heaven ? Are we criminals because we never complied with the forms prescribed by the idle ceremonies of earth ?”

Her agitation seemed increased as

he spoke, and for a few moments she was overcome by the violence of her emotions. She then became calmer, raised her head, and turning on her lover, her mild blue eyes still glistening with her tears, she said—

“ M’Naghten, this may satisfy me when I am only in the presence of heaven and you ; but, were I to mingle in that society whose rules I have violated, it were right that I should meet the penalty of my transgression.”

Her tone seemed to imply a lingering doubt that even heaven could look with favour on their violation of all human rules. M’Naghten ceased to press his point. He rose, folded his arms, and for a time was buried in intense and painful thought. At length he started from his reverie, and exclaimed :—

“ Would I had never bound myself by that oath which prevents me from making you all that I could wish ; but it shall not, it cannot, be ; I will not abide by it.” “ Yes, Edmond,” she said, interrupting him, “ you shall abide by it. When I hear of that oath, I feel unaccountable dread ; and was there not an imprecation on her who should induce you to break it.” M’Naghten sighed deeply, and made a motion to depart. She followed him and said, “ I have a request which you must not refuse me, it is, that you, too, stay away from the ball to-night. I have a reason,” said she, as she turned deadly pale, and looked imploringly in his countenance for an answer. “ No, Julia,” said he, “ I cannot ; our commanding officer has made it a particular request I should be there, and I promised compliance.” She seemed bitterly disappointed, and with an earnestness that startled M’Naghten, she again intreated him not to go. “ I know,” she cried, “ I know some evil will be the consequence to one or both of us.” “ Ellen,” said he, “ you are no sibyl.” “ But still I have my presentiments ; do

stay," she continued, in a tone of tenderness, "and we may yet be happy."

"Our happiness is based, I trust," he replied, "on too firm a foundation to be affected one way or other by my conduct in this matter. I must show myself at least. I will do no more, and in a few short hours I will return to you, and do not fear," he gaily added, "that the charms of any of the proud fair ones I may meet will make me forget your own sweet witching smiles."

The gay and careless tone in which he uttered these last words met not the wonted sympathy in the feelings of the young and once lively Julia. She felt a weight upon her heart that pressed down its buoyancy. She would fain have seemed cheerful, but she could not. With heaviness and ill concealed agitation, she bade M'Naghten farewell, and threw herself into a chair. As she heard the light sound of his footsteps receding from the door, a thousand gloomy recollections and gloomier anticipations rushed upon her mind. The dreadful idea started in her breast that she had parted with him perhaps for ever, and unable either to conquer or control her weakness, she gave vent to the bitterness of her forebodings in an agony of tears.

What strange and mysterious connection subsists between our destinies and our feelings. How often does a weight upon our soul, and a sinking of our spirit, precede affliction, like the sultriness of the atmosphere, which is the sure indication of the thunder storm. The belief may be laughed at, as superstitious, by the very wise people, who imagine themselves above the prejudices of humanity, because they know not the enthusiasm of genius; but yet, melancholy is not more surely or more frequently the follower than the harbinger of calamity; and though often it be the result of mere constitutional depression, and then we may mistake the hue of our own souls for the shadows which coming events cast before them; yet oftener, far oftener, is it the dark reflection of some unseen misfortune—a gloom cast over our minds by him who is soon about to overshadow them with a blacker cloud. Seldom are our bosoms tossed by the tempest

of sorrow without our previously perceiving the swellings of sadness.

But the reader will, I hope, desire to be further acquainted with the characters of those to whom he has been thus unceremoniously introduced, and this may be a fitting opportunity to relate some circumstances which will be necessary to throw light both upon the subsequent and preceding parts of the narrative; and if these pages should meet the eye of any one who is borne along by the stormy influence of passion, without considering what may be in the end thereof, and gives way to feelings innocent in themselves, foolishly deeming that, therefore, they may not be hurtful, nor criminal in their excess, forgetful that even the vestal flame upon the altar, if it burned too bright, or too high, might kindle a conflagration that would consume the temple itself—if I say I shall number such a one among my readers, then let him listen to, and ponder on the tale I will unfold. This is no narrative of fiction, framed to minister to morbid sentimentality, or draw from it a tear. It is the awful, the solemn reality of life; and though it be now a tale of other days, and those who bore their parts in its events be numbered with those who are long since dead, yet still its lesson is instructive. There are now passions as strong, and feelings as violent, as those of which it tells—upon which the grave has long since closed; and if I could impress upon even one young and ardent spirit the truth that every feeling that is unrestrained must cause misery both to himself and others, then would I console myself in having diminished, even by one small item, the sum of that evil, which mankind create for themselves, by their unguarded and unruly passions.

Edmond M'Naghten was the descendant of an ancient and highly honored family, in the county of Antrim—a family whose deeds of chivalry, in feudal times, have been made the subject of many an ancient song, and whose representatives still rank high among the gentry of the North of Ireland. Born and reared amidst the wild scenery which surrounds M'Naghten,* his character, in some degree, received an impress from its unculti-

* Such is the name of the ancient residence of the M'Naghtens. The head of the family is distinguished by the appellation of M'Naghten of M'Naghten.

vated grandeur. From his infancy, accustomed to wander among his native mountains, now chasing the deer, and now bringing down the black-grouse, who then abounded in the uncultivated and heathy tracts, from which the progress of cultivation has since banished them, he resembled closely, and that, too, in many of their best points, the Highland chieftains of Scotland, from whom he was originally descended. Proud and imperious, yet generous and brave; impatient of control, and unable to brook an insult. In his character there was much of sullen and distant haughtiness; even in his boyhood he had been given to solitary meditations. The peasants used to observe him seated for hours together on some cliff that overhung the sea, gazing intently on the billows as they broke upon its base; or on a moonlight night, he had been known to wander under the walls and battlements of his father's castle, gazing upon the heavens until the gray light of a summer's morning would begin to dim the stars, ere he would return to rest. But M'Naghten was almost universally beloved. He was ready to hear, and, if possible, to redress the grievances of his inferiors. And there were none who were so popular among the peasantry. In those days there was not, between the upper and lower classes, that gulph fixed which now seems too wide for any sympathy of feeling or reciprocity of kindness to pass.

M'Naghten, although a member of the aristocracy, and one little likely to hate any of the privileges or dignities of "his order," was still the favourite of the people, while, as the representative of an ancient house, he was respected by the gentry. But the reader must form his own estimate of his character as it unfolds itself in the progress of the narrative—an estimate, probably, very different from that of the writer of these pages; and I must content myself with giving a hurried sketch of the leading events of his life down to the time, which I have chosen for the commencement of my tale.

In his boyhood, M'Naghten became acquainted with Margaret K——, the daughter of a gentleman like himself, of ancient family, who resided on the banks of the Foyle, within a few miles of the City of Derry. Accident

brought him much into her society, and even while a boy he conceived for her a passion which grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. Wild and romantic in all his feelings, he was not likely to prove a cold lover, and the object of his affection was one well calculated to inspire the most enthusiastic attachment. Her figure was commanding, while in her whole appearance grace and dignity were combined. Her glossy black hair flowed in luxuriant tresses upon her neck and shoulders, and was braided over her high and proud forehead, whose marble whiteness was beautifully contrasted with the colour of her raven locks. Her countenance possessed all the outlines of proportion without that regular and unchanging symmetry which is the beauty of a statue, not of life. Her features were not cast in a mould of faultless and exquisite perfection, but then their changes gave expression to every emotion of her soul. And when all that soul sent, as it were, its vivid flashes from her dark eyes, and the glow of animation mantled her cheek, M'Naghten thought, and thought truly, she was worth ten thousand of those beauties whose features defy criticism in symmetry, but give no indication of mind, or feeling, or intelligence within. He loved her in his boyhood, and in his youth his passion but increased, until it became a part of his existence.

A doubt once passed her lips of the lastingness of his fidelity, and a hint that before they reached the age at which their friends would consent to a marriage, the violence of his passion would probably be cooled. With that strangeness which characterised many of his actions, he brought her to a wild and lonely glen, and there, in the presence of a third person, he vowed that he never would wed another. Alas! he knew not, with what bitter but unavailing tears, he should yet repent that act, or what a price he would have hereafter given, to recall the words that passion prompted, and blot from the registry of Heaven a vow which he had invested with every circumstance, that could make a promise still more binding, or attach a still more solemn sanction to an oath.

A rivalry had long subsisted between the two families. And though the young people forgot, in the ardour of

their affection, that their great grandfathers had been mortal foes—and though even their parents seemed well-disposed to put an end to their hereditary feuds, by a union between the houses—still it needed but a little matter to revive their ancient quarrels. Some slight neglect, construed into a premeditated insult, gave old M'Naghten a pretext for complaint. A total separation soon followed, and Colonel K——, in the most contemptuous manner, forbade Edmund his house. He bore the insult, because it was from Margaret's father, and solaced himself with the reflection that he still possessed her affections; and if the truth would be told, there was mingled with this, perhaps unknown to himself, the secret anticipation of the near approach in the course of nature, of a time when Margaret's hand would be at her own disposal; and though his generous soul could not permit him to wish for the event which would crown his hopes, yet those who know the dark recesses of the human heart, will readily confess, that in the feeling of which I speak, M'Naghten sunk not below, although he rose not above, the level of our common nature. But what was his disappointment—his madness, on receiving, with a cold and contemptuous note, in her own hand, all the pledges of his affection, which he had ever bestowed upon her, while, at the same time, he heard the rumour of her intended marriage, within a few days, with an English nobleman. To describe his feelings were impossible. Wounded pride and disappointed love, both rent his bosom, and struggled for the mastery; but pride was the spirit-law of his nature, and the strength of the feeling which was born with him, prevailed over the force of that which was adventitious. Even while his heart-strings were torn by the cruel wound, he determined to appear indifferent—nay, he would have given worlds at the time to have convinced Margaret, that all his protestations and professions were false, and had been meant but to deceive her. He could not bear that she should trample on his proffered love—he could have almost preferred her hatred. O pride! thou strange and mysterious passion—into how many miseries dost thou lead us? Satan fell through thee from Paradise, and how many mortals, with the pride

of an archangel, have lost an earthly paradise of bliss, and found a hell in their own bosoms through thy means?

Shortly after this event M'Naghten's father died, and he succeeded to the family mansion and estates, and the title of M'Naghten of M'Naghten. And now we are to open a new and a darker page in his history and character; yet, if in it we find much to censure and much to condemn, let us remember that we have much to pity and much to forgive. It is easy, very easy for those who sit in quiet, to find fault with the conduct of those who have been made the sport of the wildest whirlwind of passion. I do not mean to defend M'Naghten—I would hold his fate, as a warning beacon-light, to each young and rash enthusiast in passion; but yet, those whose inmost feelings have been rudely torn—whose heart's core has been probed, and every nerve bared and severed in the most excruciating refinement upon torture, will feel that this, though no excuse, is yet a palliation, and will refer to aberrations of intellect those errors, which others might attribute as crimes, to the depravity of his heart.

Julia De Ruthven was the youngest of three sisters, the daughter of a widow lady, who resided near M'Naghten. Edmond had been always on terms of the closest intimacy with this family, to whom he was not very distantly related. To Julia, however, he had always been in the habit of paying marked attention, and unintentionally had won upon her affections. Her mother, who was dazzled by the brilliant prospect of an alliance with the heir of M'Naghten, did every thing to encourage what she fondly termed a growing attachment in Edmond towards her daughter. Nor was he, in truth, altogether insensible to the charms of his fair cousin, and had not every feeling of his soul been long since concentrated, in adoration of the idol of his young affections, Julia De Ruthven would have been the object of his later and maturer love—nay, there were times, when in her society, he almost loved her. Often did they wander alone to the brow of some heath-covered hill, and watch together the growing mists of the evening rising along the valley, or gaze on the vermillion tints of sunset as they glowed in the western sky, and seemed like the

bright, but fleeting visions of youthful hope, until their whole souls even melted into softness. And at such times as these, M'Naghten felt, as the lovely girl leaned upon his arm, his breast to throb with more tender emotions. But it was only for an instant—the image of his first love soon rose in his mind, as if to upbraid his momentary infidelity, and, with a sigh, he determined to entertain for Julia no sentiments but those of friendship. But it has been well remarked that friendship for a woman is ever akin to love. And when his early passion was blighted—when his heart was torn by the rude rending of all the bonds that had been twined around it—it was not strange that the feeling which had long been struggling for existence in his breast, should arise to solace him in the loneliness of his despair. In the haughtiness of wounded pride, he wished to banish Margaret for ever from his thoughts, and he would fain persuade himself that affection for Julia had taken in his breast the place of a passion which humbled him in his own eyes. He thus taught himself to yield to her a portion of his heart, while he fondly imagined that he had given her the whole. Thus M'Naghten believed himself sincere when he poured into the listening ear of the too credulous girl, protestations of unalterable and vows of eternal affection, and had it not been for the frantic oath which the madness of passion had formerly dictated, they might have been united and happy. But on looking over the casket, that contained the returned gems which he had bestowed on Margaret, he observed that she had retained but one, and that was a ring which he had placed upon her finger, when he bound himself never to unite himself to another. Had that been returned, he might have felt himself released from the obligation of his vow. But while that pledge remained in her possession a witness to his perjury, he must keep his solemn, his irrevocable oath. Julia too, discovered this strange transaction, by what means we shall presently be informed, and her timid mind shrunk from being implicated in the guilt of perjury, or coming under the ban of the imprecation, which had been solemnly invoked on her, who should share his guilt. But love will overturn the strongest obstacles, and when it

cannot remove, it will evade. In an evil hour she listened to the insidious sophistry of her lover, and believed the vain delusion that marriage was but a human institution, and that, therefore, if the heart were innocent, it might be dispensed with as an idle ceremony. Alas, alas, she left her peaceful and her happy home, and she entered on that dark path of sin and shame, the end of which is the chamber of infamy and vice. How easily is our reason convinced, when our affections are previously engaged. She fondly imagined their secret pledges of fidelity could hallow her criminal proceeding, while she forgot that were this a marriage, M'Naghten's vow was broken, and the curse of perjury was resting on them both.

But we must pass over the details of this act of insane and deluded passion. Her mother's grief who saw her fond hopes thus blighted for ever. Her sister's indignation at such conduct on the part of one to whom they had long looked up as a protector and a friend, but who now had destroyed the peace of their once happy home. Oh these were scenes to wring the heart and wake every feeling of sorrow and indignation within the bosom, but many a pencil has painted in all their dismal reality, the scenes that are common to every instance of seduction; and disguise the fact as we may and as he did to his own conscience, and coloured as were his crimes by all those hues by which passion, and sentiment, and feeling but too often give a false and fatal brilliancy to vice—still in the eye of God and man M'Naghten was a SEDUCER.

Time rolled on, and as the first intoxication of passion subsided in the breasts of M'Naghten and Julia, the bitterness of calm and sober reflection shed an almost habitual gloom, over their spirits. His brow was ever clouded, and the wrinkles of care were already furrowing his fine manly forehead, and the large and filmy veins could be distinctly traced in their blue wanderings along the sunken hollow of his high and long temples. There seemed some unusual worm gnawing at his heart. And Julia, the fond, the confiding Julia, she found that she could not dispel the gloom which sat upon his countenance, and she soon discovered that despite himself, his

heart was still her rival's. Her name, it was true, was never mentioned by either. But once when he was told that her projected marriage with the English nobleman had been suddenly and unaccountably broken off, and that her father had left home immediately after, without telling whither he was going, or giving any intimation of his intention, further than a muttered hint that he would never return. M'Naghten turned deadly pale, and returned to his own apartment, and when alarmed at his long absence, Julia followed him thither, she found him seated at a table with his head buried in his hands, and when she moved him from his apparent stupor, his flushed countenance and streaming eyes bore witness to the conflict that had been carried on within his soul. From that hour he was still more gloomy and reserved. Some symptoms of insurrection in the surrounding district, rendered it necessary to call out the Antrim regiment of Militia—M'Naghten accepted a commission. The regiment was ordered to relieve the garrison of Derry. Julia accompanied him thither, and in a beautiful and romantic cottage, upon the banks of the Foyle, which M'Naghten had chosen as her residence and his own, as far as his military duties would permit, they vainly hoped that they might find that peace of mind, which guilt had banished for ever from their bosoms.

'Twas in this cottage, in melancholy and loneliness that we left Julia, when we broke off the course of our narrative to revert to these dark details. M'Naghten had gone; as the ball to which he hastened, was one given by the garrison, he felt it his duty to be there; and much as his softer feelings struggled with the sterner dictates of his soul, he was too proud to neglect the smallest punctilio that concerned his military character. He had gone, and Julia was left to her own solitary meditations, and as she sat with only the flickering light afforded by the fire, the visions of her early days rose in upbraiding and thrilling distinctness to her view. She mused upon the time when free and happy, because innocent and guileless, she had known the sweet enjoyments of a domestic circle and a fire-side, and she thought of the evenings that then used to glide softly and rapidly away

when mirth and endearment and sisterly affection shed a sacred charm upon their little meeting at the home of her youth. And her mother too, she fancied she could once more behold her seated in her arm-chair, as she gazed with the mild joy of affectionate pride upon her children—her aged eye now beaming with a parent's fond delight, and now her wrinkled hands clasped in the invocation of a blessing. But now her fire-side was lonely—there was no sister or no mother to share her grief or participate in her gladness. No, her heart knew its own bitterness, and there was neither stranger or friend to intermeddle with either its sorrow or its joy. Even he for whom she had given up her innocence—her all; even he was not the companion she had expected. She knew that his heart was another's, and, however pity for the victim he had ruined, might bind him still to her, she perceived that the homage he paid her, was the forced and constrained observance of duty, not the voluntary and spontaneous tribute of affection. And this is not enough to satisfy the fondness of a woman's heart. When woman loves, she loves with all her soul, and how can she receive the cold heartlessness of such a feeling as a requital for the unequivocal surrender of her affections.

From these sad reflections Julia was roused by three gentle knocks at the window of the apartment in which she sat. She started from her seat, and as a gleam from the fire fell upon the casement, she recognised outside, the tall gaunt figure of mad Eleanor, as she was generally called—a strange and mysterious being, who had long been known in the northern counties of Ulster, as a person who believed that she had intercourse with the unseen world; and, by many, her pretensions to superior knowledge were recognized. She was now a wanderer and a mendicant, and no one could tell whence she had come, while her mein and language plainly told that she had seen better, far better, days. Nay, it was rumoured that she was of gentle, if not of noble blood; but this was mere conjecture, and when questioned as to her origin, she merely pointed to the east. Her whole appearance and manner were calculated to strike with awe and keep up the belief, that was generally entertained, of her supernatural powers; and

now, to Julia, as she looked at her through the window, she seemed like a being not of earth. She stood in the long narrow casement and darkened the little gleam of silvery light that had been poured through it from the crescent moon: the red light of the fire fell upon her grim yet fine features, and revealed the long grey locks that strayed from beneath the broad red band she had bound across her forehead; her hand was spread out upon the pane, and the lank and long fingers, and the palm, which seemed almost transparent enough to let the moon-beams pass through, and her black eye, flashing with a fire peculiarly its own;—all conspired to add to the effect, as, in a deep sepulchral tone, she said, "In the name of God, Miss Julia, let me in."

The summons was at once obeyed. Even her society was preferable to utter solitude; and besides, Julia had too much faith in the supernatural powers of mad Eleanor, to hazard her displeasure; and when she entered the room, and fixing her eye upon Julia, as if she would read the very secrets of her soul, asked in a tone of wild and impassioned earnestness, "Miss Julia, are you married?"—the poor girl felt a thrill through every nerve, and hardly could she, after a pause, even compose herself so far as to answer in the negative. Eleanor still gazed on her for a moment, as if she doubted her truth; and then, when she seemed satisfied, she raised her arm, and putting one foot forward, she wildly exclaimed, "You are not married—and long may God keep you so! but evil is nigh you, and he will want you to marry him: but, remember, Miss Julia, the curse is upon you if you do." Julia answered not—she sunk upon a seat, and listened in breathless attention, as the other thus continued: "Yes, evil is nigh you; I know it, though you do not. It is not for nothing that I wander about without a home; it is not for nothing that the storm, and the snow, and the rain, beat upon this uncovered head. I hear voices at night—when you are sleeping in a comfortable bed, its then I'm out upon the heath and the moor, and I meet with those that are walking the earth: and you will have to be like me, and make the sky your covering, and the heather your bed, before you know the things that I know." The paroxysm

of her phrenzy seemed to have overcome her; she became calm, and sat down opposite to Julia, upon whose calm and death-like features she still kept her eye fixed, and as she gazed, her countenance seemed to relax into an expression of pity, and she shook her head and addressed her—"Oh, how your mother would weep, if she saw you now." This was too much for Julia, she burst into tears, which not even the presence of her mysterious visitant could restrain. "Eleanor," said she, moving her hand, "you have said enough." "Enough!" interrupted the other, starting from her seat. "Miss Julia, do you want to anger me, who am your only friend? for he is not your friend who brought you away from your mother and your sisters and your home, and now leaves you all alone. Aye, and who was it told you of the oath? But for me the curse would be upon you both."

The only reply that Julia made was a deep groan. "Yes, you may well groan," said Eleanor; "but you should have thought of all this before you left your home. You should have thought of this when you used to walk on the summer evenings with him that belonged to another; and I told you, but you would not heed me. But I love you, Miss Julia," she cried, and she threw her bare and shrivelled arms about the neck of the weeping girl—"and a good right I have, for when I was in the fever, and had no one belonging to me to care for me, it was you that took care of me, and brought me the medicine with your own hands, and it was only your own goodness made you care for one that is but a wanderer and pilgrim upon earth—and dry up your tears. Oh, there was a time when I little thought to see tears upon those cheeks—but dry them up, and listen to me, and I'll tell you what brought me to you to-night."

"What, Eleanor," said Julia, gratified at this proof of affection even in a maniac.

"It was to warn you against a marriage, because it came into my head that he would ask you to unite yourself to him; but, oh! never consent. And I am now going to tell you all about the oath, and may God forgive me if I am wrong, but when you hear it all, you never will marry him; and it is a pity,

my poor innocent, that you should not know what you will bring upon yourself if you break it."

Of this mysterious oath Julia had never heard, either from M^cNaghten or Eleanor, unless in unconnected allusions. She knew that M^cNaghten was bound by a solemn vow never to wed any but Margaret, but further than this she never had been informed. Frequently had she pressed both, particularly the latter, to communicate its details, but hitherto her most urgent entreaties had availed nothing. Both had preserved an inviolable silence; and now, when she was about to hear, perhaps, the worst her fears had realized, she was wound up to the highest pitch of excitement—but it was such an excitement as the traveller feels when he approaches to touch the sprite that has scared him, when, despite the resolution he has summoned, every nerve vibrates as his trembling hand scarce has steadiness to make the trial, that is to prove the reality, or demonstrate the groundlessness, of his fears.

Eleanor resumed the seat which she had left; she folded her arms across her breast; the wildness of her eye settled down into a calm but painful expression of intense, though quiet, feeling, and she thus began her narrative:—

"Miss Julia," said she, "it was in the autumn, just this very time two years—I remember it well, for oh! I can never forget it; and often when I'm out wandering alone, and every thing seems twisting about in my brain, then it comes into my head like some dream—I had gone, in my wanderings, down to the shores of Lough Swilly, and I was walking all alone by the sea side, and I was watching the waves as they were washing the little pebbles upon the beach, and I was reading what was written upon the sands—for to those that know how to decypher them, the wild billows write upon the rocks and sands the characters of destiny—but while I was thus looking on the dark sea, I saw your own Edward walking towards me, and there was a tall and beautiful lady leaning on his arm. She had taken off her bonnet, and was carrying it carelessly in her hand, and her black hair was curled about her neck, and it was streaming behind in the sea breeze, and he had roses in his hand, and he was fastening

them one by one in her beautiful curls; and she was smiling, and they both looked so happy you would have thought that grief or sorrow never would come near them; and she was stepping proudly, and yet so lightly that her traces were scarce marked in the soft sand. I had never seen her before, but oh! she was a lovely creature, and the blush upon her cheek was almost as red as the rose that was hanging down over her forehead. And when he saw me, he started as if he was surprised, and he whispered something in her ear, and then they both looked at me and came over to me, and he spoke to me kindly—for you know he was always kind to me—and he asked me what brought me there. He wondered to see me so far away, but why does he not ask the mountain breeze, why it is upon every mountain where he goes? for we are not like other people—but no matter. At last I told them that I was reading the secrets of the future, and the lady asked me if I had read any thing about her; and her voice sounded to my ear like some sweet and gentle music, and when I looked up in her face, and saw her bright and sparkling eyes, and the roses decking her hair, oh! my heart bled for her—for she seemed like some innocent lamb dressed out for the sacrifice—and I thought it would be a pity to make her happiness vanish before the appointed day; for misfortune is always time enough when it comes, and I would not answer her question; but she pressed me, and then I felt as if there was a power on me to make me speak, and I looked towards the sun, and it was sloping down in the west, and it was looking red through the haze of the evening, and I pointed to it, and I cried, 'oh, there is blood! blood!! blood!!!' And they both turned pale, and she grasped my hand and asked me what I meant; but I would not answer any more, until again I felt as if there was some strange spirit in my breast, for it went against my heart to mar their innocent rejoicings—but it was not I that did it; for there are times when there is a something within me, which is not a part of myself—but I told them that I had seen the lamb in spring frisking gaily in the meadow, and thinking of no danger, just at the very moment the eagle was pouncing on it and about to bear it away; and I

told them I had seen the tree that blossomed all fairly and fragrantly bear the deadly poison-berries in its fruits. And I told her, as I now tell you" and she wildly pointed to Julia—"I told her to beware of the adder that she was cherishing, for he would yet draw her heart's blood. And oh! they both started, and I hardly knew what I had spoken: but I told them they never would be united, and that another should be his first and his last bride."

"And how knew you that?" said Julia, breathless with agitation.

"How knew it!" re-echoed Eleanor. "How I knew more than what is good for me!"—and as she spoke, her straining eye-balls flashed with fire. "But listen to me, and mark what I say. When I told them this, she turned deadly pale, but he put his arms about her, and he scoffed, and told her not to heed the wild prophecies of a maniac. Yes, he called me maniac; but even while he mocked, the ashy hue of fear was on his lip, and it was quivering." And here the maniac laughed loud and long at the recollection of his terror. "But oh! she bid him leave her for ever; for she knew well that I never said aught but what came to pass; and she mentioned your name—and oh! then had you seen him. He talked to her earnestly for a while in a low voice, and she poor creature, was all pale and trembling, but at last he put her arm in his, and they walked on, and he waved his hand to me, and I followed them at a distance, though I knew not where he was leading me; and we left the sea side, and went up a long and lonely path through a wood, and we came at last to a lake behind a high hill, with trees all round, and in the bottom of a deep glen; and by this time the daylight was nearly gone; there was only a misty light from the moon, amid the dusky gloom of the evening, and I could see the shadows of the trees and hills and sky in the smooth lake, and in one corner there was a high rock and under it there was a hawthorn tree, for

I saw its red berries by the dim light there was, and there were three flat stones, two of them set upon their ends and the other put across them—it was an altar in the days that were long ago—and then he knelt down upon the cold and grey stone, and he beckoned me to approach, and I went near, and he said, 'Old woman, hear me. You have prophesied of my infidelity'—and he caught the lady's hand and pressed it to his lips; and oh it looked white as snow, even in that glimmering light; and then he looked along the glen, and he bowed down and he kissed the altar, and he swore by the God that had made him, that he never would wed another: and he called on the spirits of them that had worshipped on that altar of stone to be witnesses to his oath—and when I looked over the lake, there were in the glen the grey forms of hoary-headed old men. I saw them, though they could not—for it is not to every eye that spirits show themselves. And again I spoke, and I told him that he would break that oath, and that a curse would be upon her that would make him break it, and he lifted up his hand toward heaven, and he said loudly and solemnly, 'amen'; and he prayed that the marriage bed might be her winding sheet, and he be left all blighted and alone; and just as he spoke the moon shone brighter through the mist, and the lady that was with him looked up towards it, and her face was as pale as the ray that fell on it, all cold and lifeless, like marble. But there stood close behind her, just in the same soft light, the *Banshee*,* all in her white robes, loosely fluttering about her; and she held up one hand, and it was all covered over with thick, brown, and shaggy hairs, but her face was as soft and beautiful as an angel's, and I thought she was pitying them both; so I looked for a minute away, and when I turned round again she was gone, and the moon was hid behind a white cloud that was sailing very high in the heav-

* The belief in those apparitions known by the name of "*Banshee*," is still very prevalent in many parts of Ireland. The *Banshee* is a spirit, generally in the form of a woman, whose business it is to attend upon some few old Irish and Scotch families, and give notice, by her appearance, of the near approach of any calamity. The *Banshee* said to attend on the family of the *McNaghtens* is just such as she is described above. She is known in the annals of Demonology, by the name of "the girl with the hairy left hand."

ons. Just then a water-hen started from the brink, and made a loud noise with the fluttering of her wings in the sedge : the sound startled him, and he rose from his knees and embraced the lady, and I could see him put on her hand a sparkling ring, and then they walked together down the glen, and I followed them ; and as they went, too magpies* flew past them and perched upon a rock that was beside their path, and he smiled, and said gaily, ' Margaret, that is the emblem of a marriage.' But I knew better—it was the emblem of death. But on we walked, until we came again to the sea side, and there was a boat waiting for them, and they wanted me to go home with them, but I would not ; and then they got into the boat and the boatman pushed off from the shore, and I stood for a while upon the cliff watching them as they went over the waves in the path of the moonbeams, and I listened to the measured sound of the oars until they had turned a point, and I could see them no more."

During this recital Eleanor had preserved a degree of calmness, and had maintained a collectedness of manner, which was unusual. Julia had listened with breathless interest, and when Eleanor had ceased to speak, both parties preserved for some time a deep and unbroken silence. There are times when the intensity of feeling denies us utterance, and our lips are spell-bound, as it were, by the magic emotions of our hearts. Who has not felt at times the eloquence of silence more forcible than the strongest appeals of language? Who has not at times understood the full force of the common phrase—the heart is too full to speak? Julia's heart was now, in truth, too full to speak ; and even Eleanor seemed wrapped in some strange vision of the future or the past. At last she rose, and taking Julia's hand, she said solemnly, " Miss Julia, return home to your mother, for some evil is nigh you. It was only

this evening that I saw the Banshee standing down by the river side, and it waved its hand to me—the hairy left hand—and when I thought I had just come up to her, she was far away from me in a moment, sitting on a rock in the middle of the river ; and, believe me, some evil is nigh. But oh, above all things, do not marry him. Remember the glen, and the altar, and the oath."

Julia shuddered as she spoke. Alas ! that oath had made too deep an impression on her soul, to be speedily forgotten. Her heart sunk within her, and as Eleanor left her, she felt a sense of utter loneliness and desolation which none but those who have experienced it can understand. Oh, may none of my readers ever know this feeling of which I speak ! When the heart is weighed down by the thought that we are all alone, and that there is no one to care for us : when we look fearfully and anxiously amid the gloomy night which is around us, and seek in vain for some glimmering ray, however distant and faint : but, oh ! that they would think what it is when the hour of darkness and affliction is come, to have no heavenly friend to look up to as a comfort and a guide. When we have departed from the paths of virtue and of peace, and find ourselves forsaken by man, while to God we are afraid to look, then is our destitution complete, and our loneliness is utter solitude. When there is neither hope in heaven, or consolation upon earth, when, in the words of the sacred writer, " If one look unto the land, behold darkness and sorrow, and the light is darkened in the heavens thereof."

Ah ! how fatally, how surely does guilt destroy that tranquillity of mind which is the best boon that heaven can bestow upon poor perishing mortals. Innocence and peace are twin-sisters in the soul, and when the one is gone the other does not long survive in loneliness, but pines and dies. Heart's ease

* This omen is differently interpreted in different parts of Scotland. Two magpies crossing the path, or seated on a dwelling-house, in some districts infallibly predict death—in others, are a certain harbinger of a wedding. In the province of Ulster, the superstitions of which are almost entirely of Scottish origin, both interpretations are received ; and the appearance of these two birds, according to the temper of the interpreter, or, probably, according to the event, is made at one time the precursor of a marriage, at another the harbinger of a funeral.

is a blossom of too pure a nature to bear the pestilential breath of sin, but droops and withers beneath the blighting taint. Julia we have seen mournful and unhappy, and let us follow her lover, if this be not a desecration of that name, and trace him in his lonely walk from her cottage to the scene of gaiety in which he was to mix. His path lay along the banks of the river, whose wide flowing streams tremulously reflecting in its waves, as its surface was lightly rippled by the evening breeze, the beams of the silvery moon. It was a still evening; no sound broke upon the silence, save the distant bark of the farmer's house-dog, as he "bayed the moon," or the heavy and measured stroke of some of the lighters who were plying on the river. M'Naghten felt the melancholy of the hour, well suited to his state of mind; but oh! there was a softness and a purity around the scene that ill accorded with the gloominess of his soul. His thoughts reverted to her whom he had once loved with all the passionate ardour of his fiery temperament, and whom he believed still loved him, for how else could he account for the sudden breaking off of her projected marriage, but by supposing that her fidelity to him had even braved a father's wrath, and then she had kept the ring, the sacred pledge of his solemn vow. Was not this, perhaps, the only mode that her father's jealousy afforded, of signifying to him her unchangeable attachment? "O why," he exclaimed with bitterness to himself, "why did I not think of all these things, when I foolishly imagined she had given me up, and when I endeavoured to bestow my heart upon another, and her father had gone away from home and taken her with him. This was, probably, in wrath at her opposition to his wishes with respect to the bestowal of her hand; and thus," thought he with bitterness and self-reproach, "she is borne far from the scenes of her nativity and youth; she is gone into exile for her fidelity to me, while I have been untrue to her, and false to my oath." All these M'Naghten had often thought before, and it was these maddening reflections that had been long preying upon his soul;

but this evening they returned with peculiar force upon his mind. He continued to pursue this train of gloomy meditation until he was roused from it by the challenge of the sentry at the city gate. He gave the countersign, and passed on. He proceeded to his apartments, dressed himself in his uniform, and hurried to the ball-room.

When he entered, he found the festivities of the evening long since commenced. There were the light and sylph-like forms of many a fair one moving in the mazy dance; and bright eyes were laughing in all the pride of conscious beauty; and the melody of the music was swelling in enchanting sweetness. Just as he came within the room, the band struck up an air which often, in other days, he had listened to from Margaret's harp. His whole mind was absorbed in the recollections this excited; and, forgetful of the scene around, he stood in a musing mood, in one corner of the room, wrapped in his own thoughts. At last, one of his brother-officers, who acted as steward on the occasion, approached up, and playfully rallied him on his thoughtlessness. "Why, I protest, M'Naghten," said he, "this is too bad; you are almost the only bachelor among us, and all the ladies are casting such longing glances at you, and here you are just like an automaton, thinking, I suppose, of the little beauty at the cottage. Eh! M'Naghten," said he archly; "but come, and I will introduce you to a partner, whose black eyes I think will banish her from your mind." M'Naghten smiled at the railery of his companion, and permitted himself to be led almost unconsciously along. The lady to whom he was about to be introduced was earnestly engaged in conversation with another who was seated next her. M'Naghten was too abstracted to take notice of her name as it was repeated by his companion. At the sound she turned round. Her glance met M'Naghten's. Is it but a phantom that mocks his sight, or is he in a dream? He knew not what he said, or what he did. He felt his brain to reel with indistinct and confused perceptions. Gracious heaven! it was Miss K——!

End of Chap. I.

CHURCH AND STATE.

"It is not to make the church political, but the state religious."

Bishop of Exeter.

A sentence which has obtained the weight of a political axiom, might fairly stand as the subject of our present considerations. The sentence is, that a national religion is a national curse! a positive obstacle to power and prosperity! Hence our men of skill, and for the most parts our disinterested patriots, who have reluctantly emerged from obscurity and generously conferred themselves on the erring public, as counsellors and champions, proclaim the great evil of our empire to be her connection with religion, her infatuated support of a bloated, bigoted, and useless church! The Protestant religion is denounced under the title of "State Church," as the fruitful source of all calamities, at least of every discontent and distress; while it does not escape the just accusation of being to pure Christianity,—the life and extension of pure Christianity,—the most deadly enemy!! The revenues which support this "State Church," are extracted from the miseries of the people, their very labour is taxed to swell the purses of our pompous Prelates! Hence we are told, the pride and insolence of those prelates, their heartless indifference to the spiritual and physical ills of the poor, combined with the keenest attention to their own interests, close the door for ever against their usefulness in every moral and religious consideration. Who could credit them for any anxiety or sincere endeavour to bless the poor and needy, did they even wear the form of benevolence and Christian charity? While the very splendor and ceremony of the establishment in all its rituals, bordering more on paganism or popery, than expressive of that simple worship peculiar to pure Christianity, must wither every affection for religion in the minds of rich and poor, learned and unlearned, moral and immoral equally!! What a glorious genius that man must have, who could

answer and confound such an array of impeachments? For our parts, we are content with leaving them untouched, merely denying the first position, the basis of all such and similar accusations, "There is no state church or religion in Britain!" Were there a religious sect patronised by the nation, suffered to grow and increase under her protection, we should acknowledge it, and even stand prepared to vindicate such preference or adoption, if that sect were Christian. But in truth, no such preference or partiality exists; many sects are tolerated—Christian and Deistic, in some instances, (without partiality) receive maintenance from the public funds. There is no state church—no especial favourite creed or sect now nourished in the bosom of our policy. But Britain was, until lately, a church state, and even yet retains some semblance of her former glorious condition.

It was the law—it was the very essence of her constitution, to live under the sanctions, the doctrines, the truth of scriptural Christianity. She stood not in the exalted attitude of a parent or patronness, but dwelt as a child at the foot of that religion, which she knew to be of God. This was her pride—her strength—her safety. She was a Christian state; as an individual, she professed her faith in the statements of God—as an empire, acknowledged none as her members, constituents, or officers, save only those who subscribed publicly to the truths of Scripture. However, times have changed, and with them tastes and opinions. A Christian nation is a term almost obsolete; and whatever remnant of public Christianity yet adheres to our constitution, is assailed as a nuisance! Absolutely, the grand principle of policy in modern repute is, that however well religion may answer for private life—however honourable it may be in a government, to tolerate every creed, and even grant support as well as pro-

tection to every various religion, yet any national acknowledgment of faith, while it is relative injustice to all dissenting persuasions, is positive inconsistency with wisdom—contrary to sound policy—certain death to prosperity!

Let us pause a moment: can this be true? Christianity may answer well for an individual, but is a curse to a nation! On what ground can any man support such a position? On none that will bear the scrutiny of reason. If it be said, that there is no analogy between an individual and a nation, we ask, what is a nation, but an aggregate of individuals? Is there no resemblance between the integral part and the aggregate? If national religion be branded with the title of injustice or partiality, we demand, is there not reason—is it not just and good, that a father believing one creed, should profess that creed, and maintain it firmly in his household, while he may tolerate the dissent of some branches of his family, or endure with patience the marked contradiction of others? What is a nation but a family? And what a government, but the parent and the head? Should it be agreed that no public profession of religion can be advanced until the only true religion has been selected from conflicting sects and doctrines, we may allow the full propriety of delay, and labour to make such selection. But in the case of Britain this is unneeded; the truth is known among her people—the scriptural religion of Jesus Christ has long been discovered and professed.

And now, to speak briefly, without the least possible exposure to error, or just contradiction, if there be a God at all—if he has spoken plainly on the subject, nations are not only accountable for moral conduct to the great Ruler of all powers, but are summoned, on the peril of utter ruin and annihilation, to confess the truth, profess the truth, and maintain the truth of Christianity. We challenge every fair investigation of history, and demand, what people or empire ever prospered or stood high or long in the rank of nations, that did not bow to the Deity, and assert, and vindicate his true worship? We may be directed to examine the kingdoms now crumbled away, which, in the grossness of heathen

idolatry, possessed wealth, laws, and power, having no parallel in modern times! yet we ask, where are they now? And what were they in the zenith of prosperity? The home of every vice and ferocity, and in the world successively the scourge of providence over other profligate idolatrous kingdoms, the rod of judgment, broken and cast away when vengeance was fulfilled. Descending along the stream of time, what nations were raised to any permanent power after the general proclamation of Christianity? None but those which cherished the truth and were marshalled under its profession. Since the Reformation, we confess, France has been forward and notorious rather than exalted. Her rejection of religious reform—be cold and bloody treachery towards the leaders of that reform—her continued abhorrence of improvement, sealed her doom. She has, in divine justice, been made to drink blood, and when lately lifted up upon the world, after scenes of domestic slaughter, it was to pass through the countries of Europe, in which base superstition was preferred before pure Christianity, to execute the sentence of Jehovah. That work accomplished, and still impenitent herself, she is given up to a madness productive of anarchy, hurrying her to perdition.

However, to the proof that nations are accountable for religious profession. Rejecting every public acknowledgment of the true God, an empire is virtually infidel, or rather idolatrous, adoring its own wisdom—trusting to its own disgression. For such sins precisely Tyre now lies waste—a spreading place for nets:—"Son of man, say unto the princes of Tyria, thus saith the Lord God, because thine heart was lifted up, and thou hast said, I am a god, I sit in the seat of God, in the midst of the seas: yet thou art a man and not God, though thou set thine heart as the heart of God: behold, thou art wiser than Daniel, there is no secret that they can hide from thee; with thy wisdom, and with thine understanding, thou hast gotten thee riches and hast gotten gold, and silver into thy treasures: by thy great wisdom, and by thy traffic, hast thou increased thy riches, and thine heart is lifted up because of thy riches. Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, because thou

hast set thine heart as the heart of God; behold, therefore, I will bring strangers upon thee, the terrible of the nations, and they shall draw their swords against the beauty of thy wisdom, and they shall defile thy brightness. They shall bring thee down to the pit, and thou shalt die the death of them that are slain in the midst of the seas. Wilt thou yet say before him that slayeth thee, I am God? but thou shalt be a man and no God, in the hand of him that slayeth thee; thou shalt die the deaths of the uncircumcised by the hand of strangers; for I have spoken it, saith the Lord God."—Ezekiel, 28th chapter. Again, in the 29th chapter, we have the ruin of Egypt declared by the Almighty to be the penalty of national impiety and rejection of true religion. In the 5th of Daniel the annihilation of great Babylon, together with the fall of Assyria, are expressly asserted to be the consequence of public infidelity. We may close our appeal to the unerring testimony of Scripture with the case of Jerusalem. She, the heart of the kingdom, fell before the Romans, because she had rejected the last solemn warning delivered by God in the flesh to return from iniquity, and worship in the purity of perfect truth.

Were we to review the history of England since her first existence as a kingdom, we fearlessly maintain, that her prosperity ran parallel to the distinctness and piety of her public service and profession of religion. Since the Reformation what kingdom on earth upheld so fair and Scriptural a creed? Since the Reformation, what single nation attained such dignity and power? Now, we ask is this nothing? All this no evidence that a kingdom, like an individual, is called to account for her religion, and falls or rises in direct proportion to her infidelity or faith? Alas! alas! for the glory and power of England we may say, time was! Her jealousy for the honour and worship of the Deity, has almost expired, and with it her strength. She has universally departed from her once pure and consistent profession of religion; when that profession is wholly cast away, she shall lie down confounded—to rise no more!

And of that profession, the last department alone remains its real existence. That profession stood perfect

while the essence of the Constitution was, that King, Lords, and Commons, every recognized officer and servant of the state, should be a Protestant—a Christian Protestant.

No kingdom on earth can mould the mind of man, or force him to believe one form of doctrine, his will and conscience devoted to another; no power on earth has a right to compel even the outward assent of an individual to a religion which his soul loaths. But every power—every kingdom, is justified in excluding from its confidence all who do not agree with it in religion. This did England.

True, the offices and trusts of Britain are attended with honour and emolument, and such attendants have induced many to accept, as well as seek, office at the expence of conscience. Some differed from the national creed; some in their hearts condemned it as harsh and intolerant, and yet acknowledged it—swore to it publicly, that they might obtain a share in the great national administration. That they acted thus falsely, their subsequent conduct avowed; for hardly had the oaths of assent to the national creed cooled upon their lips, after election to office, when they were heard to utter impeachments and invectives, loud and deep, against the obligations they had assumed, and the items of that solemn profession which they had made. Here was awful depravity! And how such men could still their hearts, or claim the titles of honourable or honest, after such proceedings, baffles us in every way to comprehend. To whom should all this guilt attach? To the nation which held out lures and strong temptations? Nay, the nation sought not to buy consciences or traffic with professions; she sought friends, tested all candidates to that title, with the most solemn appeals; and used every possible effort to identify herself with religion, and to select the friends of religion for her friends. Emolument and honors, necessary and natural, accompanied place. If men were tempted or led by such—men at inward variance with the religious principles of the state—to pretend friendship and smother down for a short moment, under the cloak of oaths and attestations, their real sentiments—their hatred to the national creed, on whom should the guilt lie? On their own false hearts! Aye, and

it did lie there, a heavy burden. We know, repetition in crime usually makes conscience callous; sears it with a hot iron; and leaves, at last, the workers of iniquity to pursue their evil courses without remorse. But in Britain an exception to this rule was found. It seems as if there were some crimes to which conscience can never be stupified. Of these, the system of what we may call public perjury, was one. It was practised to a fearful extent—was practised repeatedly! Yet it did not torpify the conscience, but drove it into madness. The criminals raged under the poignant sense of guilt, and determined to cast it off. But how? Not by a faithful repentance; not by a sincere conversion to the religion they had outraged, but by destroying the oaths and protestations to which they could not in honesty submit—to which they had so often submitted in dishonesty. They determined, by a political murder, to silence the voice which gave them torment: and they did it! The Test Act was repealed; the great bulwark of national religion was cast down; the door of office and legislation was thrown open to men who had previously entered by dishonour and profanity, as well as to men who, respecting oaths and conscience, had stood back from seeking honours and appointments by the sacrifice of every common principle. Thus fell, thus perished, one great department or article of our national profession. In the perfect form of our religious constitution, it was essential that king and officers should be Christian. It is so no more. The king alone must venerate religion now, while all his ministers and senate, all his merely political subjects, may be blasphemers! We have heard it, and read it too, that herein lies an intolerable grievance upon royal majesty. If subjects are relieved from the burden of religious service, why not the king? Truly the supporters of this sentiment deserve credit and applause: they are generous in wishing to communicate their privileges. And though at present the proffer of such generosity to our monarch might—we say might—meet with a refusal, who can tell but shortly this favour, this honor, may be thrust upon him?

It is obvious while we thus write that we omit the ecclesiastical establishment from our view, as a constituent part of our national profession. The church

appears to us rather as a certain means of supporting the religious profession of the empire, than as a constituent part thereof. The church, the national school of religion, must therefore cease to be, when religion is altogether voted out of our state, declared unnecessary. While any constituent portion of our constitution must be Christian, we say the church must live.

The king, the head of our economy, is yet called on and bound to profess and protect Christianity; and thus far we may be recognized as bearing some respect to Deity, or to that spiritual accountability under which nations exist. And thus far alone, there is hope. True, a terrific inroad has been made upon our national religion by the repeal of the Test Act, and that sin has been confirmed and increased by the deed of Roman Catholic emancipation; yet there is some show of Christianity amongst us, some semblance of veneration for it left. And while this lasts there is hope, not only of prolonged existence, but of recovery, of regeneration.

In what position Britain would stand were religion wholly abolished from her policy, we have now to consider. That it has been almost abolished we have concluded: when this almost, becomes altogether, our moral condition will be desperate, and our national welfare at an end. The king is now the sole organ or instrument of our national confession of faith. The law which requires our first magistrate to be a Protestant Christian, evidently indicates a sense of public reverence to the Deity, subservience to and dependence on Him, together with esteem for a form of doctrine and homage derived from His written will. The necessary appendage to the national confession—the church—while it preserves the formula of faith does more; it expresses two things—First, That the national avowal of faith, to be consistent, requires extension through every part of the state. Secondly, That the real strength of a people consists in their morality. In accordance with these two expressions the church acts.

First—A national faith, to be consistent, requires extension. When, by the providence of God, the mists of ignorance and superstition cleared away from Britain, the majority of her people embraced Christianity. The truth long

buried obtained a resurrection. Now this truth is simplicity itself: the mere fact that man is a sinner, and Christ the only Saviour. After the recovery of this truth, which delivers man from every false refuge made up of private merit exclusively, or private merit conditionally and conjointly with the great work of the Redeemer, differences obtained relative to forms of worship, church government, orders, sacraments, &c. The majority of religious men in England were led to the arrangement of such particulars upon the plan now called Episcopacy, or, more commonly, the Church of England. In this institution we have the saving doctrine of the Gospel, and at the least no rule, order, or ceremony, subversive of that principal possession. This church, in her operations, afforded a pure worship to her members, inculcated on them collectively and individually the total depravity of human nature, the awful responsibility of every intelligent being to the Deity, and sounded to every man the summons to close in faith with the Redeemer. Thus worked the church when king and people upheld Christianity, when the profession of the state was perfect—and thus the church works still, though that profession be mutilated and curtailed. Even in the present condition of our constitution there is a regard for consistency, an effort and provision to ensure it; and while every just toleration is allowed to dissenting creeds and parties, our national arrangement certainly answers as a recognition of God, and a solemn warning to every man to fear Him and obey.

Secondly,—An expression that the real strength of a people lies in their morality.

National strength we may define to be, the learning, industry, obedience to law, and corporeal energy of the people. Such things are obviously incompatible with immorality. It was the iron system of morals that made Sparta powerful; it was the same which rendered Rome once invincible; it was the wreck of morality at Capua which left Hannibal almost helpless; it was the wreck of morality which instrumentally has reduced Rome, we may add all Italy, to its present degenerate enervated condition. If licentiousness or immorality destroy learning, industry, obedience, and physical energy, the religion of the state should work them down: at least

should be ranked and directed against them. Our simple religion, which has long borne the calumny of indifference to moral practice, excels all others in its adaptation and capacity to produce sound morality. It goes not on expediency, the old rule of the heathen: this did well for a commonwealth, while men of mighty talents and exemplary virtue raised on a political eminence existed, but fled when they vanished from the stage of life: at best it had but the sanctions derivable from time. It moves not on the false principle of purchasing eternal safety for the soul by a course of life teeming with self-denial, and fruitful in acts of bounteous generosity: a principle while really fatal to all chance of immorality, productive continually of delusive austerity and spurious imitations of virtue easily and constantly united with licentiousness. It goes on the uncompromising truth, that immorality, sin of every hue and grade, merit eternal misery; it denounces all the everlasting judgments of God against the profligate and impenitent; and *pari passu* portraying the gracious readiness of Heaven to receive and pardon at once and for ever the believer in Christ, while it carries to the soul the most fearful threatenings against vice presents the purest and most potent incentive to industry, obedience, and sobriety—viz., gratitude. Of what we have just written, this is the sum—During the professed allegiance of our kingdom to God, even in the person of the ruling monarch, the church necessarily exists; during the existence of the church we have a suitable provision for a general if not an universal extension of religion and morality among the people; a provision for the increase of political strength.

Let us now calculate the consequences of a final and total abolition of religion from our constitution. The consequences will be two-fold—natural and spiritual. The abolition is effected when the law declares it unnecessary for the king to hold the present faith: that is to say, when, in keeping with modern liberalism, the repeal of the Test Act is extended to the throne. Such an emancipation of the king would be a plain declaration in deeds, if not in words, that the mind of the empire estimated all creeds and professions of equal value, or rather, of no

value. Such an estimate at once discards the labours of our church.

Then would cease the moralizing influence of religion; and then must rage without a curb, the deep depravities of human nature, whose element is abandoned profligacy! We may be told that necessity, without religion, will produce industry and obedience to law, while public opinion will support virtue and sobriety. Aye, but they have not done so in other states which have discarded religion. But the progress of general knowledge will do all this and more! How knowledge, destitute of religion, can counteract the baneful propensities of nature, mould the heart into a love of honest industry, sound loyalty, and the culture of general morals, yet remains a mystery. Knowledge without religion has hitherto served merely to make men proud, disputatious, fickle, discontented with existing institutes; most unsafe constituents of any empire. The prosperity of the United States may be adduced in proof against us of the inutility of constitutional religion and the sufficiency of other means to produce national strength. To this, we reply, that the American union cannot be quoted as a distinct case in point against us. It is not an original empire, it is a mere offshoot from Britain, has borrowed the best of our laws and polity and dressed them in another form. The Union has not sufficient standing either, to be a full proof that a state may work well without religion: and if we may judge of futurity by present appearances and facts, the general mind of her people, restlessness, thirst for change, and insecurity of social compact, tend to no distant rupture in the kingdom, perhaps no distant downfall. Such a natural result must follow from the defect of public religion, while the spiritual result is sure, the wrath of Providence.

Such a natural result must occur in Britain when she casts off the sanctifying profession of allegiance to God, and with it, the church, the public school of morals. But the spiritual result to us must be tremendous. Be it remembered that we stand not in a neutral posture, balancing for the first time between the good and evil of putting on religion; that we are not now calculating on the propriety of repenting and departing from constitutional

contempt of God into acknowledgement and worship of God. No, the consideration is, we have served God long enough, shall we abandon him? Shall we in one word, become Apostate? This is the question; and a question fitted to make a man of any conscience shudder. Of individual Apostates only three of any eminence have reached us in the annals of history Satan, Judas, Julian. Shall our King be made the fourth? Of Infidel kingdoms, Heathen kingdoms, Popish kingdoms and their fates, we have abundant instances. But of kingdoms apostate from the true faith we have but one solitary example—Israel! (2 Kings, 17 chap.) 2500 years have passed away since judgment opened on her people, and yet it has not ceased! that judgment was at first political madness, then thralldom to the Assyrian, and finally, dispersion without compassion! Shall England prove, before the close of time, that national ingratitude, national rebellion against God, national apostasy are twice to happen? Shall England rival Israel and brave that vengeance which she knows to be in active exercise upon the guilty? God forbid! and to this prayer we hope and trust every honest man will say, Amen! Yet, if this crime be acted in our empire we have the spiritual consequence before us, total, inevitable destruction!!

To prevent this evil, to oppose its approach and consummation, perhaps we can do no more than we have done already, in stating truth with honest plainness. If the nature of the crime revealed, its moral and spiritual results foreshown, cannot deter the agents of a plot against religion from working their desires, cannot excite the horror and precaution of the good against the deep and desperate conspiracy, our further suggestions will be fruitless. But we trust that when such statements as we have made, raised upon the sacred basis of unerring truth, come before the public mind, many a sincere friend to religion, many a powerful and real friend to our country will arise in her defence. We justly believe that such exist in sufficient number and ability: we lament that in amazement at the wild measures and restless turbulence of a party governed and impelled by a spirit of revolution, they have sat so long silent and inactive. Above all,

we grieve over the infatuation, and strong delusion which have so long enchaind the efforts of our staunchest members. Protestants have met with contempt, sound constitutional Protestants have received insult and injuries innumerable, and borne them unmoved, in the hope of a better and brighter day, when true loyalty shall be distinguished from covert treason. They have waited long in vain, and disappointment has led them to believe there is no hope, no remedy, no defence against approaching ruin. Now there is hope, there is remedy, there is defence against that apostacy to which affairs seem tending. View that apostacy in all its deformity, turn from it resolved to act as men, as men of principle. Agitation may be the watchword and main-spring of infidels, radicals, and papists. Let union and firmness form your defence. The disjointed state of protestantism yields you a ready prey to the tumultuous rabble; despair and indecision facilitate your destruction. You possess the wealth and real strength of the empire; only use them. Combine; let there be no base conciliation, no wretched fawning on the enemies of your religion and constitution, no treacherous desertion of your fraternity in humble life, to buy the favor of an opposite party. Remember real christianity calls on you to prefer those of her profession—of your profession before all others. Be firm—No surrender was a good word once and must be so for ever in a good cause. Resist every encroachment on your rights and properties, resist steadily every further inroad on the remnant of our constitution; resist legally. Shake off that delusion which has deadened your consciousness of power. You have power, prove it. Do this, do all this and infallibly shall you not only procure and preserve safety, but by the trial and success of your ability, acquire confidence and opportunity to repair the injuries already inflicted. Had we space and leisure we might lay before you examples of the triumphant success of union and firmness amongst Protestants even in this degenerate period; But we must hasten to another method of averting the work and consequence of national apostacy. This should be and can be properly effected solely by a true and virtual reform in individual and social religion. What we shall

now say on the subject must not be separated from the preceding advice. Were we to trust in our skill, power, or resolution, we should fall into the very sins of our enemies, the enemies of the state. Our trust must be in Him who will one day take to Himself the government over all people, nations, and languages. Our efforts must meet His sanction to be crowned with victory. Therefore, religion must be the matter and substance of such efforts.

We adverted to a dreamy delusion which has long covered our people, and blinded them to a sense of their moral and physical weight in the political balance. This delusion seems judicial, the evidence of Divine censure for our faults. Let every single Protestant remember that, as a citizen of the kingdom, he is called on to avert the ruin in which he must fall if it occur. Let him aim at a genuine reform in himself, a religious reform. Let him not boast his zeal for our cause, while ignorant of our doctrines and our worship—in such ignorance he is before God our enemy. Let him square his views and actions according to that volume which is the pedestal of our profession. Let him reform from indifference, and turn to that cast and character of obedience which may endure Divine investigation, and meet Divine approval. Then, if “sin be the reproach of any people,” your righteousness shall be your safe deliverance.

You are aware of the outcry against the corruptions and infirmities of the church: you know also, that it burst forth at the first from the very men, who care nothing for religion, and desire only its extinction; from men, too, who were notoriously active in multiplying and exaggerating the very evils they condemned! Now, we would have you choke this clamour utterly. We entreat all sober Protestants to take the word “Church Reform” out of the mouths of the malevolent, and the work of that reform out of their hands. ‘Tis all true that our establishment was endowed with a revenue to support an efficient clergy; was never formed to be the resource of the ignorant and the profane, who are sometimes pawned and thrust into her offices by the minions of power; was never purposed to serve as a refuge, through unholy patronage, to men who had proved incompetent to rise or live in

other callings. We appeal to her existing bishops to select, without interest or unjust partiality, men of fervent piety and talent, to fill each vacant office, and occupy her pulpits to the profit of her people. We would have her bishops men of holy zeal, as well as common learning. They should come forth with the truth of Scripture in their hearts, and on their lips, and prove themselves like the first great advocates of religion, "apt to teach," burning and shining lights in their generation. And if they will not! Then to them must we attribute mainly the final overthrow of our once noble church and constitution.

Protestants, watch over your church

as you would over your own existence! She must be the great engine for spreading the power of religion—for maintaining, amongst yourselves, a firm confederacy. Suffer no stranger to meddle with her improvement; seek her restoration to that condition in which she first emerged from superstition. Permit not the number of her ministers, in any rank, to be diminished; rather swell that number, and provide instructors for our numerous population. This is your duty and your interest; and when all this shall be accomplished, we may look up with confidence for the return of those blessings which once made Britain peaceful at home, and terrible abroad.

BION. IDYLLIUM II.

Love is a very Proteus—not a shape,
The little urchin's cunning can escape;
Yet howsoe'er fantastical the form,
He wills to wear, it breathes his spirit warm.
A moment since he bloom'd in youth, and now
The frost of age is on his wrinkled brow;
By turns like a peasant, or a king,
A flame, a flower; in short he's every thing
That can his fond idolaters perplex,
Even to his mutability of sex:
None then, who e'er his character has heard,
Will wonder that he once became a bird.—
What bird, I know not; he that has more wit
Than I may guess—perhaps he turn'd Tom-tit.—

As carelessly from bough to bough he sprang,
And one sweet ditty or another sang;
An archer-boy, with wide-extended bow,
And steel-tipp'd shaft prepared to bring him low;
But love delights a vain pursuit to scoff,
By seeming near, when he is farthest off;
So with a wearied arm and quiver void,
The stripling at his ill-success annoyed,
While love, still perched, provokingly in view,
Broke up the bow and flung it at him too.
"See," cried the boy, addressing an old swain,
Who passed him near, "bow, arrows, all in vain,
I've lost upon the little twittering wretch,
Whom, mighty Jove! could I but kill or catch."—
"Patience, good boy," the hoary sage replied,
Bow'd his grey head awhile, and deeply sigh'd,
"If love should now your aspirations bless,
Then bid adieu to peace and happiness;
Avoid this feathered cheat that would destroy,
All that your bosom knows of pleasure, boy:
But be assured that in his own good time,
He'll visit thee, unasked, in manhood's prime;
And still keep fluttering round thy willing breast,
Until within thine heart he builds his nest."

CIRCUIT NOTES.

“ Empty stomach,
Empty purse,
May be better—can't be worse.”

There is no condition of human existence more truly deserving of compassionate sympathy than that of a young Irish barrister. It cannot be denied that the preparatory labours of the Inns of Court are somewhat more than agreeable; they develop the carnivorous propensities; keep the tiller always “hard to post,” and send the young counsellor into the world with a relish for the delightful subjects, presented to his notice in the most excellent “Law Digests,” rendering him a very sombre companion for the table of Duke Humphrey. It will be seen that I am preparing the reader to lend a kind and tender ear to the story of my calamities; and when I state, that I am not only a hapless young Irish counsellor, but that I am a “paterfamilias,” “the proprietor of a wife and child,” I fully calculate on a tear stealing down the gentle reader's cheek, the offspring of compassion, or the fruits of laughter. The day on which I was called to the Irish Bar is a memorable date in the annals of my destiny. I thought I beheld every one admiring me. The ladies in the gallery of the King's Bench were evidently saying, “What a handsome young man with the black whiskers, “and similar face;” and what an agreeable contrast to the powdered wig.” Several of my attorney friends, who were to have overwhelmed me with business, congratulated me *usque ad nauseam*; and, at length, one kind hearted friend presented me with “Instructions for Declaration.” I received it with great solemnity; not the least appearance of nervous excitement arising from the overflowings of joy and surprise; smothered the rejoicings of my heart, until the gentlemen had retired, and then I proceeded to examine the guinea fee. Probably, in all the arrangements of money dealings, nothing is more to be admired than the

adaptation of the shilling to the convenient fold of the 1*l*. note in lawyers' fees. It renders it fit for immediate lodgment in a purse previously empty; it gives it a permanence in the pocket, a solidity to the touch, a degree of weight and steadiness, well suited to the dignified gravity of the profession. I may so far digress as to mention a useful rule, suggested to me by an experienced practitioner, who told me, when I got a fee, never to analyze it in the presence of the attorney. “Hurry your hand into your pocket,” said he; “don't let go the fee. When the donor retires, take out your hand quietly, and see that the pretty, interesting shillings are all safe.” In conformity with this hint, I now examined my guinea fee. All was right; I gazed upon the note, and then upon the shilling; I shifted them from hand to hand; I stared and looked, and hastened home to tell my wife of the “lucky boy” she had got for a spouse, and before I got a second helping at dinner, I rose to work at the Declaration. It was drawer against acceptor of a bill of exchange; most important that it should be done with accuracy and despatch. My professional character, my whole prospects in life, I imagined, might be at stake. Three times the pen dropped from my fingers. I examined the number of the 1*l*. note, and once again gazed upon the shilling. The official air that I assumed, on this occasion, confirmed my “better half” in the opinion, that it is unquestionably a fine thing to be the wife of a counsellor. Matters went on in an ordinary course till the day arrived when I was to start for the circuit, as a probationer. I scraped together a few pounds. My wife packed my trunk with her own hands, putting in a quiet corner a box of antibilious pills; gave me abundant charges about the airing of my linen, which might get damp on

the journey ; tied her own shawl about my neck to save me from the morning air, and, thus accoutred, I started on the outside of a day-coach to join the Bar at the fourth town on the circuit. A friend of mine, who was in the habit of going (as it is designated in the North), the Bleacher's Circuit, attending the linen markets, had provided for me a quiet economical lodging ; and I was distinctly assured that I got the young ladies' own bed, which, consequently, I felt assured was properly aired. It was too late to join the Bar mess on that day ; but, on the ensuing morning, having arranged my habiliments, I proceeded to the judge's levee. The extraordinary shake of the hand, which I received from one of their Lordships, acted like an electric shock upon me. I concluded that now, indeed, my fortune was made, and lost but little time in communicating the happy intelligence to my poor solitary wife. I sat in court with all the dignity, and nodding ease of a Mandarin ; signifying my assent to propositions I did not understand, in a manner well calculated to arrest the attention of those assembled in "vulgi stante corona." About ten minutes after twelve o'clock (for I never shall forget the event, with all its particulars), an attorney, once a neighbour of my father, presented with a brief, fee, 2*l.* 2*s.* 0*d.* !! to attend an inquiry before the sheriff, which was to be entered upon at one o'clock, on the same day, for the purpose of assessing damages in an action for seduction, the guilty party having taken no defence, and suffered judgment to go by default. How my heart beat ; my tongue faltered. I ran home to my lodgings, pondered on the topics for a speech, and as it is considered incumbent on every young barrister, to be prepared for an emergency with specimens of the pathetic and sublime, the only difficulty I had to encounter was, to make a judicious selection from the group. The hour arrived. What an opportunity, thought I, of displaying my powers of eloquence ! Thus Curran, Erskine, and all the stars of the profession, burst into full splendour, and meridian glory. The fair one was a country girl, somewhat of the Amazon cast, who could have displayed abundant "vis viva" with a churn staff, or a reaping hook. Her cheek appeared to be coloured with the ruddy

bloom of health, rather than mantled by the blushes of modesty. In truth, she might not be inappropriately introduced in the descriptive language of "Paddy Carey"—

"Her brawny shoulders four feet square,
Her cheeks like thumping red potatoes."

The room in which we assembled had neither chair nor table. The jury, which was composed of twelve steady old Presbyterians, with sober shrewdness in the countenance of each, and stern stubborn honesty engraven in the Scottish angular visage, were arrayed in rank and file along a whitewashed wall. I placed myself close to the window, that I might have an opportunity of enforcing my points with manual emphasis, and proceeded to the task with extraordinary vigour and confidence. But really in the freshness of my feelings, I sympathised deeply with my unfortunate client. Her aged mother, a poor but respectable widow, was present, seeking the miserable reparation (the only penalty on seduction afforded by law) for the ruin of her child. There were circumstances of a very peculiar character connected with the transaction, which betrayed on the part of the defendant, some of the deeper shades of heartless and selfish villainy, and which made me feel sincere pangs of compassion for this hapless family. Alas, how sin coils itself round the human heart. Innocent companionship merges into hazardous familiarity ; the sensibility of youthful modesty, at first shrinking from the contact of passion, unconsciously and gradually becomes paralysed ; till at length, the small and fine thread, like that in which the hands of Thalaba were entwined, cannot be broken. The aged mother seemed worn down with grief ; her trembling hand was wiping away the silent tear which stole down her sunken cheek, betraying an agony of heart more deep and poignant, than the transient ebullition of excited and violent emotion. "Oh!" said she, as she clasped her hands, and lifted her eyes to heaven, "How I thank the Giver of all good that my dear husband has not been spared to see his child come to this." And oh ! thought I, how true it is, that the blessed tidings of good contain the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come ; how easy is its yoke, how light its burden, compared with

the dead weight which sin flings upon its victims; the burden which must be borne by the votaries of vice. The character which the usual appeals to a jury on such an occasion have acquired clearly illustrates how pernicious to the sensitiveness of virtue is familiarity with the details of guilt; and how perilous it is, when the conscience has been once awakened, to wait "for a convenient season."

The Jury with whom I had to deal, were homely Northerns—men who derived their light from the unfettered privilege of consulting Revelation—the remnant of that race of pious and independent men, who still seem to breathe the atmosphere of Bible-reading Scotland,

"Who sear, but never roan;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

They calculated how much the delinquent would be able to pay, and gave damages to the utmost extent to which his solvency might be practically liable. At the close of this case, I returned to the Court, heaving many an unconscious sigh, occasioned by the scene in which I had been engaged. How quickly the merriment and levity of social intercourse beguiles the heart of the purer and graver sensations of religious feeling! I found myself in the evening in the midst of my professional brethren; the playful jest, "the attic salt," the reckless gaiety of all around me banished from my memory the meditations which had so recently engaged me, and quickly I found myself puffed up with the empty ambition of displaying the extent of my powers of merriment and wit. The father of the Bar was a fine old gentleman; kind, courteous and agreeable. Beside him sate one of his Majesty's Sergeants at Law, who had recently become a politician. He was a man of a most amiable disposition, and naturally of a "generous clay;" but Radicalism had, with a harpy touch, profaned the fine material, and the coming in contact with a despicable faction, had occasioned a considerable decline of that respect and esteem to which he would otherwise have been entitled from his many private and domestic virtues.—A man of singular abilities and surpassing ingenuity as a lawyer, but with little or none of the grace and ease of polished life. A still more extraordinary character sate beside him. The head was

venerable; it was adorned with the silver locks of declining years; "tristis severitas in vultu;" he seemed as if cut out of a pillar of salt; possessing many of the qualities of the "Heautontimoroumenos." There was a bitterness in his joke, an acidity in his smile, and a frosty sharpness in his ordinary conversation. He appeared in bold relief as contrasted with the Attorney-General of the Circuit, a little gentleman, with sparkling eye, of unruffled good-humour, and full of social merriment; never transgressing the limits of that decorum which is required by sensitive virtue, and never giving birth to a thought which might be only equivocally delicate. He commanded the esteem of the most intelligent, while he won the affections of the most playful; his wit did not possess meridian brilliancy, but it never generated corruption. The evening passed off pleasantly; enough of levity to give a zest to more serious meditation; enough of 'bagatelles' to unbend the intellectual energies. The same routine of circumstances occurred during my stay in this town, and the succeeding great fete to accomplish was my journey to the next where the assizes should be held, on economical principles. For this purpose I selected two gaunt companions, of greater longitude than latitude, and having engaged a post-chaise, we started. I never admired myself so much as in that post-chaise. I am a dumpy little fellow, comfortably built, neither approximating to corporate capacity, nor rising to undue elevation. In the corner of the chaise I fitted myself most satisfactorily; my two companions had room enough for their lateral movements, but the roof of the chaise presented an insurmountable obstacle to their sitting with "crest erect," so much so as to oblige one of them to take the stiffer out of his cravat. The chaise was rather antiquated, bending forward in Grecian attitude; the horses were "untutored rustics," and the driver half seas-over. It is rather a point with an Irish driver, that the chaise should have this forward bend, "in order to *desave the baits*" going down a hill. The plunging and kicking of one of the horses at the first declivity, reminded me of an anecdote related of one of our present Legal Functionaries, who travelling on circuit with the late

Gervase Bushe, had the misfortune to be placed behind a very unruly pair of horses. There was a steep descent, going out of the town, and the violence of one of the animals caused some alarm to the learned Lawyers. "How long has that horse been in harness, Sir?" said Mr. Bushe to the driver, rattling down with great vehemence the front window of the chaise. "*Jist hafe* an hour, Sir," was the reply. "I say, Sir," repeated Mr. B. *Furibundus*, "have you had that horse long in harness?" "*Jist hafe* an hour, Sir. My master got him on trial jist afore hour honours started," replied the driver, "and he'll buy the baist if he takes your honours safe to the bottom of the hill."

"That's really a matter of the most vital consideration," said Mr. B's companion, "so down the hill of life, together we shall go." I and my friends were in a somewhat similar predicament, with this exception, that the price of a horse was not set upon our heads. In this happy and commodious manner we arrived at the fifth town on the circuit, had ourselves duly accommodated with lodgings and proceeded, as usual, to exhibit ourselves to the admiring gaze of all who chose to while away an idle hour by gazing at idle men.

I had once been given a hint that instances had occurred, in which the Crown Judge, stirred up by some passing remembrances of his early days, had ordered the Clerk of the Crown to distribute a few indictments amongst the attendant junior bar, to sustain their drooping spirits. Accordingly I planted myself in the Criminal Court, and on the evening of the second day, my just expectations were fulfilled. One of my giant friends sate at the head of the seat; I was next to him. The Clerk of the crown, by his Lordship's directions, handed him an indictment. He knew not what he was to do, his knees smote each other, his lip quivered, and he began to put questions before the witness was sworn. His Lordship kindly interposed to relieve him, by handing down a paper of most excellent sandwiches for distribution, which afforded an interlude of refreshing repose and innocent recreation. The evidence was altogether defective; "I think, Mr. —," said his Lordship, "you can scarcely push this

case further," "Indeed, my Lord," said Mr. —, faltering, (with a mouthful of "cold round,") "on consideration, I think not," and down he sate. All this time I was examining my indictment, inspecting the names of the witnesses, &c., so that I approached the task in full bloom, and convicted the prisoner with *éclat*. I then discussed the judicial sandwich and left my young friend next to me, to try his case. Independent of this act of tender sympathy upon the part of the learned judge, there was much in his character to render him much esteemed by the bar. Manly, dignified, and energetic in his address to juries; no man could with more impressive vigour read a lecture to a county, or describe the consequences of turbulence and combination, amidst an agitated peasantry, with more forcible and striking eloquence. Possessing extraordinary patience in investigation of facts, acute discernment, and sound discretion, in procuring a full discussion by the bar of legal propositions; a fund of good sense in the application of principles of law to the facts; firm yet compassionate—dignified yet humorous, with all the zeal of an advocate, never strained beyond the subdued energy of judicial calmness. His learned brother was one of singular eminence and ability. The small twinkling eyes told of acuteness, intelligence, and genius; the sparkling smile, a compound of keen sarcasm and dignified generosity. Integrity, experience, intellectual vigour, stern integrity, all combined to render him worthy of sincere regard, and capable of commanding admiration. The professional reader will recognise in these brief remarks, Lord Chief Justice Doherty and the Lord Chief Baron. The one replete with humour—well skilled in the tactics of the world—the source of never failing joke and merriment. The other, fond of anecdote—abounding in the most acute and valuable observation of mankind—permitting familiarity, without ever placing in peril the dignity of his exalted station. The sixth and last town of the circuit was now to be visited. My two post-chaise companions protested in the most solemn manner against being again packed up in a moving coffin, and upon consultation we agreed that it would combine economy with health and comfort, to procure an outside car, which

having done accordingly, we started and arrived in due course at the close of the day "*Eranga in.*" We procured lodgings, and as my physician had enjoined me to abjure that most pernicious and abominable heresy that tea is one of the necessities of life, I demanded either cocoa or coffee to be got ready. The servant retired to confer with her mistress, who conceiving that the hour was too late for any such beverage, sent us the following answer to our request—"Sir, the mistress bid me tell you, that there's no such thing as cocoa to be had in the town; the coffee's but very indifferent, and the *tay's* not worth making a *sang* about."

It was at the assizes in this town, that a circumstance occurred to me, which is worthy of narration. I had observed at the town we had left, defending several prisoners, an attorney, who had at one time been my school-fellow. A career of vice had destroyed all principles of independence within him, and he appeared to be in a constant state of intoxication, from the merry mood up to the condition of bestial stupidity. He pursued his journey to the town in which I now happened to be, and espying me in the court one morning, he staggered across, and recognized me with the most cordial salutation, expressed his deep regret that he had not known at an earlier period my intention to come this circuit, as he would take me by the hand, and give me an opportunity of shewing my talents. He thrust a brief into my hand with a guinea fee; "There," said he, "is a good case for you—this will do you credit, my boy, for you'll acquit the fellow; and, man dear, you'll be immortalized. He's indicted for picking a man's pocket, and he's as innocent as the child unborn!" "But," said I, "What's the defence?" "Defence!" says he, with a look of burning and jealous indignation, "do you think I am going to interfere with the talents of counsel? Sure, I told you it was a case for to shew your ability, and you'll surely acquit the fellow." By this time the prisoner was put forward and pleaded not guilty. The prosecutor appeared—swore distinctly, that in the hall of an inn, crowded on a fair day, he felt a hand picking his pocket; he caught the prisoner by the arm, just as he had abstracted his purse containing

money; he held him till the police came and seized him, with the purse in his hand. There was a case in earnest for the talents of counsel;

"Oh! how I laboured to be wise,
With pouted lip and half-closed eyes!
Then smiled serenely on the jury,
But fairly bother'd I assure you."

By dint of browbeating, shouting, and bullying, I frightened the witness into one or two trifling inconsistencies in his details; but a verdict of guilty soon convinced me how desperate is the case which leans for its support on the virgin "ingenuity of counsel." The manual dexterity of my client was rewarded with a trip to Botany-bay at the public expence; but he had the professional politeness to inform me, through the medium of my new patron, that he felt a gentleman-like gratitude for my energetic exertions in the cause of "injured innocence."

Unquestionably, I should have cut a lamentable figure at the bar-mess on that day, had not a circumstance occurred to save me "from my friends," which cannot be passed over in silence. The father of the bar, whom I have already described, was engaged to defend a prisoner of equal purity of character and spotless integrity with my "gentle-handed" client. The prosecutor was a steady old northern, whose dim eyes and grey locks told the close of threescore years and ten, but whose honest indignation against the dangerous innovations of knavery and theft, supplied him with all the vehemence of youthful ardour. "My good man," said his Lordship, "take the crier's rod, and see if you can point out the person who lightened your pocket; begin now up here, and look all around the court," said the learned judge, pointing up at the head of the seat occupied by the bar. The old gentleman looked steadily along moving his eyes slowly and cautiously down the seat; at length with the fixed and motionless glare of the rattlesnake, he planted himself opposite the worthy father, and laying the rod upon his hoary locks, exclaimed, "I'm thinkin' that's the chap!—eh! heould on a wee bit: come up, Jack," he shouts, turning round to his son, who was amongst the spectators, "come up, mun, an' gie's a haun to thrapple the rabber (robber.)"

Judicial gravity could not withstand this—it was truly electric. “Very likely, my good man,” said his lordship “that whiteheaded boy may have got some of your money in his pocket, but, will you swear that he’s the lad that robbed you?” “Well, in troth, I’m no joost directly positive sure, but he’s grey and like the chap that I gruppit by the cuff o’ the neck only how.” “Why, man,” said his lordship, “that’s the prisoner’s council.” Och! I kenn’d bravely,” replies my old friend, “he was yin of a bad *crap*; he mann hae a lang shanked ladle that sups kaile with the deil.” The dramatic effect of this dialogue quite threw into the shade the previous scene in which I figured; and thus were averted, upon our worthy father, the satiric shafts of my brethren, which otherwise must have been aimed at my exhibition.

This supplied mirth and merriment enough to the Bar for the remainder of circuit; and truly I may, with Matthews, “It made a great laugh at the time.” As the beauty of Rembrandt’s paintings consist in the deep richness of light and shade, and I have been sketching a scene of humour, let me now depict a scene of sadness and sorrow. It had almost escaped the buoyancy of my circuit reminiscences, though calculated to make a deep impression on my heart. There stood arraigned for the wilful murder of her own child, a female of respectable appearance, and apparently beyond the meridian of life. She was a married female—her husband living in America; the little innocent, but hapless victim, was the offspring of criminal and illegitimate intercourse. To my young heart and fresh feelings, as yet unused to the realities of human barbarity, (for I never had before gazed upon a murderer,) the details of this trial were, indeed, appalling. I felt the convulsion of sensitive agony; I shrunk with horror from the thought of the endearing fondness of maternal affection being stifled by the ferocious cruelty of the loathsome murderer. Ah! thought I, was there not one smile upon the face of the helpless innocent, which might have disarmed even the savage recklessness of the midnight villain? Was there no cry, no lisping sounds, to conjure up the instinctive protection of a mother’s fondness, and awaken the guardian-spirit of a mother’s love?

She had strangled the offspring of her unholy passion; and with a ruddy cheek, and steady and composed demeanour, awaited the verdict of the jury. The case had now closed; the judge summed up, and the issue paper was handed to the foreman. A breathless silence prevailed in the court—a pause of solemn stillness and anxious suspense. I watched the prisoner narrowly. No tear bedewed her cheek; her lip quivered not; no sigh betrayed a sinking heart. At length the jury handed in the verdict—it was, “guilty.” The tear was rolling down the honest cheeks of several of the conscientious men who found the verdict. She was brought forward to the front of the dock, and sentence of death pronounced in a solemn and awakening appeal by the learned judge. I gazed upon the being—the wretched votary of sin, the guilty slave of passion—soon to appear before a God “of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.” Why is it, I cried within my heart, why is it that man should think himself (as the votaries of idle voluptuousness, and the advocates of a convenient system of negative virtue, imagine that they are) disentangled from a thralldom, by rejecting the doctrines of a Saviour’s atonement and a Saviour’s love? Bring such a one before me now; show him the being who, ere many hours roll by, is to stand face to face before a holy Creator; to stand in the unholy shroud of a felon murderer, and to be awarded her eternal doom; let him gaze upon that wretched victim of guilty passion, range over every spot in the wide extent of nature’s vastness; let him command the page of science and philosophy, the promises of natural religion, the treasures of revelation;—in what spot, from what treasure, can he find peace for the troubled spirit, and the spiritual joy that could stifle despairing iniquity? That spot alone is, and must be, Calvary; that treasure alone is, and only can be, the unsearchable riches of the grace of God in Jesus. Is there no galling thralldom, no slavery to sin? What but the thralldom of sin stifled the struggles of maternal affection? and when the emotion of shame failed in preventing the commission of guilt, its natural progress was to precipitate into deeper crime than that which it was intended to have guarded against.

This circuit closed, and I, with my

two fees, returned to my "*domus et placens uxor.*"

On the next circuit came two learned judges, whom I am anxious to introduce to the reader's notice. The name of the one is identified with literary reputation, splendid genius, and profound learning; the other, celebrated as the accomplished scholar, the delightful companion, the polished and graceful orator. The friend and correspondent of Edmund Burke, could not but be an individual of more than ordinary qualities; and the name of Sir W. C. Stait and the Right Hon. C. K. Bushe surely must not pass unheeded in my narrative. It happened, when I was in England, pupil to a barrister since elevated to the bench, that a case, which had been tried in Ireland before Sir W. Smith, was sent over to have English advice as to the grounds upon which a rule for a new trial could be most soundly supported. The notes of the trial and the report of the learned baron's charge, were, of course, copied in the case submitted to my learned preceptor. "This," said he to me, "seems to be a very sensible, and certainly an eloquent charge of the judge; Baron Smith, I think, is his name; is he a man of any celebrity?" My Irish pride boiled and bubbled: I swelled with national indignation. "If, Sir," said I, "you were as well versed in the literature, as you are in the laws of your country; you might, with as much propriety, have asked me, if *Sauaders's Reports* was a work of any value." The habits of the Baron are peculiar; his appearance is grave and venerable, but it is as an evening star that he shines with brilliant lustre. When once fairly seated on the Bench, he seems peculiarly to enjoy the midnight lamp, and becomes the more vigorous as the shades of night close around. A case in which I was engaged for the prosecution was called on at eleven o'clock at night; the circuit Attorney-general already sketched was my colleague; there was also the regular array of crown prosecutors. At this late hour a messenger was sent to the bar-room, to order our attendance, and some of the counsel for the crown refused to obey the summons. My colleague and I thought it our duty to obey; the case proceeded, and at length a very technical discussion arose as to whether the persons were truly indicted

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for an unlawful assembling. The learned Baron again sent for the crown counsel, who again refused to attend; and his lordship having animadverted somewhat severely upon the refusal, "My Lord," said my excellent colleague, with a waggish gravity, "most probably it may be the opinion of those learned gentlemen, that our present sitting in court partakes of the nature of an unlawful assembly." It was with considerable delight that I received an invitation to dine with his lordship, and unquestionably a more agreeable evening I never enjoyed. The Baron was refined and philosophical; the Lord Chief Justice brilliant and classical. The one instructed by the accuracy of his criticism, the other entertained with his fascinating anecdote and sparkling wit. I could not avoid contrasting them with their English compeers, and exulting with all an Irishman's ardour in the superior attainments of my learned hosts. It is reported of a very eminent English lawyer, that in the index of one of his numerous publications appeared the head, "*quint mind.*" A learned judge, in casting his eye over the book, was startled at seeing such a title in the index. "Surely," said he, "my friend Mr. C. has not commenced metaphysical studies." On turning to the page marked in the index, he found, "*Lord Ellenborough had a great mind to non-suit the plaintiff.*" It was this gentleman who, on one occasion, on a motion in the King's Bench in England, was poring over and reading a quantity of voluminous affidavits, with an air of luxurious delight. "Quite irrelevant; wholly irrelevant," interrupted Mr. Brougham, who was counsel on the opposite side. "Softly, softly, Mr. Brougham," said Lord Tentarden, in a tone of grinding sarcasm, "You must make allowance for literary taste; many persons are partial to affidavit reading." I told the story of my introduction to criminal practice, which afforded considerable entertainment to the Chief Justice. "Indeed," said he, "I remember myself having been somewhat chagrined by the result of a case in which I was employed to defend a man who was indicted for wilful murder. It was on the Munster Circuit, before the Baron's father, Sir Michael Smith. I thought I had the most satisfactory defence in the world, for I had in court, alive and well, the man who was al-

leged to have been murdered. When called on for the defence, I gave "oyer" of the man, and, with an air of calm complacency concluded the defence. The foreman of the jury looked sneeringly at me: "that counsel," said he, thinks himself a wonderful clever fellow; I'll teach him the difference. The prisoner stole a colt of mine, and if he produced the murdered man fifty times over, I'll find the prisoner guilty."—Despite of the judge's charge, despite of my display of the living body "*of the murdered man*," the prisoner was found guilty of murdering a living man, because he stole a horse; as pure a specimen of jury logic as ever as probably could be produced from any country. It was only by the Lord Lieutenant interfering that the life of the prisoner was spared." There is one circumstance which cannot fail to be observed by any one who has been in the society of Sir W. C. Smith, and that is, the accuracy of his knowledge on every subject on which he converses. Go with him into the recesses of ancient and modern classics, you will soon find that he will take the lamp out of your hand, and light you onward. Turn to metaphysical disquisition, and there he rides triumphant, foiling you with his acute analysis, and opening new and rich veins of thought and emotion. The Lord Chief Justice will always fascinate; he will attend you in your range through law and literature, and cheer and delight you on your journey; and if you wish to be an "auditor tantum," you may calculate upon an agreeable repast of polished anecdote and didactic hilarity. This circuit proved more productive than the former; but the fee book for this year is truly indebted to the reform bill and the registry sessions for its most solid sustenance. My presence was demand-

ed at several counties, to provide, as far as my humble talents would allow, that the constitution should not finally be rooted out, by any but *bonâ fide* ragamuffins. One scene only, and I have done. In the county of L., I enjoyed the pleasure of being the guest of a distinguished female personage. The two county deputies and I sojourned at her hospitable mansion for nearly a week. I would not intrude further into the privacy of domestic life than to say that we had the society of a hostess endowed with mental energies of extraordinary power, and intellectual cultivation of more than usual excellence. One of the deputies being an old married man, and the other a confirmed old bachelor, I considered myself, as the "youth" of the party, called upon to discharge the duties of gallantry, particularly as there was a very pleasing, animated, and artless young lady, then on a visit with our hostess, for whom I soon entertained a pure platonic affection. My wife might have been jealous, perhaps, if she had seen the simpering softness of my smiles at the dinner table; but as I made a full and fair confession of my true condition on the day of my arrival, I thought I was entitled to take a dance *in fetters*. My old romancings were revived by the quickening impulses of what may be designated an affectionate regard, (such as a lady entertains for a gentleman when she pens a refusal to the *verata questio*, and then tells him she shall ever esteem him as *as a friend*); and on my leaving the hospitable roof, I became poetical in the extreme, that is, I intended to become so, but my muse, aly jade, *traversed in prox.*, and I must only wait to bring her before the bar of public opinion for trial, and judgment, if convicted, next number.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

L

I wander'd far into the land of dreams
And built me there a pleasant place of rest ;
Deck'd with all forms that youthful fancy deems
Brightest and dearest to the human breast.

II.

And there for many a day my spirit dwelt,
Wrapt in the coil that idle fancy spun,
'Till ev'ry firm resolve began to melt
Like snow dissolving in the noon-tide sun.

III.

As one who wanders thro' some gothic pile
Where blazon'd glass sheds an illusive gleam ;
And massive arch, and far-retreating aisle
Are thrown to shadowy distance in its beam ;

IV.

If Heaven's pure light should on the scene descend,
How quickly would its radiance fade away !
And where the rainbow's tints were wont to blend,
Would stand the pillars, bare, and cold, and grey.

V.

Thus has the fervour of my fancy cool'd—
So have my youthful visions left me now !
Thus has experience—stern instructress, school'd
My wayward will, and bade my spirit bow !

VI.

The early shadows of the morn are fair,
While floats the hov'ring mist o'er lake and hill,
And fancy paints upon the eddying air
Her fairy landscapes—peopled as she will.

VII.

And sad it is perchance to see their flight
From sober truth, as morning's rays encrease.
Yet who would give the sun's own glorious light,
And nature's charms, for vapours such as these ?

VIII.

Thus has the day-star ris'n within my heart,
The day-spring from above has o'er me dawn'd ;
Dispell'd my dreams—caused many a bitter smart,
But shown the truth, and bid me not despond.

RANDOM POETICS.

Corvos poetas et poetrias picas,
Cantare credas Pegaseium melos,

PERS.

We are inclined to believe, that among the feelings and passions incidental to human nature, there is not one which would be likely to form a more interesting subject for speculative inquiry, than the extreme solicitude which the majority of mankind have, in all ages, evinced for posthumous fame. It would be difficult to find a poet or historian of antiquity, who has not expressed himself to the same effect as the most intellectual and philosophical of his brethren in modern times, in calculating upon the honours which should be paid to his memory by the applause of posterity; and, if we may so say, the degree of post-obit felicity, which he could not fail to enjoy in the justice so rendered to his excellent deserts. We must certainly advance so much in commendation of the greater acumen and more polished taste evinced by that portion of creation, usually entitled posterity, as to attribute to them the redeeming of 'many a gem of purest ray serene,' from the waters of oblivion, to which they had been unfeelingly consigned by the race, whose credit it should have been to appreciate, as it was a disgrace to reject them; as also the transplanting of many a flower 'born to blush unseen,' from the midst of rank, old weeds, that envied and obscured its beauty, to a more congenial soil, where its loveliness could no more be lost. None can deny to 'posterity' the merit of having accomplished these great desiderata; what have not we done in this relation, to those who went before? And what may not those, who are yet to come, now being fashioned in the womb of time, effect for us? Out upon the idle jest of the half-witted mountebank, who refused to lend his aid for the benefit of future generations, unless they gave him an equivalent! Heaven knows they have

more than repaid him since for his jokes, by unrestrained convulsions of laughter at the mere mention of his name. For ourselves, to prove with what different feelings our spirits are influenced, such is our fond desire—our longing after the immortality of literary renown, that, without meaning any offence to you, gentle reader, we only need capital to induce us to publish a magazine for posterity solely, content to be cheered by its clamorous approval, wafted upon the wings of echo to the beatified Editor in the Elysian fields. Before we leave this part of our article, however, it may be prudent to state, that we are now writing, contrary to the advice of Thucydides, for the existing generation expressly, leaving it optional with futurity to reprint us, without fear of being entangled in the meshes of the law of copy-right; but as yet we have no subscribers for the year 1900.

It may not now be amiss to state the bearing of our preceding observations, and shew how they are connected with the present subject. It has been our good fortune to have lighted accidentally upon a mine of Irish poetry, from which we shall gather occasionally a few brilliants, and submit to an amazed public some exquisite specimens of a more precious than oriental lustre; in other words, we discovered upon a lofty shelf, no matter where, some dozen tomes of various size and quality, and contents in all metres, crusted with the most venerable dust, and evidently intended to be concealed from the curious, by a curtain of cobwebs, which did infinite honour to the skill and industry of a tribe of Arachnes. One glance convinced us that they never were designed for the use and purposes of modern times; some of them, it is quite plain, were meant to be valued by, and others to be un-

derstood by future, and more distant ages, an object which, we must confess, they deservedly despaired of seeing accomplished in the present infancy of knowledge and taste. The fact is, we are really now spoon-fed, and, to speak gravely, we are in the childishness of dotage, with regard to our literary caprices; the intellect has long spurned the strong aliment, by which it was nourished and invigorated; Shakspeare and Milton are almost forgotten, and the enervated and effeminated fancy luxuriates to satiety upon the hot-spiced confections, which emanate from the pen of passion, under the guidance of folly and bombast, and in utter defiance of the dictates of modesty as well as reason. The sun has gone down upon the poetic art; those who wielded the sceptre over all nature are no more; and by whom are they succeeded? The primrose poets; those who can wrap up their souls in a rose-bud—the defamers of botany, who would appear but to study it for the purpose of racking it upon the wheel of their nauseous and abominable rhymes. Heaven help the flower that will jingle in couplets or triplets; should it escape one Annual—it will probably be snared in another, and should it outwit them all, it may still be overtaken by a Magazine.

A considerable portion of that species of composition to which we allude we are under compliment for, to fairer hands and more enthusiastic hearts than fall to the lot of man. Woman is in the field. Would she were so armed, as to defend her rights. We may be wrong, but it is an impression which we have long entertained, that there is no foundation whatever for the presumed inferiority of the female intellect. The stuff which we are aware our opponents would adduce in their support about ‘weaker vessels,’ and so forth, we could answer at once by insisting it was not a moral weakness which the expression was intended to convey; that the greater delicacy of her frame and the pliant softness of her feelings should incline her to depend on man for her support we do not mean to deny, but to assert that she is inferior in soul, or its qualities, is taking a good step towards the Mahometanism that would deprive them of any soul at all, and convert them into a species of mecha-

nical apparatus as indispensable to the arrangement of domestic economy as the fly-wheel of a jack, and just as unconscious of its own evolutions. Why should not a part, if not the whole range of the sciences be made available for the purposes of female education? Is it that woman is deficient in capacity? In truth we know of instances where the pupil outran her master. Why should she be kept in the darkness of ignorance upon the beauties of classic literature, which are still more easy of attainment, and could not but be studied to good purposes under the influence of the most refined and exquisite taste? Let any take but a hasty glance at the honoured names upon the scroll of authorship, and although he may find the proportion of female writers to be but small, he cannot for a moment with justice believe that they do not sustain with spirit and talent the part which genius has induced them to enact upon upon the literary stage. Of the various departments of composition we should be inclined to point out the poetical as peculiarly adapted for the expression of feminine feelings, of course when that feeling has submitted to the correction of its exuberance or excessive enthusiasm by the standards of a well-informed mind, and a well-regulated judgment. Further, is not woman the absolute essence of two-thirds of the poetry that has been written since the creation? Why then may she not look into the mirror of her own heart and become the medium of its dictates; we do not expect, nor in sooth do we desire that she should go so far back as to retaliate upon our sex for our odes and sonnets ‘To Caroline,’ ‘To Maria,’ and so on, by indicting verses ‘To Henry,’ ‘Charles’ or even ‘Antony Poplar’ who, in a parenthesis, is quite vain enough; no—but if poetry be ‘nature harmonised’ we assert that the subject could not find an apter minstrel—one who could clothe more adequately, in the expressive language of the soul’s emotions, the fair scenes with whose beauty and artificial loveliness the senses are wont to be impressed, than woman. With what peculiar and yet forcible imagery has one whom it now were idle to commend, portrayed in one of his most favourite pictures, the out-beaming of female intellect in the words—

“The mind, the music breathing from her face.”

Let us, in corroboration of what we have advanced, present the reader with an extract or two from one of the most admirable and conclusive essays that ever was composed—of whose author, as well as of the poet alluded to above, we may assert, "*melius esse silere quam parum dicere* :"—

"The most striking illustration of this (his preceding argument), that can be produced, is the complicated assemblage of charms, physical and moral, which enter into the composition of female beauty. What philosopher can presume to analyse the different ingredients, or to assign to *matter* and to *mind* their respective shares in exciting the emotion which he feels? I believe, for my own part, that the effect depends chiefly on the mind; and that the loveliest features, if divested of that expression, would be beheld with indifference; but no one thus philosophises when the object is before him, or dreams of any source of his pleasure but that which fixes his gaze."

With what admirable precision and delicacy are its undefinable elements touched on in the following verses!—

"Rien ne manque à Venus, ni les lys, ni les roses,
Ni le mélange exquis des plus aimables choses;
Ni ce charme secret dont l'œil est enchanté.
Ni la grâce plus belle encore que la beauté."

In Homer's description of Juno, when attiring herself to deceive Jupiter, by trying "*the old, yet still successful, cheat of love*," it is remarkable that the poet leaves to her own fancy the whole task of adorning and heightening her personal attractions; but when she requests Venus to grant her

—"Those conqu'ring charms,
That power which mortals and immortals warm;"

The gifts which she receives are, all of them, significant of *mental* qualities alone:

"The gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire;
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

And again—

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, *her body thought*."

We trust that the passages we have thus selected, shall promote, considerably, if not altogether, the validity of our original proposition. Beauty is, undoubtedly, the "*jus proprium*," the characteristic of womankind; and if it consist, as we devoutly believe, in expression, that is, the visible reflection of

the intellectual qualities, it is almost needless to put in words the conclusion that the faculties of woman are eminently mental; and, therefore, capable of being cultivated to the highest degree at which human perfection can aspire to arrive.

But, to show the necessity of such improvement, now that its possibility has, we trust, been sufficiently demonstrated, it may not be amiss to deliberate, for a little, upon what has been accomplished in the poetical departments, of late years, by the "*genus fœmineum*;" and we do not think that we shall go very far astray in asserting, that very little has been done well, and for this simple reason, that a superficial has almost invariably been substituted for a solid education; that, if we may so speak, the qualities which, from early training, might have been invigorated, and matured in the open airs of heaven, have been fostered, like short-lived exotics, in the sultry atmosphere of a hot-bed. What other cause can be assigned for the style of composition adopted by the "*poetrix pica*" of modern times, distinguished as they are for luxuriance of language indeed; which, however, is not inconsistent with bareness of thought. The field of literature is swamped at least, if not fertilized, by the outpourings of the rich ooze of petticoat poetics, through the mouths of the annuals and periodical pres; and, to be more '*metaphorous*' still, there is actually no attempting to count the small clustered lights whose united splendour now forms the milky, or, rather, the milk-and-watery, way in the poetical hemisphere. There is no curbing the ladies' Pegasus. One would think that the celestial Nine had opened a nunnery on Parnassus, and that all the race of women were fulfilling therein the exercises of their novice still, for the instances of those who have become of the sisterhood we do believe are very rare as yet; rare as they are, however, Mrs. Hemans is one of them, who stands at present, in our judgment, and we are, by no means, indifferent judges, having ourselves, ere now, "*chewed the laurel*," in the same relation to all her compeers, and to all poetesses who have gone before, and we should not be surprised if we might add, to all who shall come after, that Shakespeare bears to Mr. Shiel, Milton to Mr. Robert Montgomery, or Lord

Lord Byron to Miss Hannah Maria Bourke.

"And who, pray, is Miss H. M. Bourke?" saith the reader.

"I am not exactly prepared to tell," replies the writer.

"I should like to know something of her," says the reader.

"You shall enjoy the same degree of acquaintance which we have been honoured with ourselves," rejoins the writer.

"How soon, pray, Mr. Writer?"

"Very shortly, gentle reader."

We should have been most happy, really, so sincere is our admiration of Mrs. Heman's poetry, if circumstances had put it in our power, for we lacked not the inclination, to pay her what we shall call a virgin compliment; that ours might have been the first beam of popular sunshine to light upon the opening blossom of her hopes, or, to speak in plain parlance, that we might have been enabled to say the first fine thing that was said upon the subject of her first fine poem; but we must only be content to walk in this, as in all else, in the luminous track of our dearly beloved Christopher North; and when his enthusiasm is excited, his gallantry awakened, his feelings taken captive by the melody of a woman's lute, and the eloquence of his praise allowed to flow freely from the fountain of his manly and honest heart, we Antony Poplar, shall not be ashamed to catch the "*cadentia verba*" of such a master, and murmur a heart-felt "*ditto*" to his noble and well-won eulogies. Of the birth, parentage, or education of Miss Hannah Maria Bourke—to whom we are bound to give precedence in the following random observations upon the "*Western Lights*," for many reasons besides common politeness; principally because we have been treating, through the greater part of this article, upon the necessary qualifications of a female writer—we are left in the dark, and consequently can only proceed upon surmise. Of her country she makes no more mention than "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" has made of his in the course of two tolerably long poems; however, Miss Bourke's "*Romaunt*" supplies us with internal evidence sufficient to identify her as a votary of the Irish muse, and a native of that enchanting region, Killarney, whose memory shall survive in the

seven cantos of "*O'Donoghue*," long after its mountains shall have been thrown into the lakes to make a good level for a rail-road. Miss B. is, undoubtedly to be comprehended in that numerous class of authors of which we made honourable mention at the commencement of this article. The situation in which she was discovered, and the various devices she had adopted to avoid detection, plainly showed that she never intended to let the "*Prince of Killarney*" loose upon the nineteenth century; other circumstances lead us to believe that she would have preferred to appear when the greater number of the poets who, unfortunately, are still fresh in our recollections, had been utterly forgotten, and particularly Sir W. Scott, for reasons which may appear hereafter. Under these circumstances it may be considered ungenerous in us to have brought forward, so palpably against her inclination, this fair, no doubt, and modest minstrel, blooming, like a night-blowing Cereus, in the dark; but really we are both jealous and envious, and should be much more inclined to treat ourselves to a delicacy now, than attempt to feast, like the guest of the Barmecide, upon the mere idea of what was to be enjoyed by the third generation to come. Besides, what we have already stated cannot but prevent all cavil and captiousness on the part of the hyper-critical and fastidious, convinced, as they must be, that "*O'Donoghue*" is a *bonne bouche* of which these literary cannibals never dreamed; therefore they must be thankful wherein they are pleased, and upon what they cannot comprehend, for "the mystery of obscurity by no means infers the severity of obloquy," they are bound to make no comment.

How true is it that there is nothing new under the sun. And if this may be affirmed with certainty of every thing, of course poetry is included, which we have been led to believe from our past experience, may be fairly considered as something. Miss Bourke, for instance, bears a marvellous resemblance to Sir Walter Scott; but it also appears that the latter was indebted in some degree to the author of *Christabel*, which said author was doubtless under some slight compliment to some person or persons unknown. Byron was not altogether original, even in his hypochondriacs:

Milton, also, has made pretty considerable use of some of his predecessors. Now, under such circumstances, when the Lady of the Lake opens with

"Harp of the North that mouldering long
hath hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's
spring."

And O'Donoughue, the Prince of Killarney, bursts into full leaf with

"Harp of the West that long hast silent
lain
In the dark ruins of Tara's once gay hall."

Allowing for Pegasus changing the trot in the last line of Miss B's invocation, while he continues in the same quiet jog through Sir W. S.'s; we must acknowledge, that there exists a pardonable species of similarity, and only what might be expected from the enthusiasm of admiration which might induce any artist to identify, as much as possible, the copy with the model. We further have a very distinct remembrance of a most judicious and remarkable note occurring somewhere in the course of an unsuccessful poem, which was intended to obtain a Vice-Chancellor's prize, an object, however, in which the writer did not prevail, and, "fired that the house rejected him, he swore s'death he'd print it, and shame the fools;" accordingly to press it went, and from thence to the shelf, where, with the exception of the unprofitable hundred or two, which are sent out upon the world, branded with the author's compliments, the grand body of the first edition awaits, with the most angelic placidity the award of posterity.

But to return to the note, to which we alluded: the poet makes a tolerably fair inroad upon Campbell's *Lochiel*; however, he acknowledges the fact, and though he does not actually permit Campbell to make reprisals, according to the system of the "lex talionis," yet he has the obsequiousness to hope, that the plagiarism will be pardoned, the stolen strangers having seemed so *peculiarly apt for the occasion*. We confess, we cheerfully forgive the spoliators of the spawn of all such 'minnows' as Campbell, Moore, &c.; but what if this principle were to embrace a wider range? Suppose, gentle reader, that we, Antony Poplar and Co., were to take lodgings for the sea-

son in the Acropolis, or toll for an hour or so on the Bridge of sighs, ought Mr. Murray, or ought he not, to take umbrage at our publishing 'Childe Poplar, a Romaunt,' if we inserted a note to the effect, that we hoped his indulgence for reprinting Childe Harold as an original of our own, having found Lord B.'s sentiments 'so peculiarly apt for the occasion?' At all events, we have said enough to vindicate Miss B. even though she divided her cantos into *The Chase*, *The Prophecy*, *The Combat*, *The Feast*, &c., which Sir W. S. had done before her. We shall present the reader with a few random specimens of 'O'Donohue;' the style and imaginative powers of the fair writer being evidently many degrees above the mediocrity of our modern bards, while her somewhat novel, though certainly not altogether, so far as the rhyme goes, inefficient adaptation of unusual senses to the tritest of terms, deserves credit for the boldness of the enterprise however marked by deficiency in prudence. For example, a Mangerton morning:—

"While joyous over hill and dale,
Rung loud the merry matin peal
Of every feather'd warbler bright,
Fluttering in the golden light
* * * * *

Like to that gentle lullaby
Of Sylphids in their moon-lit bowers.
Which comes like heaven's melody,
At even tide thro' summer bowers."

There is enough in the four lines last quoted to constitute Miss H. M. B. the L. E. L. of Killarney—we have the lullaby, the sylphids, moonlight, bowers, heaven's melody, even-tide and summer flowers, which are appointed the "sweet organ pipes" for the melody above. Now what would any carver and gilder of common places ask further than the foregoing, to stock the baby house of his brain with?

Heroes and heroines, ghosts, devils, battle, and murder, with an episode, consisting of the usual ingredients, love, despair, madness, and suicide in a dungeon, are not more suitable in their subject and detail for the composition of a male epic, than are nature and her loveliness, the almost peculiar topics of female metrical discussion—and this is but as it should be. Woman with the taste and delicacy of the bee, probes and extracts the rarest sweets from the lowliest blossoms be-

fore which that donkey biped, man, would prefer to cranch a thistle-top. Pray reader, if you are awake, read Miss B. upon the site of Dunlo Castle.

"Round it flowers of every bloom
Wasted on the air their sweet perfume;
And *cyprus* trees their amber wept,
O'er beds of rose and violet,
And there the *hop* and *eglantine*
Crept round the *illex*, ash and pine,
While honey-suckle peeped between
The branches of each hazel screen!
The Fawn and lambkin sported there—
The stately swan sail'd on the mere,
And goldfinch, linnet, lark, and dove,
Sang and coo'd in every grove!

There is a tableau that would make Pan blush for his Arcadia! Dunlo is a complete Irish paradise, with, as the Exeter showmen say "all kinds of hanimals, including hanimal birds and hanimal fish,"—the prodigal flowers wasting their superabundant perfume! the *cyprus*, like the "sorrowing sea-bird" in Lalla Rookh, weeping amber! the hop, not jumping vulgarly, but creeping round the *illex*! and the sly honey-suckle taking a peep through the filberts, just to show what fine clover the lambkins were in: lastly, the aviary in every grove, for, doubtless, there were a dozen! Really Miss B. we are neither more nor less than Tytiris'd already; we recline beneath the shade of the spreading beech, and improvisatrise in honour of the woodland muse, with the rude minstrelsy of our oaten pipe; all your fair sketch of rural scenery required was a brindled cow, or a fat ox, and we should have been bucolic for ever. If you can, put a bull in your second edition, they go admirably in a line with four feet, perhaps because they are quadrupeds themselves. But gently, Miss B., what is this?

"Short did the beauteous vision last—
For sudden blew an heading blast,
And swept beneath the dark blue mere
The little boat and maiden fair,
He heard the plash! and piercing cry
Of one in death's last agony;
It died away as closed the wave,
And all was silent as the grave;
The lake, the sky, was bright, serene,
Nor vestige of the wreck was seen,
Save that a little white *pannier*
Fill'd with flowers, floated near;
Soon plung'd the Ostman in the tide,
Dashing with sinewy arms aside
The waters false—quick did *exhume*!
The lovely Rhinda from the tomb.

We remember, in the earlier stage of our academic discipline, having met with a captious examiner in the *Æneid*, who certainly censured most unwarrantably an exertion on our part of the

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ius proprium patrie—the privilege of bull-making—upon our translating "viros mediis exponit in undis," "lands the heroes in the midst of the waters." Now, Miss B. we should think a pretty fair authority for such a figure of speech, if, as no doubt she did, she meant that the Ostman really *exhumed* Rhinda from the "closed wave," and we conclude that Miss B. owes us as good a bull in her next "Pastoral," which, however, we do not hope to be paid either by a draft upon J. K. L. or the Pope.

A little learning is a dangerous thing, and, in truth, among the many exemplifications of this maxim, which the "Prince of Killarney" affords, we cannot select a more appropriate than the subjoined.

"The monarch blew a blast to guide
The frail skiff to the island side;
And saw with pleasure, flutter light,
The pendant of the Dunlo knight,
Waving like Sappho's *phænix* fair,
O'er the clear surface of the mere."

We have consulted our memories, which, however, are certainly none of the best, and for this reason we have had recourse to a few authorities which are very far from the worst, and yet have not been able to discover any grounds for furnishing Sappho with a pair of wings. No doubt Miss B. was acquainted with the classical legend about "dying swans," and we will not assert that she was not familiar with Horace's egotistical metamorphosis, "mutor in alitem," probably, therefore, she may imagine she could not do better than "feather" the Lesbian maid also. We are left to our own conjectures, however, what genus the "Tenth Muse" belonged to, whether a balcyon or a cormorant, or whether, as she assuredly has been ranked by Miss B. in the class of "aquatics" she might not at once, from the nature of her last exploit at Leucate, be concluded a fair specimen of a "Jenny Diver."

There is a further curious piece of information in the following lines, if they are correct in what they state.

"And now upon the dark blue tide,
A small black speck was seen to glide,
Like as upon the Ganges' stream,
At sunset *sits* the solar beam."

Really it is a pity that the knowledge of Geography and Astronomy in the foregoing extract should be so sadly obscured by the—we think—untenable simile in the comparison of a "solar

beam" performing a farewell pirouette on the Ganges, to the sober gliding of a "black speck" on the "Mucruss mere."

Among the various perilous and too often fatal occupations which we have both heard and read of the Alpine hunters being engaged in, we were never apprised of the nature and objects of their lighter pursuits until this moment; but so it is, that Sir Joseph Banks, of entomological memory, has many a rival of his fame in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc who, we trust, may obtain a like immortality in the cantos of "O'Donoghue," to that which was generously conferred on Sir Joseph in the lyrics of Peter Pindar.

"O'Donoghue stood upon the prow,
His dark plumage waving over his brow,
So stands on lofty pinnacles
Over-hanging chasm, deep, and dell,
The Alpine hunter holding there
His finely woven silken snare,
To catch the gaudy butterfly,
Fluttering in the summer sky!

We close our extracts from this very entertaining poem, by a specimen of the fair Miss B.'s descriptive powers, which are graphic in the extreme. A serf of O'Donoghue's is furnishing a likeness of his sovereign for the edification of the Ostman whom we have mentioned already.

"Thou knowest our prince has no compeer,
As hero bold he stands premier,
The first in war, the last in peace,
Of giant frame and cherub face—
Compared to his, the falcon's eye
Is not more sharp, for bird or fly,
That ever soar'd aloft on wing,
By arrow shot he down will bring,
Nor is his hand inferior to
His gazzle eye of brightest blue."

So much for O'Donoghue's "personal." We cannot, however, give the palm to Miss B. in this department in preference to the minstrel of "Monckton Castle." Let the reader observe the pathos and simplicity of the following:

"Naithlesse to establish her rights, I ween,
Lived in this castle young Cherubine,
Her cheeks, where dimples made beauteous
breach,
Daintily dawned, and the down on each
Was soft as fur of unfingered peach;
Her glances shot out a dewy flame,
And the sky is blue, and her eyes were the
same!"

* * * * *
Yet her favored warden could he but sing,
He not unlistened would touch the string,
Tho' he was a man of uuchelled face,
From eye to eye too petty a space,
A jester withouten one attle joke—
And the greatest liar that ever spoke!"

In our humble opinion the "Minstrel"

carries the day. He sketches the qualities, mental and personal, with the hand of a master, leaving no deficiency for the indolent imagination to form its still more idle conjectures about. But time and space, which, so far from annihilating, we have not the power even to controul, urge us towards a close, yet before we conclude our remarks upon "O'Donoghue," which abounds with peculiarities similar to those already quoted, besides occasional deficiencies of the ordinary and unpoetical rules of grammar, we would, with all deference, suggest to Miss B., as to all the fair worshippers of the "Vocal Nine," the propriety of such serious study as would embrace a very extended course of polite literature, as also some share of the graver departments of knowledge. The present age is too refined not to turn with disgust from conceptions, no matter how original, or the traits of natural genius, it matters not how bright, if clothed in the grovelling and unsuitable language which only ignorance can supply, and which the self-conceit of too many vain-glorious authors will never permit them to make the effort to amend. What becomes of the hero with the "gazzle eye," and the heroines of the poem whose names we need not enumerate, of the ghosts, fairies, and banshees, of which there is a plentiful sprinkling? and what will become of the seven cantos which bear a slight resemblance to those of the Lady of the Lake in their names, and none whatever in their contents, once that we have consigned them to the shelf from whence they came—upon all these issues we shall allow the reader's fancy the most unlimited scope of divination, from the lowest degree of probability to the very apex of the most unqualified assurance. The next on our list is rather a strange composition, and cannot be passed without a brief notice, for two reasons—the first, that we enjoyed a very exquisite description of the author's indignation at his publishers, because they presumed to bring out "The Mountain Spirit" on a *wet day!* to which he attributed the dampening of the public ardour and the necessary consequence of the first edition remaining, to a copy, "in statu quo." He must be an original, if this were the sole proof he could adduce of his utter singularity, and therefore deserves a remark *en passant*, as upon the

other ground, that we never met with a more marvellous metre than that of the "Mountain Spirit." For instance,

How beauty flies
Where sable care
Comes on raven wing;
And armed Time,
(Destructive God),
Follows close behind.
The ship of life,
For ever toss'd
On a starless sea;
The salty wave,
Beneath whose lash,
Is heard the bubbling groan!
* * *

Now in the West,
The radiant sun
To his God declines;
O'er shiver'd altars,
Fallen domes,
The ruby beam
Its working glare
Wildly smites!

And so on, for whole pages, trips the "Spirit." But we have had enough of it, and shall turn with pleasure to a very interesting and unpretending *morceau*, from the pen of a reverend author of great literary eminence. How admirably he develops his immediate inspiration from the genius of facetiousness must strike the reader at once on perusal of the ensuing lines. They savour a little of the "Lakist" school, but far be it from us to cast a stain upon the divine garb of simplicity upon which we should say a good deal had we not been anticipated by what old Jacob Tonson used to call more "able pens."

ON MY BEING REFUSED THE LOAN OF AN UMBRELLA, BY A CERTAIN LADY.

When rain smartly fell,
I ask'd an umbr'ell
From kind Mrs. Doe,
Who cried out, "No, no,
I'll not let you take it,
As no doubt you'd break it.
Go, child, lay it by,
The wind is so high
It surely would tear it,
And who would repair it?
I don't care a pin,
If your'e wet to the skin,
I'll not lose a penny,
By you or by any."
Thus, void of all shame,
Spoke out the fine dame;
Then home I must pace,
The rain in my face,
And thanks to Penella,
That deny'd the umbrella!

At a future period we shall resume our "Random Poetics," and commit a few further depredations upon the 'Stores of Posterity.' We would now once more recommend all of every sex who aspire after that species of fame, now by far the most difficult of attainment, "the poetical," not to approach the fountains of Pirene ere their genius be purified, and their taste refined from the dross of ignorance and self-sufficiency

The Muses, to be won, must be wooed by gentle approaches; they never fail to shrink from the rude grasp of uncouth and uncivilized violence; this we have seen tolerably well exemplified in the rather indifferent success of the "uneducated Poets;" very few of whom have approached the fame of Robert Burns, whom we shall mention as the most splendid exception whereby to prove our rule, in any definable number of degrees. As it is still a moot point whether Shakspeare was or was not indebted in some degree to art, we shall not adduce him as an example where we are discussing the capabilities of nature *per se*; besides we take it for granted that no one has any intention of breaking a lance upon the ground of uncultivated genius with him, about whom Dr. Johnson has left nothing for admiration to express: neither should we permit the 'unschooled' to build upon Swift as a model or an ally, because he obtained his University degree by special grace, which he had the wit to convert from its proper meaning into a particular compliment.—The natural talent which springs elastic from the pressure of adverse circumstances, or unassisted by the extrinsic aid of academic education, of itself at once commands notice and approval, is indeed of the most brilliant and dazzling character, but it appears with the intervals of centuries between its rare and beautiful risings; and as wisely in sooth might the unfledged gosling attempt in all its affected majesty of impotence to rival the soarings of the eagle, as the very many silly and incompetent muse-mongers to catch, through the fog of their folly and ridiculous aspirations, even one glance at the glorious train of the great luminary, which would not have its beams polluted by lighting, for an instant, on the stagnant vapours that hover round their turbid intellect.

We owe to the kindness of a gentleman, who formerly distinguished himself as a successful candidate for the Vice-Chancellor's prizes in our University, an original letter from Sir Walter Scott in reply to a note, which he sent to Sir W. S. with one of his poems; which having received permission to insert; and as it bears strongly upon our subject, independently of every other inducement, we haste to submit to the reader, and so to close for the present.

"SIR,—I am obliged with your letter,

I generally am unwilling to correspond on the subject of Poetry, with aspirants after the favour of the Muses, because one must give pain by criticism or perhaps excite false hopes by complaisance, and neither alternative is pleasant. But youth is a sacred word with me, and has at all times a right to the best advice which experience enables me to offer. Your early composition shews I think both spirit and thought, and expression, but it has many of the faults incident to early composition, in particular the language is at times too flowery to express the author's precise meaning. But I have had only time to look at the verses, otherwise I should find more to censure as well as to applaud.

I greatly approve of your resolution to work hard at your studies, there is no rising to any permanent eminence in literature, without knowing a great deal more than others do, and Horace you know tells us

" Sapere est principium et fons."

"There is, beside, this weighty consideration, that if you should ever fail of becoming an eminent poet, a matter which many depend upon chance as well as merit, you cannot fail of becoming a learned, accomplished, and respectable man. The cultivation of the understanding will be in this case to you what the diligent digging of their father's garden was to the peasants in the fable,

they did not find the treasure which his dying words led them to seek, but they raised an excellent crop, which was as good a thing. Let me hope that your studies tend to some profession; that of literature alone, and for subsistence, is the most miserable in the world, you must either be a slave of the daily press and sell your daily thoughts for your daily bread, or you must court the caprice of the Public by compositions, adopted not at your own choice, but that of the booksellers, and sacrifice of course both literary and even personal independence, whereas having a profession you may use literature as a staff to support you occasionally, not as a crutch to lean upon, and write when you please and how you please.

"To these few hints I can only add the propriety of abstaining from dissipations of every kind, which seldom fail, when habitually practiced, to deprave the imagination, and destroy the powers designed for higher purposes. I can only add, that I remain your sincere friend and well-wisher, as well as obliged servant,

WALTER SCOTT."

10, *Stephen's-green,*

Wednesday, — 1825.

"P. S.—The kindness of my Dublin friends has scarce left me a moment to write these lines."

WHIG LEGISLATION.

That our observations can have much effect in checking the present headlong career of lawlessness and revolution, is, perhaps, too flattering an expectation to be entertained. The *march of intellect* is, we fear, too far advanced to allow the still small voice of reason to meet with much attention. Nevertheless, although we may not be successful in stemming the torrent of anarchy, it will be some satisfaction to have placed our opinions upon record. Legislators, who have failed in their opposition to an injurious measure, do not conceive, that they fully acquit themselves of their duty, unless they enter their protests.

In considering the phenomena, which the present system of misgovernment presents to our view, it appears to us, that many of the dangerous mistakes into which modern reformers fall, may be traced to one or two errors:—one of these errors is the endeavour to apply principles which hold good only in the simple and original rudiments of society, to that complex, artificial, and heterogeneous combination, a modern state. Revolutionists are fond of insisting on the natural equality of men, and are ready to inform us, that all members of the community are invested with equal rights. The truth of these principles, when applied to society, resolved into its primary elements, is not more evident than is their falsehood, in reference to the social body, when moulded into the form of a civilized nation. In the same way we are free to admit, that a reformed house of commons is more consonant with the abstract theory of representation, than it was as formerly constituted. And yet this admission does not one whit alter our conviction, that the, so called, reformation of the house of commons was the most insane and reckless project that ever disgraced the councils of profligate political empirics.

Another prolific source of error consists in the want of a comprehensive

view of the various interests and numberless relations, which exist in the complicated machinery of our political system. It belongs to contracted understandings to see things only in detail; the various parts and members, which constitute one great whole, appear to them isolated and independent; they perceive a “mighty maze,” but are unable to discover that it is “not without a plan.” A melancholy instance of this want of philosophic scope is exhibited by our reforming legislators in their treatment of the British constitution. That any part of this admirable edifice should appear to their discriminating eyes to be corrupt, is sufficient cause for its removal. To consider its relations and independencies, to ascertain whether it be not inseparably connected with the other parts which it is desirable to preserve; such reflections as these are beneath the notice of their enlarged philosophy, which condescends to view things only in the nakedness of metaphysical abstraction. They do not remember, that the removal of a decayed buttress or mouldering pillar may occasion the downfall of the entire structure; they do not call to mind, that the amputation of a diseased limb may extinguish the vital spark in the whole body; they forget that in eradicating the tares, they may root out the wheat also. Dangerous and fatal as the mistakes arising from these sources certainly are, would to God they were the only errors with which our rulers could be charged!—would to God that, although their judgments were warped, their intentions were upright!—would to God, that to weak heads they did not add perverted hearts! But what abstract theory will account for—what weakness of intellect extenuate the reckless robbery of chartered rights—the establishment of popish education in Ireland—insulting legislative enactments against the tried supporters of British connexion in this country—the fatal coalition with France

to support a nation of popish rebels in their revolt against the lawful authority of our old and ancient protestant ally—the reduction to beggary of our much venerated clergy? But time would fail us to complete the dismal catalogue, and mathematicians though we be, we confess ourselves unable to sum the infinite series of calamities, which the Grey administration has brought upon the country.

That unprincipled spoliators should attack the possessions of the church, is not matter of surprise. To address any observations to them would be a mere waste of argument. As well might we enter into a discussion upon the rights of property with the footpad, who demands our money or our life; but if there be any moderate and well-meaning men, who consider the property of ecclesiastics as less sacred than that of the laity, to them we would beg to address a few brief remarks.

One grand source of misconception upon this point, appears to be the tacit assumption, that property which is held under certain conditions—property, to the enjoyment of which the performance of certain duties is attached—is not, in reality, property at all. The possessors of ecclesiastical property are required to fulfil certain conditions, to perform certain duties, and, therefore, it is assumed, that their estates are salaries, which the state is at liberty to give, to lessen, or to withhold. The *vis consequentie* of this deduction, we confess ourselves not sagacious enough to discover; on the contrary we boldly assert, that, if the necessity of fulfilling certain conditions invalidate the right of property, there is no such thing as property in the empire. We distinctly affirm that there is not one solitary individual in his Majesty's dominions, who possesses a shilling of unconditional property. Have any of our liberal legislators, any of our new-light politicians, in whose vocabulary church reform and church robbery are synonymous terms, ever heard of forfeited estates? Have they ever heard of treason, felony, misprision of treason, præmunire, &c.? And do they know what effect the commission of any of these offences would have on their broad acres? All estates then are forfeitable for certain crimes; that is, in other words, the possessors of them are required by law to conform to certain con-

ditions. But does this weaken their tenure, so long as those conditions are observed? Who will have the hardihood to say so? This then is the real state of the case. All estates, both lay and ecclesiastical, are held conditionally upon the observance of certain duties specified by law, and we are unable to discover anything in the duties imposed upon churchmen, calculated to invalidate their rights. The qualifications required of ecclesiastics are that they shall be men of learning and piety, that they shall reside upon their cures, and that they shall devote their time and attention to the welfare of their flocks; that these should be the conditions required of them, may no doubt, in the eyes of modern reformers, appear cause sufficient to nullify their right to their incomes, and to sap the foundations of property. But to those not so far advanced in the march of intellect, it would not appear any very grievous calamity, if the possession of all estates whatsoever was incumbered with similar duties.

But some of those who clamour loudly about church property being the property of the state, are at other times, with admirable consistency, prepared to inform us that it belongs to the poor. And in support of this second claim, they conjure up some lying legend about an original fourfold division of the revenues of the church. I answer then, we deny that there was ever a fourfold division of the property of the established church. Before the existence of an establishment, the voluntary contributions of the people were indeed divided into four parts: one for the support of the bishops, another for the maintenance of the clergy, a third for the building of churches, and a fourth for the relief of the poor. But when permanent endowments rendered the bishops and clergy no longer dependent on the eleemosynary support of the people, and when the building and repairing of churches were also provided for by a charge on land, the contributions of the people ceased to be divided into four parts, and were directed wholly to the relief of the poor. These collections ceased in England on the establishment of poor laws, but still exist to a certain extent in Scotland and Ireland, where poor-boxes are handed about the churches on Sundays. Such is the foundation of the boasted argu-

ment derived from the fourfold division of church property!

But the beggars and the state are not without competitors, in their claims upon the revenues of the church. The popish landholders of Ireland think their right to the tithe of the lands undeniable. It may not be amiss therefore to consider the case of church property, with respect to landlord and tenant. It will not be denied that land, which is subject to tithe, sells proportionably lower than land which is tithe-free, that is, in other words, the buyer of land purchases nine-tenths of the value of the ground. These nine-tenths, and these only, are his property, and these he sets to his tenants for corresponding rents. Upon the remaining one-tenth, neither landlord nor tenant have any claim whatever. The inheritor of land, in like manner, inherits only nine-tenths of the value of his estate, and is in this respect, similarly situated with the original purchaser.

Those who view the church establishment in this light, can see no meaning in such expressions as that the church *costs* the public *too much*, that it is *too burdensome* upon the people. They cannot understand how an institution can *cost* the public *anything*, which is supported by revenues, exclusively its own, by revenues which do not belong to the public, and which therefore are not subtracted from the pockets of the public, nor can they readily perceive in what respect it is *burdensome* upon the people, that they are not put in possession of property, upon which they have no moral or legal claim whatever.

Were a foreigner, a stranger to the circumstances of our nation, to be informed that there existed in this country an established church, that its ministers were learned, pious, and exemplary men, that they were possessors of property, as sacred as any in the empire, that this their lawful income they spent in constant residence among their flocks, that in order to qualify them for their holy calling, they had received a liberal and expensive education, that in entering into their honorable profession, they had been sanctioned and encouraged by the government of the country; and were he further informed that the nation so highly favoured, was the empire of Britain—of Britain, whose justice, whose laws, whose polity, whose constitution have been the theme of admi-

ration to philosophers, statesmen and historians, and the envy of civilized Europe, what would be his natural conclusion? Would he not take it for granted that these deserving men were not only protected in all their rights, but cherished and honored by the paternal care of a friendly government? And could he be accused of incredulity if he refused to give credence to the following agonizing tale:—

It is now more than two years since the Clergy of the Established Church, throughout a great part of this country, have received any of their lawful income, if we except the wretched pittance doled out to them by the grudging hands of a hostile government. In bespeaking public sympathy for our injured clergy, we are persuaded that it is only necessary to state their case as it really is, and to let the facts speak for themselves, a plain, unvarnished tale. Were their sufferings known to the public, we think too well of the Protestants of this country—we think too well of the British nation—we think too well of human nature, to suppose they could be heard with indifference. The British public, we are well aware, have but little idea of the condition of our impoverished clergy. But we have lived amongst them, and can speak from actual observation. We have seen their once happy homes, lately the scenes of contented competence and peaceful domestic enjoyment, now the abodes of wasting poverty and fearful anticipation. We have seen sons, the solace and the hope of their parents' declining years, summoned home from school or from the University, to share in the miseries of the paternal roof, because the blessings of a liberal education could no longer be extended to them. We have seen daughters, the ornaments and darlings of the domestic scene, torn from the embraces of their sorrowing parents, to earn among strangers that subsistence which could no longer be afforded to them in their father's house. We have seen Ministers of the Established Church deprived of the very necessities of life, harassed by vexatious creditors, and rescued from the ignominy of a gaol only by the humiliating alternative of accepting alms. Nor are the actual privations of poverty the only, or even the most bitter, ingredient in the cup of their sorrows. He was no superfi-

cial observer of human nature who said—

“Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.”

The beggared clergy are surrounded by the malignant authors of their woes. They are living amongst those to whom their fallen state is a subject at once of triumph and of mockery. And we have seen a Minister of the Gospel pursued to and from his Church, on the Sabbath day, with the imprecations and insults of the surrounding populace, whilst his dejected look and threadbare garments excited their derision and their jeers!

And now, at the bar of public opinion, we appeal to all classes of his Majesty's subjects to determine whether there is any security for property under a Government which permits, if it does not encourage, this monstrous combination. We appeal even to those most hostile to our establishment. We tell them that the Government which will not respect the rights of their enemies, will not respect their own.

“*Tua res agitur cum proximus ardet Ucalegon.*” Nor is their danger the greater nor the less, because Ucalegon is their friend or their foe. No! Our rulers have permitted the rights of property to become an empty name, and look on with stoical indifference whilst the laws of the land are trampled under foot. No! There is no safety under an administration which considers the immortal principles of truth and justice secondary to some temporary and questionable expediency. Landlords of Ireland look to your title deeds. The sacrilegious spoliators, who have robbed your clergy, call upon you with a voice of thunder to “set your houses in order.” Do you look for protection to the government? So did your pastors. They leaned upon a broken reed. Will you do the same? Be wise in time. There is no safety under rulers who regard not vested rights; and where we find the will to do injustice, how shall we obtain security but by taking away the power?

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

By the kindness of a legal friend, we are enabled to present to our readers, the highly interesting law argument, relative to the "*ad eundem*" degrees, which was argued before George Bennett, Esq., K.C., Assessor to the Returning Officer, and the Provost of the University, at the late election. The very important argument and judgment on the rights of Bachelors of Medicine, Law, and Divinity, shall be given in our next.

Is a Master of Arts, or a person of a higher degree in Oxford or Cambridge, who has obtained an "*ad eundem*" degree, in the University of Dublin, entitled to vote in this University, under the 60th section of the Irish Reform Bill?

Mr. Solicitor-General argued against the right. An "*ad eundem*" degree is one of a purely honorary nature. There are two kinds of degrees; one conferred, after the performance of the statutable qualifications; the other, by mere favour, as of grace. A Master of Arts from this University, on obtaining an "*ad eundem*" degree in Oxford or Cambridge is not entitled to political privileges there; why should there be privilege granted here in such a case, without a perfect reciprocity? As to the meaning of the phrase, "degrees not by grace only," it is well explained in the commentary on the statute of pluralities (21 H. 8. c. 13.) in Gibson's codex p. 908. note 9. in which it is stated that the phrase means that the party obtaining a degree not by grace only, has performed the statutable exercises in order to such degree, without any favour or dispensation therein. That shows the nature of the distinction expressed in the 130th page of the college statutes. The *exercitia* there mentioned are the academical acts which the statutes require. Honorary degrees are those obtained "*sine exercitiis*." The "*ad eundem*" degree is founded on a certificate from the English University, and therefore "*sine exercitiis*." The English degree on which the *ad eundem* degree is founded, may have been granted "*speciali gratia*." The "*ad eundem*" degree is not one for which our University "*se spondet*;" it is given "*honoris causa*," and not "*actuum causa*."

Provost. The Board has the means of ascertaining, by an inspection of the VOL. I.

English degree, whether it was granted *speciali gratia*.

The patent of collation to a Bishopric is a title to a degree; so also every privy councillor has such a title.

Assessor. Such degrees are not "*ad eundem*" degrees.

Mr. Leadrick argued in support of the right. The question is simply a matter of evidence; and the point is, what is the evidence of the "*exercitia præstita*?" The rules and ordinances in Oxford and Cambridge being substantially the same as those of this University, the "*ad eundem*" degree is admitted, not "*honoris causa*," but because there is a certificate produced to satisfy the triple caput here, of exercises performed there; and which, if performed here would entitle the party performing them to his degree of A.M. In the college statutes, p. 138, cap. 4. "*De gratiis concedendis*," this same reason is given; "*qui eadem statuta habent, idemque tempus nobiscum observant in gradibus capessendis*." The degree from the English University is evidence of the performance of the exercises by the person who has obtained it. That is vouched for by the senior Proctor, who acts upon his own knowledge, where the exercises are performed here; and where they are performed in the English University, he acts upon documentary evidence, recognized as authentic. As to the objection, that an *ad eundem* degree might be obtained upon an English degree granted by special favour, that has been satisfactorily answered by the explanation given by the Provost. The *ad eundem* degree is only conferred on graduates of the English Universities at Oxford and Cambridge, consequently cases of honorary degrees conferred on graduates of the Scotch Universities do not apply. The reason why Masters of Arts from our University, taking out *ad eundem* degrees in Oxford and Cambridge, have not political privileges there, is that residence is required for a certain number of Terms, and that is not required here.

On the 17th of December, the Assessor gave judgment in favour of the right. "The question in this case is, whether an *ad eundem* degree must be considered as one of a purely honorary nature? If it be not of that nature, the right cannot be disputed. Degrees are granted either by

special grace, or by reason of exercises performed. The former is of a purely honorary nature, being conferred at the will of the Board, and sanctioned by the University. In cap. 4. p. 139. the *ad eundem* degree is referred to, as distinct from the degree obtained by special favour; and as the party claiming it, must have taken the same degrees under the same statutes and after the same lapse of time as here, the necessary exercises are performed by him, and consequently his degree *ad eundem*, is not of a purely honorary nature. The right, therefore, is in my judgment clearly established."

The Quarterly Examinations commenced on Tuesday, Jan. 22, and terminate on Feb. 1st inst.

The subjects for the Vice-chancellor's compositions are, for Graduates, "The advantages of Political Economy" and for Undergraduates, "Druidica."

Mr. Saurin has given his opinion, that any persons registering after the 23d of January last, will not be enabled to vote at the elections of members for the University. If this decision be correct, many persons will lose their right of voting for College, as it was generally supposed that the time for replacing the names of voters on the books did not terminate until the 7th of this month; which day is six calendar months from the time of passing the Reform Bill, and virtually the period allowed in the clause relative to our University. Mr. Saurin's decision is, we believe, grounded on the difference between lunar and calendar months, the former of which he supposes to be intended by the Bill, and which terminated on the 23d of last month.

OXFORD.

December

On Thursday, the 6th inst., the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts—J. Spink Wadham, grand comp.; Rev. J. J. Vaughan, Merton; A. Mangles, Merton.

Bachelors of Arts—C. Boy, Scholar of Merton; W. Harrison, Scholar of Brasenose; T. W. Allies, Scholar of Wadham; J. P. Keigwin, Scholar of Wadham; H. F. Cheshire, Wadham; G. T. Clare, Fellow of St. John's; W. Froude, Oriel.

On Thursday, the 13th inst., the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts—Rev. G. D. George, Scholar of Jesus; Rev. E. A. Waller, Brasenose; Rev. G. D. Grundy, Brasenose; Rev. W. Drake, Lincoln; Rev. J. King, Balliol; Rev. A. D. Stac-

poole, Fellow of New Coll.

Bachelors of Arts—J. R. Harvey, St. Alban Hall; G. H. Somerset, St. Mary Hall; J. D. Giles, Exhibitioner of C. C. C.; R. G. Macmullen, Scholar of C. C. C.; W. Pearson, Scholar of University; J. W. M. Berry, Brasenose; J. W. Macdonald, Ch. Ch.; A. J. P. Lutwyche, Queen's; E. Wear, Queen's; S. C. Denison, Scholar of Balliol; W. H. Lushington, Oriel; W. Spooner, Oriel.

December 15.

Magdalen Hall—Lusby Scholarship—The late Mr. Henry Lusby, of Navestock, Essex, having left some estates to the University, in trust for the promotion of sound and religious learning in Magdalen Hall, in such manner as the President of Magdalen College, and the Principal of Magdalen Hall, for the time being, shall direct, the President and the Principal have determined to found in Magdalen Hall, Three Scholarships, open to all Undergraduate Members of the University of Oxford, who are not under four, or above eight Terms standing from their matriculation. The election of the first Scholar will take place next Term.

In a Convocation held on Wednesday last, for the purpose of choosing two Burgesses to represent the University in Parliament, Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., D. C. L. of Christ Church, and T. G. B. Estcourt, Esq., D. C. L. of Corpus Christi College, were unanimously elected. The former was nominated by the Very Rev. the Dean of Christ Church, and the latter by the Rev. the President of Corpus.

On Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity—Rev. J. S. Richards, Fellow of Exeter.

Masters of Arts—T. Clutton, Fellow of New Coll.; Rev. G. Taylor, Exeter.

On the 4th inst., Mr. B. Williams, of Trinity College, was elected an Exhibitioner on the Fitzgerald Foundation, Queen's College; and on the same day, Mr. E. Meyrick was elected an Exhibitioner on the Foundation of Sir Francis Bridgman.

On the 7th inst., Mr. G. M. Giffard was admitted Scholar of New College.

On Monday last, Mr. H. Fawcett, of University College, was elected to an open Scholarship in that Society, on the Foundation of Mr. Browne; and Mr. J. Brencley, to a Scholarship attached to Maidstone Grammar School, on the Foundation of Mr. Gumsley.

At an election holden at Corpus Christi College, on Wednesday, Dec. 12, the Rev. R. M.A., and the Rev. T. Medland, M.A., were elected actual Fellows of that Society.

On Thursday last, Mr. W. S. Richards, B.A., was admitted Scholar of Jesus College.

CAMBRIDGE.

Friday, November 30, 1882.

Joseph Walker, Esq., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, was on the 22nd instant elected Probationary Fellow of Brasenose College Oxford.

At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Physic—J. Johnson, Trinity.

Bachelor in Divinity—The Rev. G. Wilkinson, St. John's.

Honorary Bachelor of Arts—The Hon. W. C. Wentworth Fitzwilliam, Trinity.

Master of Art—J. W. Lubbock, Trinity, (comp.); L. Thompson, Trinity, (comp.); S. Marinden, Trinity; P. W. Ray, Clare-hall; W. P. Hulton, Downing College.

Bachelors in Civil Law—W. Lowndes, Trinity-hall, (comp.); Rev. R. M. Hope, Trinity-hall; Rev. H. B. Hall, Trinity-hall; T. Wirgham, Trinity.

Bachelors of Arts—W. J. Havart, St. John's.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, Professor Cumming, one of the Vice-presidents of the Society, in the chair. Among the presents to the society, was announced a goat-sucker, presented by the Rev. G. A. Browne, and two bottles of water from the poisonous fountains of Wiroseri, in China, presented by the Rev. L. Jenyns; also an account of the effects of this water. A memoir was read by the Rev. R. Murphy, Fellow of Caius College, on "Elimination between an indefinite number of unknown quantities;" and some memoranda on the architecture of Normandy, by the Rev. W. Whewell. After the meeting, Mr. Brook, of St. John's, gave an account of the history of the various process of *li-thotripsy*, and of the recent improvements introduced by Le Roi, Civinli, and Hueteloup, and others. This account was illustrated by the exhibition of the instruments employed for this purpose, and by various drawings.

The following is a list of the resident

members of Cambridge University belonging to each College:—

	In Commons	In Lodgings
Trinity	485	241
St. John's	881	107
Queen's	123	74
Caius	91	36
Christ	80	8
St. Peter's	79	17
Emmanuel	77	7
Corpus Christi	69	8
Jesus	64	4
Catherine-hall	59	27
Magdalene	59	5
Clare-hall	54	2
Pembroke	43	—
King's	34	—
Sidney	31	12
Trinity-hall	24	2
Downing	14	3

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In College, 1,144. In Lodgings, 553.
Matriculations (Mich. Term,) 383.

December 7.

The Vice-Chancellor has received from the solicitor of George Buxton Browne, Esq. a proposal to appropriate 2,000*l.* free of legacy duty, part of a bequest left to the said George Buxton Browne, in trust, by the Rev. John Cross, late of Bradford, in Yorkshire, "for promoting the cause of true religion," and to transfer the said sum to the University for the purpose of founding Three Theological Scholarships.

December 14.

On Wednesday last the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn and the Right Hon. Charles Manners Sutton, of Trinity College, were elected representatives in Parliament for this University.

The office of Christian Advocate has become vacant by the resignation of the Rev. Hugh James Rose. The election of a Christian Advocate will take place on the first of January, 1883. Any person who has filled the office of Hulsean Lecturer is not eligible to this office.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, the Rev. Professor Sedgwick, the president, being in the chair. Among the presents announced to the society were several pieces of fish collected by Professor Henslow in the neighbourhood of Weymouth. Mr. Whewell read a continuation of his notes on the architecture of Picardy and Normandy. After the business of the meeting, Mr. Simms gave an account of the method of graduation of astronomical

instruments, by which he has divided the mural circle of eight feet diameter, recently placed in the observatory of this University, and divided in its actual place. This account was prefaced by a notice of the methods of *engine dividing*, or derivative graduation: and of the modes of *original dividing*, employed by Bird, Graham, and Ramsden, previous to the one which has now superseded them, and which is the invention of Mr. Troughton. The explanation was illustrated by the exhibition of models, and of some of the apparatus and calculations which have been actually employed for the observatory circle.

The circle was brought to the observatory in the beginning of October, and Mr. Simms has since been employed (personally) in cutting the gradations after the circle was mounted on its pier, an advantage which, we believe, no other instrument has ever possessed. The observatory may be considered as, at least, equal in *instrumental* power to any similar establishment in the world. Another assistant will be required as soon as the new instrument is completely in action.

December 21.

The office of Hulsean Lecturer being vacant, the Trustees of Mr. Hulse's Benefaction have given notice, that they propose to proceed to the Election of a new Lecturer on Tuesday, the 1st of January, 1838.

PRIZE SUBJECTS.—The Vice-Chancellor has issued the following notice in the University:—

I. His Royal Highness the Chancellor being pleased to give annually a third gold medal for the encouragement of English Poetry, to such resident Undergraduate as shall compose the best Ode or the best Poem in heroic verse; the Vice-Chancellor gives notice that the subject for the present year is—*Delphi*.

II. The Representatives in Parliament for this University being pleased to give annually

(1) The Prizes of Fifteen Guineas each, for the encouragement of Latin Prose Composition, to be open to all Bachelor of Arts, without distinction of years, who are not of sufficient standing to take the Degree of Master of Arts; and

(2) Two Prizes of Fifteen Guineas each, to be open to all Undergraduates, who shall have resided not less than seven years at the time when the exercises are to be sent in.

The subject for the present year are,

(1) For the bachelors,

Quenam præcipue sint labentis imperii indicia?

(2) For the Undergraduates,

Utrum Servorum manumissio in Insulis Indorum Occidentium confestim facta, plus boni aut mali secum afferat?

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

We learn with regret, that this useful Society has been placed in a very novel and embarrassing situation. After all its ordinary arrangements for the last year were completed, the Treasury most unexpectedly made a reduction of £1,500 in its usual small annual grant. The Society, in consequence, was scarcely able to meet its engagements, and its efforts to benefit the country were paralysed. Its Lecture-room, which used to be crowded to excess with attentive auditors, have of late, presented empty benches. The long services of its Professors and Officers have been compensated by considerably diminished salaries. Even the privilege of gratuitous attendance on all the Lectures enjoyed by the public for upwards of a quarter of a century has

been suddenly withdrawn, to the great dissatisfaction of all classes of the community. These sweeping changes in our National Establishment, which we could not have anticipated, do not, we think, reflect any credit on the Government.

The Treasury carried those harsh measures into effect without sufficient information or inquiry against the Royal Dublin Society, whilst they have acted with their usual partiality for the British Museum. The Treasury did not trouble themselves, we are informed, by any direct communications to the Society, in order to gain information respecting its nature, objects and public utility, and the duties of its Professors and Officers. No—All this was quite unnecessary; they acted solely on the very meagre report of

a Select Committee of the House of Commons, made several years ago, which report is not only discreditable to that house, but an insult to this country, because it was not founded on any examination into the actual state of the Society, but takes for granted, what is the very reverse of the fact, namely, that the Society is not a *public* and *national*, but a *private* Establishment. The Dublin Society claims to be the eldest Institution of the kind in Europe. It has done substantial service to Ireland for a hundred years, and so far is it from being a *private* Establishment, that we fearlessly assert it has stronger claims to be regarded as a *national* Institution, than even the British Museum, simply because it has *gratuitously* dispensed greater benefits to the community. And yet, that Select Committee apparently ignorant of the constitution and objects of the Society, legislate for it, as they would for a *private* Dispensary, and hand it over to the Treasury, who, in the plenitude of power, without farther inquiry, in these times of *reform*, quite *revolutionise* the Society.

As it is scarcely fair to refer to public documents without quoting them, at least, in part, we trust our English readers will excuse us for making a short extract from a Treasury Minute which was presented to the House of Commons the 10th September, 1831. It will shew not only the narrow views, and want of information of the Select Committee, but the short-sighted policy, and unfairness with which the Treasury has treated the National Establishment of Ireland. That Minute thus proceeds, "My Lords read the following passage from the Report of the Select Committee appointed to consider the Irish Miscellaneous Estimates.—Resolved. That it is expedient to bring such of the Estimates as may hereafter be presented to Parliament for the Miscellaneous Services of Ireland, under the direct control of the Treasury, subject to the responsibility of which department, it is the opinion of the Committee, that they should be in future submitted to the consideration of the House," &c. My Lords then proceeded thus—

"The principle laid down by the Committee of the House of Commons has been to make the existence of local contribution, the test of the utility of an establishment like the Dublin Society, and the condition to be insisted on, in order to justify a grant of public money. With this view it was suggested, that the attendance on the lectures of this Society should cease to be gratuitous, and that

any Lectureship, which did not annually produce £200 at the least, should be suppressed, the professorship should be abolished, and the salary struck out of the Estimate. In this opinion my Lords entirely concur, and feel it expedient that in future the accounts should be rendered and the Estimates founded upon the principles so laid down."

On referring to that report, we think it due to the Committee to state that their Lordships have put a most unwarrantable and forced construction on what is said respecting the Society's lectureships, for there is not one word in the report of *suppressing* any lectureship, or *abolishing* any professorship and *striking* its salary out of the Estimate; but the credit of this interpretation, and the recent changes in the Society, is given by his countrymen to the worthy Irish Secretary to the Treasury.

If the above principle be sound, it will apply with greater effect to the British Museum, in the wealthy metropolis of England, than to the Royal Dublin Society in the capital of Ireland—a city impoverished by the Union which has swept away our nobility and gentry; by the partial decay or absolute ruin of our arts, manufactures, and commerce, and by the breaking up of our national establishments. But has that principle been applied to the British Museum? By no means. On the contrary, its grants of the public money, have of late years been materially increased, and in the last year amounted to nearly thirty thousand pounds, besides twenty thousand pounds voted towards a National Gallery in London, whilst the grants to the Dublin Society have been steadily reduced from ten thousand pounds to the paltry sum of five thousand five hundred pounds. We complain not of those enormous grants for the national establishments of England, but we protest as Irishmen against the application of a principle to our national establishments, which would be ruinous to the national establishments of England. We claim for Ireland her fair share, her equitable portion of the public money, and let the Treasury, see that it it be honestly expended in the public service.

The proverbial ignorance of our people is one grand cause of their moral degradation. From this ignorance they must be emancipated before they can become either good citizens or good subjects. Whilst the government appears anxious to promote the cause of education in Ireland, the Treasury strangely

overlooks or affects to despise the advantages of gratuitously instructing the public in the useful sciences, in the different departments of Natural History, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, and for the poor saving of about *three hundred pounds a-year!* deprives thousands and tens of thousands of the community of such important means of instruction. This sordid policy is greatly to be deprecated, particularly in the present excited and feverish state of the country.

We are professed advocates for gratui-

tously instructing the public in the useful sciences. We think such instruction capable of producing a great moral effect on the people, and is particularly adapted for our country. Men who acquire a taste for sciences will very rarely be found in the ranks of political agitators—they will generally be lovers of order and friends to peace. Science humanizes and exalts the mind; it tends to preserve man from mean and vicious pursuits, and prompts him to useful and laudable undertakings.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The first general meeting of the Society was held at the Royal Irish Academy, on the 8th of February, on which occasion the Provost, as president, delivered an able and eloquent address, on the advantages likely to be effected for this country, by the proper cultivation of Geology as a science, which has since been published at the request of the Society. During the course of last year, several original papers were read at the general meetings of the Society, among the principal were the following:—

A paper on globular formations, by Dr. Stokes.

Two papers on the study of Geological Science, and a paper on the Basaltic district of the north of Ireland, by Captain Portlock, F.G.S. M.R.I.A.

A paper on the transformations of the County of Limerick, by Dr. Apjohn.

And a paper on the *Cervus Megaceros*, or Fossil-deer of Ireland, by John Harte, Esq. M.R.I.A.

It is not our intention at present to enter into a more detailed account of these communications, which contain much interesting and original matter, as we are informed that this Society intends shortly to publish a report of its transactions of the last year.

The Society has now permanently engaged apartments in the Richmond Institution, 37, Upper Sackville-street, where it will in future hold its general and other meetings; and deposit the collection (already made) of specimens, books, maps, &c. for the advantage and convenience of members.

Wm. Ainsworth, Esq. has just delivered an highly interesting and instructive

course of lectures on Geology, under the auspices of the Society, at the Society's apartments, 37, Upper Sackville-street.

At present we have only to say, that in a country like this, which has ever been so much divided by party feeling and political animosity, we are glad to find the introduction of any society, which will furnish (like the present one) some common ground, on which men of all political creeds can meet in harmony, and leaving behind the angry feelings of public life, exert themselves together, for the advancement of science, and the development of the resources of their common country.

On the 29th of November, 1831, a number of highly eminent and influential gentlemen met together, at the Provost's house, for the purpose of forming a Geological Society in Dublin, the objects of which, (as stated in the words of their own resolutions) should be, to contribute to the progress of Geological science, by all possible means, and to cultivate more especially such branches of Geology and Mineralogy, as are likely to lead to improvements in manufactures, in agriculture, in the construction of roads and canals, in draining, in searching for coals and other minerals and more particularly in Ireland, where there is reason to believe, that much remains to be discovered, which will reward the labours of patient and intelligent inquiry.

To promote these objects, several resolutions were then passed, and finally a society established, resembling in its constitution, as nearly as possible, that of the Geological Society of London.

The following officers were appointed

to act for the first year:—

President:

The Provost, T. C. D., M. R. I. A.

Vice Presidents.

The Lord Chief Baron, H. M. G. S. L.

Lord Rosse,

Sir Charles Giesecke, F. G. S. M. R. I. A.

Richard Griffith, Esq. M. R. I. A. F. G. S.

Whitty Stokes, Esq. M. D. M. R. I. A.

Secretaries.

Rev. H. Lloyd, F. T. C. D. M. R. I. A.

Professor of Natural Philosophy, Trinity College.

James Apjohn, Esq. M. D. M. R. I. A.

Professor of Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons.

Treasurers.

Rev. Thos. Luby, F. T. C. D.

Wm. Tighe Hamilton, Esq.

Council.

Maider Brady, Esq.

Professor Hamilton, F. R. S. M. R. I. A.

George A. Hamilton, Esq.

Robert Hutton, Esq. F. G. S.

Arthur Jacob, Esq. M. D. M. R. I. A.

Henry Fry, Esq.

Barth. Clifford Lloyd, Esq.

John McDonald, Esq. M. D.

Lord Ormantown, M. A. S. L.

David R. Pigott, Esq.

Rev. George S. Smith, F. T. C. D.

Thomas Staples, Bart. L. L. D.

Isaac Weld, Esq. F. G. S.

BELFAST NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The following is an abstract of the proceedings of the Society, since these which we noticed in our last number.

November 7.

On the Grains cultivated in the Belfast Botanic Garden, during last year—read by Mr. Edmund Getty, in which was noticed their respective productiveness, their adaptation to our climate, and their fitness for particular soils.

November 21.

On vision in man and the lower animals, by Dr. H. Purdon. Dr. Purdon commenced his paper by describing briefly the phenomena attending the passage of light through various media, and the alterations produced on its course by different surfaces; he then applied these principles to the human eye, having noticed its structure, and concluded by pointing out the peculiarities to be found in the eyes of the lower animals.

November 28.

On the food and process of nutrition in vegetables, by Mr. James Grimshaw, jun. In this paper, a description was given of those parts of the plant, in which the functions necessary to its individual existence reside; a survey was then taken of the sources whence their food was derived—the peculiar nature of the food deduced, and the whole concluded by observations derived from the author's own researches.

December 12.

On the cerebral development of animals as connected with their instincts,

and mental capacities, by Mr. Grattan, illustrated by magnified drawings, and by the crania of different animals.

December 26.

On the geographical distribution of Birds, by Dr. James D. Marshall. The paper was illustrated by a number of splendid specimens of stuffed birds, among which were the following:—The white-headed eagle of North America; the Golden eagle; the sea eagle; the ger falcon; two large and rare species of crane, from the East Indies; the greater bird of paradise; numerous varieties of humming birds. Besides these, many of the following specimens, presented on this evening to the Museum, served as illustrations to this interesting paper:—The gigantic crane, measuring 15 feet between the tips of the wings. This bird is an inhabitant of Bengal, and is very rarely brought to Europe; it was presented by Mr. Edmund Getty.—A rhinoceros' horn; presented by Mr. G. C. Hyndman.—A pelican from James Orr, Esq.—A remarkable species of vulture, from the East Indies; presented by Mr. R. S. M'Adam.—A specimen of a rare and beautiful species of duck, also from the East, by Mr. Patterson.—Among the other donations of the evening, were a collection of bird skins, from Chili, transmitted from that country by Mr. James G. Hull, formerly of this town, and now a resident of Santiago de Chili.—Several cases, enclosing specimens of British birds and quadrupeds, and a sum-

ber of reptiles from Dettmerera, by Mr. James Grimshaw, jun.—A trigger fish, from Mr. Hugh C. Clarke.—A collection of snakes and insects, from Carolina, by Mrs. Dickey, of Myrtlefield.—A Brent goose, and a small quadruped, from New Holland; presented by Dr. James D. Marshall.—A brazen spear head, from Mr. Hugh Kirkwood.

January 2. 1833.

On the genus *Aranea* of Linnæus, by Mr. Templeton. The reader commenced by noticing the external and internal conformation; in the latter dwelling on the circulatory system, pointing out the discoveries of Cuvier, and Treviranus, and detailing his own observations on the blood, and the course of the vessels through the thorax, legs, and organs of prehension of the animal, he then alluded to the position assigned the genus by Linnæus, Cuvier, and Lamarck, and concluded by describing the peculiarities of habit in the several subgenera.—Specimens of many genera, and numerous drawings were exhibited.

January 16.

On the present inhabitants of Brazil, communicated by Mr. Mitchell. The paper was written by Mr. Mitchell, jun., and contained his observations, after a residence of 10 years in Brazil, on the different stocks from whence the present population have been derived, and on the peculiarities of their mental and physical powers.

January 23.

An interesting paper was read by one of the Members on the Natural History and Antiquities of the neighbourhood of Portarlington, in the Queen's County. This was illustrated by a number of drawings of the scenery in that part of Ireland, taken on the spot; and also by specimens of various objects of Natural History procured there.—The paper gave rise to an animated conversation in the latter part of the evening, in which various Members of the Society took a part. The following donations were presented on this occasion:—A New Zealand boat, and the fruit of the nutmeg tree, from Dr. Birnie, R. N.; pendent nest of the grosbeak, from Dr. McCormac; 2 jays, some insects, and fossils, from Portarlington, presented by Mr. W. Patterson; specimens of copper ore, from

the county Wicklow, from Mr. R. Patterson; a white rat, from Mr. Miller, Comber; a pole cat, and a raven, from Captain Fayner, R. N.; specimen of magnetic rock, from the Island of Ascension, and Scoria, from Graham's Island, from Lieut. Graves, R. N.; specimens of calcareous incrustation, from the Solfatara, in the Campagna di Roma; of the *Rhododendron ferrugineum*, or rusty leaved rosebay, from the Mer de Glace, in Switzerland; and of the materials used in forming the Mosaic paintings at the church of St. Mark, at Venice; a pair of horns of the chamoris; and a catalogue (in German) of the collection of Swiss birds, in the possession of Sprungli at Bern, from Mr. Wm. Thompson; an ancient Mexican manuscript, written on paper made from the plant *Maguey*, a species of *Aloe*, from Robert M^cCalmont, Esq. of Abbeylands.

The Museum was opened to the public on the 1st of last month. A well proportioned and handsome room, nearly fifty feet in length, contains the collections of specimens, some of them displayed upon the wall of the apartment, and others in cases of various kinds. On opening the door, the first object which meets the eye is a cast of the Gladiator, the full size of the original statue. From the pedestal on which it stands, to the door, the floor is occupied by several cases of rich and valuable shells, the property of Dr. Drummond, the President of the Natural History Society. On either side of these are double ranges of cases, in which minerals, fossils, shells, and insects are deposited. A case, at one end of the room contains a number of small quadrupeds, and is surmounted by a boa constrictor. Another, at the opposite extremity, contains some large lizards, and a variety of corallines, over which is placed an Esquimaux canoe. In a flat case, on the right hand side of the door, are placed some interesting antiquities; and, on the left hand, a case of about 20 feet in length, and 12 in height, contains some of our rarer native birds, with many of those of the tropical climates. This case is surmounted by three noble eagles, of different kinds, and in various attitudes. The scientific arrangement has not yet been, in every department, completed.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We think it right to state that no communication addressed otherwise than to the Editor of the DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, or to Antony Poplar, Gent., can be attended to.

We have received an extraordinary supply of poetical contributions which it is impossible to notice separately. Such as may be considered worthy of insertion shall appear from time to time, as opportunity may serve.

R. W. N. shall appear in our next number.

We regret we cannot avail ourselves of the translations from Goethe.

We would recommend B. to select a more definite subject for an article, under the impression that we might be so enabled to avail ourselves of the talent which may be easily traced in the paper before us.

To our kind and valued correspondent, the Rev. R. D., we beg to return our best acknowledgments, and hope for a continuance of his able support.

We look forward with anxiety to a fulfilment of Advena's promise.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. III.

MARCH, 1833.

VOL. I.

THE REFORMED PARLIAMENT AND THE KING'S SPEECH.

THE first and most important end of wise political arrangements is to promote the practical welfare of the great body of the people; and the second is, to satisfy the people that the arrangements have been made with this end in view. The first is the *duty* of the ruling power, the second is prudent policy. The first confers on the people a substantial benefit, the second imparts to them a consciousness of it, from which flows popular contentment. The first gives prosperity, the second gives peace. Twelve months ago it was very generally, and with most unseemly violence insisted that the Whig ministerial party were pursuing the direct road to the accomplishment of both these ends. It was said that by the Reform Bill, and by the "liberal and enlightened" views of the administration generally, the country was to obtain practical benefits, unknown during the dark ages of Tory ascendancy; that the people were to feel satisfied that every thing which could be done, was done, for their good; and that prosperity and confidence would go hand in hand, and establish a universal reign of peace and plenty. A new era of freedom and happiness, of national union and national strength, was to date its commencement from the accomplishment of the Reform Bill, and all was to be sunshine and happiness, save in the obscure haunts of disappointed and defeated Tories. This is no exaggerated statement of the things which were expected, and which were actually foretold as the consequences of Whig experiments upon the legislative constitution, and the great establishments of the country. How utterly they have failed to produce these re-

Vol. I.

sults, let the present state of the Government, the legislature, and the country, tell. Instead of substantial benefits we have palpable loss of public security, and profitable industry; instead of public contentment and cheerfulness, we have gloom and rage, and a fearful looking forward to dark and undefined calamity.

We may call the Reform Bill Ichabod, for its glory hath departed—it is no longer a thing for present boast and future promise—it has become the Frankenstein of the Whig administration, and they now regard with fear and abhorrence the monster of their own creation. They cannot bring themselves even to name it in a public document where it might be well supposed it had rightful claim to that honor, and in the speech from the Throne to the first Parliament, dictated under the new reformed Constitution, the grand improvement is not even alluded to.—It was no longer an agreeable theme for the exercise of Ministerial eloquence. While it was yet in perspective, distance lent enchantment to the view, but its actual presence met with no gladsome greeting, and the Reformed Parliament entered upon its labours unhonored and unsung by those who had hailed its far-off coming in full chorus, from the small treble of Lord Johnny Russell to the loud tenor of Lord Brougham, and the low droning bass of Mr. Charles Grant. Undoubtedly this omission of any congratulatory notice respecting Parliamentary Reform in the speech from the Throne is one of the most remarkable circumstances connected with that unlucky state paper in which all parties seem to find abun-

dant matter for disappointment or disgust. Notwithstanding the small minority which voted against the address to the Crown in return for his Majesty's gracious speech, there were, we believe, out of the immediate circle of the Ministers, not ten members of the House of Commons who did not feel either alarm at the obscure announcements which the speech did contain, or disappointment respecting what it did not contain. It is our purpose in this article to discuss with brevity the principal topics of his Majesty's address on the opening of the Parliamentary Sessions, in doing which we shall, neither after the manner of Mr. O'Connell's mild and graceful criticism, call it "a bloody and a brutal speech," nor, with the Courtier-like extravagance of Lord Ormelie, describe it as a theme for "joy and congratulation;" but we shall examine it as a ministerial summary of the state of affairs, and the reason for calling the Parliament together, and endeavour to form a judgment upon the occasion for praise or blame which this summary affords. Some of our readers will perhaps think that after the four nights long discourse upon the subject which took place in the House, and in which it certainly cannot be denied that Irishmen took their full, if not their fair share, there remains little necessity for any further animadversion from us, in addition to the store of oratory that has already been poured forth, but we do not mean to follow in the track of the high and mighty rhetoricians who could see but one point in the King's speech, and that, the point which related to the state of this country, we are resolved in our humble way to return the compliment to the Imperial Parliament, and in requital for its discussion of the speech from the Throne *à l'Irlandoise*, in St. Stephen's Chapel, we shall undertake to discuss it *à l'Angloise* in this Magazine.

Some of the English newspapers have humorously called the speech a new Chapter of Lamentations, so abundantly does it deal in topics of regret and discomfort, though that most sage of all movers of addresses, Lord Ormelie, thought proper to speak of it as a theme of joy and congratulation. His Lordship, if he proved nothing in the course of his speech, certainly justified its opening sentence, in which he stated the strong sense which he had of his

deficiencies for discharging the duty he had undertaken. This joyous and triumphant speech, consequent no doubt upon the promised blessings of Reform, and the march of "liberality" in every department of politics, "laments" the continuance of the civil war in Portugal, "regrets" that the endeavours to effect an arrangement between Holland and Belgium have been unsuccessful, tells of the "complaints" which have arisen from the collection of tithes, mentions the causes of complaint in Ireland, and their "unfortunate consequences," and then observes, that it is the "painful duty" of his Majesty to observe the great increase of Irish disturbances. A plain man would suppose there was nothing very hilarious in all this, and an Irishman would certainly have been laughed at, if in pronouncing a panegyric upon this dolorific composition, he had talked of the circumstances it enumerated as matter of congratulation and gladness; but the Ministers had just given the young Lord who moved the address their confidence, and "a gift doth blind the eyes of the wise." If the amount of the wisdom is to be estimated by the degree of blindness which in this instance the gift occasioned, Lord Ormelie must be very wise indeed. But to begin with the beginning—His Majesty states that the period being arrived at which the business of Parliament is *usually resumed*, he has called the members together for the discharge of the important duties with which they are entrusted. This is indeed a common-place and inconsequential opening for the Royal address to the first Parliament under the new Constitution. It amounts to this—"the first week of February having arrived, and it being usual for Parliament to resume its labours in the first week of February, I have, conformably with the ordinary routine of business, called you together that you may attend to your important duties." But no sooner has this dry official reason, which seems as if it were copied from the opening of some Secretary's circular for an annual meeting of a Board of Directors, been formally stated, than his Majesty goes on to say, that never at any time did subjects of greater interest and magnitude call for Parliamentary attention. This is something like a reason appropriate to the time, and would perhaps have been deemed

by the public quite sufficient, even if the precise month, and day of the month had not come when the business of Parliament is "usually resumed." We should not trouble ourselves or our readers with this sort of criticism, were it not that in former days, when Tories with much less pretension as literary amateurs, prepared the King's speech, it was laid hold of by all the wittings of the Whig opposition, and exposed to the ridicule of their critical analysis, while we were given to understand how very differently, and with what striking superiority, the Whigs would have prepared such state documents. We really cannot discern the promised improvement, now that they have the affair all in their own hands. We suspect that the responsibilities under which Cabinet Ministers communicate with the public are very considerable checks upon the ornaments of style, and nice properties of composition. Lord Brougham and Vaux has no doubt discovered that a paragraph in the King's speech is a very different thing from a paragraph in the *Edinburgh Review*, and all Lord John Russell's experience in writing tragedies may not have rendered him perfectly competent to give to a tragic state paper the most exquisite precision of language and arrangement.

The speech proceeds to lament the continuance of the civil war in Portugal, which has for some months existed between the Princes of the House of Braganza. From the commencement of the contest, his Majesty states, he has abstained from all interference, except such as was required for the protection of British subjects resident in Portugal, and he assures the Parliament that he shall not fail to avail himself of any opportunity that may be afforded him to assist in restoring peace to a country with which the interests of his dominions are so intimately connected. Now we will venture to affirm that there is not a man in the three kingdoms even tolerably well acquainted with public affairs, who does not know that this statement which the King has been advised to make to his Parliament is directly untrue. All Europe rings with the fact that Great Britain has *virtually interfered* in the contest. Her Government has made no open declaration on the subject, but it is notorious that British men and officers, British money,

and British provisions have sustained Don Pedro in his position at Oporto. It is certain that in defiance of the Foreign Enlistment Act, which the Government did not enforce, the men and munitions of war for the service of Don Pedro were sent out from this country. Large ships were purchased, and not only openly, but ostentatiously were fitted out as war ships and victualled in the River Thames. The newspapers in the influence of the Government were day after day loud and vehement in support of Don Pedro, and in abuse of Don Miguel, and even now it is certain that the business of Sir Stratford Canning, at the Court of Madrid, is to negotiate, if not in favour of Don Pedro, certainly against Don Miguel. What then are we to think of the integrity and the honest dealing of the King's Ministers with the public, when in the face of these facts they make the Sovereign declare that he has abstained from all interference except what is necessary for the protection of British subjects resident in Portugal? The best that can be said of it is, that it is a paltry quibble; the King may say he has not interfered because there has been no official declaration of interference on the part of the Government, but the King's subjects—nay his servants paid by the country, have been allowed to interfere, and the most palpable favour has been shown by all connected with the King's Government to the cause of the invader at Oporto. But setting aside this ministerial declaration of non-interference, as a gross evasion of truth, if not a direct and absolute falsehood, and looking at the facts as they really are, let us ask why the Government should, in point of policy, or in consistency with their own principles of deference to the popular will, have countenanced Don Pedro as they have done? We can find no satisfactory answer to this question, and we are forced to seek for an explanation in what was stated by Lord Aberdeen in commenting upon this passage of the speech of the Throne. "I am most unwilling," said his Lordship, "to attribute motives to the conduct of a set of men, but I cannot refrain from saying that all over Europe the existing policy towards Portugal is attributed to personal vanity and self-love on the part of some of the noble lords connected with the administration, ob-

stinately blind to the sacrifices which they make to the interests of their country." The policy of our Government in this matter is bad, because it completely alienates from English interests the present Government of Portugal, for the sake of the very remote chance of a greater interest being established with Don Pedro's Government should he be successful, whereas if even so very improbable a thing as the success of the invader, were to come to pass, the probability is, that a matrimonial connection would be immediately formed with the family of the French King, and the advantages of Portuguese commerce would be more likely to flow to France than to Great Britain.

But if it were true that Great Britain could put Don Pedro or his daughter on the Throne of Portugal in the room of Miguel, and that we were likely to reap advantage from the change, what right have we to interfere with the will of the Portuguese people, or with their ancient laws, and by both, is the sovereignty of Don Miguel supported. No one has *now* the hardihood to deny that Miguel is popular with the Portuguese people. Not a single man in Portugal has volunteered to aid the invader—his supporters are all foreigners, with the exception of some Portuguese exiled for violation of the laws of their country. Don Miguel is not merely Sovereign according to the ancient laws, which adopts the second Son of the Sovereign, Prince, when the eldest succeeds to, and resides in, a larger kingdom or lordship, but he is also expressly chosen and declared King by the three orders of the State lawfully convened and assembled, and the declaration is approved and adhered to by the whole population. Don Miguel may be, according to our notions, a tyrant, and a man not worthy to reign, but surely if the Portuguese are pleased with him, it is their affair, not ours; and we are to them most unreasonable and unjustifiable tyrants, if merely upon our notion of what is best for them, we insist upon their dethroning a King whom they approve, and taking one in his stead whom they despise and detest, though our Ministers look upon him as a marvellous proper man.

The next section of the speech relates to the ill success of the King's Government in the adjustment of the

differences between Holland and Belgium, with a notice of the capture of Antwerp, and an intimation that the embargo on the Dutch commerce was to be continued. It would be superfluous, if not presumptuous, for us to dwell in this place, upon the general features of the Dutch and Belgian question which have been made familiar to this country in one of the most eloquent and effective speeches of modern times, publicly delivered not long since by a distinguished member of our University. The impolicy, the injustice, the national wickedness of the course which our Government has unhappily taken in this business, have been exhibited in language too convincing to be combatted, and too forcible to be forgotten. We need not point out to public detestation those "anxious endeavours" to effect a definitive arrangement between Holland and Belgium, the unsuccessfulness of which our Ministers "have to regret;" but with regard to this notice of these disgraceful proceedings in the King's speech, we have to observe, that there is no expression of regret or remorse for the blood shed, and the property destroyed at Antwerp, while there is an elaborate compliment to the "good faith and honour with which the French Government has acted in these transactions;" there is nothing said of the injury which the commerce of Great Britain is every day suffering from the absurd and unjustifiable embargo, without any cause for, or declaration of war, while we are very complacently given to understand that the embargo is continued on Dutch commerce, as a punishment for the non-submission of Holland to the dictation of France, supported by the fatuity of England.

From the notice of Foreign affairs, the Speech proceeds to an intimation of the approaching termination of the Charters of the Bank of England, and the East India Company, which "will require a revision of their establishments." There is so much vagueness—so much internal obscurity, in the arrangement respecting these great institutions, that it is impossible to form with any degree of probable correctness, a notion of the plan of innovation which is in contemplation with regard to them. It is indeed more than probable that as yet no plan has been determined upon, and they are merely mentioned that they

might not appear to have been forgotten. In the mean time, what has been said, is quite sufficient to excite alarm in all those whose property is at stake in these establishments. To thoroughly understand the various bearings of these two great monopolies, upon the money and the trade of the Empire—to judge of their advantages and disadvantages, and to strike a just balance between, would require a depth and closeness of examination, a patience of deliberation, and a soundness of capacity in decision, for which the quietest times, and the best possible temper of the public, would barely suffice. It therefore seems extremely unfortunate that their "revision" should have to take place when the rage of innovation is at its height, and extreme impatience, and rashness in the trial of experiments in public matters are the characteristics of the time. This circumstance of itself is sufficient to create alarm in the minds of all whose interest it is to have a decision respecting these great corporations, founded on knowledge and consideration, not on prejudice and headlong conceit; but there is another and a very grave cause of alarm under such a Government as that which at present rules over us. That Government, if it continues to act as it has acted, would sacrifice these establishments to the popular cry, should it appear likely that by so doing they might make more sure of continuing in the receipt of pay and the possession of patronage. They sacrificed the old House of Commons as a last desperate throw for the maintenance of office, and they succeeded at the expense of convulsing the country not for the moment, but for a time the end of which is not yet, nor soon to arrive. In all probability they would even more readily sacrifice the interests involved in the Bank and the East India Company, as individually they are likely to be less concerned in their fall. With regard to the Bank, however, it has a hold as a creditor of the Government, to an amount which Government would find it by no means easy to repay. The East India Company's privileges are more likely also to offer an inducement for popular cupidity to overthrow, in the blind expectation of reaping advantage from that which nothing but the management and the means of the Company render profitable. We do not suppose that dur-

ing the present session any very important step will be taken respecting either, but it would be too much to expect that these establishments, or any other, will escape out of the hands of the Reformed Parliament, (eager as it is to stamp its impression upon every thing,) without some threatening and injurious blow.

We now come to the consideration of that part of the Speech relating to the English Church, "more particularly as regards its temporalities, and the maintenance of the clergy." This presents of itself a field of discussion so ample, that we shall not attempt to enter in this cursory notice of many different topics, upon its examination, and the rather, as we shall have a better opportunity of speaking upon it when the grievances, and the redress for them, which are now only hinted at, shall have been detailed to the Parliament by his Majesty's ministers, who have deemed themselves not incompetent to undertake in the model of other pressing affairs, the difficult, delicate, and important subject of Church Reform. We cannot however omit to notice that in this Speech from the throne, delivered by the King himself, who has sworn to maintain the rights and privileges of the Church as by law established, without any reservation whatever; the Parliament is told that it may be necessary to consider what remedies may be applied for the correction of "*acknowledged abuses*." This we submit is language which in the present state of the Church question, no legislator is justified in using. Coming from the Government, it is, to say the best of it, most unbecoming, and uncalled for; but from the King in person—the head of the Church, there is something in it that we are unwilling, if indeed we were able, to speak of in the language in which it seems to us that it deserves to be spoken of. So far as close observation enables us to judge of the feeling and temper of the English Hierarchy in this threatening period, they are well disposed, and some of them perhaps more than sufficiently ready, to listen favourably to whatever plans of improvement the Government may think necessary for the satisfaction of the country, provided these plans do not go to the spoliation of the Church as a body. The Bishop of London, who, for a man of energy and decision

in the discharge of his episcopal duties, is somewhat of a yielding disposition in matters of public opinion and state policy, has been pleased to state his confidence that the Government will not attempt any change, the plan of which would be to alter the present general characters of the Church Establishment, and to add that if that principle be maintained, his opposition will not be given to the intended improvements. We suppose the Right Reverend Metropolitan feels tolerably certain that the improvements to be proposed will not include any provision that there shall be no translation in future, from the See of London to that of Canterbury.

The same reasons which induce us to pass so briefly over the notice of English Church Reform in the King's Speech, influence us yet more strongly to avoid in this place the almost direct threat of absolute spoliation which is levelled against the Church Establishment in Ireland. Even Sir Robert Peel, who seems to have been affected with a most courteous passion to say soft and civil things to His Majesty's Whig ministers in his Speech on the address, felt some qualms when he came to the notice regarding the Church in Ireland, and said he should look upon the execution of a separate principle with regard to the Irish Establishment with alarm—some of the reports say "horror," but from so soothing a gentleman as Sir Robert, it does not matter much. We write these pages upon the eve of Lord Althorp's development of the designs of the Government in this matter, and we shall not pronounce by anticipation, upon that of which we may know the certainty, before we close this article.

The notice taken of Financial matters in his Majesty's speech, is extremely brief, doubtless because it was a theme upon which the Ministers felt a particular delicacy in touching. They were well aware of the anxiety with which the people of England looked for some announcement that might give hope of a reduction of taxation, and finding it impossible to hold out such a hope, the Ministers hurried from the ungrateful subject to one in which they were more likely to meet with public sympathy. In Ireland we have little notion of the deep concern which all classes of Englishmen take in that matter-of-fact de-

partment of politics which relates to the national finances. Our taste here is for more exciting topics, or if we concern ourselves in public questions concerning pounds, shillings and pence, it is because they are connected with local matters. We do not continually think of the public funds, with reference to their political indications, nor does the sight of a tax-gatherer lead us into cogitation upon the stability of the British Monarchy. But in England so great is the pressure of taxation, either real or supposed, upon the middling classes, that finance is in all their thoughts, and we do not go too far when we affirm that the desire to shift the burthen of their taxes, or to abolish them altogether, has been at the bottom of all the mighty changes which the last two or three years have exhibited in the political temper of the people of Great Britain. It is true, that concurrent circumstances of neglect and contumely, and above all, the contagion of the French revolution of 1830 aided in hurrying into action the angry spirit of the people, and in causing the cup, which had long been brimming full, to overflow; but the substance of the discontent was the heavy taxation, and relief from it was and is the real and substantial "finality" which the people looked to when they forced the Reform Bill into law. The omission therefore, of any allusion to a reduction or readjustment of taxation in the King's speech has given the people of England an indifference respecting the fate of the present administration, the effects of which they are likely soon to feel. An opinion has got hold of the people that the taxation is not fairly distributed. They say it does not bear sufficiently upon the possessors of large properties, and that the middling and poorer classes pay too much in proportion to their means. The rich, they say, must make sacrifices to the State in proportion to their riches, and this they reckon upon being accomplished by the Reformed Parliament. The Ministers have not held out the expectation that they will take the lead in effecting this change, and the probability is, that the Parliament will take the matter into its own hands, and abolish the taxes which bear hardest upon the middle classes, leaving the Minister to make up the deficiency as he best can. The first blow will probably be struck

upon the assessed taxes, a species of impost in the reduction of which we in Ireland have no immediate interest, but which are felt as a very heavy impost by persons in moderate circumstances throughout Great Britain. The whole amount of the assessed taxes may be estimated at five millions per annum, of which one-half is paid in window tax and inhabited-house duty. These are the heaviest *direct* taxes paid in the towns of England and Scotland, and we have no doubt that the Minister will be compelled to give them up, and to compensate the Exchequer by some impost which will bear more exclusively upon the rich. The Ministers would assuredly have acted with more prudence had they advised his Majesty to advert to the great pressure of taxation upon the people, and to promise that every thing would be done which the public safety and the public credit would permit, in order to render its reduction possible. But the Ministers do not appear to have composed the speech in a popular humour—they speak of coercion, not of compassion—of punishment rather than relief.—The condition of the working classes, about which when out of office they appeared to be so continually and so sensitively solicitous, is scarcely adverted to, and no intimation is given of any measure to ameliorate their circumstances, and lift them out of the calamities which flow from low wages and scanty employment.

We now come to the last topic of the speech, and that part of it which, up to the moment at which we write, has almost exclusively occupied the attention of parliament. His Majesty expresses his confidence, that the Houses of Lords and Commons will entrust to him such additional powers as may be found necessary for controlling and punishing the disturbers of the public peace in Ireland, and for preserving and strengthening the Legislative Union between the two countries, which, with their support, and under the blessing of Divine Providence, his Majesty states, he is determined to maintain, by all the measures in his power, as indissolubly connected with the peace, the security, and well-being of his people. As we have stated, at the commencement of this article, it is not our intention to follow in the erratic course of all the eloquence and indignation which these

declarations called forth from Mr. O'Connell and his friends in the House of Commons, nor to recapitulate the arguments with which those, who contended on the ministerial side, met their assailants of the Repeal phalanx. Before these pages meet the public eye, the minds of most of our readers have been made up as to the merits of the arguments for and against. We wish, rather, as we have the opportunity, to state, what our readers may not be so well acquainted with, namely, the impression of the public mind in England upon this portion of the King's speech, and the part taken by the Irish members with regard to it.

Mr. O'Connell's cunning is vernacular, and, out of Ireland, it fails him. At home, he discovers a natural and prompt alacrity to seize upon the surest mode of success; or, if he makes a mistake, to retrieve himself so as to twist even ill fortune to advantage. He has a kind of instinct for adapting himself to circumstances when he has his own countrymen to deal with, and now, by downright impudence—now by adroit dexterity, carries his point by storm, or wins his way to it by manoeuvre; but, in England, he does not make sufficient allowance for the different dispositions of those whom he seeks to influence. He is eloquent, and he interests them, but Englishmen do not make their feelings the governors and guides of their judgment; and, therefore, though he may interest, he does not persuade. An Englishman will only be persuaded by evidence and authority. Moreover, an Englishman's feelings will carry him only a certain length. He cannot be so excited as to sympathise with extreme rage and violence of expression. He loves decorum, thinks calmness an attribute of truth, (at least in political details), and violence, instead of rousing him to corresponding feeling, gives him offence. Mr. O'Connell does not remember all this, or, if he does, he acts as if he did not. Certainly if he was sincere in his violent opposition to the Ministers on the Address, nothing could be more injudicious than the method which he adopted. Had his object been to serve the Minister, he could have done nothing more effectual for that purpose. To his violence, and that of his friends, it is owing that, in spite of all the disappointment and dissatisfaction

which the speech was calculated to produce, and did produce at first, the popular favour flowed back again to Ministers. The English public were disgusted and alarmed at the violent tone and daring perseverance of the Irish repealers, and the few English levellers who joined them, and determined against *such* assailants, to support the Government. To Mr. O'Connell's policy therefore it is owing that the Ministers established themselves at the outset of the Parliamentary campaign—in the first division on public business of the first Reformed Parliament, by a majority in the proportion of ten to one. Had Mr. O'Connell taken a different course, the result would have been very different—if, instead of his bullying justification of revolting atrocities, and his savage abuse of the threats of punishment held out in the King's speech, he had devoted himself to a grave and serious accusation of the Irish Government—if he had painted, as he well could have painted, the acts of that Government by which the populace were absolutely encouraged in their violence, and then suddenly checked with fierce ill temper, as if the object had been to goad them into madness, he then might have taken the public feeling of England with him, instead of turning it, as he did, against him. He should have known the English better than to suppose they would patiently listen to any thing like justification of the horrible offences with which the daily records of occurrences in Ireland are stained and blotted. He should have admitted their wickedness, and with sorrowful indignation, not with brutal fury, have cast upon the Government the responsibility which it has a right to bear. It is in vain to talk in bullying language to Englishmen about circumstances to justify outrage and assassination. There can be no such circumstances; such crimes must be punished, and if ordinary powers are not sufficient for their punishment, extraordinary powers must be given. It is very true that political evils are not to be met with the bullet and bayonet, or the axe and rope of the executioner, but with redress. It is equally true, however, that those who complain of political evils are not to be allowed to right themselves by the foulest crimes, and the most horrible violations of the laws of God and the

feelings of humanity. If Mr. O'Connell has the power over the Irish peasantry to make them refrain from crimes, let him thus exercise his power, and when he has to plead before the English public for innocent men suffering from political hardships, he will then be listened to with attention and sympathy; but the public whom he addresses, when he crosses the channel, have not nor ought to have any sympathy with assassins, and they will not respect Ireland a bit the more that able men are to be found among its representatives who hear of the *punishment* provided for those who commit such crimes, with much indignation. If there was any particle of impression made upon the House by Mr. O'Connell's speech in moving his amendment to the address, it was completely swept away by the speech of Mr. Shaw, a Representative of whom our University may well be proud, standing as he now does in the very first rank among the men of ability and eloquence in the House of Commons. Wearied and impatient as the House was, when he rose to speak on the address, it was soon absorbed in mute attention to his energetic and affecting eloquence, and the Conservative party were at once fixed as adherents of the Ministry, so far as the suppression of outrage in Ireland demanded their assistance. No man in the House except Sir Robert Peel, could have done so much by a single speech, as was effected by Mr. Shaw.

What the future course of the Conservative party may be during the Session, we do not pretend to determine. They have already done enough to shew how much they can forgive, and how little they are open to the charge of factious opposition. They are already reproached with coalition with the Whigs. Not many weeks have elapsed since the Whig papers accused them of coalition with the Radicals. One accusation answers the other—we trust they will coalesce with nothing but Conservative *principles*, and hold themselves equally aloof from the spurious liberalism of the Whigs, and the bold depravity of the more open Revolutionists, who are at present opposed to the Whigs. It is indeed but too plain that if there be not a good deal of consent on the part of the conservatives in Parliament to uphold any tolerable measures of the Government, worse

will follow; but then this never should be done without a disavowal of the *principles* of the Ministry, and a proclamation made that the apparent union was one of sheer necessity; so as to keep alive and distinct an unflinching maintenance of the only *true principles* of Government, and social welfare. Conservatives may find it necessary to support the measures of Government,

because the constituted authorities are to be upheld against the attacks of anarchy, but great care should be taken not to let words of courtesy go so far as seemingly to lose sight (for a moment) of the grand difference, that the Conservatives are "white," and Lord Grey's Administration "black," even if now and then they are thrust into company by particular circumstances.

POLITICAL ASTRONOMY,

OR, NOTES OF SOME OBSERVED DISTURBANCES IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

The events, Mr. Editor, which I am about to relate to you, as well as the adaptation of our language to celestial phenomena will allow, have, however strange it may appear, been witnessed by me, as the vision of the Revelation was by the Divine, *before* they have actually taken place to our clouded and confined perceptions. To explain how this is, would be fruitlessly wasting my time and your patience, and you will therefore at least give me the credit due to travellers in general, and believe my relation until some subsequent adventurer shall have proved its falsehood. Strange indeed are the mysteries of the universe, and cautious should he be who attempts to initiate the public, lest his soarings be, to its clouded perception, considered fantastic or visionary. But, like my great predecessor, Copernicus, who bore privation and misery rather than conceal or disavow the TRUTH, am I content to suffer the flout and jeer of every earth-crawler, who raises his voice and turns up his nose in proportion to his prejudice and ignorance. Let, then, him that possesses the sense and reason of a man, that he can understand great truths, under the garb of allegory, come with me into a political *Palmos*, and learn secrets that concern him nearly.

Without further preamble, I will proceed to inform you that I was rapt into the unmeasurable depths of ether

one night, after my spirit had attained an unusual degree of elevation by a perusal of the debates in a certain house, reported in the columns of the Times newspaper, and found myself after a time placed by some invisible power in the chair of Cassiopeia, being at the same time made certain that I had liberty to dip my pen, a feather from the right wing of the Swan, in the dark azure of the heaven, and to make my notes of what passed upon the milky way.

No sooner was I seated, than there was an unusual bustle in the little world which I had left. I was reclined with my legs crossed, my head on the palm of one hand, (my elbow being placed on the arm of the chair, which was stuffed with the softest nebulae to make it easy,) and the other lazily hanging over the back, with the quill between my fingers.—I was at once dubbed a constellation.—The object-glass of every telescope glared full upon me.—An astronomical treatise was published in little more than a week after I appeared, for the purpose of enlightening the world on the subject of "*the new discovery*." I was described as being observed in such a declination and right ascension, forming such an angle with the elbow of Perseus, and the right ear of Andromeda, and being visible on a fine night to the naked eye. But one thing remained—to give me a

name ; and this was more difficult than might be imagined. Philosophers disagreed ; for each wished to translate his own patron to a place that might give him some reasonable hopes of immortality. One name proposed was *Philippus* ; I suppose from my having taken a place to which it was conceived I had no right ; another, *Miguelus*, probably because I had ousted Cassiopeia from the throne, perhaps some similarity in my appearance to Ursa Major might have suggested *Augustus*, but nothing but the pen could have given rise to *Agitator*. When no likelihood of agreement appeared, an humble astronomer proposed a name, which at once met with the approbation of all, and I now figured in every celestial globe under the title of *ADVENA*.

When I had got over my first astonishment, and perceived that I was secure, I began to look about me, and what a prospect presented itself to me : Innumerable constellations darting their splendour around, till the wide arch of heaven was lit, and burned in the radiance of indescribable light ! I naturally looked for my own system, and beheld the sun pouring out his bright treasures on his tributary orbe, which, sleeping on their "soft axles," walked, as in a dream, their well-known courses around him. Music, more than earthly ears can understand, was wafted from each, and swelled and swept away amongst the boundless halls of immensity—all was perfection, all was harmony, and all was beauty.

A falling star flashed across my eyes—a roar as of thunder smote upon my ear—and a voice, which said, "mortal, see as we see, and hear as we hear." I started, and looked—and what a change ! I saw suns and systems as animated and intellectual beings ; I heard their voices, as of men who discoursed together, and I found my faculties expanded to catch and retain the mysterious knowledge.

The sun was now a great and influential ruler over subjects of various dimensions and consequence. Near him were two stars of brilliancy, Mercury and another, which, variously denominated, I shall call *Hesperus*. The first of these was so near as to be

frequently concealed from his fellow-subjects.

Immediately exterior to *Hesperus*, and at by no means an immeasurable distance from him, revolved *my own world*, conducting with him, on his sober and regular path, one bright luminary, that shed the beams caught from the author of light principally upon her guardian, choosing for the season of her sweetest influence that hour, when every other lamp is extinguished. With the same aspect ever turned upon her protector, she faithfully and fearlessly pursued her way, and if at any time the light of her smile was eclipsed, it was when *he* looked dark upon her.

Outside the terraqueous globe, *Mars* stalked on his red way, independent and alone ; and beyond him, kept at a respectful distance by this fiery planet, four small luminaries shuffled round in their eccentric and irregular courses. These were supposed formerly to have been but one, as indeed their inconsiderable size would argue, but, some convulsion having separated them, each set up for himself, (to use a *terrestrial* expression,) and was by tacit acquiescence allowed all the rights, dignities, immunities, and privileges of a planet. Sober and sad, grave Jupiter took his plodding journey along, enshrined within his *four* satellites, and regardless of the distance of Saturn, who, adorned with ring and moons, sailed away through the twilight vastness of his orbit. But more remote even than him, a planet that had been admitted but lately into the system through the misdirected exertions of *the Earth*, wound its way, suspicious and suspected, and guarded by a trusty band of satellites, which, formerly but *two*, had latterly increased to *six** to finite sight, I must not say what their number was to *mine*.

Through a *reflector*, with which the kindness of Andromeda supplied me, I was enabled to perceive that each of these planets represented the sentiments and characters of the generality of those innumerable beings that swarmed on its surface ; and I could even distinguish the individual appearance and occupation of the throng. Mercury and *Hesperus* were inhabited by

* In this age of discovery, the Herschel may have a dozen moons visible since I read Brinkley,—I wish the number were *sight*.

dignified creatures, each wearing a small crown on his head ; but in other respects there was a marked difference between the inhabitants of the two bodies.

The lords of the former tossed their heads and strutted, and boasted themselves of their propinquity and relationship to the Sun ; while on the latter, all was gravity, majesty, and decorum. The coronets of these did not indeed make so fine a show, but I soon perceived that it was only because they were *older*, the materials of which they were composed being precisely the same.

Of the Earth I need say nothing but this, that the good people who inhabit it are most super-eminently *Conservative*, as regards any change *dehors* their own little world, and that nothing terrifies them more than the bare mention of any convulsion of a more extended nature than that of states and empires. But a glimpse at the moon showed me grave and venerable men, in sad coloured garments, of whom it must be confessed there were a few puffed up with the great reverence paid to them, not only by their own body, but by the earth ; but by far the greater portion were humbly engaged in what I suppose were their duties. Some were exhorting others to acts of benevolence and charity ; some were visiting those in sickness or distress ; some were poring over old books, of which the light from *one* dazzled me so, as that I was unable to discover its contents ; these they frequently opened and placed in view of the earth and the other planets, which were all provided with *glasses* sufficiently powerful to read them—though few there seemed to be who applied themselves to the study ; there were others who knelt apart, and seemed rapt in devotion.

On Mars I plainly beheld great castles, banners flying, camps forming, armies marching “in all the pomp and circumstance of war.” But it was not without difficulty that I could discern what the little beings on the lesser planets were about ; on one of them were things busily engaged in casting up never-ending accounts—calculating the quantity of light emitted from the sun annually—the minimum of gravitation requisite to hold the system together—the superfluous atoms of the

atmosphere of each planet, &c. &c. Another (which forcibly reminded me of my adventurous prototype Gulliver's *Laputa*) had strange creatures, planning new systems—examining the structure of the world—conjecturing with respect to others—dividing their surface into complex mathematical figures—endeavouring to form satellites for themselves. But it would be an endless task to recount the various and extraordinary pursuits of those figures. I soon felt tired of following them, and directed my glass outwards to Jupiter, whose population was grave and dogmatical, clothed in flowing garments, with venerable wigs, and a leathern aspect, they met and argued, and disputed in incessant contention ; though I soon perceived that they were, notwithstanding, on very good terms with each other ; they held constant communication with the *four* satellites, and passed in and out of them as their business or inclination prompted them.

On the surface of Saturn, I beheld an idle, lazy, lounging crew, some sitting listlessly looking about them, some playing at games of chance, some quarrelling, and some complaining ; all evidently ignorant and discontented, yet affecting to despise and ridicule every thing outside their own ring.

On the Herschel were scattered a turbulent, sans-culottes band, each with an oak-stick in his gripe ; and as well as I could distinguish, a piece of sharp iron adapted to the head of it, partially appearing from his pocket. But enough of the *constituency* of the planets ; I shall henceforth confine myself to the mass.

My neighbour Perseus, who seemed an intelligent constellation, and from whom I gained all my information on these subjects, told me that these bodies had continued to revolve for six thousand years of *sidereal* time time quietly round the sun, with some little *disturbances*, it is true, but in the main agreeing wonderfully ; but that of late a serious spirit of discontent had begun to manifest itself in certain of them ; and this had risen to such a pitch, that it had been agreed, shortly before my arrival, to refer the points in dispute to a solemn meeting of the whole system.

Accordingly I had not long to wait before I perceived that the celestial conclave had met. The chair was

taken by the sun, which still retained the ascendant, though he had been recently proved not to be exactly in the *centre*, as was formerly supposed, but was drawn about by the action of his subjects, and himself revolved round some imaginary, undiscoverable point. This was more than ever apparent, since the reception of the exterior planet into the system—though his solar majesty was thought not to perceive it. Indeed, Perseus hinted to me, that the good luminary was sometimes so overpowered by his own light, as to be unable to mark those changes which were openly taking place around him.

It were useless to endeavour to follow the language of the stars, "which are the poetry of heaven," or to endeavour to describe that eloquence which always left me of the opinion of the last speaker; I must content myself with giving you the heads of the arguments on both sides; premising this, that I was soon aware of the existence of parties among the planets;—some were in *opposition*, some let themselves down so far as to be occasionally detected in *inferior conjunction*, and tho' the courses of a few were *direct*, yet in point of moral improvement, I lament to say, there were too many *retrograde*.

The points in dispute, and the arguments used were shortly these:—It was asserted by one party, comprising Mercury, the lesser planets, and the Herschel, that the irregularity of the system was monstrous, and the object of ridicule to those neighbouring fixed stars, which were such perfect and glorious bodies,—that their relative distances from the sun were arbitrary, and therefore unjust; for some of the smallest were placed within his full influence, while the most considerable were left to freeze unregarded in the distance. Strange to say, of this grievance, Mercury was one of the loudest to complain, for which he was extolled as a public-spirited star, though those who were loudest in his praise shrewdly suspected that he over-rated his own bulk so far as to imagine that he was not arguing against his own interest. It was complained that a certain set of interlopers were constantly appearing among them, without any just right to share in the benefits of the system, and drawn out of dusky distance only to disturb the courses of its more legitimate members,—*eccentric* in their ha-

bits, and ever ready to yield to the influence of any planet that possessed sufficient attraction, they produced disorder, irregularity, and confusion; hence the disasters of globes, the terrors of electric phenomena, &c. That it was most probably one of these comets, (for so were the intruders called,) that gave the unseemly twist to the poles of the Earth, preventing him ever after from holding his head erect, as indeed had happened to more than one of his fellow-sufferers; that the Moon, which had been wedded to the Earth without his formal consent, remained a superfluous ornament, and a clog upon his course, drawing that support from him which might be more beneficially diffused throughout the whole commonwealth; that the cry of "*the system, and nothing but the system*," which was constantly in the mouth of the other party, was as unmeaning as it was absurd;—"'*his part of the system*," was the reply to every argument founded on reason and common sense, as if there were some spell in *the system*, that held all the parts together by a mysterious harmony,—some went even so far as to hint that there was a great waste of light and heat, as well as of matter in the Sun, as it was plain to any star of *reflection*, that an immense proportion of rays, of both light and heat issued from his mass, that never touched or benefited one of his planets; but strayed away amongst the constellations, some of them perhaps clearing all, and at last dispersing unproductively in infinite space—a moderate calculation, (as one of the asteroids asserted,) would prove the quantum of waste with precision, to the perfect satisfaction of the most *systematic* planet. In fine, that a general retrenchment of satellites, belts, rings, &c., so disgraceful to all true economy, should take place, and that there should be a complete and final *Reform* in the solar system.

On the other hand, it was contended by Hesperus, the Earth, Mars, and Jupiter, that it was idle to talk of other systems in reference to this, seeing that of their minute relations and dependencies little or nothing was known; but that this was one formed in the remoteness of undiscovered antiquity, and the best proof of the excellence of its mechanism lay in its brilliant existence for so many ages—that the smaller

planets probably required a more abundant supply of heat than others, the mass of the larger, particularly those furnished with rings, &c., being sufficient to attract and retain proportionably to their distance—that; as for comets, they were, far from being interlopers, proved to be part of the system itself; and as all the constituent portions, when combined, produced practical good effects, no doubt the theory was correct which gave them their place and weight in the arrangement—that, if electrical convulsions were caused by their appearance, which was very doubtful, those very phenomena were the efforts of the system to right itself, and probably were the means of preventing fatal derangement—that, with regard to the Moon, the Earth herself might be consulted as to the disposal of his consort, and all the arguments of others would never prevail with him to repent of his choice—that, though she might bestow her favours principally on one, while she drew some share of support from the whole, yet, seeing she was essential to that one, and certainly entered into the economy of the system, of which she was allowed to be so bright an ornament, it were unsafe, as well as ungenerous, to remove her—finally, that, if *proofs* were wanting of the regularity of the system for ages back, there was before the meeting documentary evidence, consisting of an *Old Almanack*, which contained a table of the principal celestial phenomena from an early period; and from which, by calculation, might be ascertained the uniform regularity of the planetary motions from that date to the present time, so as to satisfy the whole assembly. At the mention of this evidence a suppressed sneer was observed upon the countenance of *Mercury*.

Saturn, taciturn and supercilious, with his wonted indifference, refused to defer to the arguments on either side, and sat ensconced behind his ring, which he occasionally used as an eyeglass, but more frequently as a screen to conceal his inattention or ignorance. When called upon to avow his sentiments, contrary to all the laws of *gravity*, he burst into an unnatural laugh, and with a sweeping oath at all systems and suns, he snapped his fingers, and strutted out of the assembly.

The debate grew strong. Long and loud cheers followed the harangues of

Mercury and his colleagues—deep and unrelenting groans drowned the voices of *Hesperus* and his friends. At last it was remarked that the Sun himself began to lean a little to innovation. He thought, perhaps, that ample concession might make his subjects consider him a miracle of magnanimity; and he was not without a secret dread on the other hand, that, if they were all to fall upon him at once, he might be unable to resist their united attack. To be brief, a plan was broached, weighed and matured. The question, reform, or no reform, was put to the vote, and the voices were as follows:—For the projected change, *Mercury*, *Ceres*, *Pallas*, *Juno*, *Vesta*, and *Herschel*; for the existing system, *Hesperus*, *Earth*, *Mars*, and *Jupiter*.

Thus there was an unquestionable majority for innovation, and the solar assent alone was wanting. With becoming dignity the monarch of light delivered himself as follows:—THE SUN WILLS THE REFORMATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

What an electric effect did the talismanic words produce! No sooner were they uttered, than planet began to change place with planet, orb to dispute precedence with orb, satellite to jostle with satellite, in the panting endeavour to keep up with their primary. All was confusion, all was ferment. Before I had time to look round, the *Herschel* had rushed from the back ground, without compunction or bashfulness, *keeping clear of Mars*, but shouldering the *Earth* and *Hesperus* on his way to the place which his intrigues had secured for him—that nearest to the Sun. All his satellites followed him. Next to him still lingered *Mercury*, now beginning to look a little crest-fallen, as he felt himself compelled with a bow to give place to a body, of whose existence in the system he had been till lately unconscious. Besides, as he was now allowed a more limited time to accomplish his periodic time than he had been accustomed to, it required all his exertion to counteract the alarming degree of centrifugal force which his increased distance and speed naturally occasioned. Next came all the little planets, each bustling for precedence, and anxious to come within good view of that orb, whose influence they had been just now so anxious to diminish. *Hesperus* had

influence, and Jupiter, weight, to maintain their position immediately without side these; and Saturn was content to remain where he was in the pride of his ring and tributary stars. Last of all, the overborne, overpowered planet, *my native world*, took up his dreary position with a sigh, and a shudder, still attended by the Moon, now indeed pale and feeble, but with the same regard unalterably turned upon the *centre of her attraction*—there she continued, calmly smiling as before, all her magnitude and beauty remaining, though her light was dim and clouded.

But before the new system was to begin to work, it was necessary to complete the projected change. The next step was to remove all superfluous and unseemly *rings, belts, &c.*, which deformed the simple elegance of planets. Without a murmur Herschel consented to be stripped of the rings,* which, having been of use to *attract* the light in his former remote position, now but served to *screen* it from him. Jupiter, with proud submission, saw himself unbelted, and deigned not to remonstrate. But when it came to Saturn's turn to be deprived of his ring, that panoply he had ever deemed impregnable, and from behind which he had so long smiled indifference on the universe, he could not forbear to vent his rage in ejaculations of disappointment and despair. He urged, that it was this alone that had enabled him to remain at a distance from all the comforts and benefits of the system—that, as long as he could draw this mighty mantle around him, he felt a world within himself, and needed nothing from without, and that this once removed, all his means of happiness would be rent away along with it. "Too late," he cried, "I perceive that *neutrality* is no safeguard, and that the rights even of the unoffending are to be sacrificed to the grasping ambition of those who consider that *to be content* is a crime." All his remonstrances, however, were disregarded, and ridiculed, and his ring was struck off without ceremony.

But this was not all. Another clause of the enactment provided that satellites

should be at once expelled the system, as needless and extravagant. Though Saturn was here, too, a sufferer, he felt a secret satisfaction in thinking that the *Grand Perturbator* would sustain a nearly equal loss. What was his amazement when he found that, in the hurry of the remodelling enactment, he had had another passed recognising his satellites as good and lawful primary planets! In vain did he exclaim against the manifest absurdity of calling those primary which only moved round the Sun in the course of their revolutions about another body. The more reasonable seemed his grounds of complaint, so much the more was his rage scoffed at, and he was sent to shiver in his nudity, without the miserable satisfaction of thinking that his enemies shared his ruin.

But a special enactment was necessary to dissolve the union between the Earth and *his* companion. With one regretful glance at his darkened form, she sailed away for ever to seek under some more prosperous star that protection which she more than rewarded by her presence. That night was indeed a dark one for the earth. But I must not anticipate.

The satellites being all removed, and the whole space being all clear for the planets, (for comets had been, from the beginning, turned adrift into immensity without ceremony), the last alteration contemplated was, the diminution of *solar influence*. But there was no time for this, for, the whole being again set in motion, the changes which followed were too rapid and awful to give room for further deliberation or arrangement.

The music of the spheres was succeeded by a most discordant and terrific roar, as the reformed bodies started forth on their new orbits. I soon saw, with alarm, from my starry chair, that they reeled considerably more than I had observed in their previous *nutations*. They stumbled along, hissing and smoking, sometimes quicker, sometimes slower; now approaching each other, now darting off again with frightful rapidity. I hoped that all this might right itself, as in the old system *disturbances* had been known to do.

* I here follow the conjecture of Dr. Herschel, received when I was in College, that this planet possesses two rings, the planes of which intersect at right angles. I know not whether more modern observation may have confirmed or disproved it.

But I soon saw that the evil was past remedy. What followed, my terror scarcely allowed me to note down legibly.

I believe I first observed the new-formed *primaries* dash with fearful impetuosity against each other several times, and at last all, with one accord, rush at, and plunge into, the body of Herschel, who appeared ready and anxious to receive them; and, instead of being concerned for their miserable condition, (for they were dashed to atoms against his surface), continued his march with importance proportioned to his increased bulk, his gait plainly indicative of the scorn he felt at being obliged still to hold his slow course round the Sun.

My attention was diverted from him by a confused noise at a little greater distance, and I beheld the four lesser planets straining in the endeavour to resist the central attraction. With all their efforts, it was easy to see that their distance was diminishing every instant, and the rapidity of their approach increasing. As they drew near, a little attention enabled me to see that the *whiteness near their poles* had almost disappeared, that portions of the solid surface near the equator were on fire, and that all the fluid mass that circulated upon them was in a state of ebullition. A few more revolutions, and they would infallibly have fallen into the burning bosom of the Sun, but that the *Arch Disturber* contrived to place himself full in the course of each as it approached, and as his shadow formed for the time a relief from the scorching glare, he persuaded them one by one to *coalesce* with him, which was effected in the same manner as his previous union with his own satellites, viz. by their total destruction, and merging in his own body.

I turned to look for Saturn. He had disappeared. I strained my eyes, and thought I saw a speck moving out past the limits of solar influence, and sadly tossed upon the undiscovered ocean beyond. It was in all probability the unringed planet. It was soon lost, and I never saw it more.

I was rooted to my chair while these awful events were occurring; but at

last I rose, and rushed to a point whence I could distinguish the terraqueous globe staggering forward. A change had taken place. The solar beam, distant and dim, had left the seed rotting in the ground—vegetation had disappeared. The fires which the few had kindled, refused to blaze before their straining breath. The *tideless sea* lay stagnant and putrifying, suffocating the land with pestilential vapours. Night came, (for he still revolved on his own axis) and then there was darkness indeed, save when it was dispelled by the most blue and vivid lightnings, or those subterraneous fires, that shot from the recesses of the globe during the shocks of earthquakes.

Once more I looked towards the Sun, but to behold more appalling phenomena. It was easy to perceive that a conflict was approaching. The solar orb was drawn more than ever from the centre, by the almost rival bulk of the newly-formed *union*, and as he left it, the other was lessening the diameter of his orbit, and seemed determined to be himself the nucleus of *REVOLUTION*. The ultimate object—that for which he had all along been labouring, was now apparent even to solar perception, and it was evident that there would be a struggle for the *CENTRE*.

What was to be done in this extremity? The sun at last bethought him of an embassy to neighbouring potentates. Robed in meridian splendor, he dismissed one of those attendants, which, ever going their rounds about his person, appeared to me until then, and as they do still to the rest of mortals, to be but dark spots on his surface. In the immediate presence of their sovereign they are indeed obscure, but when they are dismissed by him on celestial errands, they assume almost solar splendor, and emit their beams in all the pride of borrowed glory.

Sirius was the first of the fixed stars applied to. He, though one of the nearest as well as one of the most powerful of the Sun's neighbours, had always shed a malign influence upon his subjects, and was proverbially in the habit of transmitting rays of *heat** as well as light to certain of the planets, contrary to the inviolable canon of

* "*Rabies Canis*," "the raging Dog-star's heat." Though applied in another sense, the passages will answer my purpose well enough.

celestial international law. When the ambassador, with all humility made known his master's requests, the *Great Dog* only replied, that he had been *himself treated much in the same way not long before*, as must have been well known to his Solar Majesty, who should have taken the warning in time.

To be brief, the Solar Nuncio was refused by all. The united stars, the Pleiades, had ceased to pour forth their "sweet influence" ever since their constellation had been dismembered. The hundred-headed monster, Hydra, which spread its coiling volumes round as many constellations; would not hear of lending assistance, unless he were permitted to establish *one of his branches* in the very heart of the system. In short, supplication was found to be vain, and the unfortunate orb of day was obliged to prepare himself singly for the contest.

Constellations gathered round to witness the giant war—Auriga reined in his steeds, and bent forward over his ear—Bootes left his charge to crawl unchained round the pole, and, brushing past Orion, secured a commodious place. The twins for once rose together, and turned their radiant regard on the scene of action; even the glassy eyes of Medusa's head rolled round in their sockets in the direction of our ill-starred system. Sirius evi-

dently enjoyed the confusion; his cynical face wrinkled into a kind of smile as he exclaimed aloud—"Wise in proportion to your strength, ye have reaped the fruits of your intellectual exertions! Could ye not, most sapient bodies, recognise 'the hand divine' in the wondrous mechanism of the universe which ye have defaced? Wheel within wheel, visible to all but you, have worked the mighty engine in security for ages. Great and wise beings, ye have stretched forth your experienced hands to the ark of nature, and behold the consequence!"

In short, the powers of heaven were shaken; and as I felt the impossibility of my witnessing the contest and surviving, I laid hold of a stray sun-beam that was passing by, and with some difficulty guided it to the land of reality, where I dismounted, and found myself not without satisfaction, restored to the narrower, but more congenial sphere of my study and writing desk. As I quickly discovered that my corselean ink and nebulous paper were invisible; I employed myself about committing to some earthly tablets my scattered ideas, which I did at once, pretty much in this present form, and I now present to you, Mr. Editor, and through you, to the public of the *united kingdom*, a relation of some of the consequences of celestial reform.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

A LEAF FROM "THE OLD ALMANACK."

CHAP. III.

"O! worse than hell! What horrors blast the sight!
 Horrors which even devils would affright.
 Farewell! a land I never more must see,
 Lost in her crimes, my country's lost to me!"

Emigrant of 1641.

OUR readers, we presume, have not forgotten that when we parted from them at the first stage of our narrative, we had embarked at the little Friedland port of Docklum, Henrietta, Queen of England, to exchange "the raging of the sea" for the more perilous element of "the madness of the people."

We must now introduce, more particularly than heretofore, a personage, the younger cavalier, who will hold a prominent and distinguished position in our little history of "Love and Loyalty." O'Brien De Lacy was a native of Ireland, that beautiful Island, for which nature has done so much, and to whose people heaven has imparted moral gifts of the highest class, but choaked and perverted by bigotry, fanaticism, and centuries of misrule. Education has not dispelled the mists of ignorance perpetuating the dominion of priestcraft, and with continued turbulence and confidence in numbers, they know not how to be free; they have yet to discover that social liberty is opposed to licentiousness, and whether in politics or religion, that freedom is not separable from knowledge and truth. De Lacy was not wholly Irish nor wholly English—the best and oldest blood of both countries mingled in his veins, and his loyalty to his King and attachment to the British connexion, resisted the taint of the dreadful times upon which, in the early vigour of manhood, he was thrown. By his father he was descended from the good Hugh

De Lacy, who was Lord Deputy of Ireland in the reign of King John, and discharged his trust with a wisdom, energy, and justice unknown to that country even in the time in which we are now giving these details. His mother's name was distinguished in Irish history by the defeat and death in battle of Richard the Second's Lieutenant, Mortimer Earl of March. Opposite currents are brought together and mingle in the course of time. The extravagance and hospitalities of successive inheritors, together with the unsettled state of Ireland, had greatly reduced his paternal estates, and on his accession to them he found that which is not very novel in our days, his means lessening as the number of his dependants increased and his benevolence expanded. Rack-rents were unknown in these times; a labourer on three pence a day did not pay eight pounds an acre for potato ground, and middle-man and con-acre were terms not then engrafted upon our rural economy to make the fruits of the earth bitter or unattainable to a miserable peasantry. The tenant, for the most part, paid his landlord in kind; while feeding him, they had also to feed themselves, and as the political economy of a Malthus was not then dreamed of by the wildest Irishman, mouths were multiplying on the estate every year, and the science of gastronomy wonderfully well understood in its practice. No doubt, it appears an irreconcilable paradox to most persons

who have ever taken the trouble to think on the subject, that even then the Irish peasantry were more comfortable and to the full as enlightened and moral as they are now in the nineteenth century, and, strange anomaly! that while in long and continual contact with the highest civilization, they are still barbarous as ever and less tractable! The solution of the mystery is to be found in one word—**POPERY**; where this prevails, in every part of the world, the populace are the most wretched, the most ignorant, and the most profligate. France is not to be opposed as an exception, except to prove the rule, being popish in profession, but infidel in fact. The times are such as to force these reflections upon us, and we trust to the sympathy of our readers, that their occasional admixture will not render our narrative less interesting.

De Lacy received the greater part of his education in France, as was the fashion of the time with the higher classes of the aristocracy, and his principal preceptor, except in the politer accomplishments and liberal arts, was a countryman and relative of his own, the Abbe O'Reilly, or, as familiarly called in his native locality, Father Denis. Although a Romish priest, he was a genuine practical Christian, and his greatest sin was that he had not courage openly to renounce the errors which he secretly condemned; but, if he did not professedly abjure the revolting and uncharitable tenets of his church, he enforced them feebly and as little as he could in precept, and never by example. He loved all the virtuous of mankind, whatever their creed; he acknowledged the boundless mercy of a Saviour's atonement; to those he could not love, he accorded the kindest emotions of pity, and never forgot the awful and correcting declaration—"Judgment is mine, saith the Lord." It was scarcely in bigotry itself not to have loved and revered Father Denis. He was a holy libel on his brethren, a monster among the Irish priesthood, and we fear would be little less so were he living now. In many things, and knowledge of the world, he was simplicity itself; but he had one fault, a little warmth of temper, ever springing from a warm heart; this would occasionally betray him to the very confines of an oath, or

exclamation bordering on it. Between him and De Lacy, the strongest and most affectionate attachment subsisted; to the relative feelings of parent and child, were superadded those of friendship and perfect confidence, and when the pupil was called home by the demise of his parent, the preceptor yielded to the solicitations of De Lacy to share his fortunes and repose beneath his roof-tree. Under such an instructor and the influence of a sound and liberal education, it is scarcely necessary for us to say that De Lacy was a Protestant, without having it emblazoned on his shield. How strange, that the sense of duty cannot, where most necessary, triumph over prejudice; and that the conviction of truth cowers before a false pride, and the fear of what may be thought by those who, themselves, have no foundation for their opinions, and whose censure is, therefore, more to be desired than their praise. The almost uniform consequence, in such cases, is, that those who are ashamed openly to recant religious errors and as openly to embrace truth, cease altogether to become Christians, and terminate in infidelity the struggle between false pride and conviction. If the highly-educated and reading Roman Catholics of Ireland had the courage to declare the secret Christianity of their minds, the priests would find their subjects reduced to the rabble of the ignorant and the base.

The state of Ireland at the period we speak of, about the year 1637, shared in the afflicting events which have imparted to the reign of the unfortunate Charles, a dark and revolting page in English and in Irish history. It was just when the deputy Wentworth was exhibiting the inefficacy of a government, predominant in the influences of vanity and passion, and which led him to precede his royal master, as the victim of faction and the unbalanced power of the three estates of parliament. In England puritanism and democracy were assailing the throne, and evoking the spirits of civil strife, while in Ireland agitation and popery were actively, although more silently working national mischief, and progressing to that frightful tragedy, which has affixed an eternal stain to the Irish character. Far as his means permitted, De Lacy studied the comforts and happiness of his retainers.

His benevolence flowed a constant stream, and if any distress "in mind, body, or estate," escaped his notice, the good and kind Father Denis was sure to bring it under his pupil's observation. Both saw, not understood, the indications of an approaching moral tornado, which was to burst, all unlooked for, upon a doomed people. They were not altogether unconscious of a gathering storm of civil strife, but had no presentiment of that simoom from hell, which blasted pity, and all the charities of social life in the human breast, and, in religious fanaticism and hereditary hatred of England, transformed men into devils.

Three or four years passed away, with alternations of alarm and security, and even in despite of the ominous shadows of approaching evil, Father Denis would prepare his angle-rods, flies, and other tackle, all of which, he himself made, and, with his young friend, enjoy on the neighbouring lakes and streams, the sport of fishing, of which he was passionately fond. Upon one of those occasions, a sudden and violent storm arose on the lake on which they were angling, and a small cot was crossing from one shore to the other, where the waters were most exposed to the action of the wind. It was rowed by one man, with the lusty vigour for which the Irish peasant is distinguished, and in it was a monk, of the brotherhood of a neighbouring abbey, whose towers were visible on the shore which the cot was labouring to attain. The oarsman appeared to exert all his strength and skill, but made little or no way. Sometimes the frail and puny bark was hidden in the valley of the waves, and then rose again, as if flung from the surface of the waters. Apprehensions arose in the minds of De Lacy and his aged companion, for the safety of the passengers, and as theirs was a large and good sea-boat, they urged their rowers to make with all speed towards the struggling cot.—It was seen that the ecclesiastic had taken one of the oars to relieve his wearied companion, perhaps for the worst, as not accustomed to its use. The little vessel still sunk and rose, to view, when the oar was wrested, through his unskillfulness, from the grasp of the ecclesiastic, and was rapidly borne beyond the hope of recovery—the boat now became utterly unmanageable, and a

great "ninth wave," as it is called, crowned with fierce and curling foam, broke upon, and overwhelmed it. A shriek was faintly heard, and the boat and its freightage rose not on the next wave: by and by, the cot was seen capsized, and the hats of the passengers floated on the wild waters. De Lacy's oarsmen redoubled their exertions to an almost superhuman degree, he, himself shouting his directions, and encouragements, so that his voice overcame even that of the storm. De Lacy, who was an excellent swimmer, disencumbered his person of its most embarrassing habiliments, ready to plunge into the wild waters, at the mandate of humanity. The direction of the waves towards them lessened the distance—they reached the drowning men—the moment was critical—neither could swim—they were entangled, the peasant having grasped the monk's long garment, which, being expanded thereby on the surface, assisted to the partial buoyancy of the latter—they were going down for the last time, when, a boat-hook, being fortunately on board, De Lacy arrested with it the sinking monk, the death-grasp of the other was tenacious—the hold had by the boat-hook gave way—De Lacy saw at once that the weight of the peasant would sink both, and handing the boat-hook to one of the rowers, he unhesitatingly plunged into the flood, seized the man by the hair, and stemming the tide with one arm, sustained the cotsman's head above water, until both were raised into the boat, and rescued from the jaws of death.

In the oarsman of the cot, De Lacy recognised a tenant of his own to whom he had extended many and substantial acts of kindness and benefit, previously to this last paramount and saving service, and in the monk, Father Denis recollected an old school-fellow of the order of Saint Francis.

Since their return to Ireland, De Lacy and his reverend friend had their retirement seldom invaded. The known loyalty and suspected orthodoxy of the one, (for he was never seen at confession, and was known to have laughed at the idea of *purchased* masses liberating a soul from purgatory,) together with his fine and cultivated mind, were not calculated to attract the sympathies or fellowship of his Roman Catholic neighbours, even of the same rank;

besides the still greater cause of repulsion, his being of English descent—the black drop of the *Sasenach* in his veins, was not to be forgiven: the other, when not indulging in his favorite piscatory amusement, was occupied by his religious studies and offices, and by acts of benevolence and charity, in comforting and relieving the wants and maladies of the poor, he having no secular charge. For some months previous to this period of our narrative, a gloomy reserve marked the demeanour of the peasant classes towards De Lacy, and, in a degree, even towards the good father. The resources derivable to the former from his estates began to be reluctantly or only in part yielded, and the lower orders who were wont to flock to the latter to be shrived, because he did not make merchandise of his absolutions, now scarcely or never sought from him the consolations of religion. De Lacy could not help noticing that even his own tenantry and dependants, not only failed in the payment of their rents, in specie or in kind, but also began to fail in those humble and respectful acknowledgments demanded by the relative situations of the parties in society. What could be the cause? The solution of the mystery soon came upon him in the lurid gloom and terrors of the earthquake, or meteoric destruction.

The occurrence on the lake, already mentioned, took place in the month of August 1641. A murkiness, deep, silent, and unaccountable, was, from thence gradually spreading over the social horizon, close and dark as precedent of a physical convulsion. There was a moral sensation, depressing to the spirits and alarming to the fears, yet none, not initiated, could tell why. The latter part of September had arrived. Father Denis had laid up, for the season, his angling apparatus. De Lacy took the field, with his gun and dogs, against the partridge. The late hours of evening saw him pass over hill, and moor, and stubble field in safety, and yet, not without instinctive misgivings which he could not define, and therefore sought to reject. He could not help noticing, that, except in very few instances, the peasant's hand to his hat and cordial and accustomed benedictory salutation, "God save you," was withheld, altho' never more needed than at that moment.

Things were in this state.—Father Denis had replenished the medicine chest, his winter's dispensary for the neighbouring poor; wool was gratuitously distributed through the cabins on the estate, to be converted, by the industry of their female inhabitants, into clothing for themselves and their children; and Christian-charity was laying up for itself, "treasures in heaven," when, early in the month of October, a meeting or council of Romish clergy from various parts of Ireland, together with many laymen of turbulent character, was held in the abbey of Multiferriam, county of Westmeath. The holy brotherhood there, a remnant of whom exists to this day, were so much in the habit of extraordinary religious observances—stations, confessions, penances, jubilee, &c. that such an assemblage excited no particular notice, except in the devotees who were wont to attend on such occasions. This meeting passed away without creating any alarm, when on the evening of the twenty-first of October, a scene of deep and harrowing interest took place, at the residence of De Lacy.

The capacious hearth was fresh furnished with a cheerful peat fire, before which De Lacy sat musing, as he was wont to do, on plans of a more active and spirited-stirring course, by which he might retrieve his decayed fortunes, and not waste his prime of life ingloriously: Father Denis was deeply engaged in the pages of Saint Augustine, and silence was broken only by the crickets beginning to resume their winter quarters, and the mice who were pursuing their gambols behind the old oak wainscoting, which lined the parlour walls. The reveries of De Lacy, and the studies of his aged friend, received a different and fearful interruption. It was announced that a stranger, apparently of the rank of a farmer, desired to be admitted.—De Lacy ordered him to be shewn in. Shortly a man entered the room, dressed in the ordinary garb of the farmers of that period, yet there was in his port and the glance of his eye something that denoted superior rank and intelligence. He paused just inside the door of the apartment, until the retreating footsteps of the menial died upon his ear—he then shot the bolt of the door—listened for a space, inclining his ear towards the passage—then, looking round with painful

caution, advanced towards De Lacy, in whom and in Father Denis, his manner had excited intense interest. He first asked if they were secure from interruption or prying curiosity; being assured of both, he continued:—"Mr. De Lacy, I am come to discharge a debt."—"I cannot bring you to my recollection as a tenant," answered De Lacy. "I am, nevertheless, a *life tenant*: but for you I had perished in a watery grave, and the life you gave, as a second existence, I now again hazard to save your's and that of my reverend school-fellow and brother." "Give me leave!—God's my life!" exclaimed Denis, springing forward, "can it be—yes, surely it is Friar Mc'Carthy—what means this masquerade?" "Hush! betray no surprise, nor let your words be heard," replied the friar. "Yes, I am he whose life, together with that of my oarsman, you saved on the lake. Heaven grant that I am not too late in this attempt to save yours." "Our lives!" exclaimed De Lacy.—"Nay," replied the Friar, looking fearfully around him; "nay, suppress your astonishment, and listen—the moments are precious to you and to me, each pregnant with life or death." The party had been standing all this time; De Lacy set a chair for the mysterious visitor, and all being seated, the Friar again looked cautiously around him, and then commenced an explanation fraught with unexpected horror.

"My duty to the church is compromised even by the step I have taken for your safety; severe penance must atone for my disobedience, but the effects of that disobedience cannot extend beyond yourselves; your lives depend upon your rigid silence—breathe a thought of what I tell you, and you are lost; when you shall reach a place where your persons will be secure, and your tongues at liberty—the work of destruction will have been completed—the curtain have fallen on a national tragedy. Listen! for a considerable time back, means have been concerting how to get rid of English dominion, and of English men. It was determined, that the rule of the *Sasennach* should be put an end to. To this determination, and in raising the spirit of the people to its execution, the Catholic clergy have been the instruments. Your residence in France, Father Denis, made you

a stranger to those proceedings." "Thank God!" exclaimed the humane father, "unless I could have averted them." "At the confessional we were wont," resumed the friar, "to sound the disposition of our flocks of every degree, and swear them to secrecy and obedience to the commands which, on the authority of the sovereign pontiff, in the ripeness of the time, would be issued to them. We appointed the fittest and most zealous of our flocks to infuse the spirit into others, and pledge them to co-operation."

"The signs of alienation and incipient hostility, not hitherto understood, are now explained to me," said De Lacy.

"All is organized," resumed the friar, "and the word of death remains only to be given." "Of death!" exclaimed Father Denis. "Yes, of death to *all*. Listen, my time is scant, and I must be brief. At the *National Council*, recently held at Multifernam Abbey, and of which you must have heard, although ignorant of the purpose, the time of a general insurrection was fixed on, and how to dispose of the English and half-blooded native Protestants was debated. The example of the king of Spain, in suffering the Moors, expelled from Granada, to depart unharmed in life, and, for the most part, in goods, was urged by all the laymen of the council and a few of the ecclesiastics—but against this course of mercy an overwhelming majority prevailed." A deep groan issued from the labouring bosom of Father Denis. De Lacy was fixed in almost petrified attention. "It was in vain," continued the friar, "that the lay members pleaded the obligations conferred by English civilization on the country; the intermixture of blood by marriage—the naturalization effected by time—the social intimacies—the personal friendships—the vengeful retribution which blood would draw upon us from England—and the duties imposed by the great law of humanity. An hundred voices exclaimed, 'we must obey the greater law of our holy church!—the heretic and *Sasennach* must perish!'"

"Mighty God!" exclaimed De Lacy, "where were thy thunders, that they fell not on thy blasphemers!" "Hush!" said the friar, "you forget your reverence towards the church; but I

know that you are accounted a black sheep and that fills up the measure of your English blood—but think as you may the church must not be arraigned. Listen, the fiat was fixed and has gone forth; English and Irish Protestants, without distinction of age or sex—the tottering helpless old, to whom the grave would soon give guiltless refuge—playful and joyous youth, looking to pluck the flowers of life through long returns of happy spring—vigorous manhood rejoicing in its strength—the blooming bride at the heretic altar, and the minister dispensing its false rites—the matron instructing her children, their common fate the surer, if the book be the Bible—and even the smiling infant reposing on the maternal bosom—all, all must perish.” An uncontrollable humanity made the priest eloquent beyond his intention, and he who rebuked the feelings of his auditors, could not suppress his own. The slave of bigotry indulged for a moment in the liberty of nature—his bosom heaved convulsively—he covered his face with his hands; when he removed them, tears were visible—he resumed. “You, De Lacy, must fly; brother Denis, you may stay; your office will protect you.” “Give me leave! God’s my life!” passionately exclaimed the good old man. “What! stay to witness crimes and horrors which I could not prevent! no, never! I’ll shake the dust from my feet against you, and would leave my curse behind, but that you sufficiently curse yourselves.” “The church, brother, the church! you forget yourself,” uttered the friar in an under voice. “Man! man!” replied Denis, “how came you to forget the church, in yielding thus to the claims of gratitude and humanity?” “Therein,” replied the Friar, “I have an account, to settle with my conscience; the conflict has been severe between opposing obligations before I took this step. It is that conflict that delayed the communication even to the eleventh hour—you must make good and rapid use of the twelfth. In it, even now, perhaps, the work of extirpation has commenced. Mark me—with all your powers of attention

mark me!—your own servants—your most favoured dependents—even he whose life you so recently saved along with mine, at the imminent hazard of your own—yes, even he, and all, are sworn to your death, and will redeem their oath if you do not immediately fly. I know, Mr. De Lacy, the state of your finances. I am a Franciscan, sworn to voluntary poverty, but the ample and extensive power of indulgences, which my Order confers upon me, is a source of riches of which I avail myself to pious purposes.” Here the friar drew forth a large leathern purse—“Take this, it will supply present wants, and here is a letter to the superior of our establishment in Brussels. Should you need further pecuniary assistance, present it; and here,” pulling a volume from his pocket, “here is a book of emblems, which I got at Padua some twenty years ago. It has been my companion since—under the symbol of gratitude, write my name, and remember me.* Farewell, my son! If you will accept a blessing at these hands, I invoke it on your head. Farewell, brother Denis—fly, fly De Lacy, you have not a moment to lose. Even now, mayhap, the assassin approaches, and his knife is uplifted against the bosom of his benefactor.” A hasty and strong embrace terminated this awful and soul-harrowing conference. The friar departed, and they never saw him more.

For a brief space, De Lacy and his venerable friend were confounded by the imminent peril of their situation. The knowledge that their own house, servants and dependents were pledged to the league of blood, scarcely left to them the power to act or know what to resolve on. In this state of paralyzed indecision, Father Denis, addressing De Lacy, said, in a tremulous, but solemn, voice—“My son, let us pray!” Both sunk on their knees, and this short supplication proceeded from the good old man:—

“O! God of power and mercy, look down, in this hour of peril, upon thy creatures, helpless in all but thy protection. Let thy strong arm lead us in safety, and prolong our lives to thy ser-

* The book is “the *Iconologia* of *Cæsar Ripa*,” printed at Padua in the year 1610, under the sanction of the licenser of the Inquisition. The narrator knows where the book (probably an unique), now is.

vices ; or, if it be thy blessed will that we shall perish, strengthen us in resignation to thy decrees, and in humble and confiding faith in the atoning merits of that holy Saviour who has set to us the example of suffering, and the forgiveness of our enemies."

The prayer was heard, and they rose from their knees, with somewhat of inspiration to energy and action. Father Denis had some small savings in money, his benevolence would not let them be much. His wardrobe, (excepting linen), was not cumbersome, and his books were few—a breviary, St. Augustine, and a Bible. His loved angle-rod, made by himself, and flies, were abandoned. De Lacy gathered up his family papers, portable articles of value, and his mother's jewels, among which were a diamond necklace, earrings, bracelets, and stomacher rose or brooch, which, if obliged to dispose of, would bring to him a very considerable supply. His heart had not yet fixed upon her to whom they should have been an heir-loom. All that could be carried away, was quickly packed in two large portmanteaus of the fashion of the time, and with which gentlemen were then wont to travel on horse-back, post coaches being not then known. With strong arm, De Lacy placed a package on either shoulder, and proceeded cautiously through the house, followed by his aged friend. The domestics were all in bed, and, notwithstanding the dreadful purpose that was to cloud the rising sun of the 23rd of October with horrors, unexampled in the darkest pages of history, they all slept—yes, O ! heavenly power, who hast made man a creature of such conflicting wonders—they all slept !—their snorings were heard in passing their dormitory.

We leave to the imagination of the reader, or to the experience of him who has quitted a paternal home for ever, to picture the emotions of De Lacy, as he glanced at the memorials of his childhood. The elaborately carved oak arm-chairs, nearly black with age, and which were wont to be occupied by his deceased parents—their portraits, together with others of his ancestors, which he was forced to leave behind, in their places against the walls, the prey of infuriated barbarians. Those of his dear and honored father, and, if possible, still dearer

mother, seemed to look upon him as if intelligent of a pitying and last farewell, beaming a melancholy sympathy with his forlorn and exigent condition ; but, when he entered his stable, to saddle two of his strongest and fleetest hunters, blame him not, child of feeling, if the greater pang of the heart was awakened by the low and affectionate whine of his sporting dogs, gathered around and jumping on him. To leave these fond and faithful animals (the companions of many a happy day's field sports), a prey to wanton cruelty or starvation, gave birth to a feeling so keenly painful as only to be conceived by the guiltless and good heart, and sensitive mind. There was also in the same stable, and in the next stall to him, a strong poney mare of the old Irish dun breed, which he was accustomed to ride short distances, and when paying visits. Moussey was quite a pet, took bread from her master's hand, followed him like a dog, and recognised his voice or step. She, poor animal, rose from a recumbent posture on De Lacy's entering the stable, whinnowed gently, and stretched her neck and head across the division of the stall as if to salute him—to leave her to be ridden, probably, to death, in promotion of deeds of cruelty and blood, inflicted an additional and severe pang upon his heart ; but, leave her to the mercy of the savages, he must—no other choice was left him. He patted her head, while the tears sprung to his eyes. He hastened to saddle the hunters, and seek relief in action and in danger. The portmanteaus strapped on behind the saddles, the horses were softly led out. Stealthily, and with the wish that the steeds were "shod with felt," they gained the outer gate, and both well armed ; for even Father Denis made up his mind to the use of a pair of horse-pistols, if necessary. They mounted, and De Lacy departed from the home of his fathers. Oh ! what depravation of the human heart, through the influence of fanaticism and bigotry, when the kind master, and benevolent, indulgent, and protecting landlord was thus forced to avail himself of the sleeping hour of his servants, to effect his escape from the murderer who claimed the service of God to sanctify worse than the crimes of demons.

CHAPTER IV.

"Some natural tears they dropt but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and providence their guide."

MILTON.

The emigration of the Irish protestants in 1833, is not without the impulse of the savage and un pitying spirit of 1641; popery, although not arisen, en masse, to simultaneous and indiscriminate massacre, is selecting its victims in detail, and the blood of our pious and exemplary ministers of the gospel, cries to heaven for that vengeance which, sooner or later, will fall heavily on the evil-doers, and their instigators. There is another impulse to protestant expatriation in our day, the wicked avarice, and stultified blindness of landlords—these, too, will meet with correction.

De Lacy's residence was situated on the borders of the counties of Longford and Westmeath. As he and his preceptor rode onward with all the power and speed of their horses, they could perceive, as the daylight broke, groupes of peasantry collecting on the hills, and met smaller parties on the road, all preparing for the great commission of demonism to be opened on the following day. Father Denis's clerical garb and his answers to the interrogatories put to them, was the passport of both, and they reached Dublin in safety. Not a moment was lost in communicating with the government, against which duty of loyalty, De Lacy received no injunction from the friar, and which, if he had, he would have justly disregarded. His purpose was to have proceeded to the continent, and entered the military service, there flatteringly open to Irish gentlemen, while at home it was partially or altogether closed: circumstances changed his destination in a way which would appear romance, but that every day life furnishes instances of the fortunes of individuals being shaped and determined by combinations and contingencies equally strange and unlooked for. History ascribes to a man named Connolly or O'Connolly, as Clarendon calls him, the first discovery of the bursting-

forth rebellion, and the intention of the conspirators in the metropolis to possess themselves of the castle, its magazines, and the persons of the Lords Justices, Sir William Parsons, and Sir John Borlace. These functionaries, men of small parts, were incredulous to the mighty and impending danger, as was the Irish government in 1803, until De Lacy presented himself before them, and furnished corroboration, which commanded their attention and exertions.

Indeed, the justices were not greatly to blame in not yielding ready credence to O'Connolly: his character was such as to preclude the confidence of any but the most ignorant, credulous, and unreflecting; he was a liar even to a proverb; intriguing, scheming, and tergiversating: what he said one day, or the opinion he maintained, he would, on the next, unsay, or contradict, with an audacity that bore down common sense before it,—he would do anything to obtain money but rob on the highway, and for that he had not physical courage. What he did let out respecting the conspiracy to seize the castle, (which, indeed, was all that he knew) escaped him in a fit of drunkenness. Borlace considered it due to De Lacy to make him the bearer of despatches to the Lord Deputy, then in London, communicating to him those events.

The demoniacal spirit of the Irish insurrection, as briefly described by Friar Mac Carthy, was by this time in full practical confirmation. Its character needs no exaggeration from the powers of fiction, and from the novelist we refer our readers to the historian, Hume.

"A universal massacre commenced of the English, now defenceless, and passively resigned to their inhuman foes. No age, no sex, no condition was spared. The wife weeping for her butchered husband, and embracing her helpless children, was pierced with

them, and perished by the same stroke. The old, the young, the vigorous, the infirm, underwent a like fate, and were confounded in one common ruin. In vain did flight save from the first assault: destruction was every where let loose, and met the hunted victims at every turn. In vain was recourse had to relations, to companions, to friends: all connexions were dissolved, and death was dealt by that hand from which protection was implored and expected. Without provocation, without opposition, the astonished English, living in profound peace and full security, were massacred by their nearest neighbours, with whom they had long upheld a continual intercourse of kindness and good offices." The pike was in active and exterminating service, and there were, no doubt, in that terrible day, ferocious and sanguinary ruffians, with *steel* hearts, who made merit of furnishing the handles from their own plantations!

We turn from this horribly revolting picture of debased nature, and human depravity and pursue our narrative.—De Lacy and his friend proceeded to London, and the former lost no time in presenting himself to the Earl of Leicester, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, then in London, and delivering his despatches. What followed thereon, in respect to Ireland, is matter of history. There was, at that moment, in the British capital and popular temper, much to grieve our emigrants as to political prospects, and alarm them for their personal safety. Puritanism and republicanism were progressing together, and combining their influence on the public mind, both were opposed to the kindred authorities of episcopacy and monarchy; and the popular hatred of popery did not prevent the mobs from insulting with opprobrious terms, or even assailing churoghmen in the streets. The spirit of the republican and leveler, gaining ascendancy in the House of Commons, was caught up by the populace. The Lords, because of their exclusive position in society, and supposed or imputed attachment to the throne and existing sovereign, were accustomed to be designated by the contemptuous epithets, "Rotten Lords, &c." That some, as in our own day, were false and rotten to their political duty, may not be doubted, and it is not

improbable but that tumultuary assemblages of the people were made use of as instruments towards ultimate objects, by the republican party in both houses of parliament—such wicked agency to power and change has not grown obsolete.

While De Lacy was making arrangements to his future adventurous course in life, it behoved him and Father Denis to observe caution and privacy as much as possible. The English suspected of Popery were objects of distrust and hate, but the Irish, under the circumstances of the moment, were peculiarly so. They lodged in the neighbourhood of the Temple, within the Bar, and, except on lenten days, when they literally fasted, were accustomed to dine at an adjacent tavern. It was a great resource to Father Denis's quiet and retired disposition, to saunter in the Temple gardens, and occasionally, in a yet lingering sunny hour, to sit on one of the seats, reading his favourite St. Augustine or the Bible; thus doubly armed against political observation, according as the character of the observer chanced to be. He was thus occupied one day, when a respectable looking personage, having in his hand a newspaper, the mean and scanty predecessor of the public press of our times, seated himself on the same bench. As he read to himself, the exclamations "horrible! devilish!" frequently escaped him; then turning full upon Father Denis, he said, "Have we not cause, Sir, to thank God that we are not Irish?" "Give me leave, Sir," answered the Father, "it is fitting that we thank God for all things, but I am an Irishman." The good old man was thrown off his guard, his nationality overcame his prudent reserve. The exclamations and observation of the stranger appeared to have been provoked by details of the atrocities and cruelties of which Ireland was then the scene.

"Is it not unaccountably strange, Sir," added the stranger, "that a religion which its divine founder gave to his creatures, as the *bond of peace and universal love*, should be converted into the instrument of discord, hatred, and persecution?" "It would be strange," replied the Father, "if the corruption of our nature did not reconcile the anomaly; the grace of God must pre-

pare the heart for the reception of truth, and the comprehension and practice of Christian charity, or the seeds of the gospel fall upon barren ground."

"Then what a difference there is between the physical and moral soil of your country. Your priesthood are esteemed among the most learned in Europe; why is it that their mental cultivation produces to their country nothing but bitter fruits—the apples of *Asphaltites*?"

"Because that it is not their country, but is governed by strangers."

"When was it better governed? And why call your brethren of five centuries strangers?"

"What made them our brethren?—the sword."

"It is the common introduction of nations to each other—it is in the wise dispensations of providence, and like the rod of the preceptor, hated by the pupil whose intellect it cultivates and interest it advances."

"We wanted no master."

"True; you had them before Henry's invasion even to a curse. Your *to-parcha*, your priests, your prejudices, and your brutal passions."

"God help us," groaned the Father, "the last curse is upon us still."

"Civilization is neither simultaneous nor voluntary. The sun does not shine with equal heat upon all parts of our globe at the same time. Civilization is a boon from the conqueror; an infliction only when resisted."

"Leave us our country and our religion, and let us civilize ourselves."

"Yes; had the Romans so left us here in Britain, we might still have our druids, our human sacrifices, and our painted bodies; where would be the arts and their noble monuments which surround us? What has your religion done for your country? Blood and massacre are bad evidence to civilization and Christianity. **IRELAND MUST BE CONQUERED AGAIN.**"

"God in his mercy avert from my unhappy country the punishment which her crimes so loudly call for; no Christian can excuse her now."

This was the only reply of Father Denis, and after some further colloquy of no interest, they separated. In the course of the conversation the stranger learned about the simple priest and De Lacy all that was initiatory to further information. For some days

after, he occasionally frequented the tavern resorted to by our emigrants, and contrived to get into such easy and unreserved conversation, as to satisfy himself fully of their characters, and political principles; while on them, his manners and accordant sentiments made a favourable impression. One evening just as the stranger was departing, he slipped into De Lacy's hand a note, and hastily disappeared. Its contents were "Sir, if you will meet me at Durham Stairs, by eight of the clock to-morrow morning, and commit yourself to my guidance, I will afford you an opportunity of approving the loyal devotion which appears to form so strong a feature in your character. You must be silent to your aged friend, and ask no questions before the waterman. I claim your confidence and will not abuse it."

The perusal of this note gave birth to various and deeply interesting conjectures in De Lacy's mind. No man possessed more personal courage, but the extraordinary circumstances of the times, and the excited and rancorous spirit of party, reasonably dictated caution. He could not tell but that the stranger might be a parliamentary agent, and himself and companion suspected of being dangerous emissaries of the tottering court. Half the night was passed in anxious indetermination; he was restricted, too, from communicating with his aged friend on the subject; however, besides his natural disposition to adventure, the appeal in the stranger's note to "his devoted loyalty," prevailed, and, ere he closed his eyes, his mind was made up to meet the stranger and the events of the morrow. He was at Durham stairs, a slip or access to the Thames, at the appointed hour, and found the stranger waiting for him: few words were exchanged; they entered a barge, or sculler, and the expert and merry waterman, pulled lustily at his oars, and sped his way up the Thames, like an arrow from a bow. Late as it was in the season, this noble river, although less magnificent than his native Shannon, engaged on either side of its banks, the admiring attention of De Lacy. The ancient and venerable piles—the yet enduring monuments of England's glory, and connected with her religion, her laws, and her kings; the palaces of her nobles, the villas of her

merchants, and the numerous barges of pleasure or commerce, passing to and fro, and creating a world of their own on the proud bosom of the swelling Thames. The association with the fame and the memory of the greatest of her poets then existed not ; the inanimate scenes were there, but not the spirit of song, which has since given them life in the history of letters. So much cultivation at the hand of art and the agency of wealth, presented such a rich and novel contrast to the wild character of nature in his own country, that his eye and his mind was occupied almost to forgetfulness of his companion, and the mysterious purposes which he was upon.

The sculler stopped at Hampton-court, and the party landed. The waterman received instructions from the stranger, who, with De Lacy, entered at one of the gates of the palace. In such a place, fear, had he been accessible to it, would have deserted him. He was in the palace of a sovereign to whom he was devoted heart and soul ; his was the consciousness of loyalty, not of disaffection or treason, and he breathed the atmosphere most congenial to his moral existence. Having crossed a large court, and entered a smaller one, passing two sentinels, a narrow and winding side passage terminated in a gothic arched door, at which the stranger rung a bell. Before the door was opened, the stranger grasped De Lacy's hand, and pressing it with friendly warmth, said, " My mission rests here for a while ; as you shall use the present moment, you are in the way of fortune—you'll find me here at your return." The door was opened by a porter in the royal livery ; another bell was pulled, and its summons was answered by another servitor, still more gorgeously habited ; the stranger put a sealed billet into the hand of the menial, said something which De Lacy did not hear, when he was respectfully led up a flight of oak stairs, black with age, and the banisters fantastically carved ; they next passed through a suite of rooms into an inner anti-chamber, where the footman delivered the note to a gentleman in waiting, accompanied orally by the stranger's instruction. De Lacy was here left by himself, and as he waited, a side opening from a corridor, flew open, and a beautiful female, apparently

of rank entered, as if engaged in highly animated conversation, closely followed by a fine looking youth. Both stopped somewhat, but not much disconcerted, on perceiving De Lacy. She turned to the youth with an arch expression of assumed gravity, and, lowly curtsying, said in French, not, perhaps, expecting to be understood by the stranger—" Heaven long preserve his Majesty ! When your Highness's reign commences, that of morality will be at an end." " And you will rise at court," retorted Prince Charles, (for it was he,) and gaily kissing his hand and laughing, he retired by the same door, while the lady went out by another ; whether she was the future Lady Castlemaine, or Duchess of Portsmouth, our history does not say.

In a few minutes, De Lacy was requested by the gentleman in waiting to follow him. They passed through a room in which seated at a table, with books before them, were a youth, somewhat younger, and of less favourable aspect than he who had previously made his appearance in the manner we have stated, and an elderly person, who, from his complexion, expression of countenance, and dress, appeared to be a foreign ecclesiastic. The youth, De Lacy afterwards learned, was James Duke of York, and the aged man an Italian priest, filling the double office of chaplain and confessor to the queen, and preceptor to the young duke ; the fruits of such cultivation arrived in due season to a bitter maturity. The attendant now opened a door and announced De Lacy. Two objects fixed his attention. One, a female reclining, in a half reposing attitude, on a richly ornamented ottoman, beside which stood a small table of ebony, curiously inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl, on which were writing materials, sealed letters, &c. ; at her feet lay growling a very pretty black and white dog, since known by the name of King Charles's breed—" O ! fie, donc ! taisez vous, Fidelle !" exclaimed she in a soft voice and native French, looking steadily and observantly at De Lacy, but not addressing him. The other was a female far more advanced in life, and of dignified and commanding aspect ; her demeanor and expression of countenance betrayed a proud severity, and it could be seen, at a glance, that condescension on her part

was an effort, and not familiar to her nature ; she too, was seated at another table, on which were also letters but recently sealed. On De Lacy's entrance, she arose, and with unbending dignity addressed him, saying, " Sir, you are in the presence of your queen." Had not a motion of her hand and the direction of her eye as she spoke, together with the foreign air and cast of features, pointed out the recumbent Henrietta, De Lacy might well have paid his mistaken homage to the stately Marchioness of Winchester. With the grace that was natural to him, he sunk on one knee and bowed deferentially to the queen, who, with one of those captivating smiles, which, when she pleased, could send her words and purpose to the hearts of those she addressed, graciously motioned him to rise ; at the same time directing a glance at the marchioness, which was understood ; the Marchioness said, " her Majesty permits Mr. De Lacy to be seated ;" he still hesitating, she added more emphatically, " the queen commands." He seated himself accordingly, when Henrietta, with a sweetness of voice and manner, rendered more fascinating by a mixture of melancholy unusual to her country, and but lately familiar to herself, addressed him in French, which her previous information had ascertained that he understood. At that period, indeed, the knowledge of the French language was almost confined to the well educated, and higher ranks of the Scotch and Irish, and was very partially cultivated even by the same classes in England.

" Altho' not inclined, Sir, to remit of our wonted state, at a time that disloyal faction is working to its humiliation or overthrow ; the friends of perilled royalty are always so few, that we should not interpose, at a time like this, those cold ceremonies which might chill the hearts warming to our cause ; your character is not strange to us ; you are devoted to your king."—" To danger, poverty, and death !" answered De Lacy, bowing low, and emphatically pressing his hand to his heart. " We know it, you have been at the Court of France."—He bowed. " Yes," she added, without waiting for other answer, " your French is of the court ; will you be my ambassador thither, not accredited but secret and confidential ?"—" In all things and to all things,

your majesty may command my willing and devoted obedience !" " Your mission, Sir, will be a delicate one ; it will require the most guarded secrecy, prudence, and address ; perhaps courage in a more than ordinary degree : the first, we hope, has not been learned in the school of your aged companion, tho' we are indebted to him for the involuntary information which has led us to make choice of your services ; the second, is not quite native to your country, the last is its characteristic, combined with a chivalrous loyalty." De Lacy felt the glow of a natural pride that some redeeming graces were conceded to the polluted land of his birth and he bowed his acknowledgments. " The virtues, Sir, strange to say, are here lost in religion, and so obscured by faction, that, with very few exceptions, we know not where to find them—the spirit of political apostacy possesses the land. Our enemies leave us nothing to suspect although everything to fear ; they, at least, are honest in the demonstration of their purpose and their hate ; but the greater danger of the prince, and degradation of public character, is found in the difficulty of knowing whom to trust, and the discrepancy between profession and action"—a sigh here escaped the queen, and turning with the tenderest and strongest expression of her eloquent eyes, to the marchioness, she added,—" And yet we should almost thank the Commons for the full knowledge of our dear Winchester and her faithful lord." " Your majesties," replied the marchioness, " have, I trust, friends enough, faithful and bold to sustain you triumphant over your enemies." " We must act in the spirit of what we would accomplish," rejoined the queen, " if we desert not ourselves, God will be along with his anointed." Here the inspiration of hope, and the pride of majesty elevated her air, and flashed in the commanding glance of her eye. " We make choice, Sir, of your services on this occasion, because the court of France is familiar with Irish gentlemen, who, therefore, are less liable to be objects of state suspicion, but still more, because, from what we have learned, we think we can trust you." Then taking the sealed letters in her hands, she continued, " These letters you will be careful of until you can with certainty deliver them

as addressed. Richelieu's policy is so sinister that I dare not trust him, and his jealousy of power such, that he must not know that you have a political purpose in being in Paris. He not only wields the power of the king, but he would prevent Louis from being a brother." Her bosom heaved with an irrepressible sigh. "The Countess ***** keeps the gayest hotel in Paris. The letter addressed to her will obtain you welcome admission to her parties, and those opportunities she will assist you to use to the service of your sovereign. I can scarcely hope your access to Louis, the vigilance of the cardinal is so closely directed to English subjects. Secondary channels of communication must, in the event, be resorted to, and these the Countess will supply. You will find written instructions more at large. The Queen of England's exchequer is not redundant, but what you shall need will be supplied to you by the Countess. I dare not trust our ambassador—political good faith and official fidelity are nearly extinct. Farewell, my gallant servant! The good genius of Charles, and the blessing of God, speed you!" Henrietta, then taking a splendid diamond ring from her finger, presented it to De Lacy, holding forth, at the same time, her hand for him to salute. Kneeling, he devoutly pressed it with his lips; then rising, and disposing of his papers, he made his obeisance, and, retiring as he came, found the stranger who had been his conductor from London, at the water-side, waiting for him. They entered the scull, reached Durham stairs, parted, and met no more.

Little preparation was necessary, and little time was lost in De Lacy and his aged friend proceeding to Paris. Father Denis re-occupied an apartment in his old college, and our hero, for such, reader, gentle or ungentle,

we announce him to be, entered on his mission, the issue of which has already been anticipated. The private affections of the French King, opposed no contrast to his political character, and not only were any aids or interference refused, but Henrietta was prohibited from visiting the French Court. Failing in the objects of his journey to Paris, De Lacy joined, as a volunteer, the armies of Austria, then engaged in a war against the Swedes, and acquitted himself with such credit and gallantry in two campaigns, as to attract the notice of the Archduke, by whom he was promoted to the rank of Captain. But on learning that Henrietta was raising supplies in Holland, our soldier hesitated not to relinquish the golden hopes which opened to him in the service of a foreign state, and hastened to cast himself and his destinies at the feet of his Sovereign Mistress, where his natural and cherished allegiance was due. He was received with confidence and distinction, and appointed her Majesty's Master of the Horse, with the rank of Colonel in the army. The scarcity of friends wonderfully increases their value, although, strange to say, there have been, and are even in our own day, Sovereigns who give the preference to, and lavish their favours upon their enemies.

"Most dear and precious were the faithful few,
Who, midst the many false remaining true,
Shed a bright halo round the gloom of fate,
To cheer the spirits of the falling great."

Father Denis joined his friend and pupil at the Hague, and such is the history which we thought necessary to give of these two personages, whom we embarked with Henrietta, under the care of Commodore De Ruyter, with whom, and exposed to all the hazards of falling in with the ruffianly parliamentary cruisers, we now leave the whole party until our next chapter.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABOUR MARKET,

VIEWED IN CONNECTION WITH THE POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS STATE
OF IRELAND.

The unsettled state of our agricultural and manufacturing interests—their frequent paroxysms of activity and stagnation—and the wide-spread wretchedness of the labouring classes, which is the necessary attendant upon such fluctuations, have loudly demanded the general attention; and indeed they have, of late, met the earnest consideration of intelligent individuals, of voluntary societies, and, in some degree, of parliament.

To prevent this attention from evaporating in benevolent wishes, or merely speculative theories—to impart to it steady perseverance, and practical energy—and to feed it with suitable fuel, until it issues in some beneficial result, naturally devolve upon the landed proprietors, and other intelligent, and independent members of society. These, living among the patients in this great hospital, should mark, and report the symptoms, that parliament may, at once, be reminded of the disease, and have a complete diagnosis, on which to prescribe the remedy.

But the misfortune is, that in those intervals of comparative prosperity, which periodically alternate with others of general distress—as soon as famine has ceased, for a time, to clamour at the doors of private or public charity—all are but too ready to embrace this hour of repose, and to abuse it to indolence and supineness. Instead of employing it, as they might, advantageously, in the peaceful contrast of conflicting opinions, and the adjustment of conflicting interests, they are apt to forget, at once, the future and the past. They forget that the rest of the disease is still untouched—that, although our poor have food enough to-day, they may, to-morrow, and certainly will again, and that at no distant period, be starving—and that, in the very best times, there is wretchedness sufficient to debase their morals, and wither their affections. Forgetting, I say, all this, they rest satisfied with the present, because fa-

mine, disease, and misery, are not compelled, by intolerable extremity, to quit their hovels; and stalking abroad, in squalid and offensive nakedness, to obtrude themselves upon the eye and ear. In fact, our gentry live in the epicurean spirit of the heathen poet, "*carpe diem*."

We remember an elderly gentleman of the Castle Rack-rent school, who illustrated, and sometimes ludicrously enough, in his private affairs, this indolent improvidence of his brethren, in public matters. Our good-natured friend was one of those who are very unwilling to sacrifice present ease, in order to guard against the future, and contingent inconvenience. He adopted, as his motto, though not, precisely, in the spirit of its Divine author, that profoundly wide maxim, "*Sufficient unto the day, is the evil thereof*." Like the fowls of the air, he lived, practically, upon Providence, and was "*careful for nothing*." While enjoying a quiet game of backgammon, with a friend, a servant entered the room, and rather with the hurry of a man at his wit's end, than the frigid apathy of a fashionable footman, announced the forcible entry of his dairy stock, who, perhaps, felt their master's negligence through the breach in the hay yard wall; adding, that the cattle were rapidly demolishing, and trampling down, the hay rick. The case was urgent. Our friend paused, for a moment, at a very interesting crisis of the game, to balance the profit and loss of present ease and future annoyance. But he quickly decided, and pronounced judgment, not, we must confess it, with the same calm composure as a judge of *assize*—"Let them make the most of it; it's all they shall have for the winter." The servant, who was, perhaps, an heir-loom of the family, well knew his master, and would rather precipitate himself upon some fifty pair of horns, in *chevaux de frise*, asserting their paramount claim to the hay yard, than encounter an

indolent man provoked to action. He quickly disappeared, we trust to raise the *posse comitatus* on his own authority, and to do the best he could in this dilemma. What arguments were used by the foolish and improvident herd, when the hay-rick was eaten or wasted, in despite of the warning to make the most of their supplies, it were no difficult speculation to divine. We may be assured that they bellowed, and pawed, and butted their indolent and quiet-loving guardian into a compliance with their reasonable demands.

This, we admit, is not argument. It is merely an anecdote of our old friend, who, some thirty or forty years ago, resigned his charge into the hands of heirs, who, no doubt, have since been progressing in the march of intellect. Still, in reference to the subject before us, we say to the collective wisdom of the Irish gentry, "*Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*" Food, like water, when pent up, will make, where it does not find, a level. In seasons of famine, the rich *must* feed the poor.

The disease under which the country labours is evident. A superabundant population, debased in morals, as a superabundant population must ever be; and reckless, from want of occupation and food; and with, in Ireland, the additional ingredients of all the ignorance, idleness, and fanaticism, political and religious, which a bigotted and exclusive, a superstitious, encroaching, and demoralising creed, ministered by a vigilant and ambitious priesthood, can produce. It seems, also, to be the general opinion, that this disease can never be thoroughly eradicated without the extreme and expensive remedy of amputation by colonizing; and that even this, to be permanently beneficial, must be followed up by the mild regimen of a religious and moral educational system, judiciously administered. By reforming those links of affectionate and reciprocal attachment, which should subsist between landlord and tenant, and which Papal ambition has rent asunder—by the tenant's feeling that his landlord is his natural protector and friend—by the landlord's feeling that neither his respectability nor his enjoyments are to be measured by the number of his freeholders, or the amount of his rent-roll, but by the regularity and security of his income; and still more by the comfort and morality of his de-

pendents. In this spirit, "giving them that which is just and equal"—raising them from the level, or should we not rather say, from beneath the level, of the brutes, with which, in many instances, they are now obliged to consort; and which, in some instances, are better lodged, and more plentifully fed—teaching them to feel a want of the decencies and comforts of civilized life, by habituating them to their enjoyment—looking after them in sickness—sympathizing with them in any afflictive dispensation—attending, with paternal interest, to the education and advancement of their children—and watching, with vigilant interest, over the morals,—would that the circumstances of the country permitted us to say,—the religion, of all.

It will, we know, be objected, "We are already aware of all this, but deny its practicability, in consequence of the irritated and unnatural state of popular feeling, which the priests and demagogues have conspired to excite. We are ready to new-model our estates, and to manage them on new principles; to make rent an equitable arrangement, which will permit to our tenantry not only the necessaries, but the comforts, of life; and we are ready to do this, not merely from motives of benevolence and justice; but, also, because we have learned, by experience, that it is the only way in which we can secure our properties from dilapidation and impoverishment, and obtain from them a certain income. We are most anxious to promote habits of industry, sobriety, and cleanliness—to civilize the aged—to educate the young—and to live on cordial and affectionate terms with all. But they will not permit it. The priest, like a gloomy and portentous cloud, interposes; wields, not spiritual thunders, for these would be powerless among a people whom his political harangues and prostituted office have converted to infidelity—but he wields the more dreaded, because the more sensible and immediate sanctions of the law of opinion. He threatens to call them from the altar if they co-operate with us in any plan for bettering their moral condition. And while many are groaning under this oppressive tyranny; and most, if they knew the real sentiments of the mass, which they have been accustomed to consider the priest as expressing, and which, to all practi-

cal purposes, he does express, would burst his bonds asunder, and cast away his cords from them ; yet none is hardy enough to be the first to break the ranks, and expose himself to the raking fire of persecution against character, property, and even person, which, on such occasions, a priest so well knows how to direct against him. Here, then, is one impediment." And we admit that it is a real and a serious one ; but it only furnishes a stronger reason for adopting every legitimate means that offers of withdrawing the people from a tyranny which they hate, and enabling them to act with liberty ; and this can be done only by affording them that protection which a closer union with their landlord or employer would confer.

With some means, too, of observing, and more of collecting, observations, we do not hesitate to assert, that, rampant and vigorous as Popery, in Ireland, now seems, it is pregnant with disease and death, and that the time is near at hand when this obstacle will be removed. We would, therefore, advise such preparatory measures as may enable the landlords of Ireland, should the country survive the shock and ruin which the fall of this mighty colossus will, probably, occasion, to avail themselves of the door which will then be thrown open to them ; and to resume, in a paternal spirit, improved by experience, the place and offices, in an intercourse with their tenantry, which that important relation imperatively devolves upon them.

The elements of decomposition in the Roman Catholic church of Ireland are rapidly developing ; and there can be but little doubt that they will shortly produce a convulsion which will shake it to its very centre, if not shatter it into fragments. There is, we assert it, no attachment of Roman Catholics to their religion, *as a religion*. The Hohenlohe miracles, and the Pastorini prophecies, which so raised, and so disappointed—one, the popular pride ; the other, the popular expectation—the light which religious meetings and public discussions have let in upon the darkest chambers of imagery in the Romish church—the march of intellect—the increased, though *bad*, intelligence of the lower orders—their concentration and self-dependence—the radical and infidel spirit and tendency of the age—

the treacherous or infatuated policy of our civil government which has taught brute force its power—and that authority, if perseveringly resisted, is overcome—the transformation of the priest into the demagogue—the chapel into the political club-house, and the congregation into the political club—the utter indifference to the morals of the people evinced by the priests, unless, as with the sobriety of the Clare freeholders, morality can be made to subserve politics—in short, the utter oblivion, or blasphemous prostitution, of all that is sacred, essential, and characteristic in religion—have caused the people to view it in that aspect, in which alone the priest exhibits it, as the banner of a party, and the stepping-stone to political power. In the alembic of Popery, infidelity has neutralized superstition, and left but the residuum of politics. The prophet's commission, " I have set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy, and to throw down." This is the only text upon which the priest harangues. With this, in some pointed and personal application of it, the altar rings on every Sabbath ; and, consequently, radicalism is the only creed of the people.

And to their religious profession, even in this, its most attractive aspect to the natural man, there are many, who are rather bound by authority, than attached by sympathy. The demagogues, priestly and political, have hurried on the body of the Romish clergy ; some, half reluctant, until they have passed the Rubicon, and found it too late to stop, or to recede. These, again, have carried with them the people : some, no doubt, but too ready ; others, and among those, the first in property, intelligence, respectability, and age, entirely disapproving of their conduct, and disgusted with their spirit : and only restrained by fear of the power which they can wield in these critical and eventful times, and against which the government *can, or does*, afford no protection, from publicly testifying their disgust, and from abandoning a system, which they plainly see, has any thing in view, rather than to save the souls of its members. This is not mere theory. We know this to be the state of many Roman Catholics. And does it not justify us in saying, that the authority of their priesthood,

has nearly reached its maximum and its crisis. That they have staked all upon the present cast. And that, issue how it may, in other respects, the cord of priestly domination has been drawn so tight, in compelling the people to subserve their political purposes, that the re-action will snap it.

It is true, and an awful truth, as respects our political prospects ; but fully confirmatory of our views as to the approaching downfall of the papal superstition, that all expression of better feeling in the Roman Catholic body, has, of late, rapidly declined, and now, almost wholly, ceased. We have watched with dismay and with astonishment at the infatuated blindness of our rulers, who have effected it, the gradual obscuration of every spot of light in the Popish hemisphere. At this moment, the mass of Popery presents but the aspect of one uniformly dark and portentous cloud, about to burst in thunders and torrents upon the land. The weak or wicked policy of the Irish government, if government we must miscall it, which, to subserve whatever purposes, fed, not checked, the stream of popular feeling, which sounded the tocsin to the implacable foes of the constitution, and hoisted upon the walls of its citadel, the enemy's banner : which tossed its crown into the air, amid the felts of a rabble ; and brandished over its head an oaken sceptre ; and hurra'd from its ramparts to the besieging foe, Agitate ! Agitate ! Agitate ! All this, no doubt, in the proud and empty hope, that it "could ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm." This infatuated and degrading policy has produced its natural result. It has given to the torrent of revolution an overwhelming power, which enables it to absorb, and hurry along, what before was quiescent or resistant. In some instances, we trust, better feeling, thus unprotected, has been repressed by fear, not eradicated. But even, where this is not the case, and the conversion is real, the converts have been made, not to priestcraft and superstition, but to revolution and democracy.

We believe, too, that there is a God, and that "he loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity." And though we are far, indeed, from saying, that the former is the character of universal Protestantism, or of individuals, in any degree proportioned to their high calling and

obligations ; yet, we do assert with confidence, that the Protestant body has improved, and is rapidly improving ; while Popery seems to have reached the lowest point of *moral* deterioration ; and as to *religion*, it is literally unthought of, by priest or people, whether at mass, or club-house. In the career to ascendancy, they have lightened the vessel of burdensome Christianity, and made shipwreck of faith, as of good conscience. We are not about to infer from this, an immunity from political judgments. By no means. Ours is not a penitence, like that of Nineveh, deep and universal ; which would bow down the Protestant body, as the heart of a single man ; and which, by removing the necessity for divine judgments, as stimulants and correctives, would obliterate the divine wrath. "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." And if, indeed, under the gospel dispensation, there be national sins, and national judgments ; the history of the church teaches, that with the rare exception of hurricane and inundation, earthquake, pestilence, and famine, God has usually been pleased to scourge a people, by subjecting them to infatuated rulers, and bringing upon them political oppressors. But when this rod has done "God's strange work," it is flung, as a brand, to the burning. If the comparative state of Protestantism and Popery be such as we have described it ; and who will deny it ? we may rest assured that whatever scars and deaths may result from the conflict, Popery is tottering to its ruin ; and that Protestantism, in some approved form, and to which its daily advances are pointing, will retain the field. We believe that Protestantism, *as a religion*, is passing through the furnace, and refining into purity amid the flames of persecution. We believe that Popery, *as a religion*, soothed and bloated by the opiate of prosperity, which radicalism and infidelity, those twin brothers, have deemed it their interest, to minister, for a time, to a creed, essentially despotic and superstitious, is leaning upon treacherous friends, and sleeping upon the bosom of death.

Without the quackery of prescribing any sovereign specific, for that mass of disease, which an examination of the comprehensive subject, "the state of the country," would exhibit—a disease, which has, hitherto, baffled our most

experienced statesmen, and wisest political economists ; and whose complicated causes, will, no doubt, require many and various means of cure ; we would venture to suggest *one* of the causes, which have operated to produce the chasm between the gentry and peasantry which now subsists. And the means which we propose for removing the cause, will, in some degree, operate in removing, also, the existing effects.

It must be evident to any person at all conversant with the subject, that there is a radical defect in the present system of agricultural labour. And that the practice of hiring labourers by the day, with scarcely any advantage over the old system of farm servants, brings with it many and grievous evils. Some of these we shall proceed to state.

First, then, it reduces the connexion between the landlord and this portion of his dependants, over whom he might exercise so powerful, and so salutary, a moral influence, to the simple transaction, of labour given, and cash received. It increases crime, by increasing impunity ; and, by the same act, throws virtue into the shade ; while in the market, where both are equally unknown, the felon, who has fled from justice, is perhaps employed ; and, on account of his itinerant occupation, lives unsuspected in a strange place, while the honest and industrious labourer is perhaps rejected.

The uncertainty, too, of employment, with its consequent misery, which belongs to this system, often leads to the commission of crime, for the purpose of obtaining the common necessities of life. It produces a thorough recklessness of character, one of whose worst fruits, is the early and thoughtless marriages, which are so general among our poor, and which, in the very beginning of life, encumber two persons with the charge of a family, who have no certain means of supporting themselves. That an increase of wretchedness produces an increase of marriages, and so, of population, is one of those paradoxes which not only facts amply support, but whose theory a little consideration will justify. Those only, who have some comfort and independence to lose, will be restrained from marriage by prudential considerations. Others stand on no eminence, and fear no fall. They have nothing to lose, and are therefore ready for any change which offers present

gratification. And, in point of fact, there is scarcely a labouring man, who lives to the age of thirty, unmarried. These marriages often occur, under the most destitute and discouraging circumstances. We know the fact, that after the banns had been duly published for two Roman Catholics, whom the priest refused to marry, from their want of a sufficient fee ; the man requested to be married the following morning at six o'clock. The clergyman refused to perform the ceremony at any but canonical hours ; and suspecting something wrong in the man's anxiety to have the service over before day light, pressed for his reason. He found, that it was a desire to attend the market, for employment as a labourer, after the ceremony was over, lest he should miss his day's hire ; which, he confessed, was all he had to look to, on that, his wedding day, for subsistence. We may add, that it is common for women, in order that they may make a decent appearance at their wedding, to borrow shoes and a cloak. We mention these, because the want of them marks the Zero of poverty, in Ireland, much more accurately than the want, even of a blanket ; for which, the cloak by day, is, in but too many instances, the substitute by night : Nor are the parents less reckless. Instead of interfering to check, they bestow the sanction of age, and the form of business, upon marriages, in which it were impossible to discern one ray of common sense or forethought. But facts, alone, can give any adequate conception of that blendure of inconsistencies, which is the peculiar of Irish character. We will state one, in point. Last shrovetide, the gate-keeper at K —, called upon his mistress ; and after some blessings and compliments, the insinuating exordium, which, usually opens a story that is to close with a request, begged "that she would ask the master to advance him five pounds, to marry his daughter." Observe, these five pounds were not intended for a marriage portion. They were to be forthwith expended, in a fee to the priest, and other costs of a *dacent*, that is, a drunken wedding. Mrs. C —, interested for the family, asked, to whom Mary was about to be married : and was answer'd, "to a boy of the Hurly's." "The Hurly's ? I know but one family of Hurly's, that at the bog."

"The very same, your honour, Jim Hurly, a *nate, clane* boy." "Is it the family that, at Christmas, could not pay me half price for blankets: and were in such want of them too—ten people without covering in a wretched hut—that I was obliged to give them a pair without any payment?" Tim scratched his head. "And what are you to do with them, when married?" "O, your honour, I'm not to do for them. She's to live with her people in law." "And are you sending the poor child to be the eleventh in a wretched hovel, where they are in want of blankets, and cannot purchase them, even at half price?" Tim, again, scratched his head. "Indeed Tim, I will not speak to your master. I am sure he would not give you five pounds, for such a purpose. And I certainly will not ask him to lend it, that you may be kept in wretchedness, while you are working it out. And all this, only to send poor Mary into wretchedness also." Tim, who, though one of the comfortable, was, as must ever be the case, infected by the epidemic feeling, never thought of this. He and his family, Mary not excepted, were very thankful to the mistress for her advice, which they thought both wise and kind, but which had never occurred to any of them. Shrovetide—the Irish May—passed; and Mary is safe from being settled, or *unsettled*, until next Shrovetide. Beyond this most critical and eventful epoch in an Irish year, and an Irish life, few would pretend to speculate. Three successive Shrovetides, has Tim endeavour'd, according to Irish phrase and practice, "to come round" his master, to whom he had free and daily access, by beguiling him, as the serpent beguiled Adam, through the medium of his beloved Eve. Three successive Shrovetides, he has preferred to Mrs. C—, a similar request, only with a different party. For, in these matters of business, wiser heads, it might be supposed, than lovers were, usually make the selection, as well as the arrangements. And in all probability, the principals, if, in an Irish wedding, the bride and bridegroom may be so denominated, have little share in the arrangement, and no anxious solicitude about its issue. Extremes meet. In no Moravian settlement, where the sexes are kept strictly apart—scarcely see each other, except in the house of

prayer—and are, perhaps, introduced, for the first time, by the marriage ceremony; is marriage transacted more as a cold matter of business, by a passionless and spiritualized people, than it is by our wild, warm blooded Irish, all sense and recklessness. In a society, too, where, as to the daily habits and delicacies of life, there is no discrimination of sex; but male and female, eat, and drink too, labour, and sleep, together. No fashionable couple, who have been made the passive instrument of a union, between two families, estates, or political parties, could have less entanglement of sensibilities, and more diplomacy of arrangement, than sometimes attends the marriage of two Irish paupers; who both think it time to marry, but who never dreamed that they were to take each other, "for better, for worse," until the business was arranged, by mutual friends, at the wake or wedding, those cabinet dinners, immediately preceding. This is the regular order. There are, no doubt, exceptions, of a pure and strong attachment: but they are rare indeed. This order is far more frequently interrupted, and the matter hastily adjusted, without any preliminaries, by a *misfortune*: as Irish morality teaches our degraded people to designate, what Christian morality denounces, as a damning sin. In Mary's three affairs of the heart, Mrs. C—'s influence alone, prevented a marriage. Had her father not been in Mr. C—'s employment; and, consequently under the eye and influence of his family; in other words, had they been more destitute, a marriage would, assuredly, have taken place. And thus would another have been added to the many streams, which are mingling their muddy waters, to inundate the land with overpopulation, wretchedness, and rebellion. For, moralize, or legislate, as we may, the hopelessly wretched, by an instinct of nature, must be rebels.

As Irish habits and character are our subject, it may not be amiss to observe, in passing, that national, or should we not rather call it, religious trait, which Tim's request to his mistress, to request of his master, exhibits. Our religious creed operates insensibly upon character, and imparts to the whole stream of conduct, its own rectitude, or peculiar obliquity. In the character, therefore, of the Irish peasant, that is, in unsophisticated Irish Popery, there is no open-

ness and straightforwardness. All is circuitous and mysterious, inaccurate and false. Every thing is arranged by intervention and deputy. Whether salvation is to be purchased, or a quarter of meadow, or potato land. Whether a daughter is to be married, or a pig sold, there is a host of mediators engaged. Each, priest or peasant, consuming his quota of the native Irish poison, whiskey; and, in return, contributing to the transaction his full quota of confusion, litigiousness, and ferocity. This system of mediatorship is not the finesse of a polished people, which would prevent the rude collision of principals; for the principals are never missed from the argumentum baculinum, or the strife of tongues. No; it is the servile spirit of his religion, with its "Gods many, and Lords many," which has wrapt the whole character of the Papist peasant, in mystery, vagueness, suspicion, and imbecile dependence. Popery brings down the gospel to a level with merely natural feeling; and, thus, canalizes what, else, were spiritual in the affections of its votary. "Why would'nt he obey the mother that bore, and reared him?" was the gross and only reply of an aged devotee, to all the arguments we could produce against the intercession, indeed, paramount authority of the virgin, over the one mediator, Jesus glorified. What is wise for eternity, cannot be foolish for time. If it is safe to help out, even the Saviour's merits and intercessions, with those of saints and angels, an additional mediator cannot, at any time, be amiss. Tim's request to Mr. C—, must pass through Mrs. C—. Had he a request to make of the mistress, it would have been made through the master.

Another remarkable feature in the character of the Irish labourer, and which the present system tends to perpetuate, is his stupid ignorance of the very simplest processes in that business, from which he looks to derive subsistence throughout his life. Two labourers are able to mow, plough, sow, thrash, &c. and scarcely any one of them is acquainted with *all* these branches. And yet, surely none of them requires either intelligence or adroitness beyond his compass, if but training and stimulus were applied. The great mass of our labourers have but brute force to apply to their work. A favorable season for getting in the seed may be

lost, or the hay crop may perish, for want of suitable hands, while numbers are standing idle and hungry in the market, waiting for some employment which asks from them mere labour, and can scarcely be said to contemplate them as rational and intelligent beings.

Agricultural labourers may be divided into *two* classes. Some very few, who have been ancient settlers on the estate, and in the immediate neighbourhood of a resident landlord, rent from him a cottage and potato garden, and, perhaps, the grazing of a cow, at the usual rates of the country, and which they are enabled to pay, by the constant employment he affords them, at a hire of eight pence to ten pence a day. These are to be considered as under the immediate patronage of the landlord, and as having attained the maximum of a labourer's prosperity. And though the balance of cash which appears in their favour on the steward's books, can be but small, yet if other members of the family are industrious, and if all are sober and thrifty, they may live in comfort and independence. And certainly, if the moral link between the landlord and this portion of his dependents had been drawn closer, by a vigilant and affectionate superintendence, and to this their circumstances were highly favourable; they would present a far different aspect, both in a physical, and moral, and, we may add, in a religious point of view, from that which they now exhibit. These few, however, be their moral state what it may, while strength to labour is continued to them, have an assured livelihood. But there is another, and a far more numerous portion, wholly dependent upon the fluctuating demand for labour of the public market; and, which is still worse, upon its fluctuating prices. At seed time and harvest they obtain daily employment; and, in threatening seasons, perhaps, for a few days, so high wages, as two shillings a day, or even more, with their diet, about which at such times they are very difficult to please. This becomes a heavy tax to the small farmer, who is compelled to employ them on any terms rather than risk the safety of his crop. And it does not, in any way, benefit them; for such seasons present an uninterrupted scene of riot and intoxication. At other times, and particularly in

scarce summers, between, as it is emphatically called, the old and the new crop, wages are so low as four pence or five pence per day; and the great majority are wholly unemployed—their own stock of provisions exhausted, and the market high in prices, if at all supplied with their staple, indeed only, food, potatoes and oatmeal. Thus are they reduced to such a state of wretchedness, that able labourers are anxious to work for their food, without any other wages; while their wives and children stroll through the country, as beggars or petty thieves; and in seasons of extreme scarcity, as avowed and unblushing plunderers. Justifying their deeds by their necessities. By an instinct of the philosophy of nature, resolving society into its primary elements, and appealing to first principles, lodging a protest, which, true or false, it is hard to answer, that their "poverty and not their will consents."

But there is one fact, on the very face of this statement, which may seem to contradict it. How, it will naturally be inquired, can such hopeless wretchedness, not only maintain existence, but propagate and extend itself in all the wide-spread ramifications, and rank luxuriance of unheeded desolation? Few, we believe, know any thing of our poor, who have not often asked themselves this question, with respect to particular families, "How do they contrive to live?" Leaving an interposition of divine providence, little short of miraculous, to fill the awful chasm between the means and the end, we will simply state the means. A dunghill, standing close by the cabin-door, and purchased at the cost of filth, stench, and disease, supplies potatoes until the scarce season of the year. To say how they contrive to live during this season, you should live with them, and watch the hand of that gracious providence, who clothes the lilies of the field, and feeds the young ravens which cry unto him, daily interposing between them and famine. A pig, of which it is scarcely exaggeration to say, that it eats, drinks, and sleeps, with the family, ekes out the deficient produce of manual labour, and thus pays the rent of their dear and miserable holding. This consists of four narrow, damp, unplastered, and undivided, mud walls; within which the whole inmates, males, females, and

pig, eat, drink, and sleep together with little of furniture, and, in scarce seasons, without even a bed of straw—and of a quarter or an half acre of ground, on which the dunghill is manufactured into potatoes. As to clothes, even such as they have, how these are procured, we are wholly at a loss to answer.

This, we are satisfied, will not be considered an exaggerated statement of their misery, by any one acquainted with the condition of the great mass of agricultural labourers; and, we may safely base upon it this conclusion, that on an average of prices and employment, three days in the week, at eight pence to nine pence per day, that is, from two shillings to two and six pence a week, or from five to six pounds a year, is about the product of a man's labour, exclusive of what he does in the potato garden *which he rents at nearly this sum*, and which is scarcely ever sufficient to supply him with this essential article of his food throughout the year.

In this division, we have, intentionally, passed over a class of labourers, so small and so insignificant, as scarcely to be missed from a general statement. And yet, strange as it may seem, it is this class, which on an improved and more extended scale, and on more liberal principles, we would propose as a model of the plan which we are about to suggest.

Most holders of small farms, exceeding six or eight acres, and who have neither sons nor brothers residing with them, diet and lodge a sort of farm servant, who attends to the more menial occupations of the farm yard, and when unemployed there, labours in the field. This is the lowest grade of agricultural labourer, and his wages we believe, never exceed from three to five pounds a year. Might not this plan be new modelled; and thus adopted by the gentry, the station and liberality of the employer, imparting proportionate respectability and comfort to the situation of the servant.

But to explain this more fully, let each resident proprietor estimate the number of labourers, which the ordinary business of his farm requires. And let him rather exceed, than fall short of the number requisite, since any surplus labour may always be profitably expended in draining, fencing, plant-

ing, and other permanent and valuable improvements. Let him select this number from the mass; and let his principle of selection be moral character and habits. If the number exceed six, let it be divided into companies six in each. Of these, let five be unmarried men; and the younger the better, as their bad habits will be less inveterate, and their character more plastic. Let the sixth be a married man; and as very much will depend upon him and his wife, in carrying this plan into effect, particular care should be taken in selecting them. They should be, to say the least, steady, honest, sober, industrious, and of good moral principles. The man, of sufficient moral weight, to maintain his authority over the young men; and able to instruct them in the ordinary processes of agriculture. And as nothing is required in this man and his wife but good morals and intelligence, they may, if carefully sought after, be found in the class of common labourers; and therefore, though the man is to possess the authority of a steward over the five of his company, yet he should not be exempted from labouring with them. A comfortable farm-house should then be erected, consisting of a kitchen with sleeping apartments at one end, for this man and his family, at the other end for the five young men, over whom he is to be placed in the office of sub-steward. The house should be supplied with the necessary furniture, cheap and solid, and just such as is calculated to form decent habits in the inmates. Let this sub-steward be supplied at convenient intervals by the steward, with potatoes, milk, oatmeal, butter—in fact with the usual fare, or somewhat better, of this class, in a farmer's employment. All the inmates should diet together; the husband should act as head of the family; the wife should cook, wash, mend, and discharge the other household duties for all. From what has been already remarked, as to the product of labour, it would appear that five or six pounds a year wages to each of the five labourers, and something more to the sub-steward, for his own labour and superintendence, and his wife's domestic services, with plain, but plentiful diet, and comfortable lodging to all, would render their condition enviable to the majority of their own class, and enable each of them to

lay by from three to four pounds a year. We do not, however, take upon us to fix precisely the wages; we would leave this to persons who may be better acquainted with the practical detail, and local circumstances of each neighbourhood. The principle by which they should be regulated is, that they would enable a man to clothe himself decently, and then to lay by, at least, two or three pounds each year.

If this system were carried into operation, there can be no doubt that it would produce, so far as they deserved well in other respects, a decided preference of Protestants. Because where you were purchasing a man's whole disposable labour, you would certainly prefer him, who had less fear of working than of drinking, on the many Roman Catholic holidays, which, even under the present system of daily engagements, the farmer often finds so inconvenient. It will not, we trust, be denied, that the religious improvement of his dependents should always be an object of deep interest to a Christian landlord; and where no hostile prejudices interpose a barrier, of practical attention. In furtherance of this object, it should be a standing rule, at least among the Protestant inmates of these establishments, to assemble daily to family prayer, at which the sub-steward, as head of the family, should officiate; and if he were a pious man, which, of course, would be a main object with every pious landlord, a system of religious training might be superadded to his other offices, which would be, in the highest sense, a blessing, not only to the estate, but to the surrounding neighbourhood. He should make regular reports of his household, and any man incorrigibly idle, immoral, or insubordinate, should be expelled. Of course, from the constitution of these establishments no man who married could continue in his situation. But as, on the other hand, no advantages could compensate the ill effects which must result from an undue restriction of marriage; and as the prospect of marriage, not as the thoughtless or desperate plunge of recklessness, or of sensual appetite, but as the avenue to domestic rest and enjoyment, and the privilege and reward of honest industry, is a stimulus to much that is excellent, and a check upon much that is evil; any man who

had saved a sum—say not less than twenty pounds, which, with prudence, and the aid of the savings bank, he might easily do before he arrived at the age of thirty, if he were disposed to marry, should be made a sub-steward, did a vacancy occur, or should receive a cottage and farm, in no instance less than five acres, at a fair rent; this, his money, skill, and experience, would enable him to stock and farm to advantage. But we need not encumber ourselves with the consideration, how are they to be disposed of? The fact is, that such persons would be sought for from every quarter, as stewards and as tenants.

It may be objected, if this plan were universally adopted, where could you look for that extra supply of labourers, requisite for the harvest work? We preface our reply to this, by saying, that whatever means may be devised, certainly none could wish to keep up, throughout the year, a number of men, dependant upon agricultural labour alone for their livelihood, and for whom there was no adequate employment, except in seasons of hurry. And then we answer, supposing the plan universally adopted, which, perhaps, were impossible—first, from the unhurried labourers of other trades; and next, from mutual co-operation. It is notorious, that there is a spirit of accommodation among the agricultural classes, greater than subsists among the members of any other trade or business; so that among them, in their present state of ignorance as to the first table of the divine law, “a good neighbour,” is the sum and expression of all excellence. Now, this spirit would be still more powerfully elicited under the proposed system. In fact, each neighbourhood would be, as if the property of an individual; and the field which called most loudly for them, would assemble the requisite number of labourers, from whatever quarter they could be best spared.

The great advantage, in a political view, attending the system is, that it would remove, as far as is possible, the uncertainty of the labour market; and thus diminish the awful number of unsuccessful speculators, in this lottery for employment and food. The labour market, under the present system, is a mere lottery: where, except in seasons of hurry, the blanks are to the prizes at

least as three to one. Not one out of every four professed labourers is employed. And as all, who are accustomed to observe the movements of the human mind, well know its propensity to overcalculate resources; this chance of an occasional day's work, creates a human swarm, half labourers, half beggars, and petty plunderers; totally devoid of foresight and prudence, because prudence has never, for them, had any treasure to guard, any field for exercise. Reckless of, because inured to, misery. If employed, rioting in drunkenness. If unemployed, famishing. And, as the latter is the lesser evil, there is no one who takes the morals of the people into account, and who passes through one of our villages on a Sunday, who can hesitate for a single moment in deciding, that a plentiful harvest, general employment, and good wages, are not a blessing, but a curse, to the people.

If any one is unwilling to attach the same importance that we here do, to this effect of the proposed system on the labour market; let him look at our manufactures, and see there the evils which result from the propensity of overcalculating, when combined with the indefinite demands of an uncertain market, fully exemplified.

Over-population necessarily produces a competition for the necessities of life. The industrious and successful earn them, by the labours of their hands, in honest independence. Others obtain them—when they do obtain them—as the boon of charity, or the spoil of plunder; and thus, are either morally debased or perish. When some move in the great game of politics has opened an avenue for the introduction of our manufactures to a new market, each manufacturer is, at once, as busily engaged, as if he enjoyed a monopoly of the article which he can supply. Labourers are all employed. The languishing manufactures appear to revive. And, speedily, a supply is created—not proportioned to the demands of the market, but to the number of competitors for supplying it. Those whose outlay of capital in machinery, labour, and stock of raw material, has enabled them to come first into the market, sell their goods at remunerating prices; and perhaps realize a fortune, which serves to allure future speculators, when the memory of the bank-

ruptcy, ruin, and wretchedness, which fell to the lot of the vast majority, has passed away. The later supplies serve but to glut the market to satiety, lie on hands, are returned, perhaps damaged, and unsaleable. The employers become bankrupt. The operatives are thrown out of employment. The panic stops even the steady, though small, employment, which a due supply of the home market demands. And thus, this swelling wave of commerce, which gently wafted from our shores, on its smooth and sunny bosom, a gay vessel, rich in merchandise, and buoyant in hopes, returns a breaker, bearing upon its treacherous surface a shattered wreck—carries desolation and bankruptcy into our manufactories, and famine, wretchedness, and discontent throughout the land.

But it will be said, "This over-supply, with all its evil consequences, has been, you admit, but the effect of that competition, which an over-population, necessarily produced. Nothing can put down that competition, which does not provide employment and food, in some other quarter, for the excess of competitors above the demand. How do you provide for these?" We do not at all propose it. Perhaps emigration alone can relieve the country of this political dropsy. If, indeed, the swellings of popular turbulence were to subside. If English capital, and skill, and enterprise, could explore our mines, and work our manufactories, without fear of conflagration and ruin. If absentee proprietors could improve and reside upon their estates, without risk to property or person, then, perhaps, emigration might not be necessary. But is it the object of the agitator that the country should be peaceful and prosperous? Will priests and demagogues permit this? Will a feeble, timid, truckling administration, selling the country to repealers, that they may as the purchase money, keep, a little longer, their own places, compel them to permit it? We say, "No," to all. And therefore, we believe emigration necessary. We merely propose means of preventing the recurrence of this plethoric habit, when the country has been thus relieved. And, under the operation, we would save the patient from being drained of the heart's blood, instead of the corrupt humours, by staying the emigration of the decent,

the moral, the religious—in a word, of the protestant. We are convinced, that no system will ever keep down an overpopulation. Promote moral and prudent habits. Impart a sense of decency; of wants; and of comforts to the people, which does not, in every department of society, restrain, within due limits, that reckless, gambling spirit, which lives, as the phrase has it, from hand to mouth: and which does not give certainty and steadiness to the labour market. The means here proposed are principally conservative; and of course, principally contemplate a healthful state of the country. It cannot, certainly, be carried into full and general operation, until the present excess of population has been disposed of. This too, we admit, cannot in justice be rashly or hastily done. We say, in justice. A few commercial adventurers who have long since failed and disappeared, have created the paupers of England. But in Ireland, the landlords are, as to all moral obligation, their fathers. Their *electioneering ambition* and *rack-rents* have virtually begotten them; and in justice, no less than in prudence and benevolence, they must not throw them off, until they see them, in some way or other, provided for. But let them now deliberate on the means, which, when this evil is removed, may prevent its recurrence. And let those, whose estates are already clear, and who are, therefore, at liberty to keep them so, immediately adopt the means best suited to this effect. Let them do so, not only for their own benefit and comfort; but also, that their estates may furnish, as it were, model schools, tested and approved by experience, to instruct the country in general, should our long provoked, but long-suffering and gracious God, ever bring it again to a healthful condition, in the best and most effectual means, under the divine blessing, of preserving it moral, prosperous, and happy.

Of the two causes to which we have alluded, as giving birth to our agricultural paupers, namely, *electioneering ambition*, and *rack-rents*, the priests have already removed the former. Few landlords, we believe, will again stock their lands with freeholders. How soon these *spiritual* rulers of Ireland may deem it prudent to dispose of the latter cause, let the landlords of Ireland

calculate. And among the data of this problem, let them place the following facts—tithe, and composition for tithe, effectually extinguished—cattle distrained, but no purchasers—parsons reduced to beggary, and if they murmur, stoned—proctors, and process-servers fleeing or concealing themselves, to evade a crown summons, which they view as a sentence of death; shuddering at this peaceful messenger of a feeble government, which, in its imbecility, can but persecute, and not protect, the loyal and submissive, as his abject slave would shudder at the bowl and bowstring of an eastern despot. Add to these, the magisterial bench deserted, when some unpopular cause is to come on—gentlemen of rank and property fleeing from their duty as grand and petit jurors—juries confessedly perjured, some through terror, “some also of good will”—Attorney-generals, to the utter contempt of all law, and subversion of all government, defeated, in session’s courts, by hedge attorneys; to-day, *Proh pudor!* for *informality*—we ask not, for it matters not, whether unintentional or designed; to-morrow, from want of evidence, which any man in court could give, but none dare; even beneath the thunderbolts of an Attorney-general’s *ex officio* frown, or the shelter of an Attorney-general’s wing. “I might as well hang myself out of the elm tree,” was the short reply of a process-server to his employer, when asked for evidence of duty performed and paid for. And that short reply from a menial of the courts, passed a sentence upon his employer’s year’s income, which the twelve judges cannot reverse. Unless, indeed, by first convincing him, that an honest and energetic government, is willing and able to protect him; and that in this now ungoverned land, death and duty are to be no longer identical. In fact, let them consider law a dead letter, whenever the people will have it so; or rather by its tedious movement, and punctilious technicalities, shielding the plunderer and assassin from the arm of justice, and protecting them in the enjoyment of their unlawful spoil. So that, from the feebleness of its administration, the people have more than suspected, they have discovered, and subjected to the test of experience, the dangerous secret, that law is but a bugbear to scare the timid, that the power

of its sanctions is based upon their fears; and that they need but boldly approach, to lay this spectre. If from these data, it appear probable, that the same spirit, and the same machinery, which raised from off their tenantry the comparatively light burden of tithe composition, will be still more zealously and effectively employed, in flinging from them the comparatively heavy burden of rent also—we would exhort the landlords of Ireland to anticipate the rough hand of the radical reformer, by lopping off every withered branch upon which his heavy axe might reasonably fall. We would exhort them, not to increase our agricultural paupers, by rack-rents, but to let their lands to those alone, upon whom they can depend, that is, to Protestants; and to them, on fair and equitable terms.

The truth is, that the landlords of Ireland have acted, neither liberally, nor prudently, in this matter. They have intruded into the auctioneer’s office, and virtually, if not avowedly, let their lands by auction. The highest bidder, with little, if any discount, for character, capital, and other resources, is almost uniformly declared the tenant. But two years have elapsed since we looked, for the last time, upon a beautiful dairy farm, of from two to three hundred acres, whose ivied tower, and peaceful secluded grave-yard, seated upon its highest eminence, have often been our way-mark in a dreary ride; and upon whose green hillocks, and wide-spreading luxuriant meadows, the eye loved to repose; when it turned, distracted and disgusted, from the *quarters*, and concaves, the naked brawling children, the hovels and dung pits, which fringed it. The lease of the occupying tenant was determinable, and within a few years of its expiration, he divided, and subdivided this *ferme ornée*, among some dozen cottiers, at enormous rents.—These, they could, by possibility, pay but for a few years, while they were converting, by mercilessly switching crops, its hitherto unbroken and luxuriant soil, into a caput mortuum. We saw it, for the last time, in its native loveliness, lawns, and herds, and trees, and tower, burnished with living gold, by the western beams of an autumnal sky. Another year, and this soothing landscape was cut up into shreds and patchwork, intersected with bare dikes

and muddy lanes, and dotted with hovels. One of the tenants was asked by an acquaintance, "Why Ned, what did you mean by undertaking so many acres, at such a rent?" We shall not offend the pious ear, by repeating his familiar oath, but his laconic reply, and significant wink, form no bad key to the history of Ireland. "Why man, isn't it easier any day to get an abatement than to get land?" Ned will pay his enormous rent for a year or two, *honestly*, provided the agent and his bailiffs keep a close watch upon his spontaneously luxuriant crops. But when three years have thoroughly exhausted the native fertility of the land; and when, without skill or capital to restore it, every resource is taxed, not to pay the rent, which were impracticable, but "to force a stubborn soil for scanty bread," who will dare to eject him? or if ejected, who will dare to enter upon his dilapidated premises? The landlord must be content to let so much of his land lie waste and unproductive, harbouring Ned and his family in estimated idleness; fit tools for Jesuit priests and revolutionising demagogues corrupting his other tenantry, and damaging his other property, or he must forcibly seize upon, and soon fling it from him, as a firebrand to inflame the country. Such spots have often festered into Ireland's worst sores.

We said, just now, that for an obvious mercantile reason, quite distinct from any religious bias, namely, their possessing a large stock of disposable labour, the system which we have proposed, would cause a decided preference, among men of all creeds—or none, for Protestant labourers; and thus, that it would materially check the awful torrent of Protestant emigration, which is desolating this land of its stamina and luxuriance; to fertilize, with them, the wilds of America, or the sands of New Holland. But, as this effect of the proposed system develops itself, we think that we see some of the most timid gentry, in whom, even experience has not dispelled the delusive hope of peace and safety, from compromise of principle, and prostration of independence, upon which their fears laid hold; we see them shrug their shoulders, and ask, "what will the Roman Catholics think of all this?" We answer, "No matter what they think of it. Dare to be men. If you will not

ascend, with many, blessed be God, in the present day, to the more elevated platform of uncompromising and ennobling Christianity: dare to be, at least, what your fathers were, men of high sensitive honor, and manly firmness. Men who would rather die in the harness of a volunteer corps, or quench, with their blood, the flames of their desolated hearths and altars, than immolate every principle of honor and religion, upon the shrine—not even of mob popularity, but of mob insolence—than debase themselves to the dust, by cringing to, and kissing the rod of a priest, who has scourged and trampled upon them—than be escorted, for protection, to the fox-cover, by a priest, who has raised, and on due submission condescends to lay, the tempest of popular indignation, which we never could have excited, until they became consenting parties to their own degradation; and who, with a half-suppressed sneer of scorn, would parade these "lords of the soil" over their hereditary estates, as his grateful protégés; to the contempt and scorn of their very menials and tenantry. We speak but facts of newspaper notoriety.

But, with this protest for principle and honor, we answer to your question, that the Roman Catholics will respect you for looking after your own; which, we contend, is a strong feeling amongst them. And, if you cannot appreciate, fully, the security to comfort, property, and life, derivable from being constantly surrounded by those who are identified with you in sympathies and interests, in friends and enemies, in weal and woe,—you will, we assert it, throw around you the shield of *moral veneration*, which will give you value, and consequent security to your life, even in the estimate of your enemies. Why is the murder of an unpopular king, an odious minister, a zealous partizan, or a respectable gentleman, of so rare occurrence; while there is scarcely a fair, a funeral, or a holiday, when some one of the "ignoble peers"—I speak it not in contempt, but to state my argument—is not offered up, by his *friends*, in sacrifice to Moloch? Why? Because character clothes the one in the armour of a superstitious awe, against which the rabble may gnash their teeth but shrink from rude collision. While the other is vile and of no estimation. The worthless comrade

of to-day, is, in a squabble, knocked on the head to-morrow. His place, in the social or domestic scene, knows him no more. And after the funeral, which has supplied the neighbours with the carousal of another wake, and the riot of another burying, he is less thought of, by friends or family, than would the pig which was to pay his rent, had it been stolen, or met with some fatal accident. In a word, the frequency of murder is, everywhere, inversely, as the estimated value of a human life. And, now, assassination, through the abundance of competitors, is the worst paid trade amongst us. The archives of our courts of justice have registered the fact, or rather, that half a crown is the purchase money of a human life. And why? Because in these days of compromise and expediency; of prostrate principle and tainted honor; of emancipation and reform; among the teeming moral embryos of the human family, with which the land swarms, it were difficult to find a man! As it respected my personal safety, I should much rather, not only that I were feared, but were hated, by an enemy, rather than despised.

And is there no risk to *property*, in a system, which places flocks and herds, and golden harvests, at the absolute disposal of a priest, who well knows, and is not slow to avail himself, of the power, which this confers? Have we not seen meadows rot, and corn shed, and the herds, with bursting udders, lowing piteously for relief, which could be purchased from the tender mercies of a priestly demagogue, but by a sacrifice of principle and independence? It were scarcely wise to leave a dangerous weapon in the hand of an enemy, who did already, and, assuredly will again, use it to your injury; because the sure process of disarming him, disturbed a false and treacherous peace, and anticipated some small portion of otherwise certain future annoyance. The Romish Church has, indeed, only partially felt the pulse of the country. But it has fully ascertained the revenue of power, over our country gentlemen, to be derived, from first prohibiting, then sanctioning, by a conditional *indulgence*, their agricultural occupations and field sports. Full-grown Popery has ever been a relentless tyrant. The time of her maturity is fast approaching. And when her claws have fully grown,

and she is prepared to spring upon her prey, which, with lynx-eyed vigilance, she has scanned and measured; we may expect to see the labour-market transferred from the outer court of the chapel to the sanctuary; and from the Sabbath noon to the vespers, and saints' days, of Popish idolatry. We may see the time, when a heretic landlord must qualify at the font, to render himself worthy of the services of a Popish labourer. And when, in some critical emergency, he may have to make his option between poverty and popery—between temporal and eternal ruin.

It should not, however, in justice to the plan here proposed, be, for a moment, thought, that it, necessarily, implies, that its subjects should be Protestants. By no means. We confess, indeed, that we should far prefer that they were such. But we deny that it is at all necessary. If any proprietor, or farmer of land, prefers, or is pledged to, Roman Catholic labourers, we assert that every argument advanced, in its degree, applies to them, and proves the plan proposed to be better than the present one, for their management also. But if any Protestant landlord is disposed to adopt it, as the nucleus of a Protestant colony; he will find it peculiarly calculated to effect this object, permanently, and without furnishing any reasonable cause of excuse; on account of its gradual operation, and preparatory discipline.

At the very outset, such a man will exclaim, "where are the Protestants to be got? We see around us Roman Catholic labourers in abundance, from whom we might select; but where are we to find even without selecting, the requisite number of Protestants?" We might answer, procure them from Scotland—from the North of Ireland—from "*ultima Thulé*," from any distance, and with any trouble; and if you agree with us, as to the state and prospects of Ireland, and their cause, you will think the end worthy of the means—such "*labourer* worthy of his hire." But this is unnecessary. Communicate your plan to the Protestant clergy, of your own, and of the neighbouring parishes; and you will, soon, have an ample list of names, and characters, and other necessary details, from which to make your selection. But are there, indeed, in your immediate neighbourhood, and among the very labourers whom you

occasionally employ, no Protestants neglected and unknown? Look more closely. It is wonderful how Protestant individuals—aye, and Protestant congregations too, when sought after, emerge from the rubbish of Popery, and start into view, in places, where their existence was not previously dreamed of. The eye that but searches them out, seems as though it created them. If you observe, among your labourers, a man who appears as if he had known better days; and rather to have been reduced to, than originally on a level with those around him—with some lingering traces of the aristocracy of feeling, civil and religious, still visible in his downcast countenance—his general appearance—decency in rags—a man, who, if his pastor be negligent, is seldom, indeed, seen at his parish church; because his profession of *your* religion, and that of the *State*, draws upon him persecution and contempt—a man, apparently, ill at ease in heart or conscience; and as if balancing between emigration and apostasy. Enquire more diligently about this man, and you may find in him the seeds, when fostered and developed, of a manly, loyal, and faithful dependent. Enquire, too, among the tenantry of any *liberal* Protestant in your neighbourhood, and you will sometimes hear of a decent Protestant family, which has sold its little all, and is on the wing for America, with its capital and industry; not because it feels no pang at parting from each hill and dale, each rock and tree,

Which embosom the bower,
Where the home of its forefathers stood,

but because it can no longer bear up against the grinding despotism of Popery, leagued with the discouragement of liberal Protestantism; which, at whatever expense of principle, would escape the condemnation of mob *county* regulators, as they are pleased to style themselves, for the heavy crime of patronising industry, loyalty, and sometimes genuine piety, in the person of a Protestant.

But if you would draw from the fountain, go to the nearest sea-port; and there see the ruptured artery, through which, the heart's blood of Ireland is fast flowing. There see the only specimens which Ireland ever furnished of a respectable yeomanry, such as England, in her best days, might

have been proud to own. And see them, bowing before the spirit of the times, and with mingled feelings, of tender regret, and burning indignation, bidding a final adieu to her devoted shores. There see, at once, the effects of conciliation, and a fruitful source of the miseries of Ireland; for there

See the rural virtues leave the land,
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads
the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And plenty with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

The sum of Protestant emigration, within the last *five* years, it were almost impossible to state fully, and if so stated, would not be credited. It is not from this or that neighbourhood alone. Panic and disgust have seized upon the Protestant yeomanry, *throughout* Ireland. The country is not bleeding merely; it is sweating blood. Protestant emigration is checked but by one argument, "we are not *yet* ready." We have before us a list of THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE names of Protestants, who lately emigrated, almost in a body, from a circle not exceeding five miles in diameter, and from one of the most Popish and turbulent counties in Ireland—Tipperary. They have abandoned to the evil genius of the land, the neat cottages, and smiling enclosures, of a once thriving Protestant colony. Numbers from adjoining districts—from Templemore, from Clojordan, from Rathdowney, from Kilcooly, &c., have also fled for their lives, and more are preparing to follow. The Palatines are all quitting the country. A gallant and loyal officer, while on duty lately with his regiment, in the neighbourhood of Adare, where are still the expiring remains of a Palatine colony, passed on the road a peasant, with a manly but discontented countenance. He said to a brother officer, "That man is of German extraction, I know his light hair and blue eye." The question was put, and answered in the affirmative. He was asked, "whether there were many of his countrymen in the neighbourhood?" He answered with honest indignation, "Not *now*, and there will shortly be fewer! This is not a land for Protestants!"

At our sea-ports then you will find Protestants of every grade—labourers,

farmers, and artisans. These "heart-sick exiles" will gladly stop, in answer to your call, and hail it as the dawning of a brighter day for their illfated country. Protect and cherish them. Substitute them every where, as opportunity offers, for the uncivilized horde with which you are now encircled, but which are connected with you by no moral tie. Whose Proteus characters, totally devoid of truth and gratitude—for the latter of which, their language has never been taxed even for a name—no kindness can win, and no principles can fix. And who are, therefore, even prepared, as the times vary, to be abject slaves, or insolent tyrants.

In what we said above, as to the obligation on landlords to provide for their cottier tenants, we would not be misunderstood. In the relation of landlord and tenant, as in every other relation, there is, of course, a reciprocity of obligation. The landlord can be bound to the tenant by no tie, beyond what his legal bonds furnish, unless where the tenant identifies himself with his interests. If the latter practically evince that he has another, and a rival master, with interests diametrically opposite: if he candidly avow, that at the bidding of a priest, he would rise in rebellious arms, to further a secular cause, which can stand but upon the ruin of his landlord's interests—which would eject him from his property, and rob him of his life—then, doubtless, his lease accurately defines all that such a man can claim, or reasonably expect, from his landlord—except, indeed, every effort in his power, to let in light upon his gross darkness, and to promote his spiritual good.

We have stated, what we believe to be, one of the mediate and instrumental causes of the moral debasement, the insubordination, and the wretchedness of Ireland. The final cause is the laxity of principle, the compromising expediency, the griping covetousness, the religious indifference—in a word—the ungodliness of nominal Protestantism. The radical reform, therefore, which we would propose for the consideration and adoption of Protestants, is—Godliness. "Let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered, and all they that hate him shall flee before him." In the topical remedy proposed for the proximate cause to which we have more particularly referred, we have merely

thrown out a hint, for the consideration of those who are more conversant with the practical part of such matters than we are, whose rural excursions, it may be supposed, are confined to College parks and academic groves. The plan which we have suggested, will, perhaps, be attended with some trouble in its execution; though by no means such as indolence and timidity would conjure up. But if any plan for the moral improvement—nay, we must say, moral regeneration, of a people, can be devised, free from trouble, let it be preferred. It will, we have no doubt, admit of many modifications and improvements in its detail, suggested by practical experience, or required by local circumstances. To these we freely submit it. The principle, alone, we contend for, and it is this, that landlords, and farmers generally, should avoid, as far as is practicable, the creating, or continuing to maintain, a body of men with the usual appendage of wives and children, over which they can exercise no moral controul; and with whose characters, and even persons, they are for the most part, unacquainted. A body, too, which bears within it a tendency to increase beyond its means of subsistence. Whose daily resources are but barely sufficient for its daily wants, and which, thus, lives, as it were, daily upon the confines of destitution and consequent anarchy. A body self-trained, and therefore trained by ignorance and idleness. And that for such should be substituted a body of labourers, over whom they can exercise a training discipline, a vigilant superintendence, a powerful moral, and in many cases, religious influence. With the certainty of detection and punishment, to deter them from crime—with the necessities and comforts of life assured to them, to remove much temptation to crime, and to carry them cheerfully through their duties. And with the prospect of advancement and reward, comfortable independence, and domestic enjoyment, to stimulate them to active and intelligent industry—to temperance, frugality, and virtue.

We need scarcely to repeat, with the qualification already mentioned, that no landlord would be justified in adopting this plan, whose estate swarms with cottiers, who exist but by his employment, and who are faithful to his interests—in his neighbourhood and

connection with whom, he feels, that life and property are secure. But, certainly, the landlord whose estate is clear of such—and the great body of farmers who rent land, and who are under no engagements or obligation to such, would be fully warranted, not only

by justice, but benevolence, in selecting from out of the great mass of labourers who, now, divide their employment, the few, to whom, for the attainment of such desirable ends, they would, respectively, confine it.

MOSCHUS IDYLLIUM I.

AMOR FUGITIVUS.

“ Ye Paphian nymphs, search every grove,”
The weeping Aphrodite cried,
“ Ye swains pursue the truant Love,
Who wandered from his mother’s side ;
And whosoe’er shall soothe the pain
I feel for my lost bosom’s lord,
From Beauty’s balmy lip shall gain
Two kisses, as a meet reward.

“ I’ll tell ye how ye best may know,
Where’er you find my vagrant child,
Whose absence wrings my heart with woe,
For ever thoughtless, ever wild.
His eyes are sparkling with the fire
Kindled so oft within your breast,
And lighted only to expire
With loss of happiness and rest.
A wicked heart, a wily tongue,
On whose soft tones too many a one
Has captive and enchanted hung,
And wakened, when the dream was done,
To mourn that such a boy could be
An adept in cold perfidy.

“ His golden curls unbraided flow,
Adown his neck and shoulders fair ;
And in his dimpled cheek the glow
Is richly tinted, and as rare
As that which dyes Calabria’s rose.
Mild clime, where only nature knows,
Unchill’d by winter’s frozen tear,
Twin spring, twin summer thro’ the year.

“ He wears a bow, and quiver too,
Then heed, lest in your search ye rue
The wound that he contrives to waft
So sily on his feather’d shaft.
But should you find him, bind his hands,
Cutting his bow-string for the bands.
He’ll kneel, and weep, implore, and pray,
Still yield not to the runaway :
He’ll ask, or offer ye, a kiss,
But nymphs and swains beware of this,
For fragrant tho’ his breath may be,
As flowers whose dew the wild bee sips
Believe what now ye hear from me,
Poison lurks ever on Love’s lips.”

READING FOR HONOURS.

When first the college-rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
 Through all his veins the fever of renown
 Spreads from the strong contagion of the gown;
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.

Johnson.

The day that preceded my departure from Bog-Lodge, to pass the entrance examination in the University of Dublin, was one not soon to be forgotten in the annals of my family. My sisters had been up with the first light of day to pack my things, namely, my clothes, a few books, and a plumb-cake, which my kind Aunt Jenny had made on purpose for me to distribute among my young companions in college. I took only a few books, as I was to return home immediately after entrance; but those few were packed in my portmanteau, at the recommendation of another maiden aunt, by name Sally, who advised me to take a Homer, a Virgil, a Terence, and a Horace, "just to cast my eye over them on the morning of the examination." My mother did nothing all day but run out of one room and into another, call the servants, and ask were they sure of this thing and that? pull all the things out of my trunk to ascertain if they were properly packed; or run into the kitchen and disperse the servants in all directions for my father, to ask him some question, or give him some orders. My father was indeed the only unconcerned person among us. He walked about the farm as if nothing extraordinary was about to happen; and seemed so little inclined to come in the way of the bustle, that, excepting when summoned by an emissary from my mother, he kept aloof from the house all day. On such occasions he would slowly, and reluctantly, walk homewards, grumbling—"Plague on them! can't they let a man alone with their nonsense!" till summoned by fresh messengers, and perhaps by the distant voice of his helpmate, calling

out, "John, John, where are you? I want to speak to you! He would put more alacrity into his motions, and hasten to meet my mother, saying, in a cheerful voice, "Here, my heart, what is it you want?" The answer to this question did not, it is true, always set forth a case of sufficient importance to justify the bringing of my poor father in a hurry across four or five fields, especially as our stiles are rather hard to climb, and he has had a touch of lumbago; but his patience, and obedience, were most exemplary; and whether the matter in hand was to get a bit of twine to tie a parcel, or to solve the problem of which of two coats I was to wear in Dublin, his attention to my mother's wishes was unflinching. Once indeed, and only once, did he lose his habitual composure at what he seemed to consider an unreasonable command on her part. She had dispatched all the servants and labourers about the place in different directions in search of him, and was herself perched on an elevated spot in the barley field, making the sylvan echoes reverberate the name of her beloved, when, for the fifteenth time in the course of the day, my father came from the other end of the farm, obedient to this the fifteenth command. He advanced with difficulty, and no wonder, considering the length of ground he had traversed since morning; but he spoke in the same resigned tone as ever, while his eye seemed to say, "pray, have mercy on me!" But mercy was not, at this moment, an inmate of my mother's bosom. She hailed him with—"Why, John, what on earth has kept you so long? Here I have been waiting, and calling, and sending for you, and you

no more minding me than if you were deaf. I declare this kind of thing is not to be borne!"

"Well, my heart, and what is it I am to do for you?"

"Why, go down to Inishogh immediately, and get some spirit of camphor for Joe's tooth. We had as near as possible packed his trunk without it. Be sure and tell Mr. M'Dorey to send it very strong."

My poor father could contain himself no longer, but broke out with—"I protest to Heaven my—my love—this is more than I can submit to! Can't Joe go for himself? I think it would be more becoming than for me to be a slave to my own son."

To these rebellious expressions my mother indignantly replied,—"Why then, upon my word, Joe shall not go, and I wonder at your proposing it,—I think we may at least permit him to enjoy the society of his sisters and aunts on this the last day he is to spend at home."

"The last day!" exclaimed my father, "why, what the plague, isn't he coming back on Friday, and can't he have enough of the society of his sisters then, and of his aunts too, plague take them!"

"Of course he cannot," said Aunt Sally, who had just joined the group, "when you know he will be reading for the premium, and of course, poor fellow, will be able to see but little of us."

"Reading for the premium,—stuff—and if he can't go, can't one of the servants, or one of the men go?"

"Yes," said my mother, "and leave the business of the farm undone, and the dinner uncooked."

"I protest," said Aunt Sally, "John is really too absurd; for he knows, that if Joey's tooth should ache in college, it will be impossible for him to answer in that clear and distinct manner which is indispensable to a young man's success."

The dispute ended, in a servant-boy being sent to Inishogh, while my mother and Aunt Sally joined in exclaiming against my father for his selfish disposition, that would not let him take a pinaworth of trouble to save his whole family from a tooth-ache.

I may here observe that Aunt Sally maintains an authority over my father, superior even to that exercised by my mother; which is not extraordinary,

considering that her ascendancy predominates at Bog Lodge, in every thing, from the education of the children to the dressing of the dinner. In fact, my mother only plays second fiddle to Aunt Sally, who is certainly a very clever person, as is evident from her manner of conversation: for let the subject be what it may, algebra or haymaking, theology or potatoes, all are discussed with a volubility and decision which show a well-informed and commanding mind. Even when, as sometimes happens, she knows nothing of the subject on the *tapis*, she is not content with being silent, or with a simple confession of ignorance, like my father or other ordinary people; but occupies half an hour in informing us that she knows nothing, and giving us reasons why, in the most classical and sesquipedal English. As my literary education, together with that of my sisters, has been entirely under the direction of my invaluable aunt for many years, it is not surprising that at so important an era of my life, as entering college, she should feel considerably interested, and exert her powers of eloquence, both to incite me to the acquirement of academic honours, and my sisters to the best arrangement of my portmanteau. This last feat was at length happily accomplished, and we sat down to a very late dinner. The conversation at table was chiefly confined to the ladies; for I sat silent, wrapt in anticipations of future greatness; and my father was so fully occupied in appeasing his hunger, which that day was rather sharp, that he only muttered a few broken sentences, which as they were apparently addressed confidentially to his plate, none thought it incumbent on them to answer. The rest of the evening was spent in discussing the many and great things I was to perform at entrance. Aunt Jenny said, that if I was a good boy, and said my lessons well, perhaps, besides getting first place, the Provost would make an exception in my favour, and give me a handsome book for a premium.

At this sentence of Aunt Jenny, a grunt issued from my father, who was sitting near the fire. This, by the by, has been, for whatever reason, for some time back, his usual mode of joining in our conversation; and we are so well accustomed to it, as to be able to distinguish by the intonation, between his

grant applause, and that expressing displeasure, or even minuter shades of sentiment.

Aunt Sally relied on my implicitly following the directions which she had so often given me, about sitting firm and erect at the examinations, and repeating the answers in a full, clear, voice, and looking full in the examiner's face. Nothing, she observed, was of more importance to a young man than the impression he leaves on the minds of others, and nothing influences that impression more than manners—and she hoped that mine would leave such an impression on the minds of the University as would influence them most favourably towards me, not only in awarding an honourable place to me at entrance, but through the whole of my subsequent course.

A grunt from my father followed Aunt Sally's harangue.

My mother desired me to be sure and get the first place—and to read all the books which Aunt Sally had put up for me—and to take care and answer my very best—and to observe all Aunt Sally's directions about pronunciation and manner of answering, and then I should be sure to get the first place.

We parted for the night. Next morning I rose early, took leave for the first time in my life of parents, aunts, and sisters, and mounted the Dublin mail with a beating heart. The world was literally new to me: I had never been ten miles from home, and knew nothing of men and customs, beyond the confines of my native parish. These considerations, however, did not disturb me. I had no fears of future failure either in College or the world. My talents I knew to be prodigious, and had been so often assured of my scholastic abilities by my aunts and sisters, and by my tutor Mr. McClassican, that I could anticipate nothing short of a brilliant triumph. But on my classical attainments, (great as they undoubtedly are,) I relied less than on my talents in general literature, especially poetry, for which I have a fine genius, which has received the suffrages as well of the female circle at home, as of all the neighbouring ladies and gentlemen who visit us, and who have always testified the highest admiration of my precocious intellect. In fact, (if I may mention it without exceeding the

bounds of modesty) I had already outdone Milton, Dryden, and Pope; for whereas their juvenile efforts had been confined to what are called minor poems, I had already written great part of a romantic epic in the manner of the *Corsair*, to be comprised in twenty cantos. My reasoning on this subject was strictly logical. If, said I, at the age of eighteen, I have already surpassed the greatest poets that ever existed, to what an inconceivable eminence shall I not have attained at the end of my life! My father, I am sorry to say, thinks proper to differ from the rest of mankind respecting my abilities. When my Aunt Sally would appeal to my 'Ode to Phingari,' (which means the moon) as a proof that I had talents sufficient to carry off all the premiums, prizes, and medals, classic and scientific, which the college had to bestow, he would grunt and mutter something about—"better mind his books than be writing such heaps of trash—do him no good in college—just idling the boy, and making a fool of him." Or if he ventured to criticise my lines, and prove them to be "nonsense," he encountered such screams of indignation from the ladies, as deprived him of courage to proceed. He has (strange to say) the reputation of being a good scholar, and judge of literature, but he certainly does not exhibit these qualities among his own family. I remember a criticism of his which moved the just contempt of the Inishogh ladies' reading society, and which I insert as a specimen of his peculiar mode of thinking. In my "Ode" just mentioned, are the following lines:

"By lone Phingari's pensive light
How swiftly rows the Mameluke;
Chanting to his guitar so light
A legend of the silvery brook.
And oh! the Bulbul's lay he loves
To list in isles of orient clime;
Where through each fairy bower he roves,
Building the deep entrancing rhyme."

Now nothing can be more in the style of Byron than these lines. They have, as Miss Scriblerina Botherem observes, the melancholy swell, and deep unutterable feelings of his poetry. But my poor father cares little for deep unutterable feelings. He asks how this same Mameluke can row swiftly, and play the guitar at the same time?—and as for the next verse, he can't for the life of him see any meaning or sense in it at all—and if there be anything in it

worth saying, it is worth saying clearly, or else not at all. My sisters who took up the cudgels for me, informed him that it is absurd to criticise the modern school of poetry, as you would the old-fashioned precise verse of Milton and Dryden—that my lines present to the mind an image of deep impassioned loveliness, whose very obscurity makes it appear as if dim with a halo of poetical atmosphere. My father made no reply, except saying, that “if I minded my business more, and read the classics instead of stringing a parcel of nonsense together, I might come to know what poetry is, and perhaps see that it does not consist in talking about Phingari, and bulbuls, and orient climes, and such stuff!!!”

It is not to be supposed that I suffer the fire of my genius to be damped by these or any other of my father's criticisms, inasmuch as he is on this, as on all other matters at issue between him and Aunt Sally, a minority in himself.

With the consciousness of such splendid talents, I could not help saying to myself, as the coach, on whose roof I sat, rolled along the crowded streets of Dublin—“Little do these people know who is entering their city at this moment!” And when jostled at the coach office by porters and jingle-men, and all sorts of dirty persons, I indignantly called to mind that the time was at hand when I should walk their streets, not undistinguished as at present, from the ordinary herd of men. I stopped at Macken's hotel, in Dawson-street, which has thus acquired a kind of classic celebrity; and having introduced myself to my intended tutor, the Rev. Dr. Golumpus, who had been selected because Aunt Sally was once in his company. I occupied myself for a day or two in walking about the city, and surveying its objects of interest. Among these was a remarkable pillar, erected in honour of the immortal Nelson, to the top of which I ascended; and a puppet-show, which a man exhibited at the corner of Carlisle bridge, for only a halfpenny a peep, and which contained some highly interesting representations. In the confectioner's shops, I found a very agreeable mode of spending my spare time in the intervals of sight-seeing, especially after my excellent Aunt Jenny's plum cake had been consumed: which, by the by, I may as well men-

tion, I did not distribute according to her directions, not feeling quite easy at the idea of carrying a plum-cake through the streets into the courts of the College, and there dividing it among the gowmsmen. My happiness was, however, considerably diminished by the reflections which I was often forced to make on the state of my wardrobe. My clothes, though they still fitted me, were not of the newest cut, and I soon perceived that however suitable for a lounge in the streets, (or rather street) of Inishogh, they were but ill calculated to compete with the fashionable vestments of the gay world in College-green and Dame-street. In fact, before leaving home, I had had some secret misgivings, that my outward man but ill accorded with the splendour of my pretensions in other respects: but though my mother was inclined to sympathise, yet Aunt Sally was so decidedly against granting my petition for at least a new coat, that the thing was altogether impossible. My aunt argued with her usual ability, that my newest suit, which had been made eighteen months before by Thady O'Brallaghan, the Inishogh tailor, was good enough for me, during my short stay in Dublin, and the other suit, of about four years' standing, would, with a little mending, do admirably well for travelling in. Manners, she remarked, form the essential distinction of a gentleman, and a real gentleman could never be mistaken for anything else, however mean his attire—while low, underbred people were sure to be detected, through all the finery which their money could heap on them. Though not so thoroughly convinced of the applicability of these maxims to my own case, as I am wont to be by Aunt Sally's reasonings on theology, and politics, I was forced to make the best of it, and persuade myself that such was the grace and gentility of my demeanour, that I came within the principle of Mr. Twitch's observation, that “little Flanagan would look well in any thing.” Still, as ever and anon I caught a glimpse of my figure in a mirror in some shop window, I could not repress some bitter feelings of mortification at my battered hat and shabby coat, as well as some uncharitable wishes concerning my Aunt Sally.

On the appointed day I entered college. When fairly in the hall I felt

my self-confidence to be on the wane, and stronger when my name and parentage were asked ; I gave them in with a proud consciousness of the honour I was destined to confer on my Alma Mater at some future indefinite time, yet I trembled for the event of the present examination. In fact, there was cause for apprehension ; for it seems the Fellows are not content with the grand general translation of a passage, which shows that a man is fully master of its spirit but they have a plaguy precise way of requiring the meaning of every word—a pedantic and tiresome process, fit only for a plodder, and unworthy of a man of genius. On the present occasion, however, it happened, that I had completely forgotten both the sense and spirit of every line which I was required to translate ; and one of the examiners (a truculent looking fellow) said it was a shame for my friends to send me so ill prepared. However, I passed, and got—last place ! The first was won by a vulgar fellow, who sat near me, and whose voice and manner ought to have made the Fellows (according to Aunt Sally's theory) unanimous in rejecting him. He certainly translated with wonderful fluency and accuracy—that I allow ; but his look was coarse and uninspired, and he was utterly destitute of what at Bog Lodge is called *manners*. During the progress of the examination, a very odd and unwonted feeling, made up of surprise and shame, had grown upon me ; at times I could hardly believe but that I was asleep, and should presently awake, and find myself in my own bed at home. That disgrace and failure should ever come to be named in the same sentence with me, was what had never entered into my imagination—what I had never calculated on as possible in the nature of things. What ! I, the clever and talented Joey Skimthings—the youthful genius of Inishogh—the admirable Crichton of the age, whose name would shed a classic splendour over the neighbourhood of Bog Lodge !!!—that I should be set down among the dunces !—nonsense ! It must be all a delusion, and I must be dreaming like Nic Bottom, a most rare dream ; on waking from which, I shall no longer be an ass, but, as nature made me, a most proper and sweet youth as you shall see on a summer's

day. But these flattering speculations were compelled to give way to a dire persuasion of the reality. I was, and there was no use in denying it, a huge way—a monstrous way from the top of the class. That I had actually got last place, I did not, it is true, learn till the next day ; but still I knew enough to warrant me in presuming that my return to Bog Lodge, and my reception by Aunt Sally would be considerably on the wrong side of triumphal. When all was over, and I was borne amid the joyful rush of my fellow-students into the crowded court of the College, I had one solitary satisfaction, that I knew no one there. Forcing my way through the throng uncongratulated and unhonored, I passed the College gate, somewhat crest-fallen since morning, and traversed the streets, thinkin gall the people were laughing at me, till I reached the hotel. There, vexed and wearied, I locked the door of my room and threw myself on the bed, where, after a while, the bitter thoughts that agitated me, gradually gave way to others of a less humiliating nature. My confidence in my own powers (that unfailing symptom of genius) began to recover strength, and I eagerly grasped at any pretext that would shift the blame of my disgrace from my own shoulders and transfer it to those of others. Such was not long wanting. I began clearly to perceive that my examination had been a most partial and unfair one ; and by dint of going over the events of the day one after the other, I made out such a catalogue of wrongs and insults which had been heaped on me, as soon banished humility from my mind, and supplied its place with virtuous indignation at the stupidity and insolence of the heads of college.

"It is a disgrace to the nation," said I, "that such a university should be tolerated. I have often heard Aunt Sally speak of the infamous deficiencies in its undergraduate course ; but now I can bear witness to them myself. The scoundrels !—what sort of an examination was that to give me ? If I failed in the the passages they gave me, why didn't they try me in others ? I am confident, that I could find out parts of Homer and other books, which if it had pleased their high mightinesses to take me in, I must, beyond a shadow of doubt, have gained the

very first place!!! But it is no wonder," I continued, springing from the bed and seizing hold of Homer, "such conduct is worthy of a College, who voted Swift a dunce, and yet are proud now to adorn their hall with his portrait!!!"

I searched for some time, but could not recollect whereabouts the passages lay in Homer—in Terence also I was equally unsuccessful, but in Virgil, I lighted on a passage beginning, "*Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena*"—which I translated with perfect accuracy, just missing a few words here and there, of no consequence whatever. This triumphant achievement of mine, drew forth fresh maledictions on that capitious race, the Fellows of Trinity College; and I walked up and down the room, thinking of composing such a rational poem on them, as should make them wish they had been at the bottom of the Liffey before they had provoked my indignation.

The next morning I called on my tutor, before the hour at which the Inishogh coach was to start, and ascertained the degree in the scale of learning which academic suffrage had conferred on me. Notwithstanding that my spirits were somewhat fortified by last night's meditations, it nearly upset me again to find that I had, as it were, "sounded the very base string of humility." I hurried to the coach-office, with feelings which I presume to be analogous to those of a dog with a kettle tied to his tail, and hardly breathed freely till the coach had bowled me clear of the hated haunts of men. Among the passengers on top was a young fellow, whom I recognised as having got next me at entrance;—in my present frame of mind, I would willingly have dispensed with a renewal of our acquaintance, especially as from the smart tye of his cravat, his dandyish costume, and, above all, from his joyous, careless manner, I concluded that he must have come off with flying colours at the examination, and would therefore regard me with sovereign contempt. He greeted me however with "good morning, Sir—well, Sir, how did you come off yesterday?"

"Indeed," I muttered, tingling all over, "not particularly well." "No more did I faith," said he; "they've

set me down last but one, ha, ha, ha! He must be a confounded dunce, that fellow, I think, if he's a greater one than myself. However, I'm glad I'm done for a while at least, and so ya hups coachee, spank away my boys! I'll be soon back to the cocks and snipes!" "You seem," said I, "to bear your—your failure, with great composure."

"Failure!" said he, I never failed, for I never expected anything better, or indeed so good. You might as well talk of a man failing to jump over the moon. Ah, no! it isn't for me to talk of failure—I leave that to the fellows with brains in their heads! But for me, I may join chorus with the chap that got place above me, and the other that's below me,

We three
Loggerheads be!"

Oh! shades of Milton, and Byron! Oh! spirits of all geniuses that have ever condescended to dwell on this dim spot called earth! Was this the anticipated triumph of him on whom your mantles had so lavishly descended? To be claimed by a stupid bumpkin, as a fellow member of the honorable fraternity of loggerheads!!! Daggers and annihilation! Language fails me.

This worthy left us, when we had proceeded about twenty miles on our journey. It was dark before we got to Inishogh. The sun had long set behind the magnificent range of the Bladherumskate mountains, amidst which the lofty Naboclish reared its summit in proud pre-eminence. A gossoon had been sent me at the town with our grey poney; and leaving the lad to bring up my luggage, I galloped home in fearful conjecture as to my probable reception by Aunt Sally. Having deposited the poney in the stable without summoning any one, I cautiously stole round to the hall door, which, being open, I found no difficulty in entering without observation. Stopping on the threshold with a palpitating breast to reconnoitre, I perceived by the sound of voices, bells ringing, Aunt Sally chattering, and other indications that some confusion prevailed within. Concluding that the news of my evil fortune in College had reached home before me, and occasioned all this bustle, I trembled at the thoughts of what I had to encounter, and hesi-

tated to enter the parlour, which, when at last I did, I found empty. I threw myself on a sofa, ready to cry with vexation. Presently my sister Jane entered hastily as if looking for something. On seeing me, she gave a shriek, and exclaimed, "Oh! Joey, did you get first place? but I can't stay to hear about it, for poor Aunt Jenny has a swelled face,—but I'll be back in a minute!" And away she ran, calling out that Joey was come, and had got first place! This announcement brought my mother and Aunt Sally from their attendance on the invalid. They came rushing into the room in such a rapture of joy to congratulate and smother me, that I was half inclined to let them remain in blissful ignorance of the truth. Honesty prevailed however, and disengaging myself from their embraces, I said, "why, what the plague is all this boisterous for about first place? I never got first place."

"Not got first place!!!!!" said Aunt Sally.

"Not got first place!!!!!" exclaimed my mother.

"Oh, Joey!" said Aunt Sally, and

"Oh, Joey!" cried my mother.

"I did not expect this," said Aunt Sally, in a tone of high displeasure.

"Nor I either," said my mother.

Stifling my increasing disposition to cry, I said, in the tone of one who has received an injury:—"Those rascally fellows,—they are the most infernal set I ever met in the whole course of my existence. I could not have conceived any thing half so despicable, as the examination they gave me. Positively it would have disgraced a hedge school-master."

Just at this moment sister Gertrude came in, skipping with delight, and calling out,—“well, Joey, what did the Provost give you for a premium?”

"Oh, indeed," said aunt Sally, "you need not ask him any thing about premiums. He never got first place."

"No, indeed," said my mother, "I am quite ashamed of him."

To my father, who now joined us, the dismal tale was repeated, which seemed not to surprise him in the least, as he only answered,—“Not got first place—hah! well, and what place did he get?”

Luckily the entrance of my sister Jane, and the fresh history of my iniquity consequent thereupon, prevented this tremendous question from being

noticed; and my father was also hindered from pressing it by Aunt Jenny toddling in, enveloped in flannels and night dress, to give Joey a kiss for his first place. Her wonted deafness was rather increased by her cold, so that it was with extreme difficulty she could be made to comprehend the true state of my affairs. I sat swelling and choking, while Aunt Sally and my mother were screaming at the same time into her ears, a duet, in which medical advice mingled with the tidings of my disgrace.

"Indeed, Jenny," said Aunt Sally, "you did very foolishly to leave your room and increase your cold,—and Joey never got first place—more shame for him—and indeed, you must go back to your room!"

"And wrap yourself up warm," said my mother, "and we'll be in with you as soon as the hot water comes,—as for Joey, he shall be well punished for missing at his lessons in College."

"Oh, the dear boy," said Aunt Jenny, "and so he got a fine premium in college."

"Sure, I tell you," said Aunt Sally, "that he got none."

"None whatever," said my mother.

"Eh? what—what is it?" said Aunt Jenny.

"No premium!" shouted Aunt Sally.

"No pr—e—e—mium!!" roared my mother.

"The premium—Oh, sure I know—and what did the dear boy get for a premium?"

Thus they went on bawling, till Aunt Jenny at last comprehended the melancholy fact. While the servants who came in to congratulate "master Joe," on this his day of glory, were each successively greeted with the news of my infamy, embellished with commentaries from Aunt Sally.

"Is that you, Norry?" she said as the cook entered, "ay indeed, expecting as we all did that master Joey would have been first. But what will you say Norry when you hear that he has been beaten?"

"Oh, masha then!" exclaimed Norry.

"It is but too true Norry, and he is disgraced for ever!" Then turning to me, she said reproachfully, "the very servants despise you!"

"Och, millia murder alive!" said red faced Norry, "Oh, yea! Oh, yea then! to think of that! why masha

then, but I thought he'd have bate 'em all, so clever as he was!"

My miseries had come too thick on me. I could stand them no longer; and after some proud endeavours to gulp down my shame, I fairly burst into a fit of crying, darted through the door, reached my own room, and locked myself in.

It is difficult, says Hume, for a man to speak long of himself without vanity; and it is this consideration alone which induces me to shorten this narrative, by omitting some very important and interesting details, among which is to be reckoned the able defence of my conduct in the hall, which I made a week after the events just related, (the storm had not ceased sooner,) and which completely reinstated me in the favor of Aunt Sally. But I will request the gentle reader to suppose a couple of months to have elapsed since my return to Bog Lodge; which time I request that he will by force of a powerful imagination, conceive to have been spent by me in the relaxation necessary after my recent toils; and further, that he will present to his mind the family group assembled, as usual, round our comfortable turf fire, with dogs and cats recumbent on the hearth at our feet—the time, evening, with a storm of wind and snow driving and whistling without.

"Well, Mr. Joe," quoth Aunt Sally, "I suppose you are beginning to think of reading for the premiums."

"Oh, yes, the premium," cried my sister Jane, "we have already settled the books Joe is to get, and the way they are to be bound."

"Perhaps, Jane," said Gertrude, "we had better catch the hare first, and then settle how it is to be dressed."

"A hare," exclaimed Aunt Jenny, "where did you get a hare?"

"No where yet indeed," said Gertrude, "it is a hare that Joey is going to Dublin to catch for us: but maybe he mayn't run fast enough you know."

Nettled at my sister doubting of my abilities, I drew myself up in my chair, and said with an indifferent air, "premium indeed! I am sure, I don't care a straw whether I get it or no. Besides this logic is a most abstruse science, at least I believe so, for I have not looked at it yet—quite a profound sort of thing—and really should not wonder if I were to miss."

"Nor I either," said Gertrude.

"Oh, but what a pity to miss the premium this time," said Jane, "for I have settled so elegant a place for the books on my shelf."

"Harkee, master Joe," said my mother, "you *must* get the premium. I'll not be satisfied with any thing less. There's none of them half so clever as yourself, if you choose to exert yourself. So mind now, I insist upon it."

"Oh, to be sure, Ma," says I, "I shall do my best: but really this logic is no child's play; it is quite an abstruse branch of philosophy; and demands a very strenuous effort of the understanding to master it."

"Nonsense, man—what will you do when you come to algebra, for that, somebody said, is hardest of all."

"I hope," said Aunt Sally, with one of her sagest faces, "that he will have as little as possible to do with algebra. It is a pernicious invention, and it is really sad that such a thing should be permitted among the College lads, who have enough to idle them with out it."

"Why, Aunt Sally," said I, "what harm is there in algebra?"

"That it leads," answered she, "to a desultory and careless habit of reading; by removing the difficulties in the way of knowledge, which, in my time, it was the most important part of education to teach a young man to overcome by his own exertions. Algebra, I have heard, supplies a short and easy mode of doing sums and calculations, which, by the excellent old mode, required a young man to work hard and long: but, of course, idle young men will prefer the easier and shorter way which requires less pains and labour. It is for this reason that I regard the introduction of algebra into our Universities, as one of the most awful signs of these corrupt times; and as one of the many fatal innovations which such men as Cobbet and Lord Brougham have to answer for."

"Dear me!" said I, "Aunt Sally, I did not know that Cobbet had introduced algebra into the Universities."

"There are many things, my dear boy," responded my invaluable aunt, "which you do not know. And you ought to reckon it a peculiar privilege, that you have been educated at a home where you are under the management of those who will give you correct and

accurate notions of every thing : and not at a public school, or in the world, where you would only have had your mind prejudiced, and filled with superficial knowledge. But, as I was saying, what have this algebra and the other new schemes of education done for us ? Do our Universities send forth now such men as they did under the old system ? Will the present generation produce such men as Burke, and Bacon, and Pitt, and Johnson, and Newton ? No ! all now is superficial and on the surface. We have no thinkers now. Our children must be taught all the sciences by a game of cards ; and our young men, instead of plunging deep into folios and quartos, for learning, as they did in past generations, must have their cabinet libraries forsooth, and their cabinet cyclopædias,—and instead of arithmetic, they must have algebra. What wonder, I would ask, that so much of empty dogmatism and conceited ignorance should exist ?—and that in such times, the abominable study of ornithology, should have taken such firm hold of the public mind ?

“ What study, Aunt Sally ? ” my sisters and I exclaimed.

“ Ornithology, my dears. It is a method invented by some evil minded person or other, by which they pretend to discover peoples’ characters by feeling their heads.”

“ O my goodness ! ” we all exclaimed, excepting my father, who was fast asleep.

“ I do not wonder at your astonishment, my dears. The thing must with every rational person, carry absurdity on the very face of it. There are other, and more serious objections to it, on which I will not enter at present. But you must give me your promise Joe, that, without my express permission, you will never open a book on the subject, and that if there should be lectures on it in Dublin, you will keep far away from them.”

Of course, I did not hesitate to give the required pledge to my admirable aunt, though indeed, I had never before heard of the study. At this juncture, my father’s snoring had arrived at so sublime a climax, that we could hardly hear each others’ voices. My mother gave him a good slap, and shook him, saying, “ awake man—awake and listen to Aunt Sally. You snore louder than the storm outside.”

My poor father groaned, half opened his eyes, and muttering, “ hard case, a man can’t enjoy a quiet snooze by his own fire side,”—was relapsing again into happy forgetfulness, but my mother seized him by the shoulder, and exclaimed, “ now, John, once for all, I will not suffer it ! ”

“ It is insufferable, indeed,” said Aunt Sally.

“ You have missed a most interesting conversation about algebra and doxology,” said my mother.

“ My dear sister,” said Aunt Sally, “ can’t you call things by their proper names. I said ornithology : though indeed, some people call it phlebotomy, because they say it tells all about the mind. But doxology is quite another thing.”

“ What books are you to read, Joey, after the next examinations ? ” said Gertrude.

“ Oh, there will be—let me see—first Locke, and then Euclid, and after that comes this terrible Algebra.”

“ Perhaps,” said Gertrude, “ Aunt Sally could give us some information about these books.”

“ As to Euclid,” said Aunt Sally, “ he is not an author whose works I have ever perused, at least not that I remember, and therefore, I am unable at present to give a decided opinion concerning his tenets : but Locke’s works, I fearlessly proclaim to be altogether unsound and anti-scriptural. He maintains the doctrine of freedom from original sin, and of our stainless purity at our birth ; asserting, that the mind is naturally as white as a sheet of paper. He is an old fashioned, obsolete writer however, and nobody ever thinks of reading him now. He has had his day, like other ephemeral writers, and would long ago have fallen into deserved oblivion, but that he is still kept up at our colleges, along with other antique customs.”

Some years ago my father used often to enter into discussions with my learned aunt, on abstruse points of politics, theology, and metaphysics ; but (for reasons best known to himself), he has for a long time abstained from these controversies, and has left Aunt Sally in quiet enjoyment of the field. The only signs by which he at present ventures to express dissent, are a certain fidgetty motion which sometimes besets him during her harrangues, besides

those inarticulate guttural noises which I have already described. But his grunt was now so sonorous, and so intelligible, and his seat so uneasy, that Aunt Sally, at the conclusion of her last sentence, addressed him sternly with—"Well, Sir, and what then? I hope you are not going to persevere in those heretical doctrines which I thought I had squeezed out of you long and long ago!"

My poor father, who had almost started from his chair at this sudden attack, said, in a hurried and nervous manner—"I, my—my dear—why, what—I was not expressing any doctrine—no, I assure you."

Aunt Sally, with her usual decision, simply said, "such opinions are not to be tolerated in this house, I can tell you, Sir!"

My mother regarded her wedded lord with a basilisk eye, and said, in a calm, but thrilling tone of voice—"John, remember!"

"Why, my heart," said the poor man, "I wasn't saying a word—not one word, upon my honour—and I was expressing no opinion—that is—none whatever—it's a hard case I think that a man——"

"Well," said my mother, "the short and the long of it is, I won't have such doctrines broached before the children, as I have often told you before. But it's just the old story over and over again. I thought it had been settled and put to rest for one while at least."

"Just teaching the children dogmatism and error," said Aunt Sally, "and to despise the opinions of their elders."

"Why, then, my dear Sally," said the master of the house, "and you, my dear Judith, as I hope to be saved, I was broaching no doctrines, good, bad, or indifferent. I literally did not say one word."

"So much the better," said my mother, "but mind, I'll have no more of it."

"Why, what on earth is it you'd be at?" said he, getting a little roused, "what the plague are you at me for at all? As to Sally's exposition of Locke, I'm sure she may——"

"Now, John," screamed my mother, interrupting him, and flinging away her work. "Be silent this moment—I neither will nor can permit it—let me hear no more of Locke from you—I

really thought this matter had been quashed a great while ago."

"Perhaps," said Aunt Sally, "if the children were to—yes—ahem—children leave the room—you shall be called in presently."

The children (as my sisters and I were termed at Bog-Lodge), left the room immediately; but, though we retreated a considerable distance from the scene of action, we could hear the din of battle braying in full perfection: my father's occasional imploring voice furnishing but a weak and insufficient bass to the tremendous treble strains of my mother, and the shrill alto and powerful execution of Aunt Sally. There was something mysterious in all this; but, if I may hazard a conjecture, I should say that the subject of this dispute was of a metaphysical nature, as, amid the clamour of voices, I distinctly heard my father pronounce the words, "*innate ideas*." But the fullness of the harmony which immediately succeeded, from Aunt Sally and my mother taking their parts in the trio, prevented me from making more decisive observations. It is a sad thing that philosophy and abstract questions should cause such dissensions. "*Mais telle est la vie!*"

Not many days after the memorable evening which I have thus immortalized, I began to set about a long meditated course of study for the ensuing examinations which were to come on in about three weeks. I had frequently been on the very point of commencing this necessary preparation, and as often some vexatious interruption or other had occurred, and literally forced me to postpone my reading from time to time, till the rapid approach of the "*ineluctabile tempus*" begat in me certain nervous anticipations of probable consequences. But though I had not yet opened my books, still I had the solid satisfaction of reflecting that my time had not been wholly wasted; but, on the contrary, spent in occupations which all had a common tendency to the strengthening and improving of my faculties. Books, it is allowed on all hands, form but a small part of a philosopher's manual. We do not learn wisdom from libraries; and I considered the wholesome relaxation in which I had liberally indulged, as well as my constant collision with the enlarged mind, extensive information,

and logical accuracy of Aunt Sally, as forming important items in my preparation for the quarterly examination at Trinity College. But let it not be supposed that I relied exclusively on these for the brilliant success which I anticipated; on the contrary, I now acknowledged to myself, that I had been, on a former occasion, a little hasty in presuming that I was to make my way through College by the mere force of my genius, (great as it certainly is), or that I was to acquire learning by inspiration. I recollected, with a feeling of vexation for not having remembered it before, that almost all the great men (my brothers in intellect,) who had distinguished themselves in their academic career, had been noted for the intensity of their application, as well as the length of time they gave to their studies. Fired at the idea of emulating these same brethren of mine in study, as I had formerly been on discovering our intellectual relationship, I determined to make assurance this time doubly sure, by entering on so grand a course of study as to surpass the most renowned students of former ages. No longer was my "mountain genius" to march at random, and with what step it pleased, through the College course; but, like Diggory "on drill for the militia," should submit to have its gigantic limbs tutored and drilled by discipline. And as Diggory was, no doubt, promoted to be a corporal, by his diligence on parade, which he could never have achieved by the mere force of his natural genius, even so was I destined to rise by my meritorious and learned labours, through all the grades of academic honour.

On going to bed, the night before I commenced putting this unrivalled scheme into execution, after an evening spent in astonishing the ladies with my eloquence about the utility and profundity of logic. I laid my books on the table, in readiness for my morning studies, as I did not think fit as yet to begin burning the midnight lamp. There was Murray's Logic, a Homer, a Greek Lexicon, a Virgil, and a Latin Dictionary. My spirit swelled at the sight of them. I felt myself on the eve of great achievements, put out my candle, and tumbled into bed, where, for a long time, I lay dreaming, though awake. Enchanting visions of the future passed in long array before me,

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myself the hero of them all, and each succeeding scene brighter than the last, till, despising the paltry honours of the undergraduate course, my wrapt soul felt equal to the performance of gigantic deeds, and I could have grappled with folios of erudition as easily as with the "Imperial Reading Made Easy," or the "Good Boy's First Footsteps to Knowledge." Beautiful, most beautiful indeed, was the picture which my prophetic spirit delineated! Having made my egress from the portals of my "Alma Mater," a long and splendid career of life lay before me, in which I was to eclipse all preceding literary greatness; and at last, in a green old age, to sink placidly to rest, amid the applause and astonishment of mankind; or, if fate did not allow such a consummation—if wasted by midnight toil, and noble ambition, I was to sink into an early tomb, still future generations would come to gaze on my grave in a romantic corner of the church-yard of Inishogh, where, on a simple stone, "my epitaph should be my name alone."

In the morning I rose not so early as I had intended, and, accordingly, deferred studying until after breakfast. When I came down stairs, I ordered a fire to be lighted in my room, and returned very brief answers to all questions, as I felt that a man with so much important matter on his hands had no time to waste in idle conversation. Having breakfasted, I sprang from my chair, and walked with a firm and decided manner to the door; and, as I disappeared, heard my mother say, in a suppressed tone of voice—"He is very deep in his studies;" while Aunt Sally responded, in the same key—"He is a very clever and talented fellow certainly."

When I got to my room, I found it in no condition for study. The chimney had not been swept for some years, and the room was full of smoke. Fired with indignation, I thundered down stairs again, and, bursting into the breakfast parlour, exclaimed—"It is really too bad! It is just impossible for me to read or do any thing at all while my chimney is allowed to remain in that abominable state. If I am expected to get premiums, it is no reason that I should be choked with smoke!"

"And is it possible," said my mother, "that that chimney has not been swept yet? Well, I vow to goodness, John,

this is too bad ! Oh, I declare your way of going on is positively no longer to be endured ! My poor boy, I really feel for you. It is indeed a shame that you cannot be allowed to have your own little room in quiet and comfort—but it is all your father's fault, who I believe cares little for the comfort of any of us."

"My fault!" said my father, "my heart, how is it my fault?"

"Weren't you told ages and ages ago," continued my mother, "to get that chimney cleaned?" And you never would—and now it's full of birds' nests and all sorts of things. But it is just the old way" (sighing deeply) "nothing ever done in right time."

"Aye indeed," said Aunt Sally, "perpetually procrastinating."

My unfortunate father humbly represented, that on two occasions, he had been on the point of sending for Sammy M'Flue the chimney sweep, and had as often been desired by my mother or Aunt Sally, to let it alone, as it would do just as well at any time, and no fire was ever wanted in that chimney.

"I don't recollect any thing about it," said my mother.

"Nor I either," said aunt Sally, "poor John sometimes draws on his imagination, I fancy."

"Well my dears," said my father, "if you will allow me, I'll settle this matter at once—I'll send down, or I'm sure, if you like, I'll go down myself to Inishogh, and send up Sam M'Flue,—and let Joey read in the dining room for to-day."

"Off with you then," said my mother, "but as to Joey's reading in the dining-room, it is quite out of the question, he'll be so liable to being disturbed there."

"The idea is too absurd," said Aunt Sally, "but I think John's going to Inishogh is a most excellent move; and the sooner he sets about it the better."

"And there he sits as if nothing was to be done;" said my mother, "what on earth stops him from going?"

"Why my heart, I haven't done my breakfast yet. If you please, I'll take another cup from Gertrude—at least—if there's any in the pot."

"Pshaw, breakfast—well make haste with it then—cup after cup enough for twenty—there, there's a slice of bread

for you too—do you want anything else?"

Deeply concerned at this interruption to my studies, I resolved to spend the day in the wholesome exercise of riding, and, having mounted the poney was talking to one of the labourers, when my father, on the old colt, rode by the hall door, on his way to Inishogh. My mother, who with Aunt Sally was strolling round the lawn, no sooner spied him, than she called out—"John, John, come here, make haste!" When he came up to them, she said,—“John, Sally and I are agreeing that it is a great shame never to have returned Lady Flamantia Mœnia Mundy's visit; and you must drive us there in the jaunting car—so get it ready this moment—at once—for you know we have seven miles of very hilly road to go."

"Why my heart, I was just going after Sammy M'Flue, to have the chimney swept."

"Oh well, never mind the chimney for to-day—and I dare say Joey can contrive to read in the dining-room—indeed the chimney does not signify much after all, as it is never used hardly."

"Hardly ever, indeed," said aunt Sally; "I wonder what made Joe have it lighted at all! Here Joe—what on earth made you have your fire lighted to-day? If you must coddle over one couldn't you have sat in the dining-room?"

"Why, because," said I, "I should be quieter in my own room, and pursue the study of logic, which is a very deep science, without interruption."

"Oh mighty fine about logic;" said Aunt Sally, "I hope a premium may come of it. Deeds not words for me!"

"Well," said my father, "I suppose the short and long of it is, that we are all going to visit Lady Flamantia."

"Why to be sure we are," said my mother, "and there you sit as if I hadn't said a word! I protest I believe the man has no ears! We may as well not go at all, if the whole morning is to be dawdled away at this rate."

In the end we all went on this visit: my mother, sisters, and aunts, being packed in the car, my father driving, and I riding on the poney. So there was an end of study for that day. The next day I determined to buckle fierce-

ly to my reading ; and accordingly planned an allotment of my time for each peculiar study.

Next day being Sunday, was of course a dies non.

Monday.—Put my division of time into practice, but found unfortunately that I had mistaken in planning to read logic early in the day ; and therefore laid out a new plan of study for myself.

Tuesday.—Was in a poetical mood, and therefore put aside my books, and added a few lines to my epic. In the afternoon took a solitary walk.

Wednesday.—Set in to study with enthusiastic ardour. Did ten lines of Homer, and looked over the first chapter of logic. Good for a beginning—Rome was not built in a day.

Thursday.—Did something more in the way of reading. Was rather sleepy all day.

Friday.—Was evidently unwell.—Disinclination to study, and a kind of stupid feeling all over me.

Saturday.—Read a little, and composed some poetry. Still far from well.

At length the day came, when I must leave home, and enter on the field of academic glory a second time. I pass over several interesting particulars, such as my enduring a new suit of clothes with Aunt Sally's special approbation, and my attendance for a week at Mr. Molony's dancing academy, in order to practice bowing, coming into a room, sitting on a chair, keeping my hands out of my side pockets, and other genteel accomplishments, which were considered necessary for me to learn before my introduction to the society of some relations of ours who live in Dublin. I shall also leave untold the exhortations of my mother and aunts, about my getting the premium ; the rather that they were but a repetition of those used by them on a former memorable occasion ; with this addition indeed, that each attributed my failure then, to my not having observed their respective admonitions. Fortified by the excellent advice of these experienced persons, as well as by the zealous prosecution of my studies, which I have already in part detailed, I arrived in Dublin, late on a miserable January evening, with a sincere desire of carrying off both premiums ; which as my reading had been equally severe in

both classics and science, I considered myself pretty certain of doing. The reader will probably concur with me, that I was as likely to get both as one. The day before I went into the hall, I received two invitations for the morrow ; one to dinner at Mr. Sharpey's house in Merrion-square ; the other to tea at Sergeant Clinkum's, in Stephen's green. They are both nearly related to our family, and as they are eminent lawyers, and keep splendid establishments, I gladly answered in the affirmative, trusting to derive immense pleasure, both from the learned conversation, and the fashionable society which I had so often longed to enjoy.

The great, the important day, big with my fate, arose on Dublin with a dark and portentous aspect. On opening the shutters, the streets presented a most dismal appearance. A heavy, yellow fog almost hid the opposite houses, and a dirty drizzle of rain was falling, though not heavy enough to prevent numerous passengers from walking along, apparently unmoved by any consideration of my approaching, interesting crisis. I attempted to follow Aunt Sally's sapient advice, of "just looking over my books in the morning," but the distant, deep-voiced toll of the great bell of the College, which just then began to utter its awful summons, took from me all power of perusing them. Huddling on my new coat in breathless anxiety, and twisting my cravat about my neck, I hurried down stairs, and endeavoured to make my way through the fog, to Duncan's in College-street, for my cap and gown.

At last, having lost my way twice, I succeeded, and clad in my learned vestments, I entered the college gate, too glad at having found it at last, to think of either my cap and gown, or my premium. The hall was so dark on this dismal morning, that I could hardly distinguish a feature of any of the students assembled there, whose black forms hovering about, looked like a convocation of ghosts ; an idea which was effectually contradicted, however, by the din of voices and laughter which proceeded from these youthful dwellers in the bowers of Academus. As the light gradually increased, I was enabled to distinguish an amusing variety of faces and characters. Here might be seen a knot of jolly harum-scarum fellows, laughing over some

wild adventure of last night. Here a great ourang-outang of a country lad, stalking about, and occasionally hailing an acquaintance with a vast roar of delight, and a gigantic shake of the hand, expressive of his gratification at the sight of anything that could bear his imagination back to the hills "where once his careless childhood strayed," in happy ignorance of logic. Here lounged a young dandy sprig, with his cap stuck on one side of his head, and trailing his gown on the ground as if ashamed of it; and there again were sober thoughtful young men, neither elate nor depressed, and who looked as if conscious of having read their best, and of having secured respectability if not honour. At times a suspicion tried to intrude itself on my mind, that *perhaps* I had not done my best; but I steadily rejected so unworthy an idea—nonsense! Had not I read for the last fortnight with very great diligence? what more could I do? stuff! leave fear to the idle and ignorant, such as the loggerhead who got the place above me. And before me he stood—like my evil genius!

"How d'ye do, Sir? I hope you're well! you've been reading hard for the premium I suppose?"

"Very hard indeed," said I, "and I suppose you too have been stewing away at your books."

"Who I?" said he; "I haven't read a single word, except just the last fortnight, which will hardly save me from a caution, I'm thinking."

I could only faintly repeat the words—"the last fortnight!!!"

Presently the names began to be called over, and the divisions to be arranged by the fellows who were to be our examiners. A voice called out from the other end of the hall, "Skimthings Octavus!"—and ere I could elbow a passage through the crowd, my name was again called in an angry tone.

"Here, here!" said I, "coming!"

"Skimthings Octavus!!!" in a very angry voice.

"Here, here! Sir."

"Why did you not come sooner Sir?" exclaimed the stern Dr. Cautionem, who was arranging the division. "Sit down there, Sit down I tell you. Sir!"

I took my place accordingly at a table, just under Dean Swift's picture,

and the examination shortly afterwards commenced.

We had Mr. Polyglott in classics, and Dr. Cautionem in science. I shall be sorry if either of these learned gentlemen feel aggrieved at this public mention of their names, but historical truth I consider to be superior to all private motives, or points of ceremony. No doubt I might have gotten over the difficulty, by giving them fictitious names; but that would have been to mingle fiction with this true narrative, and thereby diminish its beautiful air of simple veracity. The doctor began at the end of the division, about five or six from where I sat, as follows:—

"The falsehood of the universal does not infer the falsehood of the particular?"

He tried one after another with this deep point of learning, but no one answered, and at last his spectral form stood opposite me. Looking as if into my very soul, with a frown calculated to strike terror into the heart of a Gib, he repeated in a sharp angry voice—

"Skimthings Octavus! The falsehood of the universal does not infer the falsehood of the particular: Why?" And like Brutus, he paused for a reply. But alas—the reply was that furnished by the Roman multitude—None, Brutus, none!

The doctor, finding he could get no good out of me, moved on, saying, "Gentlemen, some of you have not read your logic." I was asked two more questions this morning, to each of which I answered, as if toasting the memory of some departed worthy, with solemn silence; and the dreadful Mr. Polyglott, with a formidable looking Homer, was not many below me, when the joyful bell rung for breakfast, the doors were flung open, and such of the Gibe as had no particular fancy for staying further question, that is to say, every mother's son of them, rushed out of the hall in tumultuous throng. Unwilling to affect a useless singularity, I complied with the general custom, and scouring across the courts to Dr. Golumpus's chambers, soon forgot my sufferings in the charms of a most admirable sallylunn.

By-the-bye, I hope that the excellent and respected Provost, among the reformations which he intends to effect in College, will not attempt suppressing this delightful bell. Let him abolish quarter-

ly examinations, and dispense with lectures; but, if he has any sympathy with Gibs—any remembrance of his own hopes and feelings when an undergraduate—let him not dispense with the morning breakfast bell! Who that has passed through College does not recollect the eagerness with which its voice was expected—the watches that were consulted—the caps that were gathered up—and the long-drawn, slow expiration of the last three minutes—and when at last it tinkled, and gave forth its music, redolent of liberty and sallylunn—was not that moment alone worth encountering the horrors of an examination to enjoy?

In the afternoon my turn came on. Mr. Polyglott approached, sat down beside me, laid his cap, with his watch in it, on the table, put the book into my hands, and desired me to go on. It is easy to say, “go on.” I was not in the least frightened, but in a state of cool contented despair, and quiet abandonment to my fate. I first read the Greek through; but does not Tony Lumpkin say, “I can read the outside of the letter, where my own name is, well enough, but when I come to the inside, it is all buzz.” Even so, the meaning of the passage was to me, what “the cream of the correspondence” was to Tony, as he most feelingly and correctly expresses it, all buzz!

Gentle reader, I was cautioned. I did not feel much concern about it. The idea of Aunt Sally sometimes flashed on me, but I always got rid of it. On leaving the hall, I returned to Macken’s quite in a pleasant humour, and began the operation of dressing for dinner, having first kicked Homer and Virgil to the farthest corner of the room.

I performed the duties of my toilette with much more care than I am wont, at home. I put on a clean cravat—my shirt was fresh in the morning—picked the mud off my trowsers, and gave them a good shaking—gave my shoes to be cleaned—and smoothed my hair straight down my forehead. All these preparations took up a good deal of time; but I thought it necessary, on my first introduction to fashionable society, to signalize myself by the peculiar elegance of my exterior. When completely attired, I practised making bows till it was time to set out. A heavy mist was falling, and the streets were

so muddy that I was a good deal splashed before I reached Merriion-square; and the rain incommoded me, as I had no umbrella; but, by dint of wrapping my cloak about me, I contrived to keep myself tolerably dry. On arriving at Mr. Sharpey’s, the footman ushered me with every demonstration of respect into the drawing-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Sharpey shook hands heartily with me, and introduced me to my young cousins, one of whom handed me a chair, in which I tried to settle myself as gracefully as I could. To be sure my hands were perpetually going into my breeches pockets, and my legs seemed to have taken a peculiar fancy for hiding themselves under my chair, but I remembered Mr. Molony’s instructions, and steadily resisted these evil propensities. A large company of ladies and gentlemen assembled by degrees, but we did not go to dinner for three quarters of an hour after the time which had been mentioned. I could not have conceived any thing so splendid as the way in which the ladies were dressed. One of them had a pair of sleeves at least six feet in circumference, and another a satin hat and feathers, three feet in diameter.

Nothing could be more frivolous than the conversation during dinner. The weather; the improvements in Dublin; the state of the markets; steam coaches and railways; an exhibition of pictures; besides a number of petty anecdotes about people that I never heard of before. These were the subjects that engrossed the minds of the guests, as well as of the learned host himself, who said nothing worthy of his noted talents, but joined in the talk on these common-place matters, or perhaps let a pun, or told a story. So that his guests appeared happy, he seemed to care very little whether they conversed about trifles, or improved themselves with deep and important discussions. Oh! how different from Aunt Sally! As I was aware of his great talents, I was lamentably disappointed at the scene of childish enjoyment around me, and made an attempt to draw forth Mr. Sharpey’s stores of erudition. Just as an animated discussion, on the Zoological Gardens, or some such nonsense, was at its height, I took advantage of a momentary pause in the conversation.

“Pray, Sir—hem, Sir—don’t you

think that Plato was a great philosopher, Sir?"

I hardly uttered the words, when I wished myself back at Bog-Lodge, or buried under the earth. Silence instantly prevailed, and every eye was fixed on me, while some one said to Mr. Sharpey, who had not heard the question, "Sir, Mr. Skimthings is speaking to you."

"Eh, what," said he, "were you speaking to me, Joe?"

Scarce knowing whether I was upside down or not, I proceeded—"Yes, Sir—ahem—I was merely asking your opinion about Plato, Sir."

"About whom?"

"About Plato, Sir—that is to say—it is not the least matter, Sir, not the least."

"Why, what put Plato into your head? Did you ever read Plato?"

"No, Sir, but I was anxious to know your opinion about the opinions—hem—that is, the works of so eminent a man."

"Oh, I don't know, I never read Plato, nor will you ever, I suppose. Come, take a glass of wine with me. Tell me, does your Aunt Sally read Plato?"

"No, Sir, but I have often heard her say that she would if she knew Greek."

In the merriment that succeeded, Plato and I were soon forgotten, and the company returned to their insipid, stupid conversation, which indeed seemed more suited to their capacities than the intellectual subjects which I had opened to them, as if to exemplify the proverb of throwing pearls to swine.

By the time the cloth was removed, I found it was very near the time for going to Mr. Clinkum's evening party. Afraid, however, of stirring from my chair before so much company, and equally afraid of being guilty of the indecorum of going to a party later than the time specified, I sat in an agony till the ladies rose to leave the parlour, when I contrived to sneak out behind them unobserved, and having found my hat and cloak, sallied forth for Stephen's-green a full quarter of an hour later than my time. Anxious to retrieve my character in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Clinkum, and yet hardly hoping to be forgiven by them for such disrespect to their invitation, I galloped at a furious rate through the streets,

never heeding the crossings, but splashing through thick and thin, till I arrived at their door panting and perspiring. When the footman opened the door, I rushed in, and having recovered a little breath, said, "I hope I am not too late—oh! I hope I am not!"

"Is it for dinner, Sir?" said the man.

"No," said I, "not for dinner—oh, me—but for tea!"

"Oh, abundant time for that, Sir—the company are still at dinner."

Greatly relieved by this intelligence, I told him that I would go up stairs and wait in the drawing-room, upon which he showed me into a splendid suite of apartments, gorgeously furnished, and lighted from the ceiling by large glass chandeliers, and informing me that dinner would be over immediately, disappeared. Fairly worn out with all the events of the day, I threw myself into a chair, opened my waistcoat, and wiped my face. I perceived that I was much splashed, but that could not be helped now, so I just gave my trowsers a rub with my pocket handkerchief. I then rose and took a survey of the apartments; and, at last, finding the company rather slow in making their appearance, I lay down on a sofa to finish resting myself, with the intention of shortly rising and putting my disordered dress to rights in the great mirror over the chimney-piece. In this luxurious position, sleep gradually stole over me; but, while yielding to its delicious influence, I resolved only to close my eyes, and be ready for the least intimation of the approach of the ladies. But the virtuous resolution was of no avail. I slept, and dreamed an ugly dream. Methought I was in the hall of the College, and had been condemned by the Provost to be flogged for ignorance of logic. The scene was awful, and my feelings indescribable. The whole University were assembled to witness the execution of the sentence; and, elevated on a table, stood the head porter, on whose shoulders I was horsed, with my trowsers about my heels, while the Censor, attended by the fellows and scholars, was brandishing an enormous birch rod, and pronouncing a Latin oration, which began—"Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra?" Every face was mocking me, and the blows were about to descend, while I kicked and bellowed, when lo! Aunts Sally and

Jenny, followed by the Inishogh Ladies' Reading Society, thronged into the hall. At sight of them, my agony increased to such a pitch, that, making a vigorous effort to disengage myself, I knocked down the porter, and seized Aunt Sally round the waist, roaring with terror. The hubbub now became tremendous. Loud cries of murder! and let go! arose on all sides. The Censor's birch descended heavily upon me—Aunt Sally screamed and struggled, while the fellows tugged away to disengage her; but the more they tugged, the louder I roared, and the firmer I clasped her. Suddenly the scene changed into Mrs. Clinkum's drawing-room, with the ladies come up from dinner, and gentlemen pouring into the room, armed with pokers and tongs. "Seize the horrid ruffian!" they exclaimed—"The abominable villain!" "Let go that lady, you rascal, or I'll knock your brains out!!!" "Police! police! send for the police! Don't let him escape! Ha, you ruffian! Take him down stairs! Hold the scoundrel fast!"

By this time an elegant young lady was torn from my arms. How the deuce she got there I was not in a condition to surmise; as footmen and gentlemen were knocking and dragging me down stairs, where they hauled me into the study, and seemed preparing to tear me in pieces. In vain I holloed out,— "Gentlemen,—Mr. Clinkum,—it's all a mistake—what are you holding me for?" They paid no attention to my cries. "Disarm him!" cried one, "no doubt such a ruffian is well armed!" "Ay! Ay!" cried another, "these are the blessed fruits of the Reform Bill! ruffians breaking into our houses, and murdering us all!!!" "Yes," roared another, "and to think of him singling out Miss Lambkin, the most amiable creature in the world, for the first victim to political malignity!" "By the by," exclaimed a fourth, "we ought to search the house! Depend upon it the rooms are full of this villain's accomplices!"

"That's true," said another, "but first—here Denis, bring all the fire-arms in the house, and see that they are loaded,—I should not be surprised at any thing happening after this, and George, just run up and stay with the ladies, and tell them there's not the least fear. And now you

desperate wretch—hold him fast gentlemen—tell me who and what you are, and with what purpose you came into this house."

"Sir," said I, "are you Mr. Clinkum?"

"I am Mr. Clinkum," said the Sergeant.

"Why then, Sir, 'pon my honour, I was only coming to tea, and —"

"To tea!" they all exclaimed,— "ay, a pretty sort of tea you'd have given us!!!"

"This is liberty and equality with a vengeance!!!" said one, "when a dirty vagabond out of the streets, walks into take tea with us!"

"How did he get in at all?" said Mr. Clinkum.

"I let him in, Sir," said a footman; he said his name was Skimthings, and that he came to tea."

"Skimthings," exclaimed the Sergeant, "is it possible you are Mr. Skimthings?"

"I am Mr. Skimthings,—," said I, "and I desire that you will let me leave your rascally house forthwith. I never got such a bruising in all my life, as you and your drunken set have given me."

"Oh! my goodness," said Mr. Clinkum, lifting up his hands and eyes; "to think that I should see my old friend's son, in such a disgraceful condition! He's as drunk as a piper. You may let him go, gentlemen,—I know who he is. Look at his clothes: he has evidently been tumbling in the gutter."

"I am not drunk," said I, "but as sober as any one here, and perhaps a deal soberer too."

"Well," said the Sergeant, "but if you were so sober as you say, what on earth did you assault that young lady for? Charles, go and tell your mother I want her here. Come, Sir, what's your story?"

"Upon my word, Sir," said I, "the only story I have to tell is that I came to tea, as I said before, and found you were at dinner, and being tired of waiting in the drawing room, I fell asleep; and I suppose it was in my dream, for I had a very queer dream, that I seized the young lady. And that's all I know about it."

"Well, we'll, examine a witness," said the Sergeant; "and here she comes. Mrs. Clinkum," said he, as that lady entered pale with affright, "let me have the felicity of introducing to you Mr.

Skimthings, junior, who pleads sleep and a dream in arrest of judgment. Now, tell us how you found him, and all that happened up stairs before we came up."

The lady having recovered from her astonishment, corroborated my statement. She said that the footman had never told her of my arrival; so that on entering the drawing room with the other ladies, they were greatly surprised to see a person of my appearance, stretched at length on a sofa, and evidently labouring under the influence of a distressing dream. That just as she was about to call the footman, I bounced

up roaring and shouting, and seized Miss Lambkin in my arms; whereupon the screams of the ladies brought the gentlemen to their assistance.

"Upon my word," said Mr. Clinkum, "I believe this is the whole truth of the matter after all. But tell us your dream, Joey,—I must have your dream."

I related it accordingly; and, amid roars of laughter, Mr. Clinkum shook me heartily by the hand, and insisted on my joining the gentlemen in the parlour in a bumper of claret to the health of Miss Lambkin, after which I was to make my apology to her in person.

J. J.

ODE TO MARCH.

'TENUES GRANDIA.'

I.

March, March, crocus and violet,
Bloom in the meadows, to welcome thy coming;
The green buds expand on the newly-sprung sciolet,
Soon to be woo'd by the bee's busy humming.
Daisy and lily,
And daffydownilly,
To scent your mild breath are their odours combining;
At sight of your pansy,
Whitehaven and Swansea,
Enjoy a repose from the Company's Mining.

II.

March, March, Mars was your god-father,
Therefore betimes you can bully and bluster,
But She that was born of the sea-foam—an odd father—
Calms, like the halcyon, your flurry and fluster.
The frantic Bellona,
And gentle Pomona,
Shook hands at your birth, a joint blessing bestowing;
So partly you riot,
And partly stay quiet,
A Lion in-coming, a Lambkin out-going.

III.

March, March, Oh! run on to mid-summer,
There's Intellect's March has arrived at its Autumn,
With a grey-headed fifer and broom-headed drummer,
'Twill soon break the ice, and we trust—reach the bottom.
But caps up for royalty,
All love and loyalty,
Ne'er shall we think or say aught that's unhandsome;
And so in this glad age,
We'll end with the adage,
"A peck of March dust is beyond a King's ransom!"

THE CANADAS AND EMIGRATION.*

When under divine protection and guidance, the arms of Britain had crushed the infidel array of France, and had enforced on the First Consul the necessity of lowering the tricolor before the meteor flag of England, he, in the height of anger and dismay, exclaimed, "Give me ships, colonies, and commerce!" He felt that these were the pillars of the temple of our glory; and that unless he "bowed himself with all his might" he could not shake the structure they upheld. In furtherance therefore of this purpose, he put in motion all those engines of his power with which he was so wonderfully gifted. In pursuit of his angry vengeance, he left no force untried which could in any way tend to the hurt of our prosperity. We find his policy or his arms in America—in the east or west—on continent, or island; his fleets were steered for the destruction of our foreign commerce, as his legions were assembled for the annihilation of our domestic trade; we read of the vain restrictions with which he strove to shackle our intercourse with the world; and we live to show to the wondering universe, that neither the thunder of his ships, nor the deafening tramp of his millions, nor the brattle of their arms, could blanch one cheek, or enforce a capitulating sentence from us; and yet not through our own might, but because the "Lord cared for his people." The same mighty hand, which in one night turned the vaunting host of the Assyrian to dead corpses, was stretched out for the rebuking of this infidel monarch; and it was when the bitter fruitlessness of his toils was made known even to himself, that in the spirit of the peevish Esau, he exclaimed, "Give me also ships, colonies, and commerce!"

The importance of each of these three anchors of our state, has been long acknowledged—at least the paramount importance of our shipping and our commerce had been very long felt, but in those days of revolution and reform the enlightened leaders of the country have found out, that a total system of free trade would improve our commerce, that the employment of foreign bottoms would increase our own shipping, and that to relieve starvation and misery by peopling our colonies from our redundant population, would be "useless, extravagant, and impolitic." What Buonaparte and his millions could not do, the Whigs and Radicals of our time are at this moment effecting. Well may one of our authors (the Backwoodman) call political economy "the science of paradoxes." "I am no great dab at political economy, though I did once study Adam Smith, and thought at the time that I understood him, but he is out of date now a days; Peter M'Cullogh reigns in his stead, and he and his compeers have turned political economy into what may be defined the science of paradoxes. However it is unfair to condemn what we cannot understand." We do not agree with the generosity here laid down; we condemn Peter, not for his "system," as Doctor O'Toole would call it, but because he has Jesuitically brought forward premises in his works, from which he has deduced no conclusion, but whose legitimate logical inference would go to deny the authority of a divine Being. We doubt much if Peter knew exactly what he was aiming at; it seems as if to establish some favourite theory he had brought forward proofs, not startling in themselves, but in their consequences fairly deis-

* 1. *Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada, for the use of Emigrants, by a Backwoodman.* London, Murray, 1832, pp. 120.

2. *Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada, especially addressed to the lower classes of Great Britain and Ireland.* By Martin Doyle. Dublin: William Curry Jun. and Co., 1832, 12mo. pp. 108.

3. *The Emigrant's Guide to Upper and Lower Canada.* By Francis Evans, Esq. Dublin: William Curry, Jun. and Co., 12mo. 1833.

tical, not to say atheistical. Pride prevented his retracing his steps, or, perhaps, he saw his error too late to retrieve it. One of the features of this age is the demand made by the public for some certain knowledge concerning our colonies, and amply has that demand been answered. Foremost on the list stand M'Gregor, Bouchette, and M'Taggart, to whose valuable works we refer those who wish for a history of the Canadas, from the time of the felling of the first tree. Amidst a host of others comes Picken, which for a compendious statistical survey of the Canadas is unrivalled. Again, Mr. Ferguson comes before the public embodying the papers published in the *Agricultural Journal*, in a neat and portable form. Our old and Irish friend, Martin Doyle, turns out a new edition of his popular and deservedly favourite book; long life to Martin, he has done more for the Irish poor by his "Hints," than all the nobles of the land could achieve even with the machinery of "agricultural societies"—"farming societies," and so forth. Last not least, let us introduce the new edition of the *Backwoodsman*—(we really forget whether it is the 18th or 20th)—to the public, a queer combination of original humour, fun, and knowledge. Not only these, but also every work treating of our colonies is in great request, and no wonder; the subject of colonization, and all the circumstances attending it, is from the situation of the country becoming of more and more paramount importance and increased interest to all classes of the community. We have a redundant population—a stagnation of the life-blood of our prosperity—of our commerce; famine and its awful attendant, pestilence, seem to have assumed a periodical sway over our land; and though they slay their thousands and tens of thousands, we have still over-peopled districts; individuals and families struggling vainly as without hope, and when that last hope leaves them, sinking into their graves with the apathy of a Hindoo Suttee. When these things are so, can we wonder that the public should call on us to satisfy the enquiries suggested to every thinking mind, and which, in the heart of every man, endowed with philanthropic feelings, must call loudly for an answer. We know that it can be no trifling circumstance which can

drive a man, blessed with the warm feelings of an Irishman, to give up his fathers' land, to leave his kindred, and his people, the grave of his ancestors, and the birth-place of his child; and accordingly, if we search beyond the common motives of change, we shall find, that though want and misery can drive many to this step, and fear or a hope of safety break the ties which bound them to this land, yet amongst the better class of emigrants, we find that feelings of independence buoy them up—sustain their strength and spirit under the difficulties through which they have to pass; so that, as the colonist lies upon the earth, pillowed on some rude log, he sees the time fast approaching when "the desert shall blossom as a rose"—when from a state of almost slavery and the most abject poverty, he shall rise to health, to plenty, and to independence.

If we examine the motives which actuated the kingdoms of old, and compare them with those applied by our modern theorists, we shall be constrained to admit, that the former entertained a much wider view of this subject, than is now thought of. At the present time colonies are looked upon principally in their relation to the trade and revenue of the parent state. In the states of old, they were not only considered beneficial in these respects, but as eminently useful in relieving the mother country of her superabundant population; not merely those who by the over stocking of their trades were an incubus on the advancement of the more prosperous of the community, but those also, who by their agitating talents (to use a modern phrase) might disturb the tranquillity of the state. We may hereafter be led to speak more at large on the colonies of olden times;—we at present shall only observe, that the policy which guided the settlement of the Roman colonies, has also appeared in all those, which are remarkable in any manner for their greatness or rising importance. It was not merely the reduction, *vi et armis*, of an enemy, but the engrafting on the conquered the manners, laws, customs, and language of the victors, carried and used in the newly acquired territory by the hordes which that great nation poured forth; we can trace this same policy fulminating statutes against the Irish dress and

language—the same policy has converted the Cape colony, from a mere Dutch settlement, into a country, in its laws and customs, essentially British.

Every one who ever wrote a book set out with declaring his reasons for so doing. So does our author, the Backwoodsman : he says, in his introduction, “ When a man writes a book, the public, if they take any interest in his lucubrations, wish to be informed on two points ; *first*, what were his motives for writing at all ; and *second*, whether he is qualified to write on the subject he has chosen ; and as these desires are natural and reasonable, I shall willingly gratify them at the outset.

“ Some authors write, for fame, some for money, some to propagate some particular doctrines and opinions, some from spite, some at the instigation of their friends ; and not a few at the instigation of the devil. I have no one of these excuses to plead in apology for introducing myself on the public ; for my motive, which has, at least, the merit of novelty to recommend it, is sheer laziness: To explain this it is necessary to state, that for some years past I have been receiving letters from intending emigrants, containing innumerable queries respecting Upper Canada ; also from the friends of such children of the forest *in posse*, who seasoned the unpalatable task of writing on other people's business with the assurance so consolatory to my vanity, that I was, of all men in the province, the one they considered best qualified to give such information, &c. These letters, always couched in the most polite terms, commencing with the writer's ‘ most sincere sorrow for taking up so much of my valuable time,’ and ending with the ‘ most perfect reliance on my knowledge and candour,’ required to be answered ; and so long as they came ‘ like angel visits few and far between,’ it was no great grievance to do so. But after having written some reams in answer to them, and when every other packet brought one—and no later than last week I had two to answer—things began to look serious, and so did I, for I found that, if they went on at this rate, I should have no ‘ valuable time’ to devote to my own proper affairs. And therefore it being now mid-winter, and seeing no prospect of my being able to follow

my out-of-door avocations for some weeks, I set myself down in something like a pet, to throw together and put in form the more prominent parts of the information I had been collecting, to the end that I might be enabled in future to answer my voluminous correspondents after the manner of the late Mr. Abernethy, by referring them to certain pages of *My Book*.”

But our Author imagines, that some body doubts his efficiency to write on such a subject. Hear his own words :—
“ As for my qualifications to give information relative to this province, I can only state, that it is now nearly twenty years since I first came to the country, having served here during the war in the years 1813–14, and 15 ; and that since the year 1826, my principal employment has been to traverse the country in every direction, and visit nearly every township in it, for the express purpose of obtaining statistical information. If therefore the reader will only be pleased to allow, that my judgment is equal to that of the ordinary average of mankind, it must be pretty evident that I have sufficient knowledge for the undertaking ; and I, on my part, can assure him or her (for I am in hopes I shall have both sexes for my readers) that I will, according to the formula of the oath, speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God.”

We are much inclined to believe that we have before us in this little volume, as much truth as is generally given on such occasions, and certainly even allowing for the favour shown that noble country by our author, it must be a world of superior capabilities to our old worn-out hemisphere. Now there is a species of cant much used at tea-tables by those who see on every lump of sugar gout of negro blood, and which has in itself nearly as much sense and shew of knowledge as is displayed on the like occasions. We mean the whim about depopulating the country ; sending out Protestants to a country where there is no provision for their souls, and such unmeaning, parrot-like talk. We agree with our revered friend Martin Doyle, and request that you will hear him.

“ I do not want to strip the country of its population—the landlords of their tenantry—or the snug farmer of his comfortable subsistence, by urging

any wild or doubtful speculation. I am for letting 'well enough alone,' or if it is to be bettered, let it be at home; but I am very desirous to rescue from overwhelming distress, those who struggle without succeeding, paupers in every thing but in health and strength, in able bodies and willing minds. A field is now open to such adventurers, and I would from my heart, exhort them to try it." Now if we were going to write a book on emigration we would take that extract for a motto, and having divided it into heads, would give a chapter or so on each. We do not wish to diminish the population by emigration, but we wish to send those men, who by their steady adherence to their principles have brought on them the anger of the midnight legislator, beyond the reach of the bullet or the steel. We are unwilling to rob the landlord of his tenant, but we wish to give security to the Protestant farmer, who in his present state is liable to be made a bankrupt, having his barns and his corn stacks made a midnight signal and a token to the country that the laws and vengeance and justice sleep. We would not deprive the snug farmer of his comfortable subsistence; but we are willing to make ready a habitation every whit as snug for him, who in disgust, despair, and perhaps bodily fear, is anxious to try that land which has ever been a shelter to the needy. To these add "those paupers in every thing but health and strength," and we have the sum total of those whom we wish to see settled in America.

Our readers, of course, recollect that this Backwoodsman made a hit or two at Peter McCulloch and his compeers, and he modestly declares "that though avowedly ignorant, I am not without my own theory on the subject of distress and emigration." Why not? A man of such acumen as this Doctor, is as likely to strike upon the truth as any, and we cannot do better than give an extract or two on this head.

"From many causes, of which machinery is the most prominent, Great Britain can manufacture as much in ten months as all her customers can consume in twelve. It follows, therefore, that manufacturers must be one-sixth of their time out of employment. Now if this sixth were apportioned in the shape of one day in each week, the poor people might scramble through,

by pinching a little from the means they gained on the other five working days. But when it comes to two or three months at a time, then commences distress and poor rates. Patriotism and potato mobs in our manufacturing towns; and in parliament—what Dame Quickly would call 'an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English,' in a debate on 'the state of the country.' The cause of which state lies all the while too close under the noses of the disputants to be visible to those who are looking for it with telescopes, in the moon. The disease is a superfluity of manufactures, and a paucity of consumers: the remedy, to send the overplus of the manufacturing population to the colonies, where at one and the same moment they bear the character of manufacturers and assume that of consumers."

The theory is not bad, and although we cannot exactly say, "rem acu tetigisti," yet we must acknowledge that our author has made a "*pretty considerable tarnation fine*" lunge at the mark, and he is so far right that he has hit the cause of the *manufacturing* distress, but for the universal distress, the "distress of nations," we must look for a higher reason, perhaps some inflection for the national apostasy: we shall have cause more fully to treat of this subject hereafter, and we must not now forestall our ideas—

"Who should come to Canada," is the heading of his first chapter and his motto:—

Come a' the gether,
Your a' the welcomer early.
SIR WALTER.

And this is a chapter well worthy of the attention of all who have any idea of *fitting*; but there is one part which might discourage those who intended to invest capital in machinery, we will quote the whole passage.

"Unless a man of large capital, by which term I mean about £5000, has a large family, he had better lend the surplus on mortgage at six per cent. than invest it in business, except he means to become a wholesale store keeper in one of the towns. If he attempt to set up a mill, a distillery, a tannery, a fulling and saw mill, and a store, as is often found to be profitable from the one trade playing into the hands of the other, and if he has not sons capable of looking after the differ-

ent branches, he must entrust the care of them to clerks and servants. But these are not to be had ready made; he must, therefore, take a set of unlicked cubs and teach them their business; and when that is fairly done, it is ten to one, but having become acquainted with his business and his customers, they find means to set up an opposition, and effectually take the wind out of their former patrons' sails; when, however, a man has a large family of sons, he can wield a large capital in business and to very good purpose." We have frequently heard this passage brought up in answer to those who declared their belief that such businesses were profitable in America; and the objectors uniformly took the meaning of the sentence to be, that *each and singular* of these mills, distilleries, &c. were in themselves unprofitable, when it is obvious to any, not blinded by prejudice, that the Backwoodsman meant all these trades taken *conjointly* might be rendered a losing affair by the managers playing booty. This is plain from the context, "from the one trade playing into the hands of the others," which could not be, if our author did not mean that the one man of capital had set up all these branches of a great concern.

Our author deals in theories, but they are such as we should wish to see put in operation, not only as national, but even parochial undertakings. The Backwoodsman is a person who has considered the awful state of his original country, and with the eye of one, conscious of the powers of our colonies to relieve that miserable state, has pointed out a road, by which the load on our prosperity may be removed. The evil of pauperism is not of a stationary character—it progresses, not only in numbers, but in misery and demoralization. For the children of the present paupers, in a few years become the parents of a flock as bad, if not worse, than the generation just past away: were the number of paupers to remain as at present, the evil might be tolerated, as it now is, badly to be sure, and not without grumbling; but still possible to be borne: but as the poor will be so stiff-necked as to fulfil the great end of creation, and so self-willed and wrong-headed, as to cast behind their backs the precepts of Malthus and his crew; pauperism must in a few years arrive at such a pitch, that the

poor rates will be no longer borne in the sister Island; and as for this country, it will be but an extended mendicancy asylum. This evil is not so imaginary as is supposed by some—in some parishes in England the rates bear such a disproportion to the fair produce of the land, and are such an incubus on the industry of the better class of inhabitants, that discontent and murmuring, and curses both loud and deep, are gaining ground with fearful rapidity. What these symptoms in an English mob prognosticate, even a Whig might be able to tell, at least, if there be any truth in the adage "*experientia docet*," we know of none better able to give information. The theory offered to the public by the Backwoodsman is as follows:—

"There is one species of emigration, which it is astonishing should never have struck the authorities at home, and which would be most beneficial to all parties—I mean, infant emigration.

"The idea was suggested to me nearly six years ago by my late worthy and excellent friend, Major William Robinson, of the King's regiment, a gentleman intimately acquainted with the province, where his name is endeared to the inhabitants by his determined bravery, added to a gaiety and good humour, which rendered him at once the favourite of all ranks and classes, and the most efficient partisan leader, with the exception of, perhaps, General Brock, that Canada possessed during the arduous struggle with the United States."

"From the time I returned to the country, I have consulted many hundreds on the feasibility of the scheme, and, in every instance, have been assured, that it was not only practicable, but would be highly beneficial to all concerned: the plan is briefly as follows:—

"Let a number of parish children, as from six to twelve years of age, be sent out to Canada, under a qualified superintendent.

"Let there be established in every county, or in every two or three townships, if necessary, a commissioner, or board of commissioners, to receive applications from farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen, wanting apprentices or servants, taking from them a bond with securities, that they will teach them their trade, craft, or mystery, keep

them, educate them, and, when their apprenticeship is up, give a small sum, (say 28*l*.) to set up in business, those who have been indentured apprentices. With younger children, whose work will not at first be equal to their maintenance, it will be only necessary to bind the person taking them to educate them; for, by a law of the province, parents or persons standing *in loco parentis*, are entitled to the work of their children and wards, till they attain the age of majority."

When we first read this passage, it struck us, that, as the children were removed necessarily from under the surveillance of the board of commissioners, it might be exposing the tender infants to a great risk of ill usage; but a little reflection led us to recollect a previous passage, when our author tells us, "that the labour of a child of seven years of age, is considered worth his maintenance," and our doubts vanished at once on our reading the concluding remarks, with which the doctor closes the consideration of this admirable theory.

"The objection that would strike an Englishman most forcibly to such an arrangement, would be the possibility of the children being ill treated; but this is hardly a supposable case in this country.—Their labour is too valuable for their master lightly to risk the loss of it by ill-usage, where the boy could so easily abscond; and in this country, the fault of fathers and mothers bears more to the side of a total disregard of King Solomon's advice, as to the propriety of using the rod, for the purpose of promoting infantile morality, than an over zealous conformity with the dicta of the inspired writer; besides public opinion would always side with the child, and as if this plan were to be carried into effect, the children must, in some degree, be considered as wards of the King, and the legislature could easily provide some simple and summary means, whereby any injustice or infraction of agreement might be punished promptly and efficaciously."

So far to clear away any doubts concerning the welfare of the child; now let us hear the benefits accruing from this proposed measure—

"The advantages of this system must be apparent to all. Parishes would get rid of young paupers, who, in the course of time, grow up, and perhaps,

become a heavier burden on the parish by the addition of a family, and would get rid of them too at an expense not exceeding one-fourth of what an adult could be removed for, seeing that £4, would be the maximum for which they could be conveyed to Canada, and here we would get settlers at an age when they could easily be habituated to the work, the climate, and the ways of the country." We wish that this theory, so admirably adapted for the relief of our poor, was put in a train for execution, as there is no Reform bill to talk about this session, we may look for something of national importance, for the relief of the general distress.—Repeal will be scouted by the conjunction of conservatives with whigs, and Ballot will we opine, be kicked out along with any ministry base enough to propose it; we may therefore hope, that the state of the country and of her commerce, will be laid before the House, and we wish that this little volume was in the hands of every member of that house; for it has little or no prejudice in its pages, and the plans suggested throughout are, we verily believe, the result of experience and observation. To those about to emigrate, we recommend this volume, as well as that under the name of "Hints," written by an Irish gentleman. Those who are Candidate emigrants will find in these volumes, all the details of necessary exports, and after the plain direction there given, we shall no longer laugh at the export of warning pans to Brazil, if we find emigrants bringing loads of timber work to America. We shall before we close this review, have occasion to revert to one other chapter of the Backwoodsman, we must now speak a little of our Irish books, or better still, let Martin Doyle speak for himself, on a topic on which it is necessary that the emigrants should be well informed—we mean the comparative merits of the Canadas, or the British North American Colonies, and the United States, Martin speaks just as we should expect from a gentleman and an Irishman.

"In comparing together the relative advantages and disadvantages which attend a settlement in North America, I am disposed, after a very grave consideration, to yield a decided preference to UPPER Canada, and I shall give you my reasons,—first as to the United States.

"So long a period has elapsed since these were colonised from the British Isles, that we have, in a great degree, lost the feeling that they are of a common stock with ourselves; but in the Canadas we meet thousands of our own countrymen located there, (comparatively within a few years,) with all the feelings, habits, tastes, &c. of British subjects, living under the protection of British laws, and having all the privileges of commerce which are possessed by us. In short, there is a strong and intimate bond of union between the parent country and the Colonies; but if ever again we should be so unfortunate as to be driven into war with the States, the new settlers there, from the British dominions, would be placed in a most painful situation—obliged either to take arms against their relatives from these countries, or remaining neuter, (an unlikely thing in time of war,) to risk the ruin of their properties by the Americans, whom they would not assist, on the one side, and the British, who would confound them with the Americans, on the other. And he who is not a sworn subject of the States, cannot inherit property, and would be looked upon, if he did not take the oath of allegiance, with a very jealous eye, he would be considered "neither good fish or good flesh! Besides, I really believe, that the Canadas are more healthy, than any of the States. Even that of Ohio, on the north western boundary, is not so temperate and healthy, as the parts of Canada adjoining. In many parts of the States of America, *slavery* still continues; what native of these free islands would endure the sight of it?" Martin then goes on to give his opinion, why Upper Canada, is better than any other of the British North American Colonies; it is superior he says to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, because these latter settlements being so near the Atlantic, are frequently enveloped in fogs, and are raw damp countries in consequence, during a great part of the year; and Upper Canada is superior to the Lower province of the name; because that in the latter, the heat of summer and the cold of winter is excessive, and fogs prevail, especially near the sea; the soil, he says, is inferior, and that soil also dearer than a better quality in the upper province, and we quite agree with him that these are no trifling considerations to those

whom want of property at home induces to seek it abroad.

The lower province is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north of the upper, and invariably colder in winter, and the winter is also longer, varying from three to four weeks additional to the season in the upper province, as our Backwoodsman says. The regulation of the heat of the sun is unaccountable to us. There is no part of Upper Canada that is not to the south of Penzance, yet there is no part of England where the cold is so intense as in Canada, and stranger still, the cold in Britain is never equal to the intense frost of Virginia, which were it on the European side of the hemisphere, would be looked upon almost as a tropical climate, it may be that the enormous surface of *leaves*, over which the winds blow, may cause such a rapid evaporation, as to account for this phenomenon, and this we are inclined to believe to be the case, because in even partial clearings, and within the memory of men now living, the climate of Lower and even Upper Canada, has become much milder; yet the severity of the winter cannot be either so dreadfully harsh, as is generally thought, or nearly so destructive of life as our own comparatively mild climate; it is not so severe, for every one looks upon it as the pleasantest time of the year; and in a summary of the climate the doctor whom we have quoted so often, calls it "in summer, the climate of Italy, in winter, that of Holland;" both of which countries are frequented by British, without many complaints of the heat or cold. Nor is the winter of the Canadas so destructive of life as our own, because of the superior dryness. The salt particles which exist in the atmosphere of sea-bound countries are not found there; roofs of tinned iron of fifty years standing are as bright as the day they came out of the shop, and you may leave a charge of gun-powder in your gun for a month, and yet it will go off without hanging fire; damp, more than cold, is known to be the cause of pulmonary complaints, and such diseases are almost unknown in the Canadas, while they are to this day the scourge of Britain, and of the sea coast of America; although the thermometer does range below any thing in Britain, yet the cold is little felt, from the extreme calmness of the air; and thus it is that in Canada, with the thermometer at

Zero, when there is not a breath of air, that the blue smoke rises in an unbroken pillar from the cottage, and shooting up straight like the steeple of a church, gradually melts away in the beautiful clear blue of the morning sky. Yet in this weather you chop your supply of fuel without your coat, and cloaks are hung on pegs. When at home, with an easterly head wind, and a temperature of 50° you sit, toes on fender, or if forced abroad, are enveloped in mufflers and boas. Even in the cathedral of Montreal, where from three to five thousand persons congregate on Sunday, you seldom hear a cough; while at home, since the days of Shakspeare, "coughing drowns the parson's saw."

What a picture of kind and English hospitality does Martin draw, when he speaks of the sympathy which the old settlers feel for the trials of the new-comers. Hospitality was once the great virtue of an Englishman, but the necessity of exercising such magnificent bounty has passed away, with the nearly impassable roads, the pack saddles, and neatly stuffed pad, ready for my lady on the occasion of a journey. The real old English hospitality (we love the word) was the result of "doing as we would be done by," and as the fear of being obliged to require such kind services from others was diminished, so the readiness to yield them in turn, decreased, and thus from want of practice, the custom has fallen into disrepute. But in Canada it now is, as it was of old in England: and every one feels that the rights of hospitality are indeed sacred, and thus it is in every newly-settled country, professing civilization. Of course when Canada has become such as England now is, hospitality will shift her quarters even to the "far west." At present, however, it is really delightful to see the old British feelings thus preserved in our colonies. "The old settlers are extremely hospitable and obliging. The wandering stranger is sure of welcome and accommodation for the night. Either among the higher or lower classes of settlers, he is certain of admission into the large farm house, or of a nook in the already crowded family room in the little log-house. Every person already settled seems to remember that he had his own day of difficulty to encounter, and feels a sympathy for the necessities of the new-comer. In short, the exercise of

hospitality is considered a sacred duty, which no one neglects. The circumstances and necessities of the country require it, and even the houseless wanderer can communicate, in exchange for the food and lodging he obtains, a valuable return in news from the mother country, if he be lately from it, or from the remoter districts, with which there can be but little direct and personal intercourse. And who, except one who has been long a stranger to home and his friends, can adequately conceive the joy experienced on seeing, in a foreign land, the face of a countryman—perhaps of a townsman—a fellow-citizen, one familiar with persons and places dear to the recollection of the emigrant; suppose him to bring with him a letter from some family connexion—every eye strained with eagerness, all work suspended, every heart beating with anxiety—it is presented, the superscription examined, the seal broken; but alas, the person to whom it is addressed, either from the crabbed hand, or from a gentle suffusion of the tearful eye, or from *not being in the habit of reading writing*, or perhaps from never having been taught (shame to deficient education) to read at all, is obliged to call in a neighbour's aid to decypher the welcome lines—they are read over so frequently that the ear devours what the eye refused, and the delighted memory records, and retains the minutest passage for ever! The bearer of this joyful epistle is as joyfully received, and treated with every kindness, and questioned as to every point to which it refers, and many others, on which expatiating from local knowledge, he is cherished for his information, set forward in his object of settlement, and saved much of the inconvenience which a total stranger must probably undergo."

Some landlords have taken up the plan of sending out such of their tenants as are desirous of a change. This plan is certainly, if well executed, productive of much good; but we have reason to know that from the ignorance of the gentry, and the dastardly tricks of the agents, to whom they confided the task of shipping these poor families, there has more misery arisen than good been produced. To these gentlemen we can only say, that for the future, after such information has been afforded them, the misery of these

emigrants will lie at their doors. Agents are appointed in Ireland for the forwarding emigrants to the Canadas,* and the preparatory steps for the comfort of the emigrants are detailed both by Doyle and the Backwoodsman ;—we would recommend all who entertain an idea of emigrating, carefully to read this little volume of Hints, and we are sure that if they were more known and acted upon, we should hear less of the unhappy fate of emigrants landing in America without information as to the mode of arriving at their destination, or money to set about their business, when they are fairly located.

The population of the Canadas is made up of a strange and heterogeneous assembly of nations, and kindreds, and people, from all quarters of the world : there are English, Irish, Scotch, and a few Germans, and Dutch, and Americans, from the States. But the British vastly preponderate ; these, with a few French (especially about Detroit and Amherstberg) form the population of Upper Canada. The lower province is peopled chiefly by the descendants of the French settlers, with a tolerable sprinkling of British, and a half-breed between the Canadians and Indians. In the upper provinces the emigrants from Holland are the most thriving, and have capital houses, barns, cattle, and implements of husbandry, and are wonderfully neat and clean in their habits ; the English are the next in point of comfort and neatness ; the Lowland Scots are next below ; the Irish and Highlands the lowest, and are very much on a par in many particulars. The "jolly Heilanders," like our fine Hibernians, never are a steady industrious set at home, and abroad they do not improve much for the better, unless settled with persons who are their opposites in these particulars. When a cross in the breeds is practicable, it is more beneficial. As Martin says, "Each nation has some admirable qualities—each also has faults ; if their dispositions and habits are blended together, we shall have an improved character." It is said, and proved from personal experience, that when the Irishman is taken from his country and planted in foreign parts,

he forgets the contention which had been his bane at home. It seems strange, why, for a political reason, if not for mercy's sake, the government do not take steps to locate as colonists, before crime committed, those whom, in a year or two, they must expel as felons—why it is that they do not send to our colonies men, with the warm kind feelings of Irishmen, rather than bear to dismiss them to a region of shame, with those feelings corroded and destroyed by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness—why not send him with a pure breast and clean hands to a free country, rather than wait to banish him to a state of slavery, with his breast filled with every evil passion of our nature, and his hands red with the blood of his countrymen ?

One great and peculiar feature in the American export business, is the lumber, or timber, trade ; and from the returns made by the custom officers, we are enabled to offer a few documents, satisfactorily proving the vast importance of this branch of our commerce—not only in the value of the timber imported to Britain, but also in the fountain of wealth created by the excise and custom dues levied on the British manufactured goods exported to the colonies in exchange for the lumber. In the year 1829, there were cleared out from the ports of Quebec and St. John's, in New Brunswick, to Britain and Ireland, 340,000 tons, rather more than one-third of the whole British shipping, exclusive of the coast trade. In 1828, the value of goods imported to the port of Halifax alone from Great Britain and the dependancies was £604,192, employing 115,010 tons, and manned by 6,599 men ; the total value of British goods, at first cost price, required in exchange for the North American timber, is about two millions annually. Now, it is worthy of observation, what vast facilities are here afforded for emigration ;—by act of parliament three passengers are allowed to every five tons of a ship's burthen, and sometimes three to four tons ; now, if we take the tonnage of the shipping at 350,000 tons, we have a quantity of accommodation, more than requisite for emigra-

* John Astle, Esq. is Dublin Agent to the Canada Company.

tion, great as it is at present. Those vessels which are not fortunate enough to get a cargo of emigrants, are obliged to go out in ballast; and therefore rather than risk such dead loss they will carry passengers at any cost, which will even cover their expenses. From the eastern ports of Ireland, the passage money paid out to Quebec is from £2 10s. to £3 per head; from the southern and northern ports about £2 10s., and from the western ports about £1 10s. 6d. to £2, varying in cost, according to the emulation of the merchants; here is a vast advantage gained to the poor emigrant, to whom it is a matter of the first importance to have a few pounds on landing in Canada. Were the timber trade with North American colonies done away with, either by a total prohibition, or by repealing the present duties, the effect would be to curtail the number of bottoms required in the trade, diminish the opposition now prevailing amongst the ship owners, and, of course, raise the cost of transport in a very great degree; it would, in fact, affect the present advantageous flow of emigration, so much as to render unavailable the colonies, which providence has marked out for our assistance. We believe, that if the timber trade of the Canadas was done away with, our emigrants could not be landed in America for less than £15, while it costs now little more than twice as many shillings: the steerage passage, without food, to New York, in the packet-ships, is no less, at this present time, than £10. Now, at least, 40,000 emigrants were landed in the year 1832 in New York, and in other ports in the States, and about twice as many went to the British colonies; had all these colonists been located in Canada they alone would (if there be any truth in the Backwoodsman's calculations,) when settled on their farms, require something above one million of pounds' worth of British goods every year. Some calculate the population of the Canadas, including the last year's settlers, at about 900,000 souls; and if each man, woman, and child consumes annually nine pounds' worth of British goods,* we have a market for about eight millions annually "a

thing by no means to be slighted by our manufacturers in these hard times."

It must be fresh in the recollection to our readers, that a bill, or notice of a motion was brought before the House for repealing the protecting duties on colonial timber, and that fortunately the Chancellor of the Exchequer was forced from his insane purpose. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure, or our readers the information to be derived from a passage of the Backwoodsman, very much to this purpose. Having stated his objections to the lumber trade, on the score of its producing immorality and its drawing farmers from their agricultural pursuits, he proceeds to show the positive advantages derived from the trade, and we shall extract a page or two even at the risk of repetition: "Should our present rulers, in the spirit of ultra-liberality, see fit to do away with those duties which protect at once the produce of our colonies, and our manufacturing, commercial, and shipping interests, it would be well for them to consider, what must be the result of such sweeping alterations on the well-being of individuals and the nation at large.

"The object to be attained, we are told, is to procure timber from the Baltic, cheaper than the people of England pay at present for inferior timber from the colonies—and the means of obtaining this end is to equalise the duties.

"The equalising the duties will, in the first instance, throw out of employment eight hundred sail of ships and the crews that navigate them; a very considerable item in our commercial navy, and a sacrifice not rashly to be made by a country, whose very existence depends on her naval superiority—for as we cannot imagine that such ultra Huskissonians, would tolerate any law, less liberal than the old navigation laws, which permitted every nation to bring its own produce to British ports in its own bottoms; and considering that the dwellers on the shores of the Baltic, living in a world of timber, hemp, iron, pitch, tar, and rosia, have the advantage of us in regard to ship building materials. Seeing, moreover, that they are more lightly taxed, and must also have the advantage of build-

* Vide Backwoodsman, page 6.

ing and sailing them ;—it is clear that, in such case, we must send our timber ships to heat the bakers' ovens, and their crews to man the navies of rival nations, or to add to the strength of the parish poor. Our manufacturing and commercial interests would not be improved by such a change, as it has been shown that it would operate against the colonies, which are one of our best markets, and in favour of the Baltic, which is our worst. But the harm it would do with their interests in Upper and Lower Canada is trifling, when compared with its effects on Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, whose resources, and consequently means of paying for goods, it would utterly annihilate. But still, say the Liberals, we will get our deal boards cheaper, and that is all we want. You will get them cheaper, but not quite so much cheaper as you imagine. Thus, supposing timber can be shipped at Quebec at 50s. per ton, that the freight of one is 60s. and of the other 20s. ; and that you put 20s. duty on the one, and 60s. duty on the other, the whole price of either in London will be £6 10s. ; but if you equalise the duties by either lowering that on foreign, to that on colonial, or raising that on the colonial, to the rate of the foreign, you give the foreigner a bounty of 40s. over the subject. Now, suppose such foreigner is contented to add only 30s. to his present profit, he excludes the subject totally—he gets a market for a million of tons additional annually—you save 10s. or $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on your deals ; and the 30s. instead of going to the Exchequer, or to support your navy, your colonial, commercial, manufacturing, or shipping interest, goes into the pocket of "the Russian merchant and landholders, who will not buy a cotton handkerchief from you the more, for all the sacrifice you have made." Nor does this evil end here ; the inhabitants of our North American colonies being deprived of the means of gaining the comforts of life, or of importing British goods, must, of course, be contented with a smaller proportion of such goods, we lose the market at present existing there for such manufactures, the revenue is *decreased* by the export duty hitherto paid on such goods, and as the said revenue must be kept to a certain level, to meet a certain expenditure, we must pay addi-

tional taxes on some other comforts or necessities of life. We have however a strong guard against such a fatal measure in two great leaders in England—the agricultural and shipping interests ; for so long as the lumberers, who procure the timber, and the sailors, who export it, consume so much of the agricultural produce of the colonies, as to prevent the landed interests of Britain from feeling jealous of importation of wheat or grain, we are secure from their opposition ; and so long as that trade employs eight hundred ships unfit for any other traffic, we ensure the support of the ship owner ;—these, with such as are opposed, from principle, to the separation of the colonies from the mother-country, form such a body, as must be heard with attention, and regarded with respect.

The third volume we take up is Mr. Evans' *Emigrant's Guide to the Canadas*, compendious in its matter, and convenient in size. Mr. Evans has taken an excellent arrangement in his little work, and by the clear and plain manner in which he has wrought up his materials, he affords alike a source of entertainment to the historical inquirer, and abundant directions to the matter-of-fact emigrant. He commences his Guide by a general description of Lower and Upper Canada, the geographical position of the provinces, the state of Protestant and Roman Catholic churches, and a sketch of the trade, both export and import. Mr. Evans brings the latest intelligence from these interesting colonies, and his statements bear such strong evidence of truth, that we would be worse than heathens did we profess not to place the most implicit reliance on them ; and we are happy to gather from his pages that the Church of England is progressing rapidly under the care of the Lord Bishop of Quebec, the Hon. and Right Rev. Doctor Stewart. Mr. Evans tells us that—

"This Church is supported by parliamentary aid, the British Church Missionary Society, and the seventh of the lands of the province, which at present yields a very small income, but will in time be very valuable ; the inhabitants only provide churches and keep them in repair. * * A number of churches and meeting houses have been erected in various parts of the country, and add much to the beauty of the landscape ;

and to the well-disposed it is a cause of much thankfulness that temples have been erected in the forests for the worship of the Most High : where they can bow the knee at His altar, and supplicate a blessing upon their exertions in a new country, far removed from the homes of their fathers ; so that now, such emigrants as have been accustomed to make religion a consideration of the first importance, need not be disheartened, by an apprehension that they are about to sacrifice to the prospect of an improvement in their temporal condition, the whole of the religious advantages, with which the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland enjoy the privilege of being abundantly supplied in the lands of their nativity."

We feel much obliged to Mr. Evans for such a passage. We confess that we were hitherto unable to answer objections brought on the score of want of religious instruction, but we now feel these doubts have passed away, and we are sure that this extract will have a like effect on all, save those jaundiced by prejudice. There is a healthy tone of moral feeling which pervades this and such passages, that plainly shew that the author felt the want he deplored, and appreciated the benefit, the conferring of which he thus applauds. A very constant complaint has been made that the poor emigrant, when landed in Quebec was totally at a loss in what direction to turn his steps, and every writer deplores the want of such local information as might save the emigrant both expense and trouble. Yet, though Guides to the Canadas are by no means scarce, we do not recollect hitherto having met with any prepared and accurate enumeration of the roads in the provinces of Canada ; it was a desideratum in such books, and Mr. Evans has conferred an additional boon on the public by publishing the roads and distances from Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers, and William Henry, to various parts of both provinces and other parts. So that a pretty accurate idea may be formed of the route to any section of the country, to which the emigrant may feel desirous to go, and Mr. Evans vouches for the correctness of the calculations and distances.

The second section of this little volume is composed of "General Directions on arriving in Canada." And here again we have an explicit answer

to some doubts and hesitations, which ever and anon, have crossed our minds. We must confess that it sometimes occurred to us, that if the reports were true, told us of the demand for labour, &c. in Canada, why any person, once there, was mad enough to return to Britain, and we had some suspicion that the demand was exaggerated, and the benefits of emigration too highly coloured. But Mr. Evans helps us to a paragraph which explains why those were found who wished to return to Britain : for the benefit of any such of our readers as may think as we have thought, we extract the following :

"It is not unusual for the emigrant, on arriving in America, to feel disappointed, and many for a short time, regret having left their native country. Every thing appears strange, especially to the warm-hearted Irishman ; he cannot forget the hospitality to which he has been accustomed—strangers and interested persons are frequently to be met with—the scenery, manners, customs, and the language of a considerable portion of the inhabitants differ from what he has been accustomed to at home, and many are watching for opportunities to take advantage of his inexperience. He is therefore for a time disposed to form an opinion unfavourable to America, without considering that he has but just landed in a strange city or seaport town, and that it was never his intention to settle in such a place. It is also probable that he may have conceived too high expectations of what was to be immediately possessed in the country—a thing which not unfrequently happens, from the numerous exaggerated and extravagant accounts that have been transmitted by ignorant and foolish persons of very little experience themselves. It is therefore necessary to caution the emigrant against suffering himself to despond, as many persons have been led astray by such expectations, as well as by the equally fallacious and more flattering statements of others who may have pointed out various distant settlements, where ease and comfort are to be had. The stranger wanders from place to place, and at length when his means are exhausted, he is obliged to settle in a situation far inferior to many that he has passed by ; finding when too late, he might have obtained good land in many advanta-

geous situations, without spending his money and time as he has done, and which he could have avoided had he received a fair and unbiassed account of the country."

No wonder that the weary, misinformed, wandering settler should turn his footsteps homewards; but nevertheless these instances of ill fortune are not to be taken as fair specimens of average success. We cannot suppose that anything mortal can be totally without failure, nor is it candid or just to throw that blame on the system of emigration, which attaches properly to the folly of the settlers, or the knavish agents who practice on them. The whole of this section we recommend to the attention of those who are about to leave our shores, it abounds in valuable advice on all useful topics, and treats on subjects from setting an emigrant a-going, to excellent observations on temperance and health. Mr. Evans in his third section, has given directions relating to various parts of Lower Canada, favourable for settling in, with a few observations on the settlements already formed. He enlarges considerably on the most important branch of knowledge; important, at least, to the person about to emigrate. We mean the statistics of each townland. To the man of capital about to vest money in machinery, it is absolutely necessary to be well informed as to the power on the spot where he intends to settle, which may be rendered available for his purpose, this is particularly necessary in water power, or as the Yankees term it, "the hydraulic privilege;" where, although rivers may be seen in maps to flow close by the intended settlement, it is by no means certain that any mill sites are to be found. A single reading of this little book before us would decide at once whether the spot marked out for the "location" be eligible or not. The useful parts of this volume may be found at large in the expensive work of Colonel Bouchette, but from the very circumstance of the expense, it is rendered nearly useless to the general class of emigrants. Here we have a cheap and portable little book, comprising in itself, the valuable hints thrown out in most of the former writers, not that we mean that Mr. Evans condescended to the servile task of *compilation*, but that his good taste rejected the essays and treatises, mixed

with good and sound reading, which are to be found in many of his fellow-authors, and which are comprehended under the title of book-making. We are also occasionally furnished with a remark on the average price of land, in the townships under consideration, another most useful observation to the emigrant. He remarks too, that the navigation of the rivers of Canada, is daily improving, and from the facility offered by the combined effects of canals and steam-boats, of sending agricultural produce to the great markets, or for shipment to Britain, we almost uniformly find that those settlements on the banks of rivers and lakes, are ahead of the more inland districts, in comforts, and even the luxuries of life.

Mr. Evans tells us that the Ottawa or great river, a tributary to the St. Lawrence, is rapidly being improved, and it is expected, that in a short time, the navigation of the river will be open to steam-boats from Montreal to Hull; what a rapid change from the difficulties and dangers encountered and overcome by Mr. Wright and his family. This enterprising American and his children first ascended the Ottawa in 1806. He then obtained a grant of twelve thousand acres, and since that period he has, in reward for his most admirable exertions, received, by letters patent, a further grant of nine thousand acres, so that his power and wealth in that country is immense. He has cut roads to Montreal, a distance of nearly 120 miles; and, as the best proof of the prosperity of the colony we can offer, we refer to the population of the village Wright, which, in 1828, consisted of 1,066 persons. By a report to the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, we find that, in 1824, the value of this settler's stock, farms, buildings, and mills, was £68,000. We could not refrain from mentioning this instance of success, arising from the perseverance of an humble individual; and we hope that such an example will not be lost on those who, by misfortune, feel any sinking of their hearts within them. We would refer any who wish to read an account of his trials, and final success, to the appendix of Mr. Picken's work on the Canadas. In the fourth section before us, Mr. Evans treats of the comparative view of both provinces, with some further remarks on the Upper. In a former section,

Mr. E. had viewed the general advantages which might warrant many in preferring the upper to the lower province; and he observes, that the former is generally a level country, and that the rivers have much good and level water for boat navigation, even more than the lower province. Another peculiar advantage is the more moderate climate, a consideration which, he says, should preponderate when put in the scale against other superiorities—by such as have regard to whatever is calculated in any measure to preserve to them the blessings of a sound constitution. He also observes, very justly, that, although in the lower province there is a vast extent of good land, yet in the upper the soil is more generally good, and not so interrupted by veins of an inferior character; and, also, that as the latter has been much less extensively settled, so land is there cheaper; and above all, that in Upper Canada the wages of labourers are higher than in the more populous and older settlements of the lower province. In order that the lower may not have cause to grumble for any preference shown to the upper province, Mr. E. proceeds to give the advantages which fall to the share of the former. We will copy his own words:—"Those who seek the advantages of obtaining a speedy conveyance to the larger markets, for such commodities as they shall have to dispose of, and with equal dispatch to get in return whatever being indispensable to the agriculturist, is not to be found among the productions of his own farm, will find a settlement on the banks of Lake Ontario, and not far removed from Kingston, a very desirable one, if they be possessed of capital enough to enable them to make a purchase, where a combination of so many advantages must render land very dear. Heretofore, between this and Montreal, navigation has been much impeded, and rendered dangerous, by the numerous rapids that are to be encountered in the St. Lawrence; but this cause of complaint will not long exist, as, by the great canal works noticed in the more general view of the province, steam boats will have a free and easy intercourse to the Ottawa River, which joins the St. Lawrence, within a few miles of Montreal, from which place, to the Atlantic, the navigation is clear from all manner of interruption. Settle-

ments, formed along the Rideau Canal, will be found to confer considerable advantages on their occupiers, from the connexion that it must establish, when completed, between foreign commerce and the agriculture of that country. Another circumstance that renders the situation a desirable one, is the opposite, but equally beneficial, effects which Lake Ontario has on the temperature of both seasons. From its very great depth it never freezes in winter, on which account, the neighbourhood, during that time, enjoys the benefit of a comparatively clement season; so, in summer, the breezes which pass over its surface contribute greatly to cool the atmosphere. The same effects are, of course, to be expected from the other great lakes, upon the places communicating in their vicinity." From this we may gather, that, to a man of capital, the lower province is to be recommended, while, to the poorer man, the upper province, thus shown to have every equal advantage with the lower, except the vicinity of large markets, is the most desirable. We cannot close our remarks on this admirable little book, without returning our most sincere thanks to all who have been interested in so benefiting the public. We think this little volume well adapted to remove from the mind of many those objections to the Canadas, which are generally brought forward, and which hitherto have not been answered; and, to the emigrant, we safely recommend this as a manual, an itinerary, and a collection of hints, eminently useful to such persons.

Let a man take any good map of North America, and run his eye from the North of the St. Lawrence to Lake Superior, and we think he will feel convinced that the Canadas are destined to become a mighty nation. There is no country in the world, of equal extent, that offers such a vast power of water conveyance. A continued line of water, with depth and breadth to float the navies of the world, and stretching from the sea hundreds of miles into the interior, offering conveniences to waft the grain, grown in the western parts, without stop or stay, to the wharves of the British merchant. Nor is it this direct communication alone that we are to take into consideration. The very land seems laid out for canals and rail-roads. The earth produces

coal to carry on the steam conveyance, even after the vast forests shall have disappeared. The metals used in the arts are found in abundance. Nature has done her part in making the Canadas the seeds of a great kingdom, and it remains for man to finish the work, and in the offspring, raise a power to uphold the parent. Thus, from the extent of water carriage, both natural and artificial, crossing in all directions our North American Colonies, and from the facilities of supplies of fuel to steam vessels navigating these canals and lakes, we have the whole export produce of the most remote settlements of these colonies brought to our very door. With such a soil as we are blessed with, in our American colonies, and such facilities of transporting its produce to our markets, who will say that Canada may not speedily become to us what Sicily was to Rome, the granary, the store alike for deficiencies at home, and the demand abroad. It must surely be an advantage to let the money expended on such necessary supplies be laid out on the property of British subjects, that the profit from the sale of such importations should pass, not to the benefit of the Russian or the Swede, but to the pockets of our Canadian brethren; not to men who will expend this profit on their own manufactures, or their own productions, but to men who will return this cash to the British artisan, and the British capitalist—who will increase their own comforts, and, at the same time, will encourage and increase the happiness of individuals, and the prosperity of trade. Let prejudice be silent—let ignorance be quelled—let power be joined with even-handed justice—and we shall see, not Canada only, but all our colonies rising in strength and wealth, not as a rival, but a prop, a stay, a comfort to the declining days of Britain.

Our gall rises within us when we hear men, persons who ought to have been up and doing, not dozing and whining over their unhappy lot, when we hear them say, "how can that emigration be good in principle, or even useful in result, which tends to drain the country of our Protestant Yeomen? We can give him a simple answer to his query—that Emigration would be both bad and dangerous, if it were possible to retain these yeomen in the country with safety; but if by the apathy of the

Protestant gentry of Ireland, our poor Protestant neighbour and brother be forced to believe that he is regarded by them with that indifference to his comforts, his wants, his *rights*, which he long ago felt was the practice of the executive—then say we, that on the head of that recreant superior be the sin of the desertion of our brother. The eyes of the Protestant Gentry of Ireland, are blind to their interests; they court popularity; they head mobs; they become liberals; but if they stop there and take not the last step with their followers, the table is become turned, the followers are the directors and their quondam *Protestant* leaders are flung off, with derision and disdain; cast away, shunned, and hated by their Protestant brethren; laughed at and hooted by the late lickspittle crowd; on the other hand are the Protestant aristocracy, who in sheer disgust and despair would see a brother perish, or go into voluntary exile, rather than give one doit to retain his services. Are these things so? To the disgrace of the wealth, the talent, the intelligence collected under the name of the Protestant aristocracy be it said, that these things are so. Some years have elapsed since a society was formed under the highest auspices in Ireland, having for its immediate object the assistance of poor Protestants, men who by illegal combination have been ejected from their homes, or by the *liberal* policy of some landlord driven with their families to seek in foreign climes a shelter denied to them in the home of their fathers. There might have been some hope by such beginning to introduce such a chain of measures as would eventually terminate in the settlement of but one religion in the kingdom, and by such "consummation devoutly to be wished," calm the disturbance now so rife in the land. It is probable, that, if by some political struggle, this be not done in a very few years, we shall have no colonies to locate at home. If there be a struggle, then will one or two things come to pass—either we shall be in the enjoyment of such pure and undisturbed peace and happiness, that the Emigration of our brethren to foreign states will we trust be unnecessary, or there will be indeed but one religion in Ireland; but that religion, unchanged from the intolerance which brooks not rivals, unaltered from that

sanguinary feeling which in blood would quench those rivals. If such times come, which God avert, we shall have to seek a refuge and a home with those of our reformed church, who have gone before us, in that country which has ever been the asylum of misery—in that clime, which, peopled by those who would surrender no part of their enthusiastic devotion, can yet receive into its bosom those who will fight, and having fought the good fight, will retire with their faith strong, and their religion pure and unspotted, as from their Master it was received.

We envy not the feelings of the man who can refuse his assistance to this society, who will coldly deny his co-operation with those who have devoted their time and talents to the forwarding of this good work. There are men who will with apathy listen to the cry and petition of a starving orphan, and go in to their meal, and with hardened heart, return their polluted thanks for the load of luxury before them, and with such would we rank the man who with the name of a Protestant in his mouth, would refuse his mite to the upholding of his religion—religion, did we say—why the man must be an infidel who professing one set of tenets, yet upholds by practice the dogmas diametrically opposed to them. It is not too late to retrieve this foul disgrace; but if the Protestant population do not come forward at once and in earnest, and by acts not words, shew their intention to support that reformed church, by whose name they are called, and to aid those men who in this instance are really anxious for its support; then we must still hold that it is better that the Protestant farmer should leave Ireland for ever, to settle in a land where he may worship his God in open profession of his creed—than to remain in this unhappy, misguided country, where such profession would mark him out for the deadly hate of those who do God honour, by defacing his image in their peaceable Protestant neighbours.—There is yet another reason for the ardent support of the Protestant Colonization Society of Ireland; when this most meritorious society was founded, the framers drew upon themselves the eyes of all such in Britain, as took an interest in upholding the Established church, in the very strong hold of Popery, and we much fear that the cold

and indifferent manner in which the members of this church have regarded this society, has given cause to our brethren in England and Scotland to esteem us as lukewarm in the defence of our religion, and to our enemies to rejoice in our seeming despair, when Heaven knows we are to a man ready to forfeit wealth, competency, aye, our very lives, if we can but uphold our religious liberty; and yet, these sneerers have but too much reason to revert to this biting accusation; when they see this society, formed for such important purposes, suffered to languish and pine away for want of the pitiful sum which their occasions require. On the Protestants of Ireland both clergy and laity, rich and poor, lies the duty of wiping out this blot; on them does it lie in a twofold manner—as a political remedy for a political evil, and as a Christian method of upholding what they are bound to believe is the true church. Not only to this society in particular are they bound to contribute, but to each and all that have the same glorious end in view: without such support, they will have no church of which to be pastors, no religion by whose name they may be called; unless such contribution be made, they will have no riches, with which to enjoy their own happiness, or add to the precarious comforts of the poor. The Protestants of Ireland are by their too general apathy committing a political *felo de se*, by their misdeeds we would suppose them to be a weak, crushed, paralysed body, and but for the noble pre-eminence of the stand made by the Conservative phalanx, which indeed has retrieved our name, we would be tempted to treat the members of the Established church of Ireland with such epithets as are more properly applied to the foolish, misguided, blind, and headstrong whigs and liberals. Let us hope that this stand is but the commencement of such a display of Protestant strength, that it may alike strike terror to the recreant hearts of our foes, and arouse the dormant courage and spirit of our friends. Nor let it be thought merely visionary dreaming of the founders of this Colonization Society, who hope to arrest the progress of the Protestant Emigration: they have located already some families who were on the point of embarkation; and from a club formed in Belfast for the express purpose of as-

sisting emigrants, they had a communication to the purpose that they would put a stop to their intended shipments until time should develop the powers of the society. It is in the power of every member of our religion to assist these individuals, and to retain in the country those by whose honest exertions she has hitherto flourished, and we hope that a desire of inquiry if these things be so, will be excited among those who profess zeal for the cause. If the attempt to retain our brethren be not seconded by men of influence and wealth, and by the country in general, we at least hope that we may not again

hear the complaint of allowing our Protestant brethren to settle in a far distant land; we have yet a church and a home wherein to worship our God: the awful words *Miserere mei Deus*, have not gone forth against the evil of the day, and it may yet please Divine Providence to uphold his church in that same land where the joyful tidings of peace, were first heard,—we may be subjected to trials and persecutions, but we believe that the stake and the axe will no more prevail against the Protestant spirit of the present time, than in the days of Mary, they were able to shake the faith of our leaders.*

* We make the following extract from a note appended to a Sermon, entitled "Protestant Poor, a Conservative Element of Society," preached by the talented Secretary of the Protestant Colonization Society, which we have received since these pages went to press; the few facts contained in which speak volumes on the folly and wickedness of that system which is driving from our shores that class, among whom alone is to be found the inclination to respect and the desire to uphold the laws, and to whom alone England can look for the maintenance of her authority in this country.

"The injuries and provocations to which the Protestant peasantry of Ireland have been subjected, ever since the well meant but ill-advised counsel of George the Fourth originated the fatal practice of 'conciliation,' no language can fully describe. A series of injustice, ingratitude, and oppression, without parallel in the annals of any people, said to be free, have characterised the infatuated policy of those who ought to have felt their own happiness and security bound up in the contentment of a people, predominant in mind and in morals. Could political philosophy require any thing beyond the axioms of inspiration to prove that 'righteousness exalteth a nation,' and that this is in 'the knowledge of the Holy One,' surely the facts of trumpet-tongue in the social features of the north and south of Ireland—the Protestant and Popish districts of the country, and where the two communities are found in inverse proportions—ought to be conclusive. In two counties, one proverbial for the prevalence of Protestant principle, and the other almost universally Popish, the criminal calendars present the following contrast at the March Assizes, 1832:—

QUEEN'S COUNTY.	
Half-year ending March 31, 1832.	
Murders	8
Killing with intent to kill	17
Serious assaults of Ribbonmen	84
Injuries of property	49
Attacks on houses	404
Burglary	19
Illegal meetings	9
Illegal notices	86
Burglaries	2
Robberies	114
Stealing cattle	3
Houghing of cattle	5
Riots	3
Rescues	1
Abductions	6

CARRICKFERGUS.	
Half-year ending March 31, 1832.	
At the close of the Assizes, John Campbell, Esq., the High Sheriff, addressed the Chief Baron —	
"My Lord—The Assizes for the county of the town of Carrickfergus having closed without any criminal prosecution, take the liberty of stating to your Lordship, that, in my official capacity, this is the SECOND TIME I HAVE HAD THE HONOUR OF PRESENTING A BLANK CALENDAR to a presiding Judge. It is more particularly gratifying to me to point your Lordship's attention to the county of the town of Carrickfergus, because under a very severe pressure of the times not a single individual has been found who has sought to relieve his necessities by the hand of aggression."	

819!!

"Whilst this sermon is in progress through the press, and at the very time that Mr. O'Connell declares to the assembled representatives of the Empire, 'there is more religion in Ireland than in any other nation,' not fewer than 130 prisoners for offences of the above kind are confined in the jail of Kilkenny, among whom there is not one Protestant.

"Yet with these demonstrations of their claims to the marked rewards of loyalty and virtue, the poor Protestants of Ireland have been made the victims of aggressions and insults, to which the unequal administration of justice, the pusillanimous spirit of political tergiversation, and the calculations of narrow-sighted avarice have in a great degree contributed. Concession after concession made to the sanguinary clamours of an ignorant and besotted multitude, even till the institutions and solemnities of religion have become branded and prohibited, must necessarily result in the voluntary emigration of a people who will not become slaves, and who wish not for domestic war. The severest measures of all, however, to the Irish Protestant, arise from that cupidity of many of the landlords, whose luxurious and profligate habits have burdened the soil and taxed the industry of the occupant, till he who educates the resources of nature is the only one to whom its bounties are denied. The practice of letting land to the highest bidder, without respect to character, or capital, or skill, has enervated the hand and broken the spirit of those whose little profit from the well-tilled soil was the encouragement to their diligent industry. When, driven from their native land, elsewhere to make a precarious investment of these little resources which are the only hope of provision for their children, the sons of order and good government are no longer at command to strengthen justice and repress sedition, it is too obvious that a recklessness in plebeian conduct must reward the rapacious lords, whose appetite for gain had grew by what it fed on; and, too late for retrieval, they will bewail the fatuity that grasped the shadow and let the substance go."

VILLAGE ANNALS.

CHAP. II.

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

[I cannot permit the continuation of this narrative to go to press without requesting your kind permission to trespass on your space by a few prefatory observations. Whatever may be the interest with which it will be perused, it will not, perhaps, be diminished by the assurance that the tragic incident upon which it is founded is strictly an historical, or at least a traditional fact. And I am sure that the circumstances will be recognised by many, who will identify them with what they have heard as occurrences, since which but a few generations have passed away. A hint has been thrown out from a quarter, any suggestion coming from which I am bound to respect, that I did wrong in giving the real name of the hero of my tale. If so, I can only deeply regret my indiscretion, which is now irremediable; but the antiquity of the tale—the notoriety which the transaction has obtained, and the distinction of the family to which he belonged—whose names are familiar to every one acquainted with the legends of Ulster, induced me to think that any additional publicity my humble efforts could bestow was of very little consequence.]

Reader! have you altogether forgotten the details, which, in a former chapter, I laid before you, or has your interest been sufficiently excited, to make you desire a continuance of them. Have you read the narrative, as an amusing tale that might while away a tedious hour, and then thought no more upon it? or have you felt, that in all its dark and dismal scenes, there was a something in which you might feel a deeper concern than the false and imaginative excitement produced by the mere fictions of romance. It has been but a history of passion—passion such as still is doing its work of misery and death throughout the world.

Look at the scenes I have presented to you, and at those which are acted in the theatre of life—look abroad among your fellow-men, and see if vice does not still array herself in all the borrowed lustre wherewith she would conceal her foul and hideous form—look if the shrine of passion be not still wet with the tears of the deserted and the injured, and the unholy flame upon her altar bedewed with human blood, and the walls of her temple covered with the black catalogue of human suffering.—Look then into your own heart, and see if in its dark recesses, there lurk not all those feelings, which need but the magic call of some new

and powerful excitement, to evoke them from their hiding-place, to join in the wild and fiendish revel of cursed and unrestrained excess. Say not, as one of old, “Am I a dog that I should do this thing?” In the bosom of every fallen child of mortality are the elements of passion wilder than what imagination ever yet portrayed.—Check then each rising throb of your heart that beats with an unholy pulse—Remember what the wisest of men hath said, “He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.”

I now must return to the task I have begun, and complete the melancholy narrative that tradition has handed down, through the generations that have gone by since the period of its events. Many years have elapsed since first, in my childish days, I listened to this tale, and still it is fresh upon my memory, as if I had but heard it yesterday, and its details are vividly present to my mind, as though I had been an eye-witness to them all, and my heart mourns as I take up my pen to write them down—chequered as they are by sin and sorrow. Oh! I can never write upon the guilt and misery of my fellow-men, without a tear blotting my paper, as I think of the evil and wretchedness that spreads throughout God’s fair world, that world which once its Creator pronounced to be “very good.” Once was

it all lovely and fair, and purity and happiness claimed it as their abode, but now all is changed ; the roses and the lilies are withered in that which once was the garden of the Lord ; the enemy has been there, and desolation marks his traces ; and it is now but a howling wilderness. The cries of the fatherless and orphan are borne upon every breeze, and the groans of those who are racked by sickness, or torn by remorse, and the sighs of the slave in his prison-house, and the captive in his dungeon, all attest the bitter consequences of the rebellion of man against his Maker.

Months had rolled on from the evening on which M'Naghten parted with Julia, under the promise of returning in a few hours, and never had they met since.

Colonel K—— was violent, but changeable. His anger was easily excited, but was seldom of long duration. Enraged at his daughter's opposition to his desire, that she should unite herself to Lord S—— the nobleman already alluded to, he had taken his daughter away from those scenes with which were associated her recollections of affection for M'Naghten, in the vain hope, that when absent from these, she might forget him. In obedience to her father's wishes, she returned to him all those pledges of affection which he had bestowed on her, but she could not bring her heart to part with that ring which was the token of his plighted faith. She kept it secretly, and many a bitter tear did she shed over it. Her father loved her ardently and sincerely—and when he saw that the damask had fled from her cheek, and that sorrow was preying upon her soul, he could no longer bear to thwart her wishes. He returned to Glenarm, his beautiful residence near Derry, determined to sacrifice his own ambitious projects to her peace of mind, and resolved, if his daughter should still retain her affection for the object of her former love, to present no further obstacles to their union.

It was almost immediately after his return, that Edmund and Margaret unexpectedly met in the ball-room, and it was with no little surprise, that, on following his daughter to a room where she had been carried in a faint, he found her pale and agitated, and M'Naghten gazing on her with an ex-

pression of the most tender solicitude. M'Naghten's brow darkened as he entered, and Margaret trembled with excess of agitation. The veteran was moved. He held out his hand, and with a voice almost choked by emotion, he said, "M'Naghten, can you forgive?" The young officer grasped the proffered hand, and a "soldier's tear" dropped upon it, as he warmly shook it. Yet, even at this melting moment, there was in Edmund's breast a contest between his feelings and his sense of what was right, and to Colonel K——'s invitation to his mansion, fidelity to Julia at first made him answer in the negative, but when Margaret seconded her father's request by looks more eloquent than angel's words, he could no longer resist the tide of passion that swelled within his soul. He hesitated for a moment, and thought of her whom he had left alone and ruined,—and he wavered still—but just while his resolution was undecided, he perceived on Margaret's finger the brilliant token that reminded him of his vow. It was enough—he yielded to her father's repeated invitations, and that very night, he accompanied them home.

Yet was it not in premeditated infidelity to Julia, that he thus acted—he went to enjoy, as he imagined, the pleasing vision that soon must vanish for ever—to enjoy the society of his beloved one for a few short days, and then, bidding her an eternal farewell, resign himself to one whom he felt he did not love, but to whom a destiny he could not control, had bound him by indissoluble ties. Ah, how often do we charge on our fate those misfortunes, which are the result of our follies, and excuse ourselves by believing, that we acted under influences beyond ourselves—while, in truth, the demon that draws us on in our reckless course, is but the power of our own ungovernable passions.

But did he keep the resolution he had formed? did he tear himself from the idol of his soul, and sacrifice his feelings on the shrine of honour, and fidelity and truth? Need I answer, he did not? A few short days, he had fixed as the limit to his enjoyment of Margaret's society, and then he was to leave her never more to meet on this side the grave, but in those few days his passion gathered strength, until it became his master. As he sat beside

her, and gazed upon her pale cheeks, from which love for him had chased the rosy hue, and as she poured, in the simplicity of confiding love, into his ear the tale of her anxieties and her sorrows, while she pined in absence,—and as she explained every thing that might have seemed strange in her conduct, and dwelt upon the love that never once had cooled within her breast, he felt his soul to burn as with fire. And how could he bring himself, to say farewell! They know not how potent is the spell of love, who vainly deem that they can quaff the witching cup by measure, and dash, when they please the draught of enchantment from their lips. The pleadings of passion, like the Siren's melody, must not be listened to, or they will too surely and too fatally be obeyed.

Autumn had deepened into winter—and the days were nearly at their shortest. It was the dusk of a December evening—the dark clouds fled heavily along the sky, and the blast was whistling through the naked branches of the old trees that surrounded Glenarm. Edmund and Margaret were standing together in the windowed niche of an apartment looking across the waters of the Foyle, as they sullenly reflected in their bosom the blackness of the heavens. Their marriage-day was fixed, which M'Naghten had long put off from some undefined dread that rested on his mind—the gloom of a guilty conscience; but all was now settled, and in one short week, they were to enter on the tenderest relation of which humanity is capable, and Edmund was now standing with his arm round the waist of his betrothed one—looking out on the dreary gloominess of the scene. The withered leaves, the relics of last Autumn's wreck were whirled in wreaths by the eddies of the wind, and here and there a solitary deer was seen bounding across the lawn, and seeking in the nearest thicket a cover from the piercing blast. They observed a horseman riding at a rapid pace along the avenue—with a cloak buttoned across his throat, and his face almost entirely concealed. He dismounted at the door, and handing a small packet to the servant, he remounted, and rode off as rapidly as he had come. His motions hardly excited their attention further than as his appearance served to diversify the dull

monotony of the scene. But a short time after his departure, a summons came to Margaret, to attend her father in his study, and M'Naghten was left to solitude and his own reflections. A considerable time elapsed, and the usual hour of dinner passed unnoticed. M'Naghten paced the room, and wondered what could be the cause of her long absence; the shades of night closed deeper in around, but just under the window, he perceived a groom leading his own horse, saddled and bridled, and ready for the road. He threw up the window, and eagerly enquired the cause—the man answered, that it was by his master's directions. He was confounded, but soon accounted for it by the supposition, that some domestic calamity had occurred, of which intelligence had been brought by the rider he had seen, and that his services were required perhaps to go on some errand as the friend of the family. With a beating heart he hurried to the door of Colonel K——'s study, and as he knocked, he distinctly recognised inside, the well-known tones of Margaret's voice in earnest expostulation; he knocked again and louder, without an answer, but on his third knock, the door was opened, and he met, just on the threshold, Margaret, leaning on her father's arm, her eyes streaming with tears; he attempted to grasp her hand, Colonel K—— dashed his arm aside, and, in a commanding tone, said, "Sir, your business must now be with me, my daughter can no longer meet you as she has done, until you satisfy my mind upon some points which I shall mention to you in private," and with these words he passed rapidly on. Edmund attempted to stop him, but in vain.

He then determined upon following them, and not surrendering even to a father, her whom he now regarded as his own. With a heart throbbing with the pulses of the most violent emotion, he walked quickly after them along the corridor, until they turned off by a door which led to a different wing of the house. Almost in phrenzy, he made a struggle to rush in by the same passage, but here too he was foiled; the nervous arm of the veteran with ease repelled his effort, and before he could recover himself from the effects of the impulse he received, the door through which they went had closed, and he heard the shooting of a ponderous bolt

in the inside, which effectually barred it against his attempts at ingress.—M'Naghten stood outside the closed door, unable to account for the scene through which he had passed. The corridor was nearly dark, unless when a small gleam of light was shed from a glimmering lamp that burned at the window at its extremity, and struggled with the fading twilight that still cast its dusky gray through the arch. Grief, wonder, and fear, alternately shook his manly breast, as with hurried step he paced the corridor. He was not left long to his suspense. Colonel K—— soon appeared at a different door from that by which he had gone out: he was alone, and as the gleam from the small taper which he carried in his hand, fell on his features, it revealed the traces of deep excitement. “Mr. M'Naghten,” said he, coldly, “my conduct may appear inexplicable, but if you will be so kind as to follow me to my study, perhaps I shall be able to account for it satisfactorily.” M'Naghten followed with breathless anxiety—Colonel K—— took up a packet which was lying open on the table, and handing it to him for his perusal, sat down quietly in a chair, and fixed his eye on Edmund to watch the changes of his countenance as he read.

A hasty glance at the first few lines was sufficient to convince M'Naghten of the damning truth. His falsehood and his sin had recoiled upon himself; was his double infidelity discovered; and his hopes of obtaining Margaret's hand were blasted. He quailed before the glance of the indignant father, as with a voice, whose tones anger had elevated beyond the natural pitch, he demanded, “Mr. M'Naghten, is this true?” He answered not. He dashed the hated document, with violence, upon the table. His breathing became quick and gasping, but for no words could he find utterance. The other took up the letter, and coolly folding it, he placed it in his desk. “Mr. M'Naghten,” said he, “your horse is at the door—the sooner you leave this the better—my daughter never shall be the wife of a profligate.” The old man trembled as he pronounced the words. He walked to the window to conceal the emotion he could not suppress. M'Naghten felt the reeling of madness in his brain. He rushed towards him, and convulsively grasping

his arm, he said; “Colonel K—— this is not language to be used to me, and, by heaven, no man shall use it with impunity.” The other turned calmly round, and, though his face was pale with anger, he gave no other indication of the rage that was swelling in his breast. “Young man,” said he, with dignity, “this house is mine, and I command you to leave it. If,” he added, “I have insulted you, you may seek your satisfaction. My years on earth will be but few, and I will risk the remnant of my days ten times over to save my only child from a union with the man who could lift his arm against her father's life.” M'Naghten's hand fell heavily upon the hilt of his half-drawn sword. He turned away in agony. The voice of conscience awoke within his breast, and all his guilt and perfidy were portrayed in vivid colours on his mind. Stung to phrensy by the maddening thoughts of all that he had lost, he rushed from the house, and flinging himself upon his waiting steed, he galloped from the door.

Next evening found him slowly pacing along the well-known walks in the demesne of Glenarm, where often he had breathed his vows of love in Margaret's ear. He was alone, and closely muffled in his cloak. The snow flakes were falling thick and fast, and the earth was already covered in a mantle of white. He stood beneath the shelter of an oak, and sighed as he beheld the purity of the driven snow—pure as the soul that guilt has never yet contaminated. He was impatiently looking towards the house, and frequently observed the passing of the minutes as they were noted by his watch. The spot where he stood was one with which many associations were connected. It was a spot where, years before, Margaret and he had formed, with their own hands, a wild garden; and had reared a bed of violets that, on a sunny bank, used to put forth “the earliest blossom of the opening spring.” The labour of their youthful days was now covered deep beneath the falling snow; but Edmond knew the spot too well to forget it. And here was the place where, in a few hurried lines, secretly conveyed to her, he had implored of Margaret to meet him on that evening. The hour he had fixed was past, and long had he been waiting in anxious expectancy, and yet she came

not. A thousand excuses for her delay he had framed, and rejected, and his bosom alternately beat high with hope, and was chilled by despair. Now he was about to depart for ever, and again he determined that he would wait a little longer. From the place where he stood he commanded a full view of the house, and often did he gaze earnestly on its walls and pillars as they stood out in dark relief upon the whiteness of every thing around. But there was no sign of any person moving, and the flickering light of a fire sent its unsteady gleam through the window of the apartment where he knew the family usually passed their evenings. He thought he could perceive figures moving in the room, but the distance at which he was, prevented his being certain, and now the shower thickening caused every object to appear indistinct through the haziness of the snow mist. He leaned his head upon the trunk of the tree, and his soul sunk within him. He turned round to give a parting glance, when he thought he perceived, at no great distance, a female form lightly moving towards him. His heart fluttered in his breast—it came nearer—he moved from his concealment—and a deer bounded, frightened, away, which, covered over with the falling rime, and magnified by the haziness of the medium through which it was seen, had presented to his eyes the appearance of a lady dressed in white. M'Naghten envied the animal as it darted through the snow, and turned to depart for ever from Glenarm; but just then he perceived, in one of the windows of the house, the glimmering of a taper, and, as well as he could distinguish through the murkiness of the atmosphere, it was in Margaret's chamber. Once more he stopped, and fixed his eye upon that faint ray. In a few minutes it was gone, and every place was dark as before. Oh! with what an intensity of expectation did he now move slowly along the path that led to the house; and how earnestly did he cast his straining gaze through the thickening darkness of the shower. Again he perceives an object moving towards him. He stood for a moment in the concealment of a thicket. The form came nearer—it was a lady wrapped in a cloak. He had not been mistaken—it was Margaret's self. She had come alone to meet him. He

pressed her to his heart. She sobbed aloud, and M'Naghten felt her warm and frequent tears to drop upon his hand. No word from either broke the silence for a few moments. At last she exclaimed, in a voice that spoke how bitter were the feelings of her heart—"Edmond, you have injured me—you have deceived me—but I am not come to upbraid you—no—I forgive you all—I am come to bid you farewell."

"No, Margaret," he answered, "you are mine—my betrothed—and we must never part. Oh no," he cried, "the oath I swore has bound us both."

"It has bound neither," she answered—"it was to me it was sworn, and I absolve you. Go, and bestow your hand—" She could not finish the sentence, and had not Edmond supported her she would have fallen. He led her to an arbour where there was a partial shelter from the storm. She sunk upon the seat, and gasped for breath.

"Oh, Margaret," he exclaimed, "I swore to my God, and no mortal can absolve me, and I will keep my oath. Come," he continued, "come with me now, and before morning the church shall have joined us beyond the power of man to disunite."

"No," she exclaimed, "No, my promise to my dying mother was, that I would never marry contrary to my father's wish. She asked it of me with lips that were already cold with the chill of the grave, and I gave my promise to her spirit as it was leaving earth. I cannot break it. Tempt me not, but go and give your hand where honour demands it, and leave my heart to break."

The groan that followed seemed as if it had already rent her heart. M'Naghten urged his suit, but it was in vain. She continued firm. "I cannot, she said, 'break my word to a dying parent. I think,' she said, 'I think I can see her lying on her death-bed, and her ashy lips quivering as she scarce could dictate the promise that binds me, and God give me strength to keep it.' She clasped her hands, and looked up in prayer to him who hath said, 'honour thy father and thy mother;' and oh! if ever prayer for strength to help in time of need was considered by him who heareth prayer, it surely was not in a woman's strength that she overcome a woman's weakness, and resisted the temptation that assailed

her to disregard a parent's command, and enter on a clandestine marriage. Long, and bitterly, and passionately, did they converse, and they heeded not the time as it fled, until they were started by a scream, long, wild, and piercing, close beside them. In amazement they rose from their seats, but no person was near; and while they still gazed in terror upon each other, again they heard it louder, nearer than before. Scarce could Edmond reach the entrance to the arbour before it came, the third time, as if from some invisible being who stood between him and Margaret; and such a scream—'twas like nothing earthly—'twas something like the shriek of the drowning one, but more loud, more ghastly, and more protracted. Margaret followed M'Naghten, and grasped his arm in fright. The fall of snow had ceased, and the new-risen moon was just emerging from the gray clouds that were piled in the east, and the sky above the white edge of their dark masses was the clearest azure. They looked along the pathway—the trees stood like so many pillars of white, and cast their long and indistinct shadows in the faint shining of the moon, but they could see nothing; and all around them there were no marks of footsteps, unless the slight traces of their own which were almost filled up by the fresh fallen snow. Margaret pointed to the moon. "Edmond," said she, "it is near midnight, my absence may be discovered, and I must return." He walked with her towards the house. She turned off towards the shrubbery, and followed a retired path until she reached a window which M'Naghten knew well as one that opened from a little greenhouse, from which there was a communication with the house. She stood upon its step. She took from her bosom a small parcel. "Edmond, we may never meet again, but if it be so, open this when you hear of my death, and not till then, and now farewell." They were folded in each other's arms. They gave a long and a last embrace. She opened the window by means of a key which she carried with her, and gently raising the sash, passed through; then softly letting it down again, she kissed her hand to M'Naghten, and, stealing along the passage, was soon lost to his sight. He stood long gazing on the window through which she had

gone. A thousand thoughts crossed his brain, and at length he turned away. But long did he wander over the well-known scenes, and the moon had passed her meridian, and was sloping to the west, before he tore himself from Glenarm, and set out on his dreary walk to Derry.

Unhappy man—the miserable victim of his own uncontrollable passion—with many of the best feelings of our nature implanted in his breast, yet betrayed into actions that seemed to partake but little of the finer sympathies of the soul. It was pride—pride deep-seated and intense, that was his error, and his ruin. This was the cloud whose shadows, even in his best days, darkened the sunshine of his soul, and which burst at length in tempest and lightning on his head.

Yet did he not renounce all hopes of uniting himself with her from whom destiny seemed thus determined to separate him. He could not bring himself to believe that the darling object for which he had sacrificed his faith and honor was indeed lost for ever. The thought were madness—it were worse. Wonder not if, in the excitement of phrensied passion, he formed plans which, in his cooler moments, he would never have approved. He admired, even while he mourned, the firmness of his beloved one in keeping her promise to a dying mother, and her decision of character gave him no hope that ever she would break it; nay, he was awed by the dignity of virtue, and dared not to press a request that she would violate the most solemn vow that mortal can give. He formed then the wild scheme of bearing her away by force, and compelling her to bestow her hand upon him. Thus no guilt would be attached to her, and he deemed it would be no hard matter to obtain her forgiveness for forcing her to a marriage he knew full well her heart would sanction, though her conscience might disapprove.

To the accomplishment of this scheme his ardent spirit could see no obstacles, but what might be easily overcome. His knowledge of all the paths and retreats in the demense of Glenarm afforded him a very great facility in the laying of his plans; and he hoped that by watching his opportunity he might, some time or other, surprise Margaret in one of her soli-

tary rambles through the wood, and bear her away unseen. The vicinity of the river was also favourable, and a boat might easily pass down the stream under cover of the night without exciting any suspicion; and it was his intention to proceed down Lough Foyle, to the neighbourhood of Greencastle, where a French priest resided in a cottage near the edge of the water; here the marriage ceremony might be performed, and then he might return, and placing Margaret, as his wife, at the feet of Colonel K——, implore and obtain a father's blessing and forgiveness, and by a repetition of their vows, according to the ritual of their own church, publicly and openly acknowledge and ratify their union. A bribe procured for him the co-operation of a servant in the house, and there still existed enough of the spirit of feudal times to ensure for him the services of some old retainers of the family of M'Naghten, who knew no law but their chieftain's word, and with whom obedience to his command and fidelity to his interest, was the chief thing, though not the only virtue.

Every thing had been put in train for carrying his design into execution; and he waited with impatience the offering of an opportunity. A cottage which stood on the very skirts of the grounds of Glenarm was tenanted by one of his followers; and here the three men, to whom he confided his designs, took up their temporary abode, while, to avoid exciting suspicion, they were directed to employ themselves in fishing, which also furnished a pretext for the keeping of the boat, which was necessary to his ulterior plans. M'Naghten himself passed most of his time here in the humble disguise of a fisherman, and frequently wandered close to the house without being recognised: upon one occasion he passed close to a window at which Margaret was seated; his glance met her's; he thought she recognized him, but he could not be certain—struck, probably, by his figure, she betrayed visible emotion in her looks—but rose almost immediately and left the window. M'Naghten stood gazing, and had almost disclosed his real character. One of the domestics came by Colonel K——'s orders to know his business; fortunately it was the man who was already in his secret, or his confusion

would inevitably have betrayed him. The man came up to him, and giving him a caution as to his imprudence, returned and told Colonel K—— that it was one of the fishermen at the wood-house who had come to inquire if any fish were wanted; Colonel K——'s suspicions were excited, but before he could make any further inquiries M'Naghten was out of sight, and thus narrowly escaped detection for the present.

But though he thus avoided immediate discovery, the consequences of his rashness were fatal to his plans. Colonel K—— was convinced that the inhabitants of the wood-house were more than mere fishermen. The disturbances which had prevailed in some districts, had been long since effectually quelled, and the regular troops who had been drawn off from Derry into the disturbed parts of the country had returned, while M'Naghten's regiment, which had been appointed to relieve them was now upon mere nominal duty, and was only retained in employment for a little longer, until the continuance of tranquillity would warrant its being disbanded. Colonel K——, however, deemed it right to give information of the suspicious character of his new neighbours, and that very day forwarded a despatch to the governor of Derry, stating that strange men, in the disguise of fishermen, were constantly reconnoitring about Glenarm, and that he had reason to suspect from their movements that their intention was to make an attack upon his mansion; his application was promptly answered by an assurance, that that very night a military detachment would be sent to surprize the pretended fishermen, and discover their real character and object.

The wood-house was situated in a most retired and secluded spot; there was a deep and precipitous dingle, or glen, through which a mountain torrent poured its stream; when it emptied itself in the Foyle it widened out into a deep and broad pool, so as to fill the entire bed of the glen, and it was just at the angle, formed by the brink of the river, and the side of the glen, that the wood-house was built; its old gray walls were covered over with ivy, and were nearly concealed by the stunted oaks and hollies which clothed the bank; a steep and winding path led

down to the water's edge, and another to the summit of the bank. The boat was moored beneath in the pool ; M'Naghten generally passed his days here in disguise, as he dreaded to trust his beloved, even to the honest and faithful fellows whom he had commissioned on this service. Their rudeness would alarm her, and he wished, if possible, to be present himself, to soothe her anxieties and dispel her fears. His directions to them were, if they were fortunate enough to get possession of her person in his absence, to convey her to the wood-house, and keep her there in close concealment, treating her with every respect, and immediately to send him intelligence. He knew that he might trust his life to the fidelity of these men, one of whom was a foster-brother of his own, yet still he was fearful, and through the favour of the Colonel of his regiment, who was a near relative of his own, and on the plea of ill-health, he procured leave of absence, and latterly had never left the place of his concealment and disguise.

More than a week had passed over in this way without any opportunity, such as he desired. His impatient soul soon grew weary of the dull monotony of watching from morning to evening, and he began to form more desperate resolutions : his men were all armed, and the plan of an attack upon the house naturally suggested itself ; his soul at first shrunk from the possibility of bloodshed, until at length even this grew familiar by contemplation. Brave-ry he had ever been taught to regard as the chief virtue ; and now when he began to think this the only means of accomplishing his object, he was willing to hazard even the loss of life in its accomplishment. But all his schemes were unexpectedly broken off by an event which probably the reader will anticipate.

The information which Colonel K—— had forwarded to Sir R—— H——, at that time governor of Derry, was so strange, that he did not deem it prudent to let a single night pass over without taking steps to arrest the suspicious characters who had taken up their abode at the wood-house. He sent forward late in the evening a small party of military to Glenarm, under the command of a confidential officer, with directions to act under Colonel K——'s directions and to secure

the entire party and bring them forward for examination.

It was a cold and frosty night upon which the military detachment, consisting of an officer and twelve men, set out to invest the wood-house and make prisoners of its inmates. The sky was unclouded, and the stars shone upon its blue with a clear and brilliant lustre ; the northern breeze blew keen and strong, and it moaned heavily through the trees as the little band proceeded by the intricate path that led to the object of their search. With the help of their lanterns and the assistance of a guide, they made their way with difficulty through the tangled mazes of the underwood, and reached the brow of the bank, down the perilous descent of which they were to climb in the dark. Here they halted to observe the nature of the ground—and certainly it presented rather a dangerous appearance ; they stood on the edge of a declivity about forty feet in height, at the foot of which was the deep basin, into which one false step might precipitate the unwary adventurer ; about half-way down the white chimney of the wood-house appeared, by the dim star light through the brushwood of the bank, and formed a strange contrast with the black hue of the rest of the slope. There was no sign of their being near a human habitation—all was still and quiet as the peacefulness of some mountain dell, unless when the night-breeze shook the branches of the trees. The guide proceeded to point out the path, and the others cautiously followed down the declivity one by one ; one of the foremost missed his footing, and tumbling over the precipice fell upon the roof of the wood-house ; as he fell he cried for help, and confusion and tumult ensued through the hitherto noiseless band. Those inside were startled and rushed out with flambeaus in their hands, and the gleam of the torches fell full upon the soldiers as they pressed on from above. M'Naghten was amazed—he comprehended at once the object of this visit, and saw that no time was to be lost ; he dashed his flambeau to the ground—his companions did the same, "To the boat !" he cried—he snatched up his carbine, and with a simultaneous impulse they all rushed to the water's edge. "Stop !" cried the officer, "or I will fire." The only answer was the splash

of an oar in the water. The sound of a volley echoed through the glen—the soldiers had fired at random, and it was uncertain whether their shots had taken effect. There was again the splash of the oar, as if struggling to get off, and a shot was returned from the water. The whole party rushed madly down—the struggling of the oars became more violent, and the shouts of the assailants were loud, but their broken and straggling cheer showed that they were in confusion and dispersed. The boat's little crew redoubled their exertions. M'Naghten felt his honour was at stake : one of his men had, without his directions, returned a shot, and how could he excuse himself, for being of a party that had fired on the king's troops? Just as the boat was pushing off a soldier leaped on board, and shouted to his companions to come on. M'Naghten seized him round the middle and attempted to throw him over board, but he was unable—"Row on—row on!" he cried to his companions. Another musket was discharged from above, and the ball whizzed close to them. M'Naghten had been seated at the helm, but he had let it go, and was engaged in a deadly struggle with his assailant—each held the other in a convulsive grasp ; the boat pushed off, and the stroke of the oars was now free in the deep water ; M'Naghten moved to the edge of the boat, and exerting all his strength disengaged himself from the gripe of the soldier, and let him drop into the water ; he fell heavily into the pool—an oar struck him upon the head as he went down, and he sunk to rise no more. M'Naghten resumed the helm—the rudder had turned, and the boat had her head to the bank—he righted her—they strained every nerve at the oar, and she shot out into the channel of the river. The shouts became less distinct, and they could see by the red glare of the flambeaus which the soldiers had lit, the whole party standing disappointed at the water's edge. They pulled the oars with still greater energy, and in a few minutes they were safe even from the fire of the military.

The whole transaction occupied less time than I have taken to describe it. The boat had now gained the centre of the river, and was quietly passing over the surface of the glassy flood, in whose bosom were reflected the thousand

stars that spangled the azure vault of heaven. M'Naghten had now time to reflect upon his narrow and almost miraculous escape from danger and disgrace ; apprehensive that means might still be taken to pursue them, he steered for the opposite bank, determined to land immediately, and make the best of his way to some safe retreat. The little waves dashed against the side of the boat as she sped her way forward. The point at which they landed was thickly covered over with bushes ; they drew up the boat into the middle of the thick underwood, so as effectually to conceal it, and proceeded rapidly along a narrow pathway which led from the river's side.

M'Naghten had always worn a different and more suitable dress beneath his fisher's garb, and he had only to divest himself of his assumed habiliments, effectually to escape identification. With the rest of the party, however, the circumstances were different, and he could not bear to desert in danger, those whom his own conduct had brought into it ; and it was only by the pressing entreaties of the faithful fellows, that he was prevailed on to leave them to shift for themselves : nor would their urgency have prevailed had it not been for their assurance, that independent of all considerations of his personal safety, his remaining with them would but endanger theirs, since he was but a clog upon their exertions. There was a wild and unfrequented district of mountain through which they purposed to make their way home, and where no step but one well practised in traversing the bog and heath could possibly keep up with them. Before morning then they would be far beyond the reach of pursuit, and they agreed to meet their chieftain at M'Naghten on the next evening, where they might in security concert their further plans, since their former ones had been thus unexpectedly broken up. Persuaded then by their intreaties, Edmond put off his fisher's garment, and putting on his head an ermine cap, which was usually worn by the officers in undress, and which, from its capability of compression and consequent portability was convenient for such expeditions—he saw his hardy and intrepid companions proceed at a kind of jog trot up the mountain, while he hastened back to Derry.

Next morning at an early hour he was upon his way to the home of his fathers. It was long since he had visited it ; not since the day he had left it in company with Julia : he reached the gate as the sun was sinking into the west, and the shadows of evening were lengthening. As he rode slowly up the avenue, every thing recalled to his mind the painful events of the last three weeks ; the newly gravelled walk, and the smoothness of the grass, and the lately dressed clumps of shrubs, reminded him of the preparation which had been making for the reception of its intended mistress. His brow darkened as he received the salutations and welcome of the labourers, who were still thus employed. He dismounted at the door, and giving his horse to a servant, entered through the open door. The old grey-headed steward met him in the hall, and accompanied his welcome by an expression of surprise, " Well, Sir," said he, " we did not think to see you come alone, to M'Naghten, but I hope you are now going to stay with us, and that you will soon bring home our mistress ;" I hope so too, my good Neal," said Edmond smiling, as he used the words in a very different sense from that in which they were understood. The old man followed him, as he wandered from one elegantly furnished apartment to another. At last he reached a little reading room, which had been Julia's favourite resort during her short stay at M'Naghten. The traces of female elegance were visible in its arrangement. Edmond soon recognised that every thing continued as she had left it ; he groaned deeply ; the old man dashed away a tear, with the cuff of his coat. Edmond noticed his emotion, and almost mechanically inquired its cause. " 'Tis nothing, Sir," said the old man ; " I was only thinking of one that some now think but little of."

Edmond felt inclined to be angry, but the privileged age of his faithful servant excused his freedom ; the chord which he had touched within his bosom, vibrated with a painful thrill ; he turned away, and began to pluck the withered leaves from a geranium which stood in the window of the apartment.

I have been unwilling to interrupt the course of my narrative by alluding to the deserted and forsaken Julia ; but now when this allusion of the steward has recalled her both to mine and

the reader's memory, I may give a short sketch of her proceedings since that sad, that woeful evening. Alarmed and vexed at Edmond's absence, for which she was unable to account, she pined a while in loneliness, until through the means of Eleanor, she was convinced of his infidelity, and become conscious that she was indeed deserted. Her timid, her gentle spirit could not bear even to upbraid him. But she left the cottage, which once she had regarded as the Eden of love ; but which to her opened, alas painfully opened eyes, appeared but as the monument of her disgrace and guilt. She returned home to her mother—that mother whom she had left—whose soul she had pierced through with many sorrows ; she threw herself upon her knees at her parent's feet : but she was welcomed to a parent's bosom, and the tears of the penitent and the outcast as they rolled down the cheek that was blanched by sorrow, were dearer to a mother's and a sister's heart, than if she had never left the home of her innocence and youth. They received her as fondly as if she had never strayed away from that peaceful home, and no word of reproach smote the heart that remorse had already wounded ; the bruised reed they did not break, but, alas, the tender plant was too cruelly torn ever to recover the beauty or the vigour that once had graced it. She drooped and pined, and the arrow that had smitten her bosom rankled and festered, beyond even a parent's or a sister's care to heal ; the canker worm preyed upon her heart's core—grief and shame were doing now their work, and brought at last their lovely victim to an untimely grave.

The mother had taken her daughter from the neighbourhood of M'Naghten, where every thing but too painfully reminded her of scenes, which, for her peace of mind, it were better she should forget. They sought a peaceful retirement, where no gaze of curious stranger might intrude upon their wounded feelings, or the remarks of busy and ill-natured malice reach their ears ; and here it was that the family of the De Ruthvens were seeking privacy for their grief, at the time when Edmond returned to M'Naghten, to lay his plans for obtaining forcible possession of one, for whom he had forgotten all the ties of honour that are wont to bind the

generous heart. His followers escaped in safety, as they had anticipated, and reached the residence of their chief, late on the evening of the appointed day. The affray between the military and the supposed insurgents at Glenarm, furnished a theme for conversation for a few days, and the only effect it produced was the appointment of night patrols in the neighbourhood; no suspicion rested where alone it ought, and the peasantry were stigmatized as the projectors of an attack upon one who was so deservedly popular as Colonel R—. Edmond continued at M'Naghten, brooding over his own guilty thoughts, and endeavouring to arrange matters to carry his projected schemes into effect. One evening he was startled by the entrance of the servant, whom he had bribed to forward his interests at Glenarm, who had asked to speak with him in private. The intelligence he had to communicate was, indeed, important to Edmond's plans. Colonel K—, alarmed at the mysterious circumstance of the woodhouse, had determined upon leaving Ireland, and was actually now on his way to an eastern port, where it was his intention to embark for Scotland. His daughter, of course, accompanied him, and, in a short time, she would be beyond the reach of Edmond's machinations.—That very night they were to pass within a few miles of M'Naghten, and there was still a possibility of intercepting them. The faithless servant who thus betrayed their movements, had accompanied them to Coleraine, where he left them, and hastened to communicate this intelligence to his employer—a purse of gold rewarded his treachery and exertions—and Edmond quickly formed his plans, in accordance with the information he had received.

The accomplices in his former desperate undertakings, were soon summoned to attend him on another. M'Naghten conducted them into the armoury of the castle, and told them of his plans. The road along which Colonel K— must pass, lay through a lonely and narrow defile in the mountains. There, under the guise of robbers, they were to attack the carriage, and having rifled it of its precious burden bear her away in safety to an old and almost ruined tower in the mountains. The carriage road took necessarily a long sweep to avoid the mountains, but a

bye-road over the hills would bring them there long before the travellers could reach it by their circuitous route. M'Naghten took down from the walls of the armoury swords which had long hung there unmoved, and providing each of them with a carbine, and a helmet, upon which waved a blood red plume, which graced the crest of the M'Naghtens in ancient times; he despatched them forward before him, with directions to await his arrival at the glen, with the exception of Phelim his foster brother, whom he detained to accompany himself.

When they had gone he grasped the hand of his faithful companion and said, "Phelim, we must do no injury, we must stop the carriage and bear off the lady, but not a hair of any one's head must be touched; the appearance of our numbers and our arms will soon terrify them into a surrender." He put his hand across his forehead as if in intensity of agony; he then moved up and down the room in violent agitation; his eyes glared with a strange fire, and a slight froth curdled on his ashy lips. Phelim was almost afraid to speak, at last he ventured to remind him that it was time for him to go; he started as if from a dream; he waved his hand towards a corner of the armoury, as if noticing some one to depart, "Ah, Sir," said Phelim, "give up this wild plan, and think no more about any lady that thinks little about you; there is a wildness about you that is strange."

"Are you afraid, Phelim?" said Edmond in a tone of reproach, "afraid?" echoed the other, "no man ever saw me yet afraid. Well, since it must be so, I will go with you, although God knows my heart misgives me." M'Naghten had not waited for a reply, he was arraying himself in an ancestral coat of mail, he tied round him an ancient belt, and slung in it a brace of heavy pistols—having first examined and loaded them; he then opened a drawer, and taking from it a small phial, swallowed off its contents, the draught appeared to revive him, he gaily buckled on a pair of knightly spurs, and directing Phelim to bring two horses to a particular part of the demesne, proceeded himself thither on foot. It was a calm and still night, the light fleecy clouds were stationary in the heavens, and the rays of the moon which struggled through them, came with a milder and

softer radiance than if she had shone in an unclouded sky. There was a silvery haze over the landscape, and the dark mountains seemed reposing in the universal peacefulness of nature.—M'Naghten stood upon a little rising ground, and folding his arms, he gazed upon the castle, and thought of the errand upon which he was going, but he changed not his purpose, he felt, he believed, that some demon urged him to the act, and he could not resist the impulse, he viewed it through the medium of a phrenzied mind. Many a sleepless night had he passed, and human nature could not bear the ceaseless torture by which he had been racked—he could not think—his was the sullen, the reckless determination of madness. His companion did not keep him long waiting, he soon heard the light trampling of the horses on the turf, and in a few minutes more they were both on their way to the appointed place.

It was a wild and lonely valley, between two rugged and steep mountains, whose craggy sides seemed to have been torn asunder by some former convulsion of nature. Between their bases the ground was smooth and level, unless where it was furrowed by the rush of the torrents that occasionally poured down the sides of the hills, or where large masses of rock dislodged from the brow of the mountain by some mighty force, lay deep imbedded in the soil beneath. Behind one of these M'Naghten posted his companions, while he himself rode up and down impatiently expecting the arrival of the carriage. But there was no sign of its appearance. They examined the road but could discern no fresh marks of wheels, by which they knew it had not passed previous to their arrival. Yet though the hour was late, the travellers arrived not, and they began to think that they had altered their intentions, and had remained for the night in Coleraine. At last they heard the rumbling of wheels at a distance—it came nearer—the carriage appeared in sight just as it turned a corner of the road—it was driving at a rapid pace.—M'Naghten and Phelim rode up, and each presenting a pistol at the postilion, ordered him to pull up; he lashed his horses, and attempted to pass on.—“Stop!” cried M'Naghten, with an oath, “or by —— you are a dead man.” Those concealed behind the

rock, now rushed out, and one of them discharged his carbine with sure and deadly aim, at the horse on which he rode, the ball entered his forehead, and was lodged in his brain. The animal plunged and writhed in the agonies of death, and flung his rider far into the middle of the road. The other horse attempted to drag on the carriage, but impeded by the weight of the dead animal, and entangled in the harness, after a few ineffectual struggles, he stumbled and fell. Meanwhile the servants on the carriage fought bravely in defence of their master, a ball had grazed M'Naghten's arm, and another of his party was lying mortally wounded on a little tuft of heather. Provoked by the death of their companion, the rest rushed on, and, despite M'Naghten's injunction, aimed their pieces with deadly precision, at their opponents. M'Naghten and Phelim both rode to the carriage door, a shot from behind killed Phelim's horse, and just as he fell, a ball from the carriage whizzed past M'Naghten, and entered his foster brother's heart. He shrieked wildly, gave one convulsive spring, and lay bleeding and stiff. M'Naghten's horse plunged, it was scared at the sight of bloodshed and death, he cast one glance of pity at his dying servant, whose eyes as they glazed in death, were still turned towards his master. The moon shone full into the carriage, and then he saw the hand that had aimed one unerring bullet at poor Phelim's heart, raising the reloaded pistol against himself. Colonel K——had him covered, in another instant he would be with his servant; Edmond had instinctively raised his pistol—his hand was on the trigger—he pulled it—the bullet sang through the air—a wild scream rang upon his ears of, “It is Edmond!” and then there was a low and stifed sob—Margaret's heart's blood was trickling drop by drop upon her father's breast. She had recognised M'Naghten—flung herself across her father—she had dashed aside the hand that would have taken her lover's life, and the ball which was speeding to her father's heart, was lodged in her side, and Edmond was her murderer.

Shall I go on?—shall I trace that murderer's sad history any further, or have I told enough?—my eye is dimmed by tears, and my faltering hand trembles as I write,—but we will follow

him to his grave. We have seen him in varied scenes of passion, of madness, and of guilt; and we must view him in his latter end—we must follow him to the gloomy retirement of a condemned cell, where M'Naghten the generous, the noble, and the brave, is lying in the abode of felons, a convicted murderer.

He had surrendered himself to the demands of justice—he had stood as a criminal at the bar—he had borne the gaze of thousands, assembled but to see him,—he had heard without apparent emotion, the indictment read, that charged him with a murder—the murder of her for whom he would gladly have died himself. He had pleaded guilty to the charge. He might have entered a defence, and from the feeling excited in his behalf, he would probably have been convicted but of manslaughter, but when the solemn question was put, “Are you guilty or not guilty?” he raised his eyes from the ground where they had been fixed, he looked round the court house upon the multitude with a sullen and haughty glance, then calmly and distinctly answered, “Guilty!” No muscle vibrated—no feature changed upon his death-like countenance. A thrill of pity pervaded the court house, and all again was hushed in an intensity of interest, as the judge divested himself of the emblem of deliberative, and assumed that of avenging justice, yet still M'Naghten's gaze was haughty and unchanging as before. The awful sentence was passed, and he was condemned to an ignominious death—but not even the quivering of a nerve betrayed emotion. A murmur of compassion burst from the crowd, but he heeded it not. He was borne back to prison, his apartment was changed to one of those small and gloomy cells allotted to those whose days are numbered by the sentence of the offended law.

O woman! fairest of God's creatures, given to man as a blessing, without which even paradise would have been lonely, and now when that paradise is gone, and each successive generation of man is “born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards,” still sent as his best, his dearest consolation! thy love is not like the love of man, it changes not with time, it alters not with circumstances, it survives neglect, it can forgive insult and

injury; and how often do we see woman still love on with all the intensity of her soul's affection, when the object upon which her fondness is wasted, has betrayed her. Like that odoriferous plant of the desert, which exhales the sweetest perfume beneath the foot of him that tramples on it. Edmond is not alone in that dismal cell.—Woman's love has found its way to the dark solitude of his prison house, and Julia, —the betrayed—the forsaken Julia is with him, when no other friend is near. His fevered temples are throbbing on her snowy breast, and her delicate hands are sustaining the weight of the irons with which he is fettered. She came to bid him one last farewell, to watch and solace the last hours of his life, and minister comfort to him, who, after all his injuries, was still the idol of her soul. And he had made a strange request, and urged it on her as his dying one; it was that she should give her consent to a union even with a condemned criminal. “You are my wife already in the eye of heaven,” he said, “and why should the taint of dishonour rest upon your name? we will now declare our vow, and you shall be the lawful wife of Edmond M'Naghten.” She mentioned his oath, he took from his breast a paper, it was the packet which Margaret had handed him when last they parted, it absolved him from that vow, and charged him to do justice to the poor injured Julia, by the only reparation he could make. The trembling girl could not speak. He sighed, and said, “Perhaps you are right in refusing to have the name of a condemned—,” the remainder of the sentence was lost in a groan. She threw her arms around him, she sobbed and said, “O Edmond! cut me not to the heart by such a thought, your name I will be proud to bear, even should the scorn of a world attend me, and let it be as you wish.”

The last rays of the setting sun glanced obliquely through the barred windows of the cell, as the ordinary of the gaol read the solemn service that united them. The casement was raised and the mountain breeze entering through the grating, seemed to mock by its freshness and freedom, the prisoner who was not to leave his confinement, until he ascended the scaffold—the hum of the neighbouring town was borne upon the gale, and the sparrows

were chirping and twittering gaily, as they fluttered round the old walls of the building. M'Naghten's right arm had been unfettered, his left still wore the manacle, and the gaoler stood near with his bunch of keys in his hand, whose jingling at every move he made, formed a strange sound for a bridal ceremony. M'Naghten loudly and calmly repeated the vows—Julia bent forward and whispered them, but when she came to the words "Until death us do part"—she could not utter them, she sunk upon M'Naghten's breast, he attempted to throw his arms around her, but his manacled hand prevented him, and the links of the chain clanked with a dismal sound. The rough gaoler was moved, he released his hand, and a tear stole even along his hardened cheek. The clergyman continued to read, Julia's head still rested on M'Naghten's bosom, and her long, lank hair was falling down upon his neck. Her lovely countenance was glowing with a hectic flush, and the damp dews of mortality were resting on her forehead. His eyes were turned upwards as if in prayer—the ceremony concluded, and it only remained for the clergyman to join their hands, and pronounce them man and wife. He gently disengaged her arm from Edmond's neck, he placed her hand in his—it was cold and clammy—he pronounced "What God hath joined together, let not man put asun-

der"—but he said the solemn words as if he felt that they were vain, they were, alas! too soon to be put asunder; he changed the blessing to a prayer. M'Naghten responded a deep and a thrilling Amen! Julia screamed hysterically, and sunk again. They bore her to the open window, the evening breeze fanned her temples, but it was in vain, she hung a heavy weight upon their arms—her spirit had fled from the scene of her sufferings and sorrows, and M'Naghten clasped in his arms the clay-cold corpse of his bride.

A few words more, and I have done. —M'Naghten's interest and the exertions of his friends procured for him a pardon, and the evening on which he returned to "M'Naghten," the hills for miles around were lit with the bonfires of the rejoicing peasantry, but he did not long survive the ruin he had wrought. A few weeks passed—and the mournful procession slowly wound its way to the family vault with his remains. He died of a broken heart.—Tradition still points to the spot where he mounted his horse upon that fatal night, and there the trees are stunted and low, and there is no vegetation but the rank hemlock; and some have said that they have heard strange and unearthly sounds, and voices as of persons walking to and fro mid the stillness of the night, as if a curse still rested on the spot.

FOLIA SIBYLLINA II.

Farewell to the world, to its joys and its splendour,
Those bright dreams that over my childhood have roll'd,
For the veriest exquisite bliss they can render,
Is at best but rank poison in goblets of gold.

My soul thirsted once after freedom and glory,
And both I essay'd in the battle's red flood;
But stain'd was the fame won with scimitars gory,
And freedom was tarnished with innocent blood.

I once long'd to share the affection of woman,
But here, too, my visions unrealis'd prove,
For I found that the eyes which but love should illumine,
At times could flash any save glances of love.

Tho' I felt that the bliss of the present was fleeting,
Still joys rose in prospect, like wave beyond wave,
Until hope, like an echo, grew wearied repeating,
And ceas'd, and consign'd me to grief and the grave.

ENTOMOLOGY.*

Entomology is a science comparatively of modern growth. It is suited only to ages of refinement and advancement in knowledge—when the mind of man, in some measure informed respecting the grander and more striking objects of creation, has time to turn its attention to minuter inquiries—to seek an acquaintance with the hidden mysteries of nature—to pursue her to her secret recesses, and snatch, as it were, from her unwilling hand that knowledge which, from the limited powers of our organs, we might have concluded to be “non homini datum.” Difficult and laborious was the research, and small indeed was the reward, of the earlier pursuers of this science. When Sulker showed his work on insects, with plates, to two clever men, one commended him for employing his leisure hours in drawing pictures that would be very entertaining to children; the other said, “they would make pretty patterns for ladies aprons.”

In vulgar minds, minuteness is always coupled with insignificance—size with importance—their wonder is expressed by exaggeration—their heroes tower above the common height—their gods are giants. To such the microscope unfolds its wonders in vain. They look with distrustful contempt on accounts of structure and contrivance, that they have neither patience to observe, nor intellect to comprehend. They meet you with a stale retort about butterfly-hunters and gnat-collectors; and consider the philosopher an idiot when he declares, “Nusquam natura est major quam in minimis.” Yet we are ever destined to find extremes meet. This despised and abused class of creation has in turn supplied subjects for Pagan adoration, for Jewish fable, and for Christian legend.

The scientific study of Entomology we may consider as commencing with

Linnaeus. Aristotle, certainly, in the portion of his great work, *Περὶ Ζῴων Ἱστορίας*, which he devotes to insects, exhibits his usual accuracy of observation, and distinguished powers of classification. Many of his divisions are in use at present, the very names he gave them preserved, and we can scarcely point out more than one remarkable error into which he has fallen, namely, that of upholding equivocal generation. Centuries added little worth notice to the observations he made. Pliny and Ælian, labourers in this field of natural history, supply us more with the fables of superstition than the results of experience, with bulky commentaries, than established facts. At the revival of science, insects came in for some share of notice. Albertus Magnus, deservedly so called from the size of his works, bestowed one volume, out of twenty-one folios on natural history, upon insects. He calls them by the general name of worms—describes butterflies as *flying-worms*, flies as *fly-worms*, spiders as *spider-worms*, and, to finish all, calls the toad and the frog, which he includes in this class, *quadruped-worms*! Aldrorandus, Gesner, Mouffet, an English physician of the Elizabethan age, and Goedarts, famous for his accurate drawings, followed him in this line; but the science is mainly indebted, during this period, to Redi, Leeuwenhoek, Swammerdam, and our own countryman, Ray. Redi is chiefly remarkable for his “*Esperienza intorno alla Generazione degli Insetti*,” in which is a full exposure and refutation of the ridiculous theory of equivocal generation, which had maintained its place in the schools since the days of Aristotle. Harvey was the first who dared to attack this absurd doctrine, and his maxim, “*omnia ex ovo*,” was fully canvassed and established by two of Italy’s ablest physiologists, Redi and Malpighi. Swammerdam

* The Animal Kingdom, arranged in conformity with its organization, by the Baron Cuvier, with supplementary additions to each order, by E. Griffith, E. Pidgeon, and G. Gray. Vols. xiv. and xv. Insecta. London: Whittaker and Co. 1852.

was one of those geniusses who gain their fame after they are lost to the world. His beautiful dissections of insects, which even in this advanced age of the science are consulted with admiration, dropped from the press "unnoticed and unknown." A second work, prefaced by him, his great "*Biblia Naturæ*," no bookseller would undertake to print, and the author was too poor to do it himself; yet, within two years after his death, his "*Historia Insectorum*" had been translated into Latin, French, and English. His fame spread abroad into all lands, and when, a few years after, Boerhaave fortunately rescued from the obscurity of a museum, and published to the world his *Biblia Naturæ*, mankind, ever just, though often late in doing justice to real merit, acknowledged that a giant had been amongst them, and they had not known it. The system which he attempted to establish was founded on the consideration of the metamorphoses insects undergo. It was too artificial in the arrangement to stand, but it has afforded a clue to future entomologists, which, skilfully followed up, has guided them to most important discoveries. From this time the science has proceeded with pretty sure steps. Its importance has been acknowledged, and the wonders it unfolds have been appreciated. Ray followed up Swammerdam's ideas in classification, and added many accurate and original observations. Madam Merian's beautiful illustrations of the metamorphoses of the butterflies of Surinam tended not a little to increase its popularity; and the establishment of our Royal Society, about this period, gave a new and powerful impulse to the study of this as well as other branches of natural history.

Nothing was now wanted but a master-mind; one capable of viewing, with philosophic eye, the works that existed on this subject—of embracing them in one comprehensive glance—of catching the points of analogy they presented, and systematizing them all into one harmonious whole. This mind was found in Linneus. He impressed on the science that form, the general outlines of which it still retains; and if systems derive their value from simplicity of principle, and the assistance they afford the memory, (which,

after all, we look on as their real use), his bids fair to a lasting duration. Building his orders on the character of a single set of organs, the wings; and the varieties of his genera on the character of particular parts of the head, especially of the antennæ, it is astonishing how nearly his arrangement approaches a natural one. In the Terminology, or, as Mr. Kirby would call it, the Orismology, of the science, he has made equal improvements, and his introduction of the "trivial name" has almost done for Entomology what Lavoisier so skilfully accomplished for chemistry. This trivial name was, when practicable, taken from some easily observed peculiarity; but perhaps greater ingenuity was exhibited in applying it to those species which, from their inhabiting foreign climates, could not so readily be subjected to our notice. We copy one illustration of this. "Butterflies are divided into sections, by the names *equites*, *heliconiæ*, *danai*, *nymphales*, and *plebei*. As great numbers of these are foreign, it would be impossible to make the trivial names significant. Linneus, therefore, by way of simile, has taken the name of the *equites* from Trojan history. These he divides into two troops or bodies; of which one contains the sable and, as it were, mourning nobles, having red or bloody spots at the basis of their wings. These receive names from the Trojan nobles, the most splendid amongst them of course being Priam. The other body, ornamented with a variety of gay colours, are distinguished by the names of the Grecian heroes; and as in both armies there were kings, as well as officers, of inferior rank, those elegant butterflies, whose hinder wings resembled tails, were distinguished by some royal name. Thus, when Paris is mentioned, knowing him to be a Trojan of royal blood, we find him amongst those of the first section; i. e. those of a sable colour, spotted in the breast with red, and having their hinder wings resembling tails. Agamemnon, of course, will have variegated and swallow-tailed wings, but Nereus will be in the second section, having wings, but no tails. We must now pass over numbers who have either improved the philosophy or adorned the details of the science: the ingenious De Geer, systematist, anatomist, and physiologist; the

learned Fabricius, whose classification, founded on the organs of manducation, is only too refined to become popular, and of whom Linnaeus is reported to have said, "Si Dominus Fabricius veniat cum aliquo insecto, vel Dominus Zoega cum aliquo musco, tunc ego pileum detraho et dico: estote doctores mei."—The indefatigable Reaumur, to whose preeminent merits, Kirby says, "A volume would scarcely suffice to do justice;" for we must now hasten to the work, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article. In the year 1800, Cuvier, assisted by Dumeril, brought out his celebrated "Anatomie Comparée." In the portion of this work devoted to the invertebrated animals, ample justice is done to the insect tribes. Too much occupied, however, with the other divisions of animated nature, to lend to this interesting part all the attention it required, he looked anxiously round for some suitable fellow-labourer, on whom he might devolve the execution of this volume of his grand and crowning work the 'Regne animal.' His eye fell on Latreille.

Already favourably known to the scientific world by his "Précis des caractères génériques des insectes," as well as by his various contributions to the "Annales du Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle," and other philosophic periodicals, M. Latreille proved himself fully worthy of the confidence reposed in him. Like his countryman Jussieu he disregarded all artificial systems, and attempted to construct one on a natural basis. He neither followed Linnaeus nor Fabricius; but adopting what was excellent in each, has become the founder of what Mr. Kirby terms the Eclectic system, judiciously adopting the sensible maxim of Scopoli, "*Classes et genera naturalia, non solum instrumenta cibaria, non solæ alæ, nec solæ antennæ constituunt, sed structura totius, ac cujusque vel minimi discriminis diligentissima observatio.*"

The feelings with which M. Latreille set about this important task are as creditable to his modesty, as the execution of it is to his talents. After expressing his regret, that his other numerous engagements prevented Cuvier himself from performing this part of the work, he goes on to say, "J'ai contracté un obligation bien grande; et je

me suis imposé un tâche aussi hardie pour le plan que difficile dans l'exécution. Réunir dans un cadre très—limité les faits les plus piquans de l'histoire des insectes, les classer avec précision et netteté dans une série naturelle, dessiner à grands traits la physiologie de ces animaux, tracer d'une manière laconique et rigoureuse leurs caractères distinctifs en suivant une marche qui soit en rapport avec les progrès successifs de la science et ceux d'élève, signaler les espèces utiles ou nuisibles, celles qui par leur manière de vivre intéressent notre curiosité, indiquer les meilleures sources où l'on puisera la connaissance des autres, rendre à l'entomologie cette aimable simplicité qu'elle a eue dans le temps de Linnaeus, de Geoffroy et des premières productions de Fabricius, la présenter néanmoins telle qu'elle est aujourd'hui, ou avec toutes les richesses d'observations qu'elle a acquises, mais sans trop l'en surcharger, le conformer, en un mot, au modèle que j'avais sous les yeux, l'ouvrage de M. Cuvier; tel est le but que je me suis efforcé d'atteindre."

Assisted by the anatomical investigations of Cuvier, he has thus furnished what he calls "une grande esquisse de l'Entomologie," which is made the foundation of the two very interesting volumes before us, in which this sketch is beautifully filled in with all the most valuable information derivable from other sources, embracing some entertaining original matter supplied by the editors themselves, already well known in the literary and philosophic world. The plan of this work was thus briefly described by them in the preface to their first volume. "Thus while a complete translation of the 'Regne animal' is given, with as much closeness and accuracy as the corresponding idioms of the two languages will permit, much that is interesting and important from the pens of other modern naturalists and travellers, and from original sources, will be found subjoined by way of supplement." It only remains for us to say, that their task has been performed in the most praiseworthy manner in the volumes before us; the translations are generally correct, and neither labour nor expence seem to have been spared in the literary and pictorial illustrations.

We present our readers with a few extracts from the work to enable them to judge for themselves. And first of the rank which insects are entitled to hold in the animal kingdom.

"Having once established that the existence of the organs of motion and sensation is the characteristic distinction of animals, it is certain that the more that these faculties are developed in animals, the more are the latter removed from vegetables, and vice versa.

"The degree of this development is easily observed. If we find animals endowed with the faculty of reproducing themselves by germs or slugs; being able to exist only in a liquid medium; often fixed upon a point in the midst of their aliment, which many of them absorb through external pores; shewing but few vestiges of anything like motion—such animals assuredly exhibit the nearest possible relation to plants. They have neither distinct nerves, nor organs of sense, with the exception of passive feeling; no alimentary or digestive tube, no articulated appendages for motion, no distinct organs of respiration. These are the *Zoophytes*, the last class of animated nature."

"We next find animals condemned for the most part to live in water, whose motions are slow, and often hardly perceptible. They are therefore destitute of several of the organs of sense though possessing nerves. They have no articulated limbs. Their mode of generation somewhat resembles that of plants. Sometimes there is a triple complication of distinct individual sex; sometimes the sexes are united in one and the same being—such are the *mollusca*."

"The living creatures next in the scale, cannot be considered much more perfect than the last. They are either inhabitants of the water, or some constantly obscure and humid medium, and are destitute of almost all the organs of the senses. Their body, it is true, is divided into rings, which facilitate locomotion, but it is unfurnished with those articulated appendages, which constitute limbs. Their nerves are well distinguished and knotty, and from each of the knots or ganglia, radiations of threads proceed towards the organs. The sexes are united. These are the *worms*."

"The beings which belong to the

two following classes, have the trunk formed of distinct and articulated levers, and are furnished with limbs or lateral appendages, destined for various motions, according to their mode of existence. Those which live in the water have organs appropriate to that medium, being provided with gills; these are the *crustacea*. In the others, the air penetrates into the various parts of the body, through apertures conducting into aeriferous tubes named tracheae; these are *insects*. They are far more animalised, if we may be allowed the phrase, that is farther removed from the vegetable existence than any of the preceding classes. They are endowed with sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch. They enjoy all the various modes of motion on the water, on the earth, and through the air. In the organs destined for nutrition and generation, they are fully on a par with animals of a more elevated order."

"We have said sufficient to shew the elevated rank which the insects should hold in the classification of the animal kingdom. They should certainly be placed immediately after the vertebralia, over even which, they may be said to possess more advantages than one." (Vol. I. pp. 37—38.)

This quotation we have given, not as exactly according with our own views of the subject, but as affording our readers some idea of the principles of classification followed by the gentlemen who have undertaken this work. We shall next afford them specimens of the entertainment they may expect in perusing its pages. The dangerous consequences that would arise from the extensive putrefaction of animal matter are well known. Of the agents employed to remove such matter, perhaps few are more singular than the species of beetle to which, from their peculiar habits, Fabricius gives the name of *Necrophorus*. Instinct tells them, that their young when first born require a supply of animal food, and they prepare it for them in the following ingenious manner.

"M. Gleditsch had often observed, that dead moles, birds, and other small animals, when laid upon the ground, especially upon loose earth, were almost sure to disappear in the course of two or three days—often of twelve hours. To ascertain the cause he

placed a mole upon one of the beds in his garden ; it had vanished by the third day ; and on digging where it had been laid, he found it buried to the depth of three inches, and under it four beetles, which seemed to have been the agents in this singular inhumation. Not perceiving anything particular in the mole, he buried it again ; and on examining it at the end of six days, he found it swarming with maggots, apparently the issue of the beetles, which M. Gleditsch now naturally concluded had buried the carcass for the food of their future young. To determine these points more clearly, he put four of these insects into a glass vessel, half filled with earth, and properly secured, and upon the surface of the earth two frogs ; in less than twelve hours one of the frogs was interred by two of the beetles—the other two ran about the whole day, as if busied in measuring the dimensions of the remaining corpse, which on the third day was also found buried. He then introduced a dead linnæa : a pair of the beetles were soon engaged upon the bird ; they began their operations by pushing away the earth from under the body, so as to form a cavity for its reception ; and it was curious to see the efforts which the beetles made, by dragging at the feathers of the bird from below, to pull it into its grave. The male having driven the female away, continued the work alone for five hours. He lifted up the bird, changed its place, turned it, and arranged it in the grave, and from time to time came out of the hole, mounted upon it, and trod it under foot, and then retired below, and pulled it down. At length, apparently wearied with this uninterrupted labour, he came forth and leaned his head upon the earth beside the bird, without the smallest motion, as if to rest himself, for a full hour, when he again crept under the earth. The next day, in the morning, the bird was an inch and a half under ground, and the trench remained open the whole day, the corpse seeming as if laid out upon a bier surrounded with a rampart of mould. In the evening it had sunk half an inch lower, and in another day, the work was completed and the bird covered. From a number of experiments conducted in this way, he found that in fifty days four beetles had interred,

in the small quantity of earth allowed them, twelve carcasses ; viz. four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides the entrails of a fish, and two morsels of the lungs of an ox. It is plain that all this labour is incurred for the sake of their young. One mole would have sufficed a long time for the repast of the beetles themselves, and they could have more conveniently fed upon it above ground than below. But if they had left, thus exposed, the carcass in which their eggs were deposited, both would have been exposed to the imminent risk of being destroyed at a mouthful by the first fox or kite that chanced to espy them." (Vol. I., pp. 417, 418.)

But if some of the insect tribes may thus be ranked among our benefactors, there are others to be held amongst the worst foes, to which mankind are exposed. Against their incursions no foresight can guard—no valour defend us,

*The rushing of their wings is as the sound
Of a broad river, headlong in its course,
Plunged from a mountain's summit.*

One of the most formidable of these, the locust, is thus described :—

"It is armed with two pair of very strong jaws, the upper terminating in short, and the lower in long teeth, by which it can both lacerate and grind its food ; its stomach is of extraordinary capacity and powers ; its hind legs enable it to leap to a considerable distance, and its ample vans are calculated to catch the wind as sails—Although a single individual can effect but little evil, yet when the entire surface of a country is covered with them, and every one makes bare the spot on which it stands, the mischief produced may be as infinite as their numbers.

"The first record of the ravages of the locusts which we find in history is the account in the Book of Exodus, of the visitation to the land of Egypt. Africa appears to have been the quarter of the globe most severely subjected to incursions from the locust tribes—Blown from that quarter of the globe, the locusts have occasionally visited both Italy and Spain. A famine took place in the Venetian territory in 1487, occasioned by the ravages of these insects, in which 30,000 persons are reported to have

perished. Mouffett mentions many other instances of the same kind which have taken place in Europe at different periods. They entered Russia in immense divisions in three different places (A. D. 1600,) darkening the air with their numbers, and passed over from thence into Poland and Lithuania.

"In many parts they lay dead to the depth of four feet. Sometimes they covered the surface of the earth like a dark cloud, loaded the trees, and the destruction which they produced exceeded all calculation. They fall sometimes upon corn, and in three hours will consume an entire field, as happened once in the south of France. When they had finished the corn, they extended their devastations to vines, pulse, willows, and, in short, to every thing wearing the shape of vegetation, not excepting even hemp, which was not protected by its bitterness."

Nor are they less formidable dead than alive. "According to Orosius (A. M. 3800,) the north of Africa was so infested with them, that every vestige of vegetation vanished from the face of the earth. After this," he adds, "they flew off to sea and were drowned; but their carcasses being cast on shore emitted a stench, equal to what might have been produced by the dead bodies of one hundred thousand men." We are told by St. Augustine, that a pestilence, arising from the same cause, destroyed no less than 800,000 people in the kingdom of Numidia, and the kingdoms along the sea-coast. (Vol. II., 205-6-7.) Every one knows that there is such a thing as a blight of corn—a blight of fruit-trees, &c., but how few know that a minute insect is the cause of this calamity. A slight notice of the insect that attacks our apple-trees will, doubtless, be interesting. If one examines the back of an apple-tree in winter, he will find occasionally in some of its cracks or crevices, a pretty little insect (*anthrenus pomorum*), which, on being touched, lets itself drop, as if dead, to the ground, which in colour it much resembles—by this artifice it often escapes. These insects remain in the crevices until towards the commencement of Spring, when they come forth on the first bright sunny day, and disclosing their long gauzy wings, which had lain neatly folded up beneath the *elytra*, or wing-

cases, they 'take their joyous disport' in the fields of ether, and rove careless and free through the orchard and the meadow. This is to them the season of 'life and love!' The buds of the apple-tree are already far advanced before the female is prepared to lay her eggs: she is furnished with a beak, supplied at the end with very minute teeth; with these she works a small hole into the calyx of the future blossom, and having satisfied herself by the introduction of one of her antennæ that the hole is suitable for her purpose, she deposits in it by means of her ovipositor one single egg. This ovipositor is a tube composed of joints that close one within another like those of a telescope, and which enables this little insect to deposit its egg at the bottom of the hole it has worked. The injury is so slight, that the hole is soon closed up, and the blossom seems to grow like the rest; in the mean time however the egg is hatched, and a little white maggot comes out, which soon sets to work and gnaws the young stamina and pistils, until being arrived at its full growth, in this its first stage, it changes into a chrysalis. It now lies quite still, but the mischief has been done: the blossom, which had at first appeared as blooming as the rest, now shows signs of the canker at the heart; it continues closed after the others have opened out in vernal beauty and soon commences to pine and wither, changing from its blushing tint to a dusky brown. Another 'change comes o'er' the insect within; it bursts from its prison-bonds, and soon making its way through the few withered petals by which it is surrounded, it soars away in the light Summer breeze, 'living a rover' until the chill Autumnal blast drives it again to its shelter beneath the bark, from which it issues at the return of Spring to propagate a progeny, destined to undergo the same vicissitudes.

Our limits do not permit us to extend our extracts much farther; but we refer to the Aphides for some novel and interesting facts in physiology. Of their fecundity some idea may be formed from Reaumur's calculation, that in five generations one aphid may be the parent of 5,904,900,000 descendants. Most interesting accounts are given of the *cynips*, or gall insect, the *coccus cacti*, or cochineal in-

sect, the *bombyx*, or silk-worm, and others.

Of bees and ants it is sufficient to say, we are presented with a condensed view of the observations of the celebrated Hubers, father and son. With one extract from the latter we shall conclude, again thanking the gentlemen concerned in this work for the rich treat they have afforded the English readers of *Natural History* :—

"On the 17th June, 1804, walking in the environs of Geneva, between four and five o'clock, in the afternoon, I saw at my feet a legion of tolerably large ants, red, or reddish, which were travelling the road; they were marching in a body with rapidity; their troop occupied a space of from eight to ten feet in length, and about three or four inches in breadth; in a few minutes they had entirely evacuated the road; they penetrated through a very thick hedge, and repaired into a meadow, whither I followed them; they took a serpentine direction over the turf without losing themselves, and their column always remained unbroken in spite of the obstacles which it had to surmount,

"Soon they arrived near a nest of ash-coloured ants, the dome of which was raised in the grass, at about twenty paces the hedge. Some ants of this species were at the door of their habitation; as soon as they discovered the army, which was approaching, they darted forth on those which were at the head of the cohort. The alarm was spread at the same instant in the interior of the nest, and their companies sallied forth in crowds from all their subterraneous caverns. The rufescent ants, the bulk of whose army was but two paces distant, hastened to arrive at the foot of the ant-hill; the entire troop precipitated itself thither at once, and

overturned the ash-coloured ants, which, after a very short, but very sharp combat, retired to the bottom of their habitation. The rufescent ants clamoured up the sides of the hillock, collected on its summit, and introduced themselves in great numbers into its avenues. Other groups of these insects were working with their teeth, to procure themselves an opening in the lateral part of the ant-hill. This enterprize succeeded, and the rest of the army penetrated through the breach into the besieged citadel, they made no long stop there; three or four minutes afterwards, the rufescent ants issued through the same passages, each holding in his mouth a larva or a nymph, belonging to the invaded ant-hill. They resumed precisely the route by which they had come, and proceeded, without order, one after the other. Their troop was easily distinguished on the turf, by the peculiar aspect of this multitude of cocoons and white nymphs carried by so many red ants. These last a second time traversed the hedge and road in the same place where they had passed at first, and finally directed their course into grass fields in full maturity, whither I regretted I had not the power of following them."—(Vol. II. p. 492.)

We regret we have not the power of following Mr. Huber any further in his interesting discoveries; suffice it to say, some of them were so very singular as to be considered the mere reveries of an excited imagination, until they were fully verified by M. Jurine. M. Latreille, M. M. Bose, Monge, and Olivier, as well as by our own distinguished countryman, Mr. Kirby, who, in company with M. Latreille, was a witness of one of the military campaigns of these singular animals.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATION OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, RELATIVE TO THE CLAN GRAHAM.

We have been favoured by a Clergyman, resident in the diocese of Derry, with the following extract from an original communication of Sir Walter Scott, in answer to a request that he would furnish the Reverend Gentleman with a brief account of the original settlement of his own family, the *Grahams*, in the North of Ireland.

"The sept or clan of *Græmes*, which at one time was so numerous and powerful on the west border, are said to have claimed their descent from *Mafise with the bright sword*, a younger brother of one of the Scottish *Kings of Strathern*, of the name of *Graham*. This seems uncertain, but they were hardy men, of great power on the borders, and originally of Scottish extraction, though latterly they usually embraced the English interest. Indeed, as they were situated on the *debateable land*, which was claimed by both kingdoms, each country refused to acknowledge them as the subjects of the rival nation, or to demand from the other, satisfaction for the wrongs they inflicted, and as neither country would permit the other to punish them as subjects, the consequence was, that their depredations went frequently altogether unexpressed. They lived like other borderers, almost entirely upon spoil, and it is said that when the last piece of beef was put into the pot, the mother used to say to the son, "*Rise Rowley, houghs in the pot.*" They had also like other borderers repeated quarrels with their neighbours, and most probably with the *Maxwells* and the *Johnstons*, and as when blood was spilt, it was a point of conscience in that lawless country never to let it pass unrevenged

"the heathenish and savage custom of deadly feud," as it is termed in our law books, must often have given rise to lasting and cruel wars.

I do not find any particular mention of their quarrel with the *Johnstons* (*the family tradition*) but I observe that in 1550, the *Johnstons* and *Maxwells*, and other west borderers, to the number of two thousand men, entered the *debateable land*, and burned the house of one *Armstrong*, on which occasion the *Græmes* and other borderers there skirmished with them, and slew some men, *Lord Dacre*, then warden of the west marches of England, having his forces drawn up to support them, but not crossing the border, to avoid a violation of the peace;* and the resentment of the Scotch was so great, that many of the *debateable land* threatened to become liege men of Scotland, to avoid the effects of the vengeance of the Scots, unless the English warden would agree to protect them effectually.

The end of the dispute was, that the *debateable land* was divided between the kingdoms, by Commissioners, assigning the upper part of it to Scotland, and the lower, where most of the *Grahams* dwelt, to England.

In the above-mentioned introduction there is a list of names containing many of the clan of *Græme* who are accused

* In King Edward the Sixth's journal of his own time, there is the following note of this affair:—"16th of August, 1550, the Earl of Maxwell came down to the north border, with a good force to overthrow the *Græmes*, who were a certain family that were related to me,—but the Lord Dacre stood before his face with a good band of men, and so put him from his purpose, and the *Gentlemen called Græmes* skirmished with the said Earl, slaying certain of his men."

* You will find much correspondence about this affair in the Introduction to Nicholson's History of Cumberland:—In the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1691, page 214, it is recorded that among the manuscripts at Hatfield-house there are many papers touching the *Grahams* or *Græmes*, from 1603 to 1607, by which it appears that that tribe were transported to Holland, Ireland, &c., in bands of fifty and sixty each, until they were almost rooted out of their own country.—Before the union of the Crowns, this had been the most bold and formidable of the border clans.

of incursions, murders, burnings, &c. committed about 1552. I do not observe any designed as being of Whitehouse. In 1593 it is proposed as a question for consideration, "Because the *Græmes* have no commander under the Lord Warden, what course shall be taken to keep good order among them and their branches?" from which it appears that the name had no acknowledged head or chief, who according to *border-custom*, was answerable for the misdeeds of those of his name, whom he was always supposed to possess the means of restraining or punishing.

The resolution taken by the Warden Lord Scroop, with the advice of the Border Council was, that until he should name an officer over them, the principal men of the name should be held responsible for themselves and those under them. Soon after it would seem that William Bill, of *Rosetrees*, and Rob, of the *Fald*, had been compelled to enter pledges for the good behaviour of their retainers, and that the Warden intended to proceed in the same manner with the several branches of the *Græmes*, *Armstrongs*, *Fosters*, &c. who are described as having very insolent members belonging to them.

In 1600 many of the *Græmes* petition the Lord Warden, setting forth their willingness to be amenable to good order in various particulars, and complaining, that the gentlemen of the country were joined together in a league against them, and sate upon the bench and jail delivery as their judges, although they were known to thirst for their blood, and would cut their throats with their own hands if they dared. There is a reply of the gentlemen, who assert that the *Græmes* and their clans were the chiefest actors of the spoil and decay of the country, and maintain their own league to have for its object only the suppress of their depredations. These proceedings are followed by a note of the names of the clans of all the *Græmes*, with those of the persons for whom each leader held himself responsible to Lord Scroop the Warden. The leaders are—Walter Græme, the good man of Netherby; John Græme, of Aughouse Well; Fergus Græme, of Sowport; David Græme, of the Millens; John Græme, of the Pear-tree; The Goodman of the Moat. Young Hutchin's clan or gang, answered

for by Geordie Hutchins' brother, William Græme, another brother of Young Hutchins, William Græme, son of Robbie, Socks Johnnie, Robert Græme son to Hutchins, Davie and his brother Andrew; Hutchins Arthur, William Græme of the Fold, William Græme of the Rosetrees, (these two appear to have had great followers); Daves of Bankhead, Jock of the Lake, Dicks Davis and William Græme Goodman of Meelop.

The number of names for whom these leaders gave assurance, amounts to four hundred and thirty-nine, being probably the strength of the clan with their dependents in 1602.

James II., on his accession to the Crown of England banished the *Græmes* to the North of Ireland, upon their own petition, as his proclamation alleges, confessing themselves to be no meet persons to live in these countries. This measure was a political rather than an arbitrary one, but I suspect, much of James's animosity against the *Græmes* arose from their constant adherence to English interest.

There was a tax imposed on Cumberland for the expense of transporting them, the total of which amounts to £408. 10s. 9d. sterling. They appear to have been transported at three several times, the money being divided among them at the rate of about one or two pounds each. Nicholson has published the names of those who were removed at the second and third transportations, but I do not find the designation of *Whitehouse*. This however is not conclusive, for many of the *exiles* are described by patronymics, or by nick-names according to the border fashion.

Most of the particulars I have mentioned are extracted from the introduction to the *Border History*, and are taken by the authors from a *folio manuscript*, written by Richard Bell, Warden Clerk of the Marches, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

If this could be consulted, it might throw light on the subject of your inquiries, but I could never learn where it is now deposited, or if it be in existence.

The deportation of the *Græmes* seems to have been very perfectly executed, for there is not now a man of consequence of that name in Cumberland, save Sir James Graham, of Netherby, whose family arose "tem-

pore Caroli primi." * * * It was no uncommon thing for the Scottish Borderers to fly to Ireland. In the "*Memoirs of Captain Creighton*," published by Swift, that gentleman says, his ancestor fled to Ireland in consequence of having killed a *Macrue*, and that two of the offended Clan followed him thither, waylaid and shot him as he went to church. It is, therefore, probable, that your ancestors cause of expatriation may have been altogether distinct from the general transportation of the *Grames* in 1603. I have often wished to know if there are any traditions preserved concerning that event in Ireland, and what became of the exiles.*

If you consider this information as deserving the fulfilment of the promise you have had the goodness to make me regarding the *Minstrelsy of the Ulster Settlers*, I will be much gratified; and should your collection extend beyond the size of an ordinary letter, it will reach me safe, and post-free, if addressed to me, under the cover of Francis Freeling, Esq., Post-Office General, London.

* * * If you send me a drawing, or heraldic description, of the Coats of Arms you mention, (the crest a falcon—proper—with escallop shells on the shield), I will compare them with those of the families of *Graham* here.

I have no connection with the Scottish Monthly Magazine, farther than wishing well to it, and sending it some scraps of information. * * *

I omitted to say, that the song of "*The gallant Grahams*," which you mention, seems to have been originally written upon their deportation in 1603; but afterwards, from a similarity of the name, and popularity perhaps of the time, it was re-written, and applied to the banishment of *Montrose*. The last edition, I believe, is the "*Border Minstrelsy*." Of the earlier song, I have only a flying line or two, such as—

"They all were dress'd in armour fine,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tyne,"

Which must have applied to the *Border Grames*, not to those of *Mentieth*.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

To the Rev. John Graham, Glanone,
County of Londonderry, Ireland.

LINES ON A RUIN.

Why wert thou form'd, thou tower of strength!

For ages thus to last,
To scorn at time, and be at length,
Thyself by time o'ercast?
Why build thy bastion'd walls so high,
And lift thy ramparts to the sky,
To battle with the blast?
Was it to awe the world, and tell
Where heroes used of old to dwell?

Yes! noble souls must their's have been
Who rear'd thy gloomy height,
To lord it o'er this lowly scene,
An emblem of their might:
Their's were the gifts of wealth and fame,
Of lofty lineage, ancient name,
And undisputed right:
To their fierce yoke submissive bow'd
The necks of the surrounding crowd.

* The only one is their being landed at Groomsport, in the County of Down, which name has been since corrupted from *Gramesport*, which that event had given to it.

Yet what of these recordest thou
 Thou pile of ruin'd stone ?
 That all their power and glory, now
 Has moulder'd like thine own :
 Like thine—nay ! not like thine, for still
 Thou lookest proudly from yon hill,
 As monarch from his throne—
 Thou still art haughty in decay,
 But e'en their dust is swept away !

Thou bear'st upon thy massive front
 The mark of many a blow,
 When thou hast stood the battle's brunt,
 And frown'd upon the foe :
 In vain their thunder shook thy walls,
 All idly bounded back the balls
 That smote thee from below—
 By time—and not by war thou'rt riven,
 Thy spoilers are the winds of heav'n.

But different far the fate of those
 Who built thee to defend
 The lives which war had doom'd to close,
 And time ordain'd to end :
 War vanquish'd some—time dealt on more,
 Oblivion veils their ashes o'er,
 (And who that veil shall rend ?)
 Thy roofless halls have more of fame
 Than history yields each empty name.

The only record thou dost bear
 Of these so long forgot,
 Is that they lavish'd wealth and care
 On what avail'd them not :
 Since long before thy walls grew gray,
 Or wore the tinge of damp decay,
 The grave had seal'd their lot :
 And ere one stone had fall'n from thee,
 Their very tombs had ceas'd to be.

They wish'd a monument to raise,
 Like Babel, to the sky,
 Which, handed down to other days
 A theme might still supply :
 Forgetting thou could'st only show
 A scorning world that pow'r brought low
 Which rais'd themselves so high—
 Thou could'st but prove they vainly tried
 On thee to pinnacle their pride.

R. C.

THE SLAVE-FATHER, TO HIS SLAVE-BORN CHILD.

Thou'rt welcome to the world my boy !
Tho' not for thee a world of joy,

As once it was for me ;
For once I roved yon mountains blue,
And follow'd where the wild-bird flew,
As tameless and as free !

And heedless once of care or dread,
The morning saw me leave my bed
Of deep and calm repose ;
No task except the hills to scour—
No thought beyond the passing hour—
I sung 'till evening's close.

But these are joys thou ne'er can'st know,
Thine still must be the lot of woe,
Till death shall give thee rest ;
In vain for thee the blue hills rise,
In vain for thee the wild-bird flies,
And evening gilds the west.

And yet, perchance, for thee 'tis well,
That freedom ne'er shall cast her spell,
Of witchery 'round thy soul ;
For then, like mine, that soul would spurn,
The bread which abject toil must earn,
Nor bend to base control.

Still is it sad for one to think
Thy spirit from its birth must shrink,
Beneath the proud one's eye ;
Unfetter'd ne'er shall rove thy feet,
And thy young bosom ne'er shall beat
With conscious liberty.

Beyond those mountains' barrier line,
On which the setting sun-beams shine,
My fathers have their graves ;
Oh ! could they now on earth but look,
As they were wont, how would they brook
To see their offspring slaves ?

Soon would their wonted war-cry break
In thunder o'er each lofty peak,
Whilst echo answer'd wild ;
Soon would it summon one and all,
To burst the vile enslaver's thrall,
And rescue—each his child !

But vain the thought—the wish more vain,
For thou and I must still remain
In bondage and in grief ;
'Till on yon shore, or in yon wave,
Our worn out bodies find a grave,
Our wearied souls, relief.

Yet welcome to the world my boy !
For thou had'st brought thy father joy.
If joy could reach him here ;
And still, even here, thine infant smile
His ceaseless sorrows may beguile,
His thankless labours cheer.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

According to the promise made in the last Number, we subjoin the continuation of the law argument before the Assessor at the late election in College; and now give the argument and judgment relative to the right of Bachelors of Medicine and Law to vote without having previously taken the degree of Master of Arts.

Mr. Solicitor General argued in favour of the extension of the franchise to Bachelors of Law and of Medicine.

The question is, what is meant by the expression "higher degree," in the 60th section of the Reform Bill? It means Bachelors of Law or Medicine, as well as Doctors of these faculties.

The degree of Bachelor of Laws and that of Medicine, is a "higher degree" than that of Master of Arts, and therefore comes within the words of the 66th section of the Reform Bill. In the 9th chapter of the statute of the University, p. 146—"De gradibus in utroque jure capessendis," it is said, "si quis Magister artium Baccalaureatum in utroque jure *promoveri* cupit &c." This shews that these Bachelors degrees are higher than that of a Master of Arts, otherwise the word "*promoveri*," would not be used; the proper meaning of this word is to be promoted or advanced: "*Gradus*," means an Academic step.

[ASSESSOR. The degree of A.M. need not be obtained before that of Bachelor of Medicine, so that the step is not a necessary and regular succession.]

There are several words used to express the obtaining of degrees. But where the word "*promoveri*," is employed, it must have its own peculiar signification. In order of dignity in the book of degrees, the degree of L.L.B. and M.B. range before that of A.M. They are also more costly. The degree of L.L.B. is mentioned in the statute of Pluralities, the degree of A.M. is not. The 41st canon of the Church says—"Any man who has the degree of A.M. at the least &c." The formula of supplication shews that the same rule applies to the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. But again, the term "higher," may refer to the degree of A.B. In *Senatu Academico*, the degrees of L.L.B. and M.B. precede in rank the degrees of A.M. and A.B. The 61st section of the Reform Bill, refers the word "higher," to the degree of A.B., and thus it may be taken in different senses in the two sections. In

Oxford the degree of A.M. must be taken before that of M.B. can be obtained, which shews that the Bachelor of Medicine is the higher degree. As to the higher authority of some of the Masters of Arts, those are the Masters Regent, deriving authority from special circumstances.

Mr Lendrick argued against the right claimed.

There are two Academic classes in which degrees are taken; the class of Arts and the class of Faculties. These two classes cannot be mixed or confounded. In each class there are two sorts of degrees; the imperfect or inchoate, and the perfect or complete. In each, the degree of Bachelor is the imperfect degree. The degree of Master in the one and of Doctor in the other is the perfect degree. In order to obtain the perfect degree in either class, the imperfect degree of Bachelor in that class must first be obtained. That imperfect degree in one class, cannot therefore be compared with the perfect degree in the other class, as the two degrees are essentially distinct. The formula of admission for the perfect degrees, is quite distinct also, from those of the imperfect:—"Ad respondendum," is used in the latter—"Ad incipiendum," in the former. This confirms the former distinction which has been noticed. It is also further confirmed by the formula of supplication. The Senate House of Cambridge is composed of individuals only, who have taken the perfect degrees. That house represents the University. No individual is a member of that house who has only taken an inchoate degree.

So the Delegates, to whom the examination of an appeal from the Consistory Court of the Chancellor is committed, are either Doctors or Masters of Arts—the perfect degrees. In Cambridge the Esquire Beadle marshals the dignities. In the Cambridge University Calendar for 1832, in pp. 10 and 11, the order of precedence is given. In No. 3, Doctors of the several faculties, Bachelors in Divinity, who have been Masters of Arts, are classed together; after these follow the Bachelors in distinct classes. So in the Oxford statutes, p. 87, it is said, "*Magistri in artibus necnon Doctores, &c.*" when speaking of the constitution of the congregation. And in p. 157, of the selection from the Oxford statutes, a Ba-

chelor of Laws is directed to pay reverence to a Master of Arts. All these shew that the imperfect and perfect degrees cannot be mixed or confounded. As to the word "promoveri," it properly means to be extended. Thus a general of the Army going into the Navy may be said "promoveri;" the word is used in the sense of extension in the Oxford statutes. It is never used in reference to the Bachelors of Medicine. That the proper meaning of the word is extension, and not elevation or advancement, may be shewn by reference to classical writers. Thus in *Cæsar de Bello Afric. c. 14*, "*Equitatus subito se extendere et in latitudinem promoveri ceperunt.*" So in *Livy, lib. 1, c. 28*—"Acie[m] longius ab adversariorum copiis promoveret." In *Facciolati's Lexicon*, the proper meaning ascribed to the word "promoveri," is "to extend:" the same meaning is given in *Ainsworth's Dictionary*. Before obtaining the degree of Doctor in any of the Faculties, it is indispensably necessary, even for a Master of Arts, to take the degree of Bachelor in that Faculty, so that he is said "promoveri," from Arts into a Faculty. If then the term "higher," be descriptive of a class, it must be confined to the perfect degrees. If a relative term, it must be taken with reference to the correlative specified in the statute. In the 60th section, giving a right to vote, the correlative is the degree of Master of Arts, and that being a perfect degree, does not admit of any comparison with an imperfect degree in any of the Faculties. In the 61st section the correlative is changed to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and consequently, the privilege given by that section is applicable to Bachelors in the Faculties; that is, they are to have their names inserted on the University books as therein directed, in order to preserve the enjoyment of the franchise, on their obtaining a higher degree within the 60th section.

On the 17th December, 1832, the Assessor pronounced his judgment.

"Upon the best consideration I can give this question, I conceive myself bound to reject the votes to which Mr. Lendrick has objected. The question turns upon the force of the words "higher degree," in the 60th section of the Reform Bill. That phrase must mean higher in a scale of gradation, of which scale the degree of A.M. is a step higher in Academic rank; or thirdly, it must be intended to designate a class of degrees, in itself so denominated.

The Bachelor has in each class a superior, but in the scale of Arts there is no higher degree than that of Master; and it does not appear that the degree of A.M. is a necessary antecedent step to the acquirement of the degree of Bachelor of a Faculty. The Solicitor General has argued, with much ingenuity, that the Bachelor of a Faculty, is of a higher Academic rank than a Master of Arts, and has founded his reasoning mainly on the use of the word, "promoveri." That word appears to have more than one signification, and consequently its meaning, in any particular case, must be taken from the context. A Master of Arts going into one of the faculties, is extended, 'promovetur,' into another scale, but that does not at all imply that he is promoted in rank or degree. Besides in a parallel scale, the Bachelor of a Faculty is lower than a Master of Arts, the latter being the head, the former the pedestal of a class. The Cambridge Calendar shews that in every possible sense of the word, the degree of Master of Arts, is "higher" than that of Bachelor of a Faculty, and therefore I feel bound to reject the vote."

At the late quarterly examinations held in Trinity College, the following honours were adjudged:—

PREMIUMS IN SCIENCE.—To Mac Donnell (Robert,) Hardy (Simeon,) Mr. Rutherford (Thomas,) Turner (Joseph,) Carson (James,) Orr (Alexander S.), Andrews (Thomas,) Young (James,) Mr. French (Michael,) Willes (James,) Baggot (Charles,) Lee (William,) Vickery (Henry,) McDowell (George,) Mr. Shaw (George Augustus,) Sandes (Falkner,) Conway (Michael,) Connor (Roderick,) O'Leary (Cornelius,) O'Leary (Goodwin,) Hallowell (John William,) Biggs (Richard,) Kyle (Hallam.)

PREMIUMS IN CLASSICS.—To Mac Donnell (Robert,) Crawford (Francis,) Armstrong (John,) Butcher (Samuel,) Thompson (Bowen,) Mr. Gould (Wyndham,) Turner (Joseph,) Carson (James,) Reeves (William,) Hawthornwaite (Thomas,) Mockler (William,) Mr. Leader (Henry,) Russell (Mark,) Bruen (John,) Lee (William,) Woodward (Thomas,) Geran (Richard,) Mr. Verschoyle (James,) Johnston (Benjamin,) Eccleston (James,) Maunsell (George,) Wrightson (Thomas, R.), Hickey (John S.) Hallowell (John William,) Marshall (James K.), Callaghan (Timothy.)

GENERAL PREMIUMS, to Thomas (Henry,) Nash (George,) Mr. Synnott (Marcus,) Digby (William J.), King (Robert.)

The next Quarterly Examinations will be held in the month of April—

For Senior Sophisters, on Friday and Saturday, the 19th and 20th.

For Junior Sophisters, on Monday and Tuesday, the 22d and 23d.

For Senior Freshmen, on Thursday and Friday, the 25th and 26th.

And for Junior Freshmen, on Monday and Tuesday, the 29th and 30th.

STEPHEN CREAGHE SANDES,
Senior Lecturer.

The commencements were held on Tuesday, the 19th of February, when the following Degrees were conferred:—

Doctor of Divinity—Rev. Thomas Thorpe.

Doctors of Laws—Thomas Berry and Fr. Bourke.

Bachelor of Laws—Thomas Browne.

Bachelors of Medicine—Fr. Corn. Sampson, George Dyas, John Nicholson, (ad eundem Cambridge,) James Haskins.

Masters of Arts—Rev. S. McClean, F.T.C.D., John Martin, Henry Lyons, George Kiernan, James Kelly, Peter Bourne, Rev. T. Atkin, Thomas Browne, J. Thornhill, Wm. M'Mahon, J. Glascock, C. Tottenham, J. Rogers, J. Kelly, A. Carse, D. J. Coyle, J. Bridge, Rev. W. Gibbs, Nat. Hone, Edward Grogan, Thomas G. Bourke, Patrick Lavelle, Rev. G. Foster, Rev. W. Ball, Rev. J. Rainsford, Thomas Nolan, J. Montgomery, Robert Maxwell, Robert Molesworth, John C. Ferguson, J. G. Smyly, Rev. Thomas Hartley, Edward Tottenham, Rev. Nicholas Cuthbert Fenwick, Rev. James Armstrong.

The Gold Medal for Science was given to Andrew Searle Hart; and that for Classics, to Richard Trayer.

The Berkely Medals for attention and diligence at Greek Lecture, were given to Sirs Nolan, Finn, and Callanan.

There were at the same time 163 admitted to the Degree of Bachelors of Arts.

OXFORD.

January 19.

Magdalene Hall—Lusby Scholarship.

—The late Mr. Henry Lusby, of Navestock, Essex, having left some estates to the University in trust for the promotion of sound and religious learning in Magdalene Hall, in such manner as the President of Magdalene College, and the Principal of Magdalene Hall, for the time being, shall direct, the President and

the Principal have determined to found in Magdalene Hall, three Scholarships, open to all Undergraduate Members of the University of Oxford, who are not under four or above eight Terms standing from their matriculation. The election of the first Scholar will take place during the present Term, and the time of examination will be named in a future advertisement. The Scholarship is tenable for three years, provided the Scholar resides, and the annual payment will be £100.

On Monday, being the first day of Lent Term, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts—T. J. Ormerod, Fell. of Brasennoze; W. H. Vanderstegen, Brasennoze; T. H. Whipham, Trinity; W. B. Dynham, Magdalene Hall; H. S. Hele, Magdalene Hall.

Bachelors of Arts—J. Walker, Brasennoze, (incorporated from Trin. Coll., Cambridge); J. Carey, Exeter, (incorporated from Trin. Coll., Cambridge); G. W. Ormerod, Brasennoze; B. B. Bockett, Magdalene Hall.

January 26.

Corpus Christi College.—An election will be held in the above College on the 15th of February, of a Scholar for the Diocese of Bath and Wells.

Any persons are eligible who are natives of the above diocese, and who may not have exceeded their 19th year on the day of election.

All candidates must appear personally before the President on the 9th of February preceding, and must produce certificates of the marriage of their parents and of their own baptism; an affidavit of their parents, or some other competent person, stating the day and place of their birth, and a testimonial of their previous good conduct from the tutor of their College, or head master of their School.

On Wednesday last, a meeting of the Clergy, for the diocese of Oxford, took place in St. Mary's Church, when the Rev. James Ingram, D.D., Rector of Garsington, and the Rev. Philip Wynter, D.D., Rector of Handborough, were elected Proctors for the whole Clergy, to attend the Convocation at St. Paul's, London, during the ensuing Parliament.

In a Convocation holden on Thursday last, the Rev. William Harding, M.A., Fellow of Wadham College, was nominated a Master of the Schools, in the room of the Rev. Mr. Harrington, of Exeter.

On the same day the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts—J. Walker, Fell. of Brasenose; Rev. B. Harrison, Student of Ch. Ch.; G. H. S. Johnson, Tabernacle of Queen's; W. Leech, Queen's; J. Rogers, Balliol; Rev. H. H. Pearson, Lincoln; R. Luney, Magdalene Hall.

Bachelors of Arts—F. A. S. Pane, New Inn Hall; M. H. Marsh, Student of Ch. Ch.; R. Barnes, Student of Ch. Ch.; S. F. Strangways, Student of Ch. Ch.; M. W. Mayow, Student of Ch. Ch.; Hon. J. Bruce, Student of Ch. Ch.; G. B. Maule, Ch. Ch.; J. S. Brewer, Queen's; E. H. Abney, Exeter; W. Laxton, Trinity.

On Monday last, George William Huntingford was admitted Scholar of New College.

CAMBRIDGE.

Friday, January 4, 1898.

On Monday last, the Rev. J. A. Jeremia, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, was chosen to the office of Christian Advocate, in the room of the Rev. Hugh James Rose, resigned.

On the same day, the Rev. Henry John Rose, B.D., Fellow of John's College, was elected Hulsean Lecturer, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D.

Hulsean Prize Subject.—A premium exceeding £100 will be given this year for the best dissertation on the following subject:—"What were the opinions of the ancient philosophers of Greece and Rome, respecting the nature and attributes of the Deity; and how far did they differ from the revealed word of God?"

January 19.

The subject of the Seatonian prize-poem for the present year is, "*St. Paul at Philippi*."

The following will be the subjects of

Examination in the last week of the Lent Term, 1894:—

1. The Gospel of St. Matthew.
2. Paley's Evidences of Christianity.
3. Plato's Apology of Socrates.
4. Horatius de Arte Poetica.

January 25.

The Vice-Chancellor has given notice that the Rev. Judd Carrighan has resigned the office of Lady Margaret's Preacher, and that an election into the said office will take place in the vestry of Great St. Mary's Church on the 30th instant.

The Rev. James Tate, who has been for thirty-five years Master of Richmond School, has been lately in London, sitting to Mr. Pickersgill for his portrait, which his pupils have requested him to accept from them in testimony of their gratitude and respect; and they will have much satisfaction in learning that their old Master has just received a still more substantial acknowledgment of his professional talents and labours, in his appointment as Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's.

On Saturday last, Henry George Hand, Esq., and Robert Gordon Latham, Esq., Fellows of King's College, were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

DURHAM.

Durham University will be opened in October for Students. The appointments to Professorships, Tutorships, and Scholarships, are to be announced in July, and the lists are ready for the reception of names of Students. Applicants are expected to state to the Warden their ages and previous education. Letters may be addressed to the Warden, College, Durham.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

On Thursday, February 7, Mr. C. Putland presented the following Report from the Committee of Natural Philosophy:—

"The Committee of Natural Philosophy, to whom was referred the report of the Museum Committee, on Thursday the 24th January, have to report that they concur in opinion with them that,

the Model Room is the proper place to deposit the model of the Steam Frigate alluded to, and that it can be there advantageously exhibited. That, in order the better to arrange the models already collected in that room, some further accommodation and alteration is necessary; that it will require tables of a different description and dimensions from those at present there, which are inapplicable to the purpose, and which they recommend

should be disposed of in reduction of the expense of new ones; that the cost will be but trifling, not exceeding £6 or £7; and they request that the sum may be placed at their disposal, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements.

"The Committee beg to direct the attention of the Society to a report of theirs, presented on the 6th of April last, relative to the keeping a Meteorological Register at the Botanic Garden, which seemed to be an object of very general interest; that the want of funds at that time prevented the carrying into effect the recommendation of the Committee; but, as they have reason to believe that there are at present sufficient funds applicable to this purpose, they submit that a reference should now be made to the Committee of Economy, to ascertain and report whether the sum of £30 can be placed at the disposal of this Committee, to defray the expense thereof, the particulars of which are detailed, as far as practicable, in their report of April last.

"CHARLES PUTLAND,
"Chairman."

There was a meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, on Thursday, February 14, 1833.

R. B. BRYAN, Esq. in the chair.

The report of the committee of Natural Philosophy, presented on Thursday last; and a report from the committee of economy thereon, were read.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Mr. Weld presented the following report from the committee of economy:—

The committee of economy have to report, in answer to Society's reference of Thursday last, that the funds of the society will admit of the expenditure recommended by the committee of Natural Philosophy.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF IRISH MANUFACTURES AND PRODUCTIONS.

Dr. D'Olier presented the following report from the committee of manufactures:—

The committee appointed on the 31st ult., to consider the practicability of establishing an annual exhibition of specimens of the manufactures and productions of Ireland, are of opinion, that the establishment of such an exhibition is not only practicable, but would be attended with considerable advantage to the country, by creating an honourable emulation among the artisans, to improve their several manufactures, and by exciting in the nobility and gentry a desire to patronize

articles of native production and manufactures.

The committee recommend that they be empowered to make the necessary arrangements for the exhibition, stating (when practicable) the number of medals which they recommend to the society to allocate for the purposes of the exhibition.

ISAAC D'OLIER, Chairman.

Mr. Boyd, V.P. having laid before the society two letters received by him, one from John Fenton, Esq., and another enclosed in it from Colonel Stannus, announcing the arrival in London of the Persepolitan casts, proposed to be presented to the society some time back by Colonel Stannus.

Resolved—That the best thanks of the society be given, and communicated by Mr. Weld, Hon. Sec., to these gentlemen for their letters, and particularly to Colonel Stannus, for the valuable gift of which his letter announces the safe arrival in England; and that Mr. Weld do also communicate with Messrs. Inglis, Forbes, and Co., of London, respecting the landing and transmission of the cases to Dublin, requesting them to take the necessary steps for that purpose.

Daniel Simmons, Esq., took his seat as a member of the society.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We regret being obliged to notice this Society in any terms but those of praise; it would be our ultimate wish with respect to any institution calculated to raise the character, or advance the real interests of our country to give every assistance which lay in our power, and to devote a portion of our Magazine to discussing their merits or extending their utility by diffusing interesting information relative to them; and as our means for this purpose are amply sufficient, so we hope our remonstrances on their mismanagement will be proportionably effective.

When the Zoological Society was first established the enthusiasm of its supporters knew no bounds, there were no sacrifices too great to make for it, no exertions to be spared in raising it to the highest rank as a national school of natural history; and we are ready to grant that great exertions were at first made; but like all Irish undertakings the violence of zeal quickly cooled when the first impulse ceased to act, and when popularity was acquired, the means by which it was obtained were neglected; and though by a

report which appeared in our first number it is fully ascertained that the interest in the Society is increasing, yet will it be believed that this valuable garden is almost totally left to the care and superintendence of the menials of the institution; consequently the most casual visitor is struck by the air of desolation which is presented by the gardens, and the appearance of total neglect which reigns throughout the whole establishment; and in corroboration of what is here asserted hardly a month elapses without the death of some valuable animal; this shameful conduct on the part of the Committee should at once be seen to by the proprietors, and we would suggest the expediency of appointing some one accountable person to have the superintendence of the garden; their present secretary we believe to be most fully competent to the task, as the garden was in a most flourishing condition during the period he gave his valuable time to the superintendence of them.

We regret to be obliged to speak thus of a Society which has received such ample encouragement from the public, and which we formerly regarded as calculated to advance our country in useful knowledge; but we must say that unless the present Committee are willing to perform their duty to the public, the sooner they resign the idle honour of figuring in the printed reports of the Society, the better. We shall in our next number, if possible, give a fuller statement of our views on this subject by exposing the evils under which the society labours and proposing some practical mode of obviating them.

FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

A paper, by M. Hachette, was read on the 8th of October last, in which he explained the construction of an apparatus, invented by M. Hippolyte Pixii, for the exhibition of magneto-electric induction, by which, not only was the electro-magnetic spark brilliantly exhibited, but water was decomposed in considerable quantity. The apparatus consists of an horse-shoe magnet, which is made to revolve opposite a piece of soft iron, bent into a similar shape, around which is coiled a quantity of copper wire, covered with silk, the extremities of which are placed in a vessel of water. When the magnet is made to revolve, it induces magnetism in the piece of soft iron, which produces the electric current in the copper wire by which it is enveloped. M. Ampère mentions in a note on the experiments of Pixii, that, by means of a magnet, which raised 100 kilogrammes, (322lbs.) and around which the envelope of wire was coiled 400 times, and was 1,000 metres in length, (3808 feet), he obtained 1°, vivid sparks; 2°, pretty strong shocks, (*des commotions assez fortes*); 3°, when the hands were placed in acidulous water, involuntary motion of the fingers; 4°, great separation of the gold leaves of the electrometer; 5°, rapid decomposition of water.

The writer of an anonymous note, addressed to M. Faraday, which appeared in the number of the Philosophical Magazine for August, therein stated, that he had effected the decomposition of water by magneto-electric induction, which was the first notice given to the scientific world of the successful performance of this interesting experiment.—ED.

HERR ZANDER'S LECTURES ON GERMAN LITERATURE.

During the last month we were much gratified by a course of Lectures which Herr Zander of Berlin, delivered on the *Belles Lettres* of Germany. The history of the intellectual development of a nation—incontestably the most literary in existence—and an account of the principal authors, and the peculiarities of their

style and mode of thinking, could not fail to be highly interesting, especially, as these subjects were to be illustrated by a native who is so much better qualified to enter into the peculiar spirit of the writers of every age, than any foreigner. We, therefore, had raised our expectations rather high, yet find great pleasure in

saying, that Herr Zander has not only justified, but far surpassed them. The manner in which he connected the rise and decline of literature with political events, and the critical views he took of the authors were highly interesting, and, to a great extent, entirely novel.

The following is an abstract of these Lectures:—

LECTURE I.—German Language, its origin and various dialects—The age before Charlemagne—Ulphilas—*Charlemagne* and his merits about German literature—Influence of the intermarriages between the Imperial Houses of Germany and Constantinople—During the Crusades, German Poetry rises to its greatest height; Minnesingers; their Lyrics.

LECTURE II.—Epic Romances of the Minnesingers; their subjects derived partly from foreign, partly from native Legends: Development of the origin and history of the four principal Legends and their branches; Poems formed upon them—Foundation of the first German Universities—The political state of Germany causes the decline of national Poetry—Master Singers; the rules and regulations of their poetical trade—Wars of the Swiss against the Austrians and Burgundians call forth a number of patriotic bards, amongst whom Veit Weber, the Swiss Tyrtæus—Prevailing taste for Satire; several great Satirical Poems—The new-invented Letter-press early gains vast influence—*Luther's* literary merits, resting not only on his numerous writings, but also on his vast influence upon all Germany—The exasperated spirit between Protestants and Catholics, injurious to Poetry, more beneficial to Prose—Intense Classical studies—With the beginning of the 17th Century dawn of a better age of Literature: Opitz fixes German Prosody: First Silesian School—Abraham a Sancta Clara's Sermons—Second Silesian School—Sad influence of French taste and French literature—18th Century, new Schools founded by Bodmer and Gottsched.

LECTURE III.—*Modern German Literature*—Influence of the seven year's war—*Hagedorn*—*Haller's* Odes and Elegiac Poems—*Gellert's* Fables and Narratives—Influence of Young's Night-thoughts: *Klopstock*, his life;—religion, friendship, and love to his country form the three-fold impulse of his genius; several characters of his *Messiah* reviewed; his Odes rank far above the *Messiah*—*Herder's* life, character, genius, and works, illustrated: Jean Paul's opinion of him.

LECTURE IV.—*Lessing*, an universal

Scholar tears the French tragedians from the throne they had usurped, which he claims for Shakspeare; his merits about the Drama and his influence upon all modern German Dramatists: his Plays; Analysis of *Emilia Galotti*, a tragedy; his *Laocoon*; his Polemical writings—*Winkelmann* has entered more profoundly into the arts of antiquity than any modern inquirer—*Wieland*, his philosophy, his taste, and tact; his humour; *Goethe's* opinion of him; analysis of *Oberon* interwoven with specimens—Account of the Poetical Society of the Grove, formed at Göttingen in 1772: Amiable character of *Höfky* and extracts from some of his letters. Great merits of the Counts *Stolberg Bürger's* Genius—*Jung Stilling's* writings of an original mystic character, directed against Atheism—Short review of the writings of *Tiedge*, *Matthiæon*, and *Salis* (living Poets.)

LECTURE V.—*Jean Paul Friedrich Richter*, the most original of German writers; his genius and style, combining the pathetic with the humorous; extracts from his work; his celebrated *Dream* in *Siebenkûn*—*Schiller*, the most beloved author of the Germans; his Lyrics and Ballads; his Dramatic Genius, more of an epic-romantic, than purely tragic character: analysis of *Wallenstein*, a tragic trilogy, and the characters of *Wallenstein* and *Piccolomini*: *Kotzebue's* talents, his merits and demerits—*Goethe's* original views of nature and philosophy; his humour.

LECTURE VI.—State of Weimar before and after the year 1800—General character of *Goethe's* Works; his *Götz von Berlichingen* and its influence upon Sir Walter Scott. Real tendency of *Werther's Sorrows*. *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*, a manual of experience of the world, and knowledge of man, of philosophy and critics, not written for a superficial reader; original views of the character of Hamlet; *Mignon's* character. *Faust*, very little understood, vindicated against the charges of blasphemy, deism and unchristian tendency; the prologue in heaven not understood by the English translators; examination of the characters of *Faust*, *Mephistopheles*, and *Margaret*.

The *Destiny-Tragedians*; *Müller*, his views of the tragedy; the lay of his *Guilt*.

LECTURE VII.—*Destiny-tragedians* continued; *Grillparzer*, the lay of his *Ahnfrau*—Merits of *Raspach's* Dramatic compositions; *Schulze's Cæcilia* and the *Enchanted Rose*, two of the best epic

romances of the Germans—*Körner*, the German *Tyrtæus*; his life and death; his unequalled war-songs; his tragedies; *Zriny* analyzed; his *Rosamunde*—Observations on the study of the German language.

From the foregoing brief sketch, to which the Lecturer did most ample justice in detail, by imparting to every portion of his subject, the greatest possible interest, a fair estimate may readily be made of his capabilities which we have no hesitation in pronouncing to be of the highest order. A German Professorship has been established in their Institution by the enterprising inhabitants of Belfast, whose exertions in the advancement of literature in all its branches have been, we are happy to say, as successful in their result as they were

eminently laudable in their design. We should lose no opportunity of entering the lists of noble emulation with their spirited societies, but encourage as far as it is possible such able Professors of Continental literature as come to sojourn amongst us. The Works of German authors have been but little understood here as yet, and of course but imperfectly appreciated. We trust sincerely that the public lectures, which we understand it is Herr Zander's intention to deliver from time to time, so admirably adapted to remedy the deficiencies of a mere superficial knowledge upon a subject so important, may meet with such a reception as from the talent and industry displayed in their style and arrangement we firmly believe them entitled to.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The British Cyclopædia—edited by C. F. Partridge, Esq. London: W. S. Orr, Paternoster Row.

The Penny Cyclopædia—published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. London: Charles Knight, Pall Mall.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal—re-published in Dublin, by W. Curry and Co.

The Saturday Magazine—published by the Society for the promotion of Christian Knowledge. London: J. W. Parker.

The Dublin Penny Journal. Dublin: J. S. Folds.

It has been well remarked by one of the ablest philosophers of our time, (Sir D. Brewster,) that, "To remain willingly ignorant of the revelations of the divine power, afforded by scientific investigation, is a crime next to that of rejecting the revelation of the Divine will. Knowledge is at once the handmaid and the companion of true religion. They mutually adorn and support each other; and beyond the immediate circle of our secular duties, they are the only objects of rational ambition. While the calm deductions of reason regulate the ardour of christian zeal, the warmth of a holier enthusiasm gives a fixed brightness to the glimmering lights of knowledge."

With the principle laid down in this extract we most readily concur, convinced as we are of the vast importance to be attached to the unlimited extension of *suitable* knowledge among all classes of society and fully sensible of the numerous

advantages attendant on education judiciously imparted: and this avowal we are the more anxious to make, as it has almost become an axiom amongst Whigs and Radicals, that the party opposed to the spread of infidelity and republicanism are also united against the dissemination of knowledge. The falsehood and malignity of this opinion, which has only gained ground by the impudent perseverance of its promulgators, we might easily refute by an appeal to facts, if it served any purpose, and we could most easily prove from the declared opinions and consistent actions of many of the leaders of our party and the readiness they have always shewn, to co-operate in any rational system of national education, the utter groundlessness of the assertion: but we freely acknowledge that they have at the same time shewn a just degree of hesitation in wildly joining in the cry of the cockney cognocenti, who wished to make all classes of his Majesty's liege subjects walking Encyclopædias of what they termed useful knowledge, and held back from the more than absurd scheme of imparting by means of sixpenny tracts a mere *verbal* knowledge of the most abstruse branches of natural philosophy; witness the library of *useful* knowledge, which is written in such a style, that we unhesitatingly assert, that not one in ten

thousand of that class for whom they are nominally intended, would be able to read them; and yet the dispensers of this useful knowledge pretend to be the only friends of Education, who would give to the mechanic after his daily toil, works for his amusement and instruction, as intelligible to him as Laplace or Newton—we appeal for example to their treatises on Optics, Electro-Magnetism, or Heat; and will ask any competent judge, do these not require, almost as much preparatory reading to understand them as any physical elementary works in existence? To these friends of the people, we yield not in anxiety for popular education, but we would wish to have them instructed, not merely in the very elements of all knowledge, reading and writing, but also in such branches of science, as will either advance them in their several occupations, or serve to shew them the extent, variety and wisdom of the works of the Supreme and teach them to look for another revelation of his will, than that afforded by the works of nature; which will lead them from beholding him as the Omniscent and Allwise, to studying his will as the Merciful and Just. Such is the education we would advocate, such the course of instruction we should wish to see adopted without separating either revelation, one of which is but the handmaid or companion of the other, and either of which alone loses half its excellence and beauty. As the advocates of such a system, we heartily rejoice at the appearance of any cheap scientific and literary periodicals, suitably adapted to the wants of those for whom they are intended; if the former have elementary information conveyed in a clear and lucid style, with such demonstrations as are adapted to the capacities of those whose numerous occupations, prevent their acquiring such elementary instruction, as is required for the more abstruse branches of natural science. We have before us two new cheap periodicals, the *British Cyclopædia*, edited by Mr. Partington, the author of some excellent popular scientific works, and the *Penny Cyclopædia* published by the Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge. In price they are nearly equal, the former giving sixteen pages for two pence and the latter eight pages for one penny: so far are their merits equal; but in every other respect the *British Cyclopædia* is far superior to the *Penny* one, in typographical execution, in possessing steel engravings, and in the far greater excellence of its wood cuts. The arrangement of its matter is also better, as it is

similar to that adopted in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana* in which every science is classed under separate divisions, each division containing a complete body of science in itself. The *British Cyclopædia* is founded on the celebrated German *Conversation-Lexicon*, which is too well known to need any recommendation from us.

Of the *Penny Cyclopædia* there is too little published to enable us to give a final opinion on its merits, what has been published certainly gives us no favorable idea respecting it; the wood-cuts are very bad, and it appears to us, that too much of its space is occupied by subjects of little interest, and of very little utility; the editors seeming to suppose, that the appearance of research will compensate for deficiency of *USEFUL KNOWLEDGE*.

Of the other works at the head of this article we must speak in terms of the highest commendation, literature is sending forth her light troops as well as science; Chambers' *Edinburgh Journal*, which is republishing in Dublin by Messrs. Curry, and Co. is one of the best of the cheap periodicals, the *Saturday Magazine* and the *Dublin Penny Journal*, are both very attractive from being ornamented with beautiful wood engravings. We trust sincerely that the foregoing may receive such ample encouragement and support as from their various and well-grounded claims they cannot but be admitted to be well deserving of.

A Compendium of Modern Geography. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart, Author of the *History of Scotland*, &c. Oliver and Boyd, Tweeddale court, Edinburgh; and Simpkin and Marshall, London, 1853.

Among the numerous works which have been published for the facilitating the acquirement of Geographical Knowledge in our schools, we have no hesitation in pronouncing the one whose title-page we have just quoted as claiming a very high place. The nature of such a publication precludes of course the introduction of original matter which would generally speaking only serve to display the ingenuity of the author, without adding proportionably to the real value of the book as estimated by the purposes it was intended to serve. The author however has evidently had recourse to the very best and approved sources of information as will appear evident to any one conversant in matters of Geographical research. The Introductory remarks are written with a great degree of judgement and the lively style in which they are ge-

nerally conveyed must prove of great service in impressing them on the youthful attention. The Descriptive tables present a vast mass of knowledge in a condensed and agreeable form, while the maps interspersed through the body of the work, and without which a treatise on Geography is absolutely useless, will from the facility of reference be no slight recommendation to purchasers.

We observe that most of the proper names are properly accented, and their pronunciations indicated after the manner of Jones's Dictionary; How great a desideratum has been here supplied will be evident to any person who reflects how far a mispronunciation in matters of this nature occurring in the course of conversation, creates a prejudice against the offending individual, marking at once the limited intercourse he must have had with travellers or foreigners, in an age when such characters are so readily met with in what is called good society.

One of the plates exhibits to the eye the relative height of the most remarkable mountains of the globe, an idea we believe originally borrowed from Humboldt, and which enables the young geographer to appreciate their comparative magnitudes much more readily than by the exhibition of numbers. We are bound however to remark that the engraving to which we allude is by no means so happily executed as might be expected, particularly when contrasted with the very neat manner in which the rest of the work is brought out. We trust that in the next edition due attention will be paid to this.

The Reverie, and other Poems, by the Rev. J. D. Hull. Belfast. 1862.

The Disembodied, and other Poems, by the Rev. Mr. Wills. Dublin: Hobbes and Smith, 1852.

If the Horatian rule were applied with strictness,

Mediocribus esse poetæ
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere Columnæ,
the poets of almost any given age, might be bounded in a nutshell. "No one knows an indifferent poet," says an eminent author, "and we know very few good." But however applicable the above rule may be to Epic, Lyric, or Dramatic poetry, the public voice unanimously contradicts it in relation to the moral and didactic muse. She has given both pleasure and profit to very many, even when her harp awakened not notes of fire, or strains of genius or immortality.

Two little volumes, "The Disembodied," and "The Reverie," have lately issued from the Belfast and the Dublin press respectively, the productions of two

of our fellow countrymen, clergymen in the established church.

Much as we would regret that poetical composition should occupy any considerable share in the minds of those whose duties and legitimate employments are of so much higher a nature, yet we cannot withhold our friendly notice of these two volumes, because we know, that they emanate from individuals who are sincere, active, and zealous, as Christian ministers, in their labours of love, and who are desirous to make even the employment of their leisure hours subservient and contributive to the interests of religion. When a man makes choice of the profession of a clergyman, he should be influenced in all his studies, his pursuits, and his amusements, by far higher motives, than worldly wisdom, pride of intellect, or literary zeal can supply. His uniform aim and object should be to promote moral happiness and virtue. To such servants of the Most High—men of consecrated intellects—the "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" in Eusebius, writing on the Holy Office, can alone be truly applied—words which we never read, but with increased admiration and delight.

"Οὐ δὲ οὖν δὲ μετῴντες τοῖς ἑσπέραις, φρονίμως οὖν ψάλλοντες ὡς Κυρίῳ καὶ μετῴνῳ ἡμῶν, ὡς τοῖς ἄνθρωποις, οὕτως καὶ τοῖς πάντοτε ἰδεομένοις βίον. ὡς τὸ τοῦ πάντοτε ἡμῶν ἰδεομένου τοῦ ἐν τῇ παρουσίᾳ τοῦ κυρίου, οὕτως οὖν ἄνθρωποι καὶ οὖν οὐφίς ἡμῶν, ἀντιτάσσοντες ἑαυτοὺς ἑαυτοῖς."

"They whose lives are thus directed, Godlike beings, carried up by devout aspirations unto heaven, superintend the lives of all around them. They are set apart and consecrated unto God himself, who is above all, for the sake of the human race; and offering up their religious services as a sacrifice for themselves and for their fellow creatures, they consummate their hallowed ministry."

There is, however no department even of literature that may not be made auxiliary to these elevated duties and principles, and, in the hand of a true christian, of taste and poetic feeling, without pretensions to genius and inspiration, poetry may be, and has been a powerful engine in the cause of religious truth. It is eloquently said of it by an American writer,—that "its great tendency and purpose is to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion. It reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the entha-

sism which warmed the spring-time of our being, refines youthful love, *strengthens our interest in human nature*, by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, spreads our sympathies over all classes of society, knits us by new ties with universal being, *and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold of the future life.*

One of the volumes which we have mentioned above, containing "the Reverie, and other Poems," is by the Rev. John D. Hull, incumbent of Killarney, in the north of Ireland, he is one, who

amongst many trials, is devoting the spring of his ministerial life, zealously and devoutly in his master's cause, and we sincerely trust that he will be strengthened to persevere in his "good part," and be made, under God, the happy means of bringing home to the besom of many a weary pilgrim that rest and peace of mind, which the Gospel and its great Author alone can give. A spirit of love and devotion breathes through the little volume from which we present the following lines to our readers.

(FROM "THE REVERIE.")

"Oh balmy peace! where dwellest thou—
In what high planet all unseen,
That thou so seldom deignest now
To visit this lone orb terrene?
Thou of the ever-halcyon mien'—
Why, why so distantly abide,
Nor with thy seraph-smile serene—
Look on our globe too long denied
Thy presence, better far than this whole world beside?

With all its woes, still life is sweet,
And, in their midnight of distress,
Even the saddest something meet
That makes their irksome suffering less.
The friendly circle's kind caress—
The attachments in the heart, that waken
For others' weal, an anxiousness—
The hopes, the ties, by all partaken—
These in the extreme of ill ne'er leave us quite forsaken.

Dear is the joy each warm heart knows,
The thrill of mutual love sincere;
Dear is the happiness that flows
From making others happy here:
Yea, even the consciousness is dear
Of warm existence, though unblest;
To move upon this sun-lit sphere,
Creations beauty to attest,
And see almighty love in all things manifest.

Who has not joy'd to see the sun,
From ocean burst on wings of light,
While birds, their morning hymn begun,
Would hail the heavens and mountains bright?
Who has not joy'd, as jewell'd night
Her tent high o'er the world hath spread,
To view the grand, the unbounded sight—
Nor thought, while he the scene surveyed,
How infinite that Power which spake, and all was made?

Oh! for the hour—the ecstatic hour,
When winter's raven blasts take wing;
And rapture's renovating power
Comes bounding in the breath of spring!

When trees are newly blossoming,
 When flowers beneath the sun expand,
 And songs through all the ether ring—
 What heart the impulse can withstand,
 Nor inly bless the God who hath such blessings plann'd?"

In these evil days of calumny and provocation, and trial, and temptation of holy men, it is pleasing to observe such persons as Mr. Hull and Mr. Wills giving proof of the intellect and attainments, which distinguish many of an order, with whom for the most part the world feels too little sympathy, and for whose services and "labour of love" it entertains too cold a regard. If such men promote the cause of Christian piety by their example and by their precepts; if they become an amiable addition to the offices of their ministry, when they endeavour also to recommend virtue to our affection by rendering the exercise of their fancy subservient to the interests of religion. The little volume, unostentatiously presented to the public by Mr. Wills is, like Mr. Hull's, a testimony of this amiable intention, and to us (staunch friends, as we shall ever be to religion, and firm supporters of our Reformed Church,) to us it

gives peculiar pleasure to have found a work coming from such a source, worthy of being pronounced the production of a man of genius. This small volume is a collection of poems by a man of sterling talent, and the purest taste. The principal poem is highly *imaginative*, it is rich however in scenic views of life; and in these there is no extravagance of description. Pleasurable objects, in truth and variety, occupy our attention incessantly, we find our fancy engaged without a consciousness of the delusion; we revel in a temporary transition from earthly restrictions; time and space are forgotten; and like the poets own creation, "the Disembodied," we become a living soul.

We regret we have not space for more than the following extract; we hope in a succeeding number to take a more enlarged and adequate view of this interesting poem:—

"Gone is the glory of moon and star;
 A tempest is treading the waters far,
 And tumult gathers upon the air,
 To tell that a stormy world is there!
 Hollow and wide o'er the moaning sea
 Shoal and cavern groan portentously—
 The iron shores send a heavy sound,
 And the wet clouds rush in their blackness round;
 Heaven's thunders bellow from cloud to cloud,
 Thro' the vault of darkness, long and loud,
 With flashes fast of far-vollied light—
 Is man on the wave in this dreadful night?"

Aye—human clamour is on the wind!
 I saw a ship in the gloom defined,
 With cordage wet and bare poles rush past,
 Like an infant's toy on the billow vast:
 It fell in the channel's gleaming black—
 It rose in the lightning's lurid track—
 Where the curling wave seemed to walk the sky,
 As it blackened and swelled on the sailor's eye.
 A flash—another—alas—yon rock!
 Can that frail vessel stand the shock?
 A flash—a brighter—and all was dark,
 And a cloud-crash came from the hollow bark,
 And a cry of horror went o'er the wave—
 O! for an arm in that hour to save,
 The light of life had I freely given—
 'Ah,' said I in spirit, 'have mercy heaven!'
 Flash after flash pale brightness shed,
 Blue light o'er many a sinking head;

I saw pale faces distorted there,
 With gasping effort and wild despair—
 Then disappear, with a fearful sound,
 As the gulf of waters closed blackly round !
 The broken hulk, on a sunken rock,
 Washed and clov'n with repeated shock.
 I saw one form on the shattered prow,
 With a calm sad eye and thoughtful brow,
 Look on the wreck, while 'twas dancing wild ;
 But his heart was thinking of wife and child—
 Of the fire-side peace, that must change to wail :
 Of the love, which, alas ! cannot now avail ;
 The bosom-bonds of his native shore—
 The all he shall see never—never more !”

The Taxidermist's Manual, by Capt. THOMAS BROWN, F.S.L., &c. &c. &c.—ARCHIBALD FULLARTON & Co., Glasgow, 1833.

The author of this work has given us an excellent and useful volume as a companion to his most attractive “*Book of Butterflies and Moths*,” published in Constable's Miscellany some months since. There are few scientific subjects gaining such deserved popularity as natural history ; and few so well worthy the attention of the lovers of the most wondrous part of nature's works, as such a study can only be pursued under circumstances in themselves highly calculated to excite our noblest feelings—amidst the fairest of nature's works, amidst the profusion of her charms, where she has spread her rich and verdant mantle. It is a study which requires for its successful attainment, neither the mental powers nor wasting assiduity required for the acquisition of other branches of natural knowledge ; which cannot be accomplished in the secluded chamber, nor amidst the tumult of a city life, but requires the walk over the mountain heather, and wandering “through wooded dell,” or by meandering rivulet ; and which, in all its circumstances, must be accompanied by health and mental repose. Such is the science we are treating of, for the successful prosecution of which we must possess the means of preserving our specimens, and keeping them from decay ; as much of the pleasure in collecting specimens of natural history consists in being able to refer to the preserved animal, and thereby recall the recollection of all its peculiarities of habits and locality,—and such is the aid afforded by this excellent work of Captain Brown. It con-

tains the most detailed account of the method of preserving the various objects of natural history, (we limit the term to the animal kingdom,) and in the compilation of which he was assisted by that able naturalist M. de Dufresne, chief of the preserving department in the Jardine de Plantes, from whom part of the Museum of Edinburgh was purchased. In this country where there is an anxiety for the study of natural history, beginning to be developed, we trust this most useful volume may find many readers.

Field Naturalist's Magazine. Edited by Professor Rennie.—W. S. Orr, London, 1833.
Zoologist's Text Book, by Capt. JOHN BROWN. FULLARTON & Co., Glasgow.

These are two publications of great merit, deserving our warmest commendation, as they are most admirably adapted to supply the want so universally felt among the less scientific students of natural history. Mr. Rennie, with much judgment, has avoided the jargon of technicality so thickly studded over works of similar design. His style of writing is easy and flowing, and likely to induce many persons to engage in a study, from which before they may have shrunk, deterred by the mere difficulty of learning the artificial nomenclature of scientific arrangements. In Captain Brown's book (though a most useful manual) we cannot discover any thing that is very new, we think we recognize the plates given with his edition of “*Goldsmith's Animated Nature*,” they, however, are most accurate, both in design and execution, and he could not have substituted any of a higher character to illustrate his work.

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DUBLIN :

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to apologise for the extraordinary addition which we have, this month, been obliged to make to our usual and legal dimensions. However, if we are correct in our notions of the quality of our "materiel," we feel that we need scarcely apprehend anything like severity of censure for its quantity.

We have to acknowledge a further supply of poetical contributions, from which we shall continue to select the most deserving. We have been obliged to reject several which bear evident traces of both talent and taste, but owe at the same time too many deficiencies to inattention and haste on the part of the writer.

We have also received a variety of articles in prose "*de omni scibili*." The following will not suit our pages—A Modern Epicurean; The Four Ages; the Revolutions of Governments; The Philosophy of Cornelius Agrippa; A Tale of the Alps; Essay on Steam; The Court of Alfred; Metricus; Nemo; Antiquus.

The communications which have been already forwarded to us, not included in the above list, shall appear next month: we may add, that we shall be at all times gratified and obliged in being able to submit to the public the productions of such "able pens."

For the many friendly and flattering letters which we have received from time to time, we beg to return our unfeigned thanks—the valuable advice and suggestions of Advena we shall, as far as rests with us, adhere to with the attention they deserve.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. IV.

APRIL, 1833.

VOL. I.

THE EARLY IRISH REFORMERS.—PRESENT MORAL STATE OF IRELAND.

Having in a late number of the *University Magazine* directed the attention of the reader to the early *English Reformers*, and to the spirit that animated the Reformation in the *Sister Kingdom*, we would now consider the subject in relation to Ireland, and in connexion with the *present moral condition* of our beloved but unhappy land.

"*Our Luther*," "*our great Luther*," are the names by which the once obscure Monk of Aisleben in Saxony, is proudly and affectionately known throughout Germany. His portrait is in the study of every Pastor, and in almost every Inn. The centenary anniversary of the Reformation is observed with solemnity and state, and its commemoration in Darmstadt a few years since is thus described to us by an eye-witness.

"The preceding evening, was announced by a full chorus of solemn hymns sung from the top of the tower of the great Lutheran Church—the morning was ushered in by the same impressive ceremony. The hymns were of a simple and striking melody. The shops were closed, and all business was suspended; the Protestant Ambassadors, nobility, and townspeople attended church in their best equipages and uniforms. At ten o'clock, the whole court of the Grand Duke of Hesse and his family and suite proceeded to the great church,—the Grand Duchess and her ladies of honor, except one fair Roman Catholic, occupying the state-coach, drawn by eight cream-coloured palfreys, in blue velvet trappings. An old picture of the Reformer was transferred, for the occasion, from the Hotel de Ville, and suspended in the church, adorned with

wreaths and flowers. The church was crowded to excess. A Te Deum and other fine music, concluding with the grand "*Luther's Hymn*," were admirably executed by the orchestra of the Court chapel, accompanied by the swelling and unanimous voice of a multitudinous congregation. Celebrations proportionably inferior in splendour, were universal in the villages."

When we turn from these interesting ceremonies of the Protestant churches of Germany to those of the Church of Rome in Ireland, what a contrast presents itself! In the same year in which this commemoration took place, Ireland was pouring forth pilgrims, through the length and breadth of her land—not to commemorate the triumphs, under divine providence, of religious liberty, nor the name and mighty achievements of the great Leader in the march of truth, but to celebrate the three-months' festival of *Saint Patrick's* purgatory at Loughdery, where the human intellect is laid prostrate before the idol of self-imposed penances, and salvation is put up to sale, for money and for price, at the shrine of the absolute-omnipotent priest.

Three hundred years have elapsed since the Reformation was first introduced into Ireland, yet in the nineteenth century, thick darkness that may be felt, still broods over the land, and

though a melancholy, it may not be an unuseful occupation, briefly to retrace the principal obstacles, that have so long thwarted the progress of divine truth.—We may discover, in such a review, the seeds of those parties that are become matured in our own times, and the springs of the movements, by which we are, even now, agitated.

Religious disquisitions and investigations found their way into Ireland, before the period of the Reformation, and so early as the tenth year of Henry the Seventh, an act was passed, to prevent the growth of the Holland heresy. Indeed, about the middle of the fourteenth century, Fitzralph, who, there is reason to believe, was an Englishman by birth, though most Irish writers make him a native of Dundalk, distinguished himself by his bold preaching against the abuses of the Friars, whom he charged with violating the express precepts of Scripture, which he frequently quotes, and to which as a paramount authority, he constantly appeals. He is said to have been the first who translated the Bible into the Irish tongue, and was advanced to the See of Armagh in 1347. He has been called the Irish Wycliffe, and is mentioned by the latter in terms of high commendation. When his death was made public, it was said of him, that the same day a mighty pillar of Christ's church was fallen.

But we pass to the period in which the Reformation was introduced into Ireland—a period, when the old system of clanship was beginning to moulder away. Its dissolution, however necessary to the final settlement of the country, and the establishment of liberty and law, was urged most unseasonably, when the nobles were earnestly uniting with the crown of England, in the renunciation of the temporal supremacy of Rome, and it contributed incalculably to strengthen and rivet the influence of the Roman Catholic Clergy.

The spirit of clanship tended powerfully to subordination; and if the feudal attachments of the multitude had remained unimpaired, there can be little doubt, that they would have followed the examples of their lords, and passed on, in course of time, from political to religious Protestantism. It was about the year 1585 that George Browne, the first Protestant Prelate

in Ireland, was appointed to the See of Dublin; he was an Englishman by birth, and no less remarkable for the sincerity of his life, charity, and benevolence, than for the candour and liberality of his sentiments; he had been a provincial of the friars of St. Augustine, and had become celebrated in England by preaching against pilgrimages, and penances, a dependence on the merits and intercession of saints, and by inculcating the alone-mediation of Christ, and the duty of addressing prayer directly to God; he was one of the commissioners appointed to confer with the clergy and nobility of Ireland, to procure a general acknowledgment of the supremacy of the crown. It was not long after, however, that a counter commission was transmitted by the Pope, enjoining the clergy to support the papal authority, and empowering them to *absolve from their oaths* all such persons as had acknowledged the king's supremacy. The archbishop exerted himself strenuously to have relics and images removed from the churches, and substituted the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, which proceedings not a little alarmed the papacy, and to stimulate the chieftains in the cause of Rome, a letter was written to O'Neill, by the bishop of Metz, in the name of the council of cardinals, stating that His Holiness had discovered an ancient prophecy of Saint Lazerianus, that *the Church of Rome should surely fall, when the Catholic faith should be overthrown in Ireland*; and that when the Roman faith should perish there, the See of Rome was fated to destruction. This letter was written a few years after the "terrible, thundering bull of Pope Paul," as it is called by a Roman Catholic writer, in which he dethroned Henry the Eighth, pronounced him infamous, denied to him and his abettors Christian burial, and doomed him "to eternal curse and damnation."

Other obstacles, and these insurmountable, presented themselves to the rapid or general reformation of the church in Ireland. The people were not connected by one and the same system of polity—they were strangers to the benefits of political union—they had been long harassed by a succession of petty wars, distracted by mutual jealousy, living in constant excitement

and alarm, and being continually called out to repel invasion, had as little leisure as inclination, for inquiries, which were prosecuted so vigorously in countries more composed. Neither the New Testament nor the Book of Common Prayer, were yet printed in the Irish language, and the prelates of the church, except where roused by some attempt to circumscribe the privileges of their order, dozed away their time in monastic indolence. While their brethren in other countries were occupied by the most interesting and important investigations in religion, we find an Irish bishop amusing himself with the composition of a hymn in barbarous Latin rhyme in praise of a Saint Macartin and others, depending for salvation on being wrapped, in their last hours, in the cowl of Saint Francis.

The church property, moreover, had been so scandalously plundered, that few parishes could afford even a bare subsistence to a Protestant minister, and, therefore, few ministers were to be found. Mean time, the Romish clergy were not inactive, and they were powerfully aided by a continued supply of fellow-labourers from the seminaries established in the Spanish dominions; men who, by their temper and education, were fitted for any work in which policy might think proper to employ fanaticism. The Franciscans have made it their boast, that, at the time of the Irish massacre, there appeared among the rebels more than six hundred Friars Minorite, who had been instigating them to that rebellion, while living among them in disguise. A system of half persecution was pursued, at once odious for its injustice, and contemptible for its inefficacy—good principles and generous feelings were thereby provoked into an alliance with superstition and priestcraft; and the priests, whom the law recognised only for the purpose of punishing them, if they discharged the powers of their office, established a more absolute empire over the minds of the Irish people than was possessed by the clergy in any other part of the world.*

About the fifth year of Edward the Sixth, Browne directed that the liturgy and the Scriptures should be read in church, in *English*. The Roman Catholic

Primate, Dowdall, was indignant, and exclaimed, "then shall every illiterate fellow read mass?" "No," answered the Lord Deputy, St. Leger, "your Grace is mistaken, for we have too many illiterate priests amongst us already, who know no more what the Latin *means*, than the common people that hear it; but both they and their priest will *now* understand what they pray for." "Beware of the clergy's curse!" exclaimed Dowdall, "I fear no strange curse, so long as I have the blessing of that church which I believe to be the true one," said the Lord Deputy coolly. Dowdall and his ecclesiastics retired.

Browne had, some years before, represented to the English government the extreme ignorance of the Irish clergy, that they were incapable of performing even the common offices, and were strangers to the language in which they celebrated the mass. The miserable condition of the church is evinced by the ordinances of the parliament for the regulation of Munster and Connaught, one of which declares, that laymen and boys should no longer be admitted to ecclesiastical preferments.

About 1551, on Easter day, the archbishop preached a sermon in Christ's church, in which he prophetically described the character and fate of the sect of Jesuits, who had been lately brought into Ireland by a Scotchman, Robert Wauchop, a man who was remarkable not only for this eminent service, but also for being blind from his birth, for riding post, better than any man of his time, and for being one of three *cotemporary* archbishops of Armagh. In speaking of the "new fraternity sprung up, who call themselves Jesuits," Browne said, "They shall turn themselves into several forms: with the heathens, a heathenist; with the Atheists, an Atheist; with the Jews, a Jew; with the Reformers, a Reformade, purposely to know your intentions, minds, hearts, and inclinations. *These shall spread over the whole world, they shall be admitted to the councils of princes, yet in the end God shall cut off this society, even by the hands of those who have most succoured them, and made use of them; so that at the end, they shall be-*

some odious to all parties." How exactly have these prophetic words been since verified in Europe! About the same year the Book of Common Prayer was first printed in Dublin, and great exertions were made by Browne to propagate a knowledge of it among those who understood English. Little time, however, was allowed for these good endeavours, which met with every species of opposition, for within two years Edward the Sixth died and was succeeded by Mary, who deprived the archbishop of his see. The memorials of his life have been woven into an instructive chapter in the late Bishop Middleton's delightful Sketches of the Reformers, and are noticed in the History of Armagh, by James Stuart, Esq. L.L.D., a book of much curious, learned, and valuable information on Irish history and biography. Browne is described by Usher and others as a prelate of truly apostolic character, of a peaceful and compassionate disposition, the cheerfulness of his countenance, being the index of a heart enjoying the blessedness of the hope of salvation. This description is confirmed by the traits which his life and writings uniformly present; yet a candid and ingenious Roman Catholic historian of our own day, Dr. Lingard, briefly dismisses him, as "a courtly prelate, raised to the See of Dublin, in reward of his subserviency to the politics of Cromwell."

Such are the too common expedients of the opponents of the Reformation; nor are they made available in relation to the persons and events of past ages only; we need but open our eyes to what is daily passing in Ireland, to know that the Protestant institutions, advocates of our own times, are treated

with much the same spirit of truth, candour, and conciliation by the Church of Rome. It is but a few years since the Rev. Dr. Machale, a prelate of that church, thus explained the origin, and commented on the principles of the Bible Society:—"To share in the overflowing wealth of the country was devoutly wished for by many a needy adventurer, who could not reach it by the ordinary channels of trade or commerce, or the learned professions; hence, a new and unheard of *factory of bibles* was set up, to which all contributed, who sought a character for sanctity, and which employed a vast number of hands in their printing and circulation. *Such is the real origin of the Bible system*, affording evidence of England's wealth, but none of her piety!" When this reverend gentleman, then the Titular Bishop of Maronia and Coadjutor Titular Bishop of Killala, was asked by the Commissioners of Education in 1826, whether in writing the above paragraph he meant, that pecuniary gain was the object and motive of those who first established, or promoted the establishment of the Bible Societies, he replied, "I did mean it then, and it is still my conviction!"

So in a letter to Lord Farnham, Dr. Doyle thus spoke of the Established Church of Ireland:—"when men gaze for a considerable time at the most hideous monster, they can view it with diminished horror: but a man of reflection, living in Ireland, and coolly observing the workings of the Church Establishment, would seek for some likeness to it among the priests of Jugernaut, who sacrifice the poor naked human victims to their impure and detestable idols."*

* It is the same single minded and reverend divine, who said in the most solemn manner, a few years since, before a Committee of the House of Commons—"I think, if emancipation were carried the whole of the Catholic population would consider their grievances, as it were, at an end. I am quite confident, it would produce in them a feeling of satisfaction, of confidence, and affection, towards government. I am convinced in my soul (*I never speak without sincerity*), the *we* (the priesthood) would have no mind, and no thought, and no will, but that which would lead us to incorporate ourselves fully and essentially with this great kingdom." It is the same gentleman, who in his late evidence before the parliamentary committee, boldly stated,—I advised the people to exercise their wit and ingenuity in preventing the payment of tithes. In writing pastorals, *I never look to the government as a government*. I have always a view to the peace of the country and the authority of the law. *I feel myself totally unconnected with the government*: and though bound as a subject in duty to give them any support in my power, my business in society has no reference to them:—in writing pastorals, *I look only to the interests of religion*, and to the good of the people over whom I am placed Bishop through the providence of God!"

Do we advert to these melancholy and every-day instances of uncandidness, misrepresentation and calumny in the Church of Rome in Ireland, to rouse retaliation or indignation in the breasts of Protestants? Far from it. He who has drunk deepest of the spirit of Protestantism rejects *all* weapons against his adversaries, but those of truth and love, and answers with the apostolic Leighton, when urged to act harshly to the Presbyterians in Scotland, in return for their unkind treatment of the Episcopalian Church—"for that very reason, let us *not* do so, but shew them the difference between their principles and ours." If our creed is more pure, and our church more scriptural than the Church of Rome, our spirit will be proportionably more charitable, our temper more subdued, our judgment more candid, and our hearts more sincere.

But we resume our subject. On the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the Reformation met with an insuperable obstacle in the prevailing ignorance of the English language. Moreover, the long series of troubles, which, through almost her entire reign, disturbed the Government, were terminated but just before her death, and though the humiliation of O'Neill and the suppression of the rebellion, in the last moments of her reign prepared a way for the blessings of order, tranquillity, and religious improvement, the lengthened struggle had raised up a Roman Catholic party strongly opposed to the Government; and to this were added the continued agitation of foreign influence, the Bulls of three Pontiffs and the interference of the arms and Universities of Spain. The great mass of the population was thus arrayed in a bitter hostility to the Government of the country that has continued to our own day, and is strongly illustrated by the *spirit* of the discussion, from 1799 till 1821, on the *Veto*, which it was proposed to give to the Crown on the appointment of the Roman Catholic Prelates in Ireland. No *effectual* exertions were made during Elizabeth's reign to give the people an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Scriptures in the Vernacular tongue, nor was the New Testament translated into Irish till the year 1602, nor the Book of Common Prayer till 1608. In 1629, Bedell, who it has been well remarked, was

worthy to have Sir Henry Welton as a patron, and Father Paolo Sarpi as a friend, and who, as well as Browne, was an Englishman, was advanced to the See of Kilmore. His exertions in the cause of Reformation were unceasing; but he had fallen upon evil times, and the small still voice of Scripture, which he laboured earnestly to spread over the land, was stifled amidst the tumultuous cry of massacre and rebellion. Between the accession of the House of Stuart and the year 1637, six incipient or meditated rebellions had been frustrated in Ireland; in 1605, 1607, 1628, and 1634. The voice of loud commotion now grew high in England also; a storm of discontent brooded over Scotland, and taking advantage of these circumstances, internal discord in the sister island rapidly increased.

From the rebellion of 1641 to the Restoration, Ireland was a scene of continual commotion. The Restoration, followed by the confiscation of a great portion of the lands of the Roman Catholics, produced a rancour of hostility, that set at defiance the progress of the Reformed Religion. Yet there were not wanting *some* active labourers in the good cause. In 1702 Atkins and Browne exerted themselves in the conversion of the native Irish, and addressed them in the Irish tongue. The latter used to attend a congregation of his Roman Catholic parishioners, when their service was concluded in the chapel, and read to them *in their own language*, the prayers of the Established Church. In 1710 a favourable opportunity presented itself of prosecuting the Reformation in the country. But it was about this time that the Parliament had completed that Penal Code which the great Burke pronounced, "a machine, as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." When, in concluding this hasty retrospect, we add to the above-mentioned cases, the ill-judged zeal of the Government who, in the maintenance of the connection with Great Britain, were vainly beat on enforcing amongst the reluctant Irish, the acquisition of the English language, instead of encouraging education and preaching in the vernacular tongue, it is no

matter of wonder that the knowledge of the Scriptures and the Reformation of Religion made so little progress in the land.*

Bishop Berkeley, one of the best, wisest, and greatest men whom Ireland has produced, saw this last evil more than a century ago, and what ought to be the remedy. In his *Querist* he asks, "whether there be an instance of a people being converted, in a Christian sense, otherwise than by preaching to them and instructing them in their own language? Whether Catechists in the Irish tongue may not easily be procured and subsisted? and whether this would not be the most practicable means for converting the natives? Whether it be not of great advantage to the Church of Rome that she hath clergy suited to all ranks of men, in general subordination, from cardinals down to mendicants? Whether her numerous poor clergy are not very useful in missions, and of much influence with the people? Whether it is not to be wished that parts of our Liturgy and Homilies were publicly read in the Irish language, and whether in these views it may not be right to breed up some of the better sort of children in the charity schools, and qualify them for missionaries catechists, and readers?"

This much-to-be-desired object is now in part attained. One of the greatest obstacles to the knowledge of Divine truth in Ireland, is, in a great degree, removed. The exertions of "The Irish Society," whose main ob-

ject is the circulation and preaching of the Scriptures in the Irish tongue, have been already crowned with cheering success—though the public are strangely lukewarm in their pecuniary support of this admirable Institution. There is no society in the land more deserving of the countenance of every friend to the religious reformation and education of the people. Its proceedings are fraught with the deepest interest, and assuredly there never was a period when especial exertion for the spread of scriptural knowledge in this country was so loudly called for as now, when it is notorious, that *every other* branch of education is spreading most rapidly among the people. We are not among those who deprecate the too great amount or diffusion of secular education. Let the "march of intellect" go forward, if the "march of righteousness" keep pace with it; but we sincerely and earnestly raise our voice against its *disproportionate* cultivation, for if the intellect is exercised in the acquisition of physical or political knowledge, without a proportionate moral and religious culture, a contemptuous scepticism, selfishness and discontent, and a spirit of unquiet, intolerant scorn will be engendered, which no human means can remove. It is well remarked by an able writer in our church, of the present day,† that "what is sufficient sacred knowledge for an uneducated person, becomes inadequate for him when educated. If the balance of intellectual exercise is not preserved, an utter indifference or

* Among the *secondary* causes of the comparative progress of a purer faith in England and Ireland, there is a curious and ingenious remark of the late R. Chenierise, Esq., F.R.S., in his posthumous *Essay on National Character*, "Surely," he says, "there was a cause existing before any communication had taken place between the two countries—namely, in their respective *natural* circumstances—in the more productive relation of soil to climate in one than in the other; in its geographical situation, which removed it further from the centre of early information, and made its union with its instructors less intimate; in its stronger tendency to remain without employment than to engage in active business; in its slower progress in the best mode of social improvement, from all which is derived a stronger attachment to imaginative than to pious religion. Let it be remembered also, that the most civilized and pious portion of Ireland—the north—is by nature the poorest."

The *Essay* from which the above is extracted, abounds in most interesting historical facts; which make it highly valuable, independently of the peculiar theories of Mr. Chenierise, which we are not, we confess, ready to embrace. The work is edited by a friend, a Gentleman at the Irish bar.

† The Rev. S. Hinds, Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.

a slow corroding scepticism in religion will result, fostered by the consciousness that difficulties, corresponding to those, that continue to perplex our view of revelation, have in other pursuits, been surmounted and removed."

Knowledge is power, but is it not power to do evil no less than to do good? The more powerful an instrument is, the more caution should be employed in using it.

The Almighty, in giving to his children different endowments of mind and body, and different opportunities and

circumstances, has taught us, that on the combined operation of all, depend the just working and harmony of the world. Secular knowledge, unaccompanied by religious culture, uniformly lays the foundation, especially among the lower classes, of vanity, discontent, insubordination, and discord, while the man whose heart is impressed in youth with the wisdom that is from above and with the promises and privileges of the Gospel enters upon the world like a bright river, which,

——having roll'd along
Thro' meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
When pour'd at length *into the dusky deep*,
Diedains to mingle with its briny taint,
But loves to keep the pure and golden tinge,
The balmy freshness of the fields it left.*

The intellectual All-in-all of the present day need not flatter himself that his favourite plan has the merit even of originality, in its favour. The speculative unbelievers, who infested France at the commencement of the Revolution, boldly avowed, that they could supply the place of religious instruction by an education founded on a knowledge of the physical wants of man, progressively carried to an enlightened self-interest, and that by an insight into the phenomena of nature, would be accomplished the moral perfectibility of man. "Eat of the Tree of knowledge," said they, like the serpent of old, "and ye shall be as the gods, knowing good and evil."..... This is, then, no newly

broached theory, but was long since tried in another country; and its results written in letters of blood, might, we think, deter the servile herd of imitators in these lands. But so it has been with the sophists in every age.

——Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew,
Destroy his fib or sophistry—in vain;
The creature's at his dirty work again.

But we need not confine our view to modern times, in determining the vicious effects of the diffusion of scientific and political knowledge among the people, when it is not based on a pure religious faith. Let him, to whom history is not a book with seven seals sealed, look back to the records of ancient Greece.

* Mrs. Fry's personal and long continued observation has enabled her to say, that among the numerous instances of moral improvement, which have taken place among the female criminals in Newgate, in London, *there is not a single case* which does not appear to have been derived, more or less, directly, from the daily perusal of the Holy Scriptures.—[See Report to Marquis Wellesley, by Elizabeth Fry, and Joseph John Gurney. Dublin 1827.]

So we have somewhere read that in a district of the Highlands, amidst the public commotions of 1688, scarcely any of the Highlanders, who had received Irish Bibles through the bounty of Mr. Boyle, or had been instructed through the Gaelic, in the knowledge of the truth, were at all implicated with the insurgents.

It is stated by the Commissioners of Irish Education Enquiry, in their first report in 1825, that "it is impossible to witness the proceedings of Sunday Schools" (in connexion with the Sunday School Society for Ireland) "even in the most cursory manner, without perceiving their beneficial tendency. A marked improvement in principle and conduct,—an increased respect to moral obligation,—a more general observance of relative duties,—and a greater deference to the laws, are *invariably* represented as among the fruits of the education there received, and we entertain no doubt that it is one of the most powerful instruments for raising the character and advancing the general welfare of the people."

From her physical situation, Greece received the full tide of political and scientific improvement and mercantile prosperity, which set in from Tyre and Phœnicia to the Atlantic. The spontaneous profusion of her soil, her genial climate, her thirst for knowledge, her genius, her intellectual refinement, her most exquisite perception of the beautiful in nature and in art, her language, whose rich harmonies, and universal capabilities, have never been; even approximated by any other, (unless we except the German under the magic wand of Goethe in the *Faust*, or of Wieland in his *Aristophanes*)—and lastly, a depth and universality in physical and metaphysical research and speculation, united in distinguishing the Greeks preeminently from every nation of antiquity; and that which, applied to any other country, is but the exaggeration of poetry, becomes, when applied to Greece, the language of truth.*

Yet all this refinement, this exquisite sense of beauty, this intense perception of nature and of art, united with a widely diffused scientific and political knowledge, were, as we are told by their poets, philosophers, and historians, wholly ineffectual, even in the zenith of their career, to secure to the Greeks those best of blessings, moral liberty and moral happiness. The people remained destitute of true wisdom, children in moral knowledge; and we have the united testimony of Thucydides, Plato, Socrates, and Aristophanes, that as intellectual refinement progressed, morals became deteriorated.

Whatever may have been the esoteric theories of a few philosophers, the brethren of the Porch, or the Academy, moral government, self-restraint, temperance, and dominion over the passions were, by "the general," alike neglected and despised. Luxury, intemperance, and licentiousness went hand in hand with science, literature, and political advancement. Justice was expediency—might, right—craft, wisdom. A belief in the Providence of God was treated as a fable. The young aspirant to political or literary fame was instructed, as we are told by

Plato, in his "laws," to disbelieve the existence of the gods, or that they were altogether indifferent to man and to his works; and we know, on the grave authority of Thucydides, that rashness was *taught* as true courage; cautious prudence as fear, modesty as cowardice, and indifference as wisdom. Trades' Unions were established, not for the legitimate advancement of trade, but for plunder and successful resistance to the law. Revenge was sweeter than truth, and oaths of friendship were of no obligation, but with those who had otherwise no power. Thus, concludes the historian of the Peloponnesian war, wickedness stalked abroad in every form throughout all Greece, and sincerity was laughed down. (Thucyd. b. 3.)

In reading this melancholy description, we might well suppose that our own age had sat for the picture, and we have dwelt the longer upon this subject, because there is not a more frightful evil in the present day, than the unbounded confidence reposed in the omnipotence of literary and scientific education, in advancing the moral interests and happiness of man.

In this last pursuit, our guides to ruin and pioneers to destruction, in contradiction to the voice of universal history, bid us fall down before their idol Intellect, as that which alone can render humanity eminently great and good, and would fain persuade us, that all the first sympathies of the heart with God and man, are superstitious phantoms, that should be at once and universally banished and broken up. "Delusion all and vain philosophy!" Have we unlearned or forgotten the experience of ancient Egypt, from whom Greece derived so largely, both her arts and learning?

Famous alike for science and for art, the Egyptians stood unrivalled in the heathen world, for their early civilization and their mighty monuments, that survived the triumphs of Roman greatness, and the conquests of Persia, and, after the lapse of 3000 years, continue proudly to resist the injuries of the atmosphere and the ravages of barbarism. Egypt was the cradle of science—the first seat of regular government,

* See the beautiful *Götter Griechenlands* of Schiller. St. 2.

and the ingenious labours of her *artists* have never been equalled even by the improvements of modern Europe, as the temples of Carnac and Luxor, the tombs of Gornoo and the grottos of Elythias, amply attest. Yet we are assured, that of all the nations of antiquity, Egypt was the most polytheistic, her worship the most *debas*ing and idolatrous, and she herself infamous and ridiculous, even amongst the other Pagans, for her worship of brute animals, for her splendid temples, erected to a cat, an ape, a crocodile, and a dog! He who has traced the threads and combinations of events, wrought out in the loom of time, has learned what history testifies in every page, that there is and must be a *progressive order* in the education of man, whose grades cannot be interchanged, nor any one of them overstepped, without individual and national evil. If the senses, affections, and passions, are unduly stimulated, and the social reason's inner sense is neglected, the *moral man* becomes ineffectual for good; he is the slave of impulses, and his energies are never steadily directed to one permanent aim.

In such a character there is wanting what the painter calls that fulness of effect—that combined harmony—that principal or master-light, in relation to which all the other lights of the picture should be but secondary, and by which they should be adjusted, and the *whole* is thus sacrificed to individual parts.

The consequences of such education

are singularly illustrated by the national character of the Irish, amongst whom that glorious habit has been so long neglected,

— By which sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes
Auxiliar to divine.

WORDSWORTH.

The ceremonial of their religion—their political history—their mercurial temperament, subject, in an extraordinary degree, to the most passionate emotions, have conspired, with a misguided education, to make them what they are; but if this national and extreme warmth of affections, under the controul of educated reason, were engaged on the side of religious truth, we might well expect them to become one of the most religious nations on the globe. Ireland, now a moral wilderness—a sea of sand, where scarce one sunny “spot of greenery” appears, might become like Eden—the garden of the Lord: joy and gladness be found in her, thanksgiving and the voice of melody, until her every isle should wait upon the Lord, and in his arm should they trust.*

On the other hand, if the intellect is highly cultivated, or physical, historical, and political research unduly encouraged, while the *moral* affections continue in darkness and in the thralldom of natural habits, turbulent passions, and propensities, uncontrouled by *religious* principle; the character thus formed, does not, indeed, remain *ineffectual*, but while the moral feelings and sympathies lie neglected, and

* Around the coast of Ireland and in her inland lakes, there are more than five hundred islands and islets. In Clew Bay alone, on the west coast, together with the holms and rocks above the surface of the water, there are more than two hundred. These, if planted, would give to this inlet of the sea a picturesque beauty superior to almost any thing of the kind in Europe. There are about 140 islands inhabited, the gross population of which was estimated, many years since, at more than 40,000.

They are connected with the parishes on the main land; five, six, ten, eleven, and, in one instance, fifteen islands are united to one of those parishes. This circumstance has contributed much to prevent the public becoming acquainted with, and feeling an interest in them. The Island of Achill, or the Eagle Island, is not less than thirteen miles in length; it contained more than ten years ago 4,000 inhabitants. A great majority of the islanders speak the Irish language alone;—the exertions of the Irish Society are laudably directed to the circulation of the Scriptures amongst them in their own tongue, and they well deserve the utmost public support.

It is, moreover, now well ascertained, that the encouragement of education in the vernacular language of the peasantry, is the surest means of promoting amongst them the knowledge of the language spoken by the upper and civilized ranks. In the Highlands, the Isle of Man, in Wales, in Brittany, and in Bohemia, this end has been thus obtained after the failure of every other attempt.—See Anderson's “Native Irish.”

dropping back, as it were, into a state of original *savagery* or wild growth. Science acts only as a destructive element—true knowledge degenerates into false knowledge—and the broader the superficiality over which it is extended, the more luxuriantly it diffuses itself—the closer it clings, like the bind-weed, to the soil—the more blighting and ruinous are its effects.*

Even the heathen philosophers were fully impressed with the priority which the sympathies of nature, and moral, and religious knowledge justly claim over physical or political science, and they assigned to the latter, both in regard to time and place, a secondary and subordinate station. Cicero and Plato have written on this subject, in a spirit of truth and wisdom, worthy even of Christian philosophers. The latter somewhere speaks of the *grand principle* of education being the development of the moral sympathies of man; and how beautifully eloquent and philosophical is Cicero upon the same subject?†

If the exertions now made to diffuse among the people a smatter in physical and political sciences, "the epidemic of

a proud ignorance," a sickly and hectic sciolism, which occupies the passing moment, and leaves a medley of confused recollections instead of permanent knowledge;—if the same exertions were directed to the propagation of moral and religious truth, Ireland might soon boast of a peasantry and people, that would stand, as a wall of fire around her. Secular knowledge might be *then* laid securely, and built to loftier heights, and science become a precious visitant, and worthy of her name.

But unless the *foundation* is thus laid in morals and religion, we expose, as it were, the poor peasant, or artizan, the hewer of wood or drawer of water, whose livelihood is earned by the sweat of his brow, to the delusive light on the treacherous fen; we put a firebrand in his hand; we mislead him by a dazzling glare, (as the meteor-lights on the Mählström attract the traveller, till he is swallowed down in its eddies)—a glare, around which darkness closes, to plunge him in a sea of wild conceits.

He becomes discontented with his situation, and repines at the moral dispensations of Providence, and can we

* See the *Philosophie des Lebens* of the late Frederick Schlegel of Vienna.

† "Cum Animus, cognitis perceptisque virtutibus, voluptatem, sicut laborem aliquam decoris opprimerit, societatemque caritatis coierit cum suis cultumque deorum et puram religionem susceperit, et exacerit illam, ut oculorum, sic ingenii aciem; ad bona deligenda, et rejicienda contraria; quid eo dici, aut excogitari poterit beatus? Idemque cum cælum, terram, maria, rerumque omnium naturam perspexerit, eaque unde generata, quo recurrant, quando, quo modo obitura; ipsumque ea moderantem et regentem pæne prehenderit, seseque non unis circumdatum manibus, popularem alicujus definiti loci, sed civem totius mundi, quasi unius urbis, agnoverit; in hac ille magnificentia rerum atque in hoc conspectu et cognitione naturæ, quam ipse se noscet? Quam contemnet, quam despiciet, quam pro nihilo putabit, ea quæ vulgo dicuntur amplissima.—*De Legibus*, l. 23."

"When man, conscious of his spiritual privileges, is taught to disdain the indulgence of sensual appetite and ungoverned passion, and to cherish the tender sympathies of humanity, deeming all, of a common nature with him, his kindred and his friends; when he embraces the worship of a supreme power, and a pure faith, having his mind's-eye enlightened to choose *moral* good, and reject *moral* evil, is it possible to imagine a being happier than he?

And when *thus* educated, he acquires a knowledge of the physical world, and surveys the heavens, earth, and sea, and all things therein, discerning whence they sprang and whither they tend; and having, as it were, almost reached the Governor and Ruler of them all, he discovers himself to be a citizen, not of any one place, but of the universe, as one common city; in this magnificent view of creation—in this unbounded prospect and contemplation of Providence, how will he learn to *know himself*?—How will he despise and set at nought those idols, to which the natural man pays a supreme and selfish worship?"

Such were the opinions of a heathen philosopher, and they are worthy of the most enlightened divines of our own day.

be surprised, if insubordination and discord are the result?

Discordia demens

Viperum crinem vitis innoxia cruentat.

But let the same exertions be directed in another channel, and he will be raised, not indeed as a scientific sciolist or political wrangler, but as a candidate for heaven, *purus morum apud Moros* with a knowledge of his present duties and future interests, and enlightened with the cheerful light of contentment, brotherly love, resignation, magnanimity and immortality.

But we turn from the consideration of what Ireland *might* be, under the influence of a sound, national, scriptural education, to consider what she *is*.

But amidst her multiplicity of evils to which shall we turn first? We hear many intelligent and reflecting men declare, that "the head and front" of all the ills of Ireland is the character of her landlords; and that the circumstances, under which the relation of landlord and tenant exists in this country, furnish the only clue to her complicated labyrinth of woe. It is indeed too true, that, as in Swift's day, the rents are still often "squeezed out of the very blood and vitals of the peasantry," and our landlords may be described, in too many instances, in the words of Grattan; as "the last great scourge of the husbandman."

It is not long since the Secretary for Ireland stated in the House of Commons, speaking of the existing famine in the western counties, that where the rental was between £10,000, and £11,000 per annum, only £100 was contributed by the landlords to relieve their starving peasantry, and that while the subscriptions were thus trifling, *rents were high, and exacted to the uttermost*. But we do not mean to dwell on this topic at present, both because it is our intention to advert to it at greater length on a future occasion, and also, because it cannot be justly considered, *the great evil of Ireland*. The main source of her misery lies far deeper—in her want of scriptural education, and her consequent slavish subjugation to the demagogue, and the demagogue—priest.

We have friends, both Protestants and Roman Catholics, who condemn, (we are sure honestly, though with unsparing severity) the measures which the present government feel obliged to

adopt towards Ireland; and it is in vain that we represent to them, what they cannot deny, that this country, though nominally under a free monarchy, is really weighed down by the iron hand of a despotic ochlocracy, or mob, and that she has excluded *herself* from the pale of the British constitution: a tyranny that laughs at laws and rulers, has long maintained a reign of terror and espionage, and chained down its unnumbered victims in a slavish bondage. In the absence of all *moral* control, physical restraint and military sway as *must* of necessity be resorted to.

"It is quite plain," said the Lord Chief Justice, at the late Special Commission in the Queen's County, that ordinary laws, calculated for civilized communities, are not applicable to a country so circumstanced." "It is become absolutely necessary," said Lord John Russell, in a recent debate in the House of Commons upon Ireland, "to lodge *supreme* power in the hands of responsible persons as a means of terror. Terror exists at present, and would it not be better that it should be an engine in the hands of educated and responsible persons, than in the hands of the midnight murderer?" "All men," says Edmund Burke, "who desire liberty, deserve it; we cannot forfeit our right to it, but by what forfeits our title to the privileges of our kind, I mean the abuse or oblivion of our rational faculties, and a *ferocious indocility*, which makes us prompt to wrong and violence, destroys our social nature, and transforms us into something little better than wild beasts. To men so degraded, a state of strong restraint is a necessary substitute for freedom; bad as it is, it may deliver them from the worst of all slavery, the despotism of their own blind and ungoverned passions. The freedom that I love is not solitary, unconnected, individual, selfish, but that in which the liberty of no man, and no body of men is in a condition to trespass on the liberty of any person, or any description of persons in society." So Grattan said of Ireland in 1800, under circumstances extremely analogous to its present state. "In pity to Ireland, arm the government with sufficient powers to suppress these outrages. If you leave their suppression to the present administration of the law, without entrusting the government with additional force and powers, you are do-

prising Ireland of that to which she is entitled, in return for her allegiance: I mean the protection of the lives and property of her people."

Now what is the present state of Ireland? The demagogue stalks uncontrolled throughout the land, stirring up all the worst passions of uncultivated nature, and goading on the ignorant peasant to deeds of darkness and death. He laughs at the terrors of the law, transforms himself, like Proteus, into every shape, slips through every trammel which the law imposes, and smiles, in triumphant derision, upon its administrators. And so little is the situation of the country altered in this respect, in the last 300 years, that its present state cannot be better described than in the words of the preamble of an act passed in the 10th year of Henry Seventh, about A.D. 1495.

"Prayen the Commons, that in consideration of the great and haynous abusions and errors had within the land of Ireland, by reason of an usurpation or pretended prescription, declaring that it hath been used time out of mind, that *all manner of evil disposed persons* have need to have succour, tuition, supportation, and *free liberty* within the said land, without any molestation, notwithstanding any writ, privy seal, the great seal, letters, missives, &c., the which abusion and enormity is declared and spoken of through all Christian realms, to the great shame and derision of, &c."

When Mr. Gurney and Mrs. Fry visited Ireland in 1827, and, in pursuance of His Excellency's request, reported their observations to Marquis Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant, they expressed much surprise that, at the Tipperary assizes, a considerable number of persons committed for trial, chiefly for violent crimes, were discharged, because the prosecutors deemed it more prudent to forfeit their recognizances, than to run the risk of appearing against the offenders.

But this was then, and has been since, a matter of common occurrence in Ireland. The gross number of commitments on charges of murder, in the years 1822, 1823, 1826, 1827, 1828, was eighteen hundred and nineteen: the convictions two hundred and ninety-six, being *less than one-sixth!* Such an extraordinary inequality presents one of the most deplorable features in the administration of the law

in Ireland, and though, probably, it may be attributed, in part, to the inconsiderate haste and incautiousness with which justices of the peace too frequently issue warrants of commitment. It was, in a great degree, the result of a system of intimidation, under which prosecutors shrunk from their duty, and are afraid to substantiate their charge; and of the disregard of the obligation of an oath, so common in the witness box in every Court of Assize.

It has been ascertained, by the Report of the Committee on the State of the Poor of Ireland in 1880, that the commitments for perjury in Ireland are nearly three times greater than in the so much greater population of England, and that the convictions are greater in the proportion of seventy-five to forty-two.

It appears, by the same report, that while, in England, the number of cases in which no prosecution takes place or no bills are found, in the higher offences, scarcely equals one-ninth of the total commitments—in Ireland they almost equal one-third.

The evidence before the same Committee, and the result of the late Special Commissions seem, however, to show that this uncertainty in the administration of the law is, on the whole, decreasing, chiefly from the operations of the constabulary force, which moreover, furnishes the best witnesses in the great majority of Crown prosecutions, and also, from the increased cautiousness and more anxious investigation on the part of the magistrates before commitment. The average number of commitments for offences generally, from the year 1822 to 1828 inclusive, was sixteen thousand one hundred and nineteen. In 1827, there were committed eighteen thousand and thirty-one, and in 1828, fourteen thousand six hundred and eighty-three, while throughout England and Wales there were, in the former year only seventeen thousand nine hundred and twenty-one, and, in the latter, sixteen thousand five hundred and sixty-four. It is to be observed, however, that the Irish criminal returns comprehend offences (as assaults, &c.), not included in the English tables." In the debate on the "Address," at the opening of this session, the Secretary for Ireland stated in the House of Commons, that in Kilkenny there had been during the

last year thirty-two murders and attempts at murder, thirty-four cases of house-burning, five hundred and nineteen burglaries, thirty-six cases of houghing cattle, and one hundred and seventy-eight illegal notices and serious assaults, endangering life; and that in the Queen's County murders and attempts at murders were sixty, burnings and riots six hundred and twenty-six, malicious injuries to property 115, and serious assaults endangering life two hundred and nine. "This list," he continued, "frightful as it is, contains *only a small portion* of the offences which have been committed against the law, and were reported to the police and other authorities. He also mentioned, that although one hundred and twenty proclamations had been issued by government offering rewards to the amount of £12,000 for bringing offenders to justice, yet such is the condition of the country, that only in two instances were these proclamations successful.

And this frightful state exists, while a military force is stationed there, larger and more effectual than at any former time, the numbers of the regular army being, as stated by Lord Grey, as four to one, compared with the numbers even at the time of the rebellion.

To illustrate the real state of crime in Ireland, we will avail ourselves of the very able and important charge of the present Lord Chief Justice, on the opening of the late special commission at Maryborough on the 23rd of last May.

"It is scarcely two months," said his lordship, "since the goal of this county was delivered at an assizes, *which lasted almost three times the usual period*. During the greater part of that time, two judges were engaged in separate courts in criminal trials, yet your prison is again thronged, not with that class of offenders, whose crimes grow out of the frailties of man in his individual character, but with *insurgents systematically confederated together against the laws and institutions of their country*."

In that short interval it appears, from the reports of the police department, that more than three hundred outrages have been committed, of every class from murder downwards: in about sixty cases informations have been taken, and the calendar before us exhibits a list of one hundred and

twenty-five prisoners already made amenable.

If a landlord looks for a good tenant—if a farmer proposes for a vacant farm—if a master hires a servant from another county or province—if a higher rent, or lower wages have been paid than those confederates approve, all these have been represented as so many grievances; and the deluded people have persuaded themselves, or have been persuaded by others, to think, that it is their duty to redress them.

I cannot recollect an instance in the experience of many years, and it is a formidable view of our situation, in which a man has been charged with an insurrectionary offence, whose crime could be traced to want or poverty.

Men are deliberately assassinated in the open day, who have in any way become obnoxious to the insurgents, or opposed their system, or refused to participate in their outrages; and sometimes the unoffending members of a family are indiscriminately murdered by burning the habitation of one devoted victim. Entire classes are proscribed by them, especially those who, in any way, from the highest to the lowest department, contribute to the administration of justice. The humble being, who earns his bread by serving the process of a court of law, is held up to public hatred, and persecuted like a noxious animal. The witness who gives evidence in a court of justice, is stigmatised as an informer, and devoted to general execration; and the juryman is ordered on pain of death not to discharge his duty. *It is quite plain, that ordinary laws, calculated for civilized communities are not applicable to a country so circumstanced.*

An incident occurred at the same commission, which throws light upon the moral state of Ireland, and shows, in a remarkable manner, the feelings entertained and encouraged by the Roman Catholics towards their Protestant brethren. In the case of the King against Francis Adams and Thomas Langton, who were Roman Catholics, and stood charged with a transportable felony.

A challenge was made to the array of the pannel; it was insisted that it had not been arrayed by the sheriff, nor by the sub-sheriff, but by a third person, and that persons had been put

upon it in high places, who were more likely to convict the prisoners than others who had been left off, or had been placed lower upon the panel. "When I look," said the Chief Justice, "at the words of the challenge, I cannot imagine how the evidence we have heard, supposing all the inferences claimed from it to be well-founded, can apply to the question before us. *Unless we are bound to identify that insurrection and the crimes it has produced with the religion of the prisoners, an insult and calumny in which I cannot consent to participate*, yet I am at a loss to discover any other grounds for this anomalous proceeding, except the assumption of that opinion, which I have deprecated, that the wicked and dangerous conspiracy now infesting this country, is identified with the profession of the Roman Catholic faith.

The sheriff was honourably acquitted by the triers of both charges, that had been without the least foundation, malignantly made against him. *The Counsel for the prisoners were, we understand, Roman Catholics; and thus a want of confidence in the administration of the laws, is inculcated on the lower classes, with no other effect, than that of increasing hatred and vengeance amongst the deluded people.*

When we turn to the evidence before the committee of the House of Lords, in 1824, on Ireland, we find men of the highest integrity, intelligence, and great professional experience, bearing the strongest testimony to the firmness of the administration of the law in the country.

Mr. Bennett, K.C., who had some time previously administered the Insurrection act in the County of Kildare and part of the King's County, was asked,

Do you think that the people have had no reason for supposing the laws to be partially administered in Ireland but the circumstance of their being told that they are so?

"I do; as far as my experience goes, they have been most impartially administered."

To what parts of the kingdom does your experience particularly refer?

"I have been called to the bar since Easter Term 1800,..... I have gone the Munster circuit, and my experience has been latterly considerable. I have

uniformly been attentive to the administration of justice, and my observation is, that the laws have been most impartially and fairly administered."

To the same effect is the evidence of Mr. Blacker, K.C., who went the North East circuit for many years, and administered the Insurrection Act in Tipperary and Cork.

"As far as your experience goes, have Jurors always been fairly struck?"

"I think so: I never heard any complaint, that there was any system pursued, which led to any unfair decisions of Jurors."

"As far as your experience goes, have you ever had any reason to doubt the impartial administration of justice in any part of Ireland?"

"None."

The evidence of his Grace, the Duke of Leinster, of Mr. Wrixon Becher, then a member of the House of Commons, and a magistrate in the county of Cork, of Mr. Newenham, and of Mr. M'Carty, also three magistrates in the south of Ireland, is precisely to the same effect.

But it little matters what is the character of jurors in a country, in which, as Lord Grey lately stated in the House of Lords, out of a panel of 265 jurors, only 76 dared to attend the Assizes, under apprehension of their lives.

But we are often told, that all this insubordination and crime arises out of the abhorrence of the peasantry to tithes. Now how is this assertion borne out by fact?

"The Attorney-General for Ireland," said Lord Grey in the House of Lords on the 16th of last February, "states, that shocked as he is at the catalogue of crime, *he does not find out of 150 cases, a single one connected with tithes!* The widow and the helpless orphan are the victims of the existing tyranny: and every act of atrocity is committed under circumstances, which make the blood run cold." So Mr. Barrington, the Crown Solicitor for Munster, states, in his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, that from the passing of the Composition Act, there was not a single outrage in Munster connected with tithe.

But we turn from this desolate picture to another page in the moral statistics of the country.

The subject of Friendly Societies

amongst the lower classes, though much neglected by our politicians, is both in a moral and political view, of most serious importance.

We have had, professionally, personal knowledge of their operation, and know them to have been, in many instances, sources of alarming evil. They are scarcely ever under the patronage and guidance of persons of influence and respectability. The distribution of their funds is on a scale altogether false, and the greatest frauds are practised with impunity and with success. The members are not subject to any effectual control, and the monthly or weekly meetings, which are usually held in public-houses, and become, in many instances, arenas of angry political discussion, are most favourable occasions of entering into combinations against manufacturers and farmers, ruinous alike to the employers and the employed, of exciting rancorous party-spirit, both in politics and religion, and of secret and diabolical associations.... That this is the case very generally in the South of Ireland, we were recently informed by an intelligent English manufacturer, who has been for many years at the head of a Benefit Society in one of the largest of our southern counties.

Indeed, the entire organisation of Friendly Societies in Ireland, seems most objectionable. The committees of management should, we think, uniformly consist, in part, if not altogether, of honorary members, consisting of influential country gentlemen, respectable master manufacturers, merchants, and wholesale shopkeepers. Thus a check would be provided on the abuse of the funds, and a sympathy would be created between the employers and the employed, and between landlords and tenants, which is so much to be desired, and has been hitherto so lamentably neglected in Ireland. It is sincerely to be wished that the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated, should thus meet together, and be brought into friendly co-operation, under a mutual sense of the several relations in which it has pleased God to place them. The rich should take upon themselves the *expense* and trouble of the management, and the others alone receive the benefit. Where the funds are managed exclusively, as is usual, by the

members personally interested in them, great frauds frequently prevail. The ignorance of the lower classes respecting compound interest, and the best mode of investing their funds, prevents their availing themselves fully of the pecuniary opportunities presented.

The *general* meetings should consist of honorary Trustees and Directors, but not of the members at large. The latter, however, should be at liberty to attend as visitors, and such as had incurred penalties, or were to be deprived of sick pay, to which they claimed to be entitled, should be heard in their defence, and any suggestions, which they thought proper to make, should be courteously received, and deliberated upon.

It would be desirable that the advantages of a life annuity insurance should be *occasionally* united with the ordinary objects of a friendly society. This has been done successfully in various parts of England. In this case, the amount of weekly or monthly contributions should be proportioned to the age of each member. The funds ought to be allocated to secure relief to subscribers in sickness, or when unavoidably out of employment, to provide medicine at reduced prices, to afford support in old age, or secure a sum of money, payable, on the death of a subscriber, to his family, or in his lifetime, on a child attaining a particular age. Tables for the direction of such societies have been constructed by Mr Finlayson, one of the actuaries in the National Debt Office, and are abstracted in the British Almanack for this year.

One of the great evils connected with friendly societies is the habit of holding their meetings in public houses. The Report of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1827, mentions one society which spent £86 in one year, in dinners. When Mr. Becher wrote his excellent pamphlet on the constitution of these institutions, there were 925,489 members in England, and supposing each member to spend sixpence at each meeting, and that there were, as there generally are, fifteen meetings in the year, £347,053 would have been, at that time, the sum *annually* spent in public houses! Every honorary member should contribute some annual or original sum to the funds. The most eligible means of

instituting such societies is to gain the confidence of the poor by a voluntary subscription in the first instance. Institutions thus originated upon principles and feelings of benevolence, are more satisfactory both to the feelings of those who receive and of those who provide relief. (See the evidence of Mr. Becher before the Committee of the House of Commons.)

The plan adopted by the Highland Society of Scotland, of giving premiums of £21 each for the two best returns from friendly and benefit societies in Scotland, is well worthy of imitation. Communications were received in one year from 79 societies.

It is said that no society should consist of less than 200 members; amongst a very few individuals the law of average cannot be depended upon.

In many cases it would be desirable to unite a Savings bank with a *provincial* friendly society. This has been done in Liverpool. The two establishments were combined in the same place, managed by the same secretary, and superintended by the same directors. The concurrence of the two institutions is recommended by the Committee of the House of Commons, which reported on friendly societies in 1827.

These societies have several advantages over Savings banks. The power of commanding the deposits and withdrawing them at pleasure is as frequently a temptation to the improvident, as it is beneficial to prudent and speculative industry. Savings banks, moreover, can be considered only as depositories for the private advantage of each contributor. Friendly societies develop the social sympathies of our nature, giving the poor an opportunity of bearing each others' burdens, and inducing them to insure *for one another*

subsistence in sickness and age from the combined products of their mutual exertions in health and youth.*

Much useful information and many valuable hints are contained in Mr. Becher's numerous pamphlets on this subject, and in the *Tradesmans' and Mechanics' Almanack* for 1830, to which the reader is referred.

It is also desirable that a lending library should be connected with every friendly, benefit, or loan society. The books that should be introduced might contain the *elements* of domestic economy, improved agriculture, the simpler trades, and mechanical inventions, or short narratives and explanations of the evils of trade combinations, of the principles regulating wages, the conduct useful to be pursued in times of scarcity, and above all, illustrations of the dispensations of Divine Providence in the subordination of different classes and individuals in society, and of the happiness which results from moral order, industry, brotherly love, temperance, and peace.

But until the present organization of friendly societies is altogether changed they should be discouraged in Ireland, and should receive no patronage, especially from the legislature. The late act in their favour expired in the summer of last year. Many societies had delayed or neglected to take advantage of it, and we think there is much reason to regret that it was revived and extended last session. Otherwise many, if not all of those societies, that had neglected to avail themselves of the former act, might have been put on a different foundation and entirely remodelled.

In the above view of the *moral* state of Ireland, we have purposely avoided suggesting or considering any *immediate* measures, which it may be desirable

* With regard to Savings Banks, in Ireland, it appears from the Report of a Committee of the House of Commons in 1830, that the deposits in that year were greatly less than those of the two preceding years, and that the sums drawn out exceeded the amount paid in. Taking however into account, the operation of the last Act for the regulation of these Banks, reducing the rate of interest, and limiting the amount of deposits, the committee did not consider that any inference could be drawn, materially unfavourable to the economic condition of the people.

It appears by the returns of the National Debt Office, that in the subsequent year, 1831, the deposits considerably exceeded those of the preceding year, and the same returns shew, that while in 1830—31—32, the amount paid in was £800,069, the sums drawn out amounted to £762 19s. 6d. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that

that *legislature* should adopt. A *great deal* has been written and a *great deal* said upon this topic during the last twelve months, and when the proposed measures of the present Government come into action, it is to be hoped that *something* will, at length, be *done*. Much valuable information and many excellent suggestions may be derived from the evidence before the Parliamentary Committee last session, which, together with the report, deserves the most anxious consideration. But there are *gradual* and *permanent* remedies, such as those above suggested (the religious education of the people, and an earnest and systematic sympathy between the upper and lower classes, which it rests with the former to create and to maintain), without which temporary measures of physical restraint, or the removal of taxation, or of any other alleged pecuniary grievances, can produce no solid good, nor restore permanent tranquillity. He then, who will earnestly promote the measures, and labour to counteract the evils, political and religious, which we have thus hastily enumerated, and, above all, who humbly but ardently strives for the universal diffusion of scripture truth, would justly be entitled—"Ireland's true Patriot."

Hitherto, throughout her long and dreary annals she has had few such. Yet the language of Lord Bolingbroke is no less true than eloquent, that, "Neither Des Cartes, in building new worlds, nor Newton, in establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys, than *he* feels, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions to the good of his country."

We would rejoice that these words were graven with a pen of iron on the heart of every Irishman, then "she who has lain among the pots," and been a bye-word to the nations, should be "as the wings of a dove, that is covered with silver wings, and her feathers like gold." The voice of joy and health would, with God's blessing, be heard in

her dwellings; her land, now rent by civil and religious discord, obedient to the beck of the demagogue, and the slave of every evil passion, would become a scene of industry, contentment, prosperity and peace; and the beautiful apostrophe of Schiller in his "Song of the Bell," where he contrasts the serene stillness and security of the inhabitants reposing under the watchful eye of order and law, with the horrors of *moral* insanity, insurrection and murder, would, at length, be realised. With regard to the great subject of scriptural education, which must be our sheet anchor, in the sea of troubles on which our country is cast, no one who knows the Irish can possibly doubt of their thirst to drink of the chrysal streams of the Divine Word, and to investigate those truths which relate to their permanent being, (*et ævum æ*), where they are not thwarted by their priests. The progress of the Sunday School Society in the last ten years, amidst every species of threat, promise, terror, and excommunication, is alone an abundant proof. The Irish were, indeed, remarkable for their earnest desire for scriptural knowledge two centuries since. Dr. Owen, who came over in 1649, at the instance of Cromwell, speaks of them as "a numerous multitude of as thirsty a people after the Gospel as I ever conversed with." When he returned to England, he took occasion, in a sermon preached before the Parliament, to urge the preaching of the truth in Ireland. "The people," he said, "are sensible of their wants, and cry out for supply. The tears and cries of the inhabitants after the manifestations of Christ are ever in my view. If they were in the dark and loved to have it so, it might somewhat close a door on the bowels of our compassion; but they cry out of their darkness, and are ready to follow every one, to have a candle." These remarks are even more applicable to the Irish of the present day; to those at least, who are not yet enrolled in murder's ruffian bands, nor spell-bound in the thralldom of the cruel demagogue.

the returns from the county of Dublin alone include nearly one-fourth of the total number of accounts, one-fifth of the total amount, and almost one-half of the increase shown in the number of depositors, while in England, the returns from Middlesex include a proportion as nearly as possible coincident with its population, as compared with that of the whole kingdom.

In 1827, two of the Commissioners of Education Enquiry stated, that about twenty years before, the scriptures were not read in so many as 600 schools in Ireland; "at present," they say, "we have ascertained, and stated in our second report, that they have found their way into 6,058 *daily* schools, independent of *Sunday Schools*." It is worthy of remark, that of the 6,058 *daily* schools in which the scriptures were then read, only 1,879 were connected with any societies whatever, whether those aided by Government or those supported by individual contributions. In the remaining 4,179 schools the scriptures had been adopted by the voluntary choice of the conductors and teachers, the latter of whom are generally dependent for their livelihood upon the pleasure of the parents of their pupils, a signal proof that there is no repugnance to scriptural instruction amongst the people, and not less an illustration of the effects silently produced by the example and competition of better institutions upon the common schools of the country. Only a few months have elapsed since a declaration was sent from Kingscourt district to "The Irish Society," signed by 3,221 *Roman Catholics*, masters and adult scholars, in connection with the Society, claiming the right and expressing an earnest desire for scriptural education in their *native* tongue. "In our humble sphere of life," say the petitioners, "we have more sure and certain means to know and ascertain the real sentiments of the peasantry, relative to scriptural education than any member of his Majesty's Government. We most truly and solemnly declare that the Irish peasantry, in general, are sincerely and zealously attached to the scriptures; that, instead of objecting to send their children to Bible schools, the very circumstance of the Bible being read in a school will induce many to prefer that school. We would refer to the thousands of the *adult Catholic population* at present in the scriptural schools of the Irish Society."

The same zeal for scriptural knowledge has shown itself in no less degree amongst the native Irish, in St. Giles's, London. The Reverend H. Beamish writes, in March, 1832, that "several hundreds, both of the English and Irish versions of the scriptures, were distributed amongst the poor

during the preceding year; and I have now before me," he adds, "a list of *ninety-two Roman Catholics*, who, by the blessing of God upon the preached Gospel, have been led to embrace Protestantism. These persons have received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at our Chapel, and have joined the communion of our Church."

So we learn from the last report of the Kildare-street Society, that, notwithstanding the establishment of the New Board of Education and the exertions of the priests, the number of *Roman Catholic* children in the schools in connexion with the society, *never was so great*. Will not these facts *open the eyes* of many worthy and sensible men, who were led blindfold into the delusion, that Scriptural education is received unwillingly by the *Roman Catholic laity* in Ireland?

The present momentous crisis demands the devoted and uncompromising exertions of government, and the earnest and vigorous promotion of sound, religious national education by every man of rank, property, or influence in the country. Let religious and moral knowledge be the first aim, secular knowledge a secondary and subordinate object. When writing to James First, on the proposed plantation of Ulster, Lord Bacon said, "A work, of all others, most memorable, your majesty has now in hand; specially if your majesty *join the harp of David in casting out the evil spirit of superstition*, with the harp of Orpheus in casting out desolation and barbarism."

We are aware, that many worthy individuals have been latterly led away from the path of perseverance in Scriptural education, by a notion of a growing liberality and tolerance, and an adoption of more enlightened principles in the Church of Rome; and we are often told by amiable and religious persons, that her prelates and pastors, if not irritated by the misjudged zeal and by suspicions of the proselytizing spirit of their Protestant rivals, would readily concede to the earnest and almost universal desire, of the Irish peasantry, to become acquainted with the Scriptures, and that they are not opposed to the circulation of the version of their own church amongst the people. Now, we are sure, that those who say so, cannot have read the

evidence which was given, but a short time since, before the Commissioners of Education Inquiry, relative to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth, nor do they remember what Mr. Donnellan, a *Roman Catholic gentleman*, and nephew to Lord Fingall, stated before the Commissioners, saying "that the peasantry in Connaught could scarcely distinguish between a Testament and any other book of the same size on a religious subject." I think he added, "we may say, in general, they do not understand that the Bible contains the Word of God, the History of our Saviour, the History of the Creation, and the Redemption of the World!"

With regard to the *historical* argument afforded by the continuous past History of the Church of Rome, we do not mean to ground our opinions upon *that*. We are aware, that this is slighted and sneered at by the liberalism, indifference, and the *sufficient wisdom* of the present day. "Le monde est trop indisciplinable, pour profiter des maladies des siècles passés. Chaque nation se comporte, comme s'il était le premier venu." Boyle seems to have anticipated, in these words, the peculiar character of the present day. But, unhappily, we have too abundant proof afforded of the unchanged spirit of that church, by the avowed sentiments, doctrines, and tenets of its leaders at this very hour. In the late encyclical letter of the present Pope, Gregory XVI., published in Ireland about seven months since, by the bookseller of the College at Maynooth, His Holiness speaks of "a general *liberty of conscience*, as an absurd, mistaken notion, or rather a delirious raving, and most pestilent error!" (*Ser potius deliramentum, assesendam esse ac vindicandam cuilibet libertatem conscientie: quidam pestilentissimo errori, &c.*) In another paragraph, he descants upon "*the wicked ravings and schemes of the Waldenses, Wickliffites, and other similar sons of Belial, the offshootings and disgrace of human nature (humani generis sordes ac dedecora)* who were *justly* so often anathematised

by this Holy See." He calls upon the Prelates of the Church "frequently to remember that the Universal Church is shaken by *any novelty whatsoever*, and that *nothing*, once regularly defined, *ought to be retrenched, changed or increased*," and concludes this enlightened document by conjuring the same prelates to lift up their eyes and hands to the most blessed Virgin Mary, "*who alone has destroyed all heresies*, who fills with the greatest confidence, or rather, *who is the whole foundation of our hope.*" (*Tota ratio spei nostræ.*) May she, by her intercession, &c.

While such opinions and doctrines are entertained and promulgated by the Head of the Roman Church, can any be so absurd as to expect that its pastors will co-operate *with sincerity* in an endeavour to promote the knowledge of the scriptures amongst the people, and thus to ameliorate the moral feelings and soften the outrageous passions of the Irish peasantry?

How long are Protestants to continue lukewarm in this work, and quietly to look on, while ignorance, and hatred, and vengeance, and murder, stalk thro' the land?

The memory of no living man can recollect Ireland in such a condition as it is at this hour. We do not except the period of the last rebellion. It was by no means so formidable, and was, comparatively, easily put down.

The progressive state of crime in the province of Leinster during the last three years, is as follows—this summary contains *serious* offences only:—In the last three months of 1829, 300; in the last quarter of 1830, 499; of 1831, 814; and of 1832, 1513. During the month of last January alone, 1044 different kinds of outrages were committed in the same province. The number of burglaries in the *first* of the above periods was 94, and in the third, 532. The number of homicides and attempts to kill was, in the first period, 15, and in the second, 47. There were seven homicides during the month of last January, and 130 burglaries.

THE DYING BARD'S PROPHECY.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"All is not lost—the unconquerable will
And courage never to submit or yield."

MILTON.

The Hall of Harps is lone to-night,
And cold the chieftain's hearth ;
It hath no mead, it hath no light,
No voice of melody, no sound of mirth.

The bow lies broken on the floor
Whence the free step is gone ;
The pilgrim turns him from the door
Where minstrel-blood hath stain'd the threshold stone.

And I too go—my wound is deep,
My brethren long have died—
Yet ere my soul grow dark with sleep
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride !

Bear it, where on his battle plain,
Beneath the setting sun,
He counts my country's noble slain—
Say to him—Saxon ! think not *all* is won.

Thou hast laid low the warrior's head,
The minstrel's chainless hand ;
—Dreamer ! that number'st with the dead,
The burning spirit of the mountain land !

Think'st thou because the song hath ceas'd,
The soul of song is flown ?
Think'st thou it woke to crown the feast,
It liv'd beside the ruddy hearth alone ?

No ! by our wrongs, and by our blood,
We leave it pure and free—
Though hush'd awhile, that sounding flood
Shall roll in joy through ages yet to be.

We leave it midst our country's woe,
The birth-right of her breast—
We leave it, as we leave the snow
Bright and eternal on †Eryri's crest.

We leave it with our fame to dwell
Upon our children's breath.
Our voice in theirs thro' time shall swell—
The Bard hath gifts of prophecy from Death.

He dies—but yet the mountains stand,
Yet sweeps the torrent's tide ;
And this is yet ‡Aneurin's land—
Winds ! bear the spoiler one more tone of pride !

* At the time of the supposed massacre of the Welsh bards by Edward First.

† Eryri, Welsh name for the Snowdon mountains.

‡ Aneurin, one of the noblest of the Welsh bards.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

A LEAF FROM THE "OLD ALMANACK."

PART III. CHAP. V.

"————— I will not yield
To be baited with the rabble's curse."

MACBETH.

Our last chapter made the reader more intimately acquainted with all the personages who formed the floating *cortège* of the Queen of England: we now return to them on their perilous voyage.

According to his orders, Commodore de Ruyter steered his course due north, keeping as close into the continent as safety would permit, the wind barely allowing to lay their course, which, together with the dull sailing of one of the brigantines obliging them frequently to heave to for fear of separation or surprise, added to the tedium and disgust inseparable from a sea voyage to those unaccustomed to that element. The whole party, with the exception of De Lacy, were prostrated in the humiliating misery of sea-sickness, which is no respecter of persons. The Queen was its victim, more or less, during the whole voyage, but still she was keenly alive to the dreadful hazard to which she was momentarily exposed. The Marquis of Winchester, in a state little better, was unable to leave his cabin, and it was not until the evening of the third day, that the Lady Eleanor, at the Queen's special desire, was led upon deck by De Lacy, to make trial of the effect of freer air towards her convalescence. Father Denis's time was divided between affording to the Marquis the relief derivable from conversation, or in low and deep communion with that book which he, at least, would not seal to the laity of his creed. Nor can we suppose that the horrid crimes, sanctioned by his church, and which drove him from the still loved land of his birth, did not painfully occupy his mind. He looked at every thing—he hoped every thing in the spirit of that genuine Christian Charity which, in

spite of his priesthood, warmed his own heart; a ray from that spirit would sometimes shoot into the vista of time, and cheer its darkness with the hope that the progress of civilization would yet call into bright and vigorous display the moral qualities of his countrymen—that Christianity would triumph over creeds, and the moral and political amalgamation of the two islands, fated by nature and by interest, would one day be accomplished. The fiendish ingratitude and truculency of those to whom he and De Lacy had been such kind and constant benefactors, would at times, subdue his feelings to a less kindly tone, and chill the hopes springing from the love of his country; often forcing him to doubt the latent virtues ascribed to the Irish character, and suggesting the painful conclusion, that with the Irish peasantry, good was but an impulse—evil their nature! The good man would labour, by every variety of principle and reasoning, to account for this singular degradation of the moral and Christian character of his countrymen. Like many others, who would not look at facts, with the piercing scrutiny of truth and justice, nor take the trouble to analyse their own feelings, he would ascribe all to the rule of England, never recollecting the *rule of Popery*. Occupied with such reflections and his books, Father Denis was the only one on board whose thoughts were free of apprehension from a probable encounter with some of the Parliamentary squadrons.

The fresh air, together with the curiosity awakened by witnessing the manner in which a man of war is worked, soon restored Lady Eleanor to health, if not to tranquillity, and she was daily upon deck. Had her tem-

perament inclined her ever so much to have remained an indifferent spectator, the frequent communication which took place between her and her Royal Mistress, as to the extent and safety of their progress, must have kept her on the alert; but to one endowed with sense and feeling in no ordinary degree—conscious, too, of the desperate game they were playing, and the greatness of the stake, indifference was out of the question, and she entered, with all the ardour of youth and intelligence, into the never-ceasing look-out which was kept upon deck. Thus thrown into activity and exertion, she had De Lacy, alone, to look to, not only for the common attentions which their relative situations demanded, but to him she had solely to apply for information in all matters which her own inexperience or the demands of the Royal Sufferer required. Commodore De Ruyter, although unceasing in his attentions, spoke bad English and worse French. In Lady Eleanor's progress, therefore, to and fro upon deck, as she obeyed the frequent summons of the Queen, the arm of De Lacy was her graceful and assiduous support, while the situation upon deck best suited to her safety or convenience, was selected, arranged, or altered by the same hand; or if, with the bashful and hesitating curiosity of youthful womanhood, she sought to reconnoitre a strange sail which created suspicion or alarmed fear, his respectful but firm embrace was her safeguard, and assisted her as she endeavoured to catch the object of her search with a telescope, a matter which the vacillation of the ship rendered difficult, and without such assistance, impossible to inexperience. Years might have elapsed in the every day routine of their intercourse on shore, without producing an intimacy like that which arose out of the discharge of an united duty, influenced as it was by circumstances; and although no idea presented itself, on the one part, to presume for a moment beyond the attentions incumbent on any man to pay to a female so situated; or, on the other, to treat the attentive Cavalier otherwise than in the usual manner which to all was unaffected and conciliating, yet so many occurrences, trivial as they were, combined to qualify the ceremonious punctilio which had hitherto existed between them, that their manner towards each other

experienced from this period a remarkable and evident alteration.

There never was a hero or heroine, of real or fictitious existence, of whom a portrait has not been expected and given, and no doubt, our lady-readers would never forgive us the omission of so important a feature of our history. Well, then, the monotony of our marine position at present, admits of the relief to be afforded by the graphical exercise of our pen—we only beg to condition with our fair readers, that however they may admire our gallant Colonel, their criticisms of Lady Eleanor's portrait shall not be governed by envy and ill nature. One merit of the following sketches (for such merely they are) is, that they are taken from the life. Lady Eleanor Paulet, at this period, was about eighteen years of age—her height was less than tall, her shape symmetrical, and inclining in a small degree to the *en bon point*; her head and features were of classical mould, in all the essentials of beauty depending on proportion and harmony; her hair luxuriant in quantity, and of rich glossy brown, her forehead open, her brows accurately arched and well marked; her nose neither Roman nor Grecian—it was not connected with the forehead by that rigid straight line, distinguishing the Grecian cast, and which imparts to the female countenance a cold, and repulsive severity; deep eye-lashes shaded, dark hazel eyes of the softest, gentlest, and most soul-subduing expression; her face was a perfect oval, but her mouth was the agent of an irresistible influence; her lips were rich without being too full, and never except in anger or in scorn, (either rarely felt) were so compressed as to hide altogether, teeth of the most exquisite whiteness and regularity.—When she smiled or laughed, (for Eleanor could laugh, and heartily too) a dimple at either corner of her mouth, assisted to the magic charm of that smile. Faithful to her feelings, her whole countenance betrayed the emotions of her soul, and she could express by turns, but not affectedly, the sadness of a Madona, or the mirth of an Euphrosyne. Her complexion was fair, and unless heightened by exercise or sensitiveness, scarcely exhibited more than a very slight tint of beauty's own hue, wherein the mellow richness of the peach mingles with the delicacy of that

rose which bears the happy distinction of maiden's blush—their odours were not wanting to her breath. Her chin was small and round, and from it to the throat was no abrupt or harsh transition, and the neck full and polished, without any muscular exhibition, joined the bosom in a line gradually swelling to a point which excluded vision, but invited to the richest creations of luxuriating fancy; her step was elastic, and her motion grace. The more precious gems of heart, and soul, and cultivated mind, were in full accordance with the beautiful casket which contained them.—Such, and more, was Lady Eleanor Paulet.

Colonel De Lacy was more pleasing and prepossessing than what some would call positively handsome. He was not six feet high, and, of course, wanted one of the claims to be a hero of romance. He was a little above the middle size, and well formed, uniting muscular strength with grace; he possessed great activity of body, and was among the best horsemen of his day, his early habits of the chase, in which he eagerly indulged, having prepared him for the labours of war. He had, as the occasion required, a persuasive or commanding dark grey eye, emitting the lambent glance of love and pleasure, or the fiery coruscations of the bold and determined combatant; his teeth were of the finest description, dark brown hair curled in upon his neck, and shaded an ample forehead,

which indicated the intelligence which his conversation displayed, and authority sat upon his brow, while his manner was that of the highest and easiest caste of gentleman. Such was our hero, under thirty years of age, and, if the reader, of either sex, find fault with the portraits we have drawn, we can only say, that he or she is hard to be pleased, and will, probably, never meet with the living beau ideals of beauty created by their own fancy.

The reader, by this time, may be led to imagine that De Ruyter had not the sole command of the vessel, but that it began to be divided with that more universal commander whom the Abderites of old styled "Prince of Gods and men,"—at least his dominion began to embrace in rosy fetters, Lady Eleanor and Colonel De Lacy. To these the voyage was becoming less tedious, its dangers less considered, and we would not take upon us to say positively, and with strict regard to truth, that either wished for its speedy termination. On landing there was the prospect of such a thing as separation, in the exercise of different duties, and we question if Lady Eleanor would not prefer, at least for some time longer, the monotony of the deck of a man of war, De Lacy her companion, than the court, then held at Oxford, where was her stately mother, the Marchioness of Winchester, or Basinghouse, to which it was the Marquess's intention to repair.

LOVE-SONG OF THE SEA.

The sea was wide, the way was long,
The furrowing keel, the sailor's song,
The loud command, the boatswain's call,
The rising sun, the night's dark fall—
These fill'd the gen'ral eye and ear;
But two there were whose kindred minds,
Car'd not for time, or seas, or winds—
Love was their world, and love was there!

Along her silv'ry course the moon
Seem'd o'er her lov'd Endymion,
To watch, or lend her brightest ray,
To light her Carian shepherd's way;
Or when thick darkness rul'd the sphere,
Or countless stars, remotely bright,
Still not less pleasing was the night,
Love was their light, and love was there!

Beside them on the deck Love stood,
 His voice attun'd the rushing flood,
 And with the dolphin proud and brave
 He sported on the swelling wave—
 To dreams of night, to morning's air,
 He lent his magic to impart
 The viewless treasures of the heart—
 Thus all things pleas'd, for love was there.

A fortnight had nearly elapsed, and the squadron had almost got far enough to windward of their destination, which was Burlington-bay, on the coast of Yorkshire, to enable the Commodore for stretching across to that port, when one morning, as De Lacy was busily arranging on the deck a seat for Lady Eleanor, the man stationed at the mast head, sung out, "A sail! a sail!" The Commodore instantly went aloft, glass in hand, to ascertain what she was, and remained nearly ten minutes before he returned. As he descended the shrouds, De Lacy, who had attentively and anxiously watched his motions, could perceive that his countenance was disturbed and clouded. "Can you make out what she is, Commodore?" asked De Lacy. "I can," replied De Ruyter, "and wish that the devil or Van Tromp had had my promotion, before I had been honoured with the responsibility of this command. I can make out that she is a man of war, at least as large as ourselves, and although nothing more as yet has hove in sight, I apprehend from what I have seen of her, that she is not alone." "Heaven forbid!" said De Lacy, "but what is to be done?" "Why, fight it out to be sure," replied the Commodore, "what else can be done? Were we not hampered with these damned bum-boats, we might cut and run,—but what then?—we would be likely to run into greater danger, even if this stranger did not overhaul us." "What must I say to her Majesty?" inquired De Lacy.—"Aye, there's the rub," said the Commodore, "and but for these women"—"You would as soon fight," observed the Colonel, with a faint smile, "but consider, might it not be advisable that her Majesty should go on board one of the smaller vessels, and abide the issue of this business, or endeavour to escape?" "By no means," returned De Ruyter, "she is safer here. If the sail in view be but a single ship, it will

go hard, if the Dutchman does not, at least beat her off. At all events, if I find an opportunity, trust me, Colonel, I will not run the risk of sacrificing her Majesty's safety to any idle feeling of my own; but if she be in company, which I mistrust, escape would be next to impossible. No, all we have for it, is to put the best face we can upon the matter, and be guided by circumstances—I will do my best—go, get her Majesty and attendants below—no time is to be lost—I must clear ship for action."

De Lacy felt, at the task he had to perform, a greater shock of nerve than if he were singly opposed to an armed battalion in the field; the thunders of hostile cannon had less terror to him, than the intelligence his voice was to convey to the queen. Thus far she had proceeded without encountering any adverse circumstances; she had just neared the port where she had hoped to land the supplies, which were to uphold her beloved and perilled consort's crown and life; the tenderest anticipations of the strongest and most devoted love played about her heart, and she felt as if already enfolded in the enraptured embrace of him who was, at once, her lover, her husband, and her king! Golden visions of retrieved fortunes, established power, and lengthened rule, possessed her mind, and assured her hopes; and at such a moment to dash to the ground the rising structure of fondly cherished happiness, and involve the bright prospect in the deep dark gloom of an adverse destiny was as severe a trial to him to impart, as it would be to her, the unhappy princess, to receive. As he moved towards the companion, his mind was most painfully engaged as to how he should best break the appalling intelligence to the ear of his royal mistress. He was met on the way by the Marquess of Winchester, who, having heard the bustle upon the

deck, by the preparation for action, was desirous of learning the cause. De Lacy's explanation affected the Marquess strongly, as might be expected from his loyalty as a subject, and his determination, as a man of the highest and most chivalric courage. After consulting awhile, they proceeded together to the state cabin.

The etiquette of a court in full possession of security and sovereign power, yielded somewhat of its strictness to that necessity which, like death, levels all distinctions. He more than half disarms the malice of fortune, whose mind is familiar with the contemplation of vicissitude. With brief warning they entered the presence of the queen. In her hand was a letter, apparently the subject of her interrupted meditations; from her neck hung to view a miniature, richly set in diamonds, of the unfortunate Charles, and which generally was deposited nearest to that heart, which beat and lived alone in the hope of being early pressed to that of the adored original. Close beside her majesty, Lady Eleanor sat at a small table, on which were more letters and papers, which she was in the act of arranging.

"My Lord of Winchester and Colonel De Lacy," said the queen, "you find me in an all-absorbing communion with the representatives of the absent," pointing to the letters, "but yet you are welcome. Colonel, how do we bear upon the point of our destination? Methinks, the ship has a Dutch spirit of motion in her, at war with our eager hopes." She is a slow sailer, please your majesty," replied De Lacy, "but we have now sufficiently neared the coast of France to run directly for Burlington bay." "Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the queen, "I thought I felt a renovating influence; does not the wind blow from France?" "Yes, Madame, direct—we shall have it filling our sails the rest of our course." "Beloved France!—my native air, more natural than my unkind brother, aids our holy purposes, and assures our hopes. How soon may we reach our England's shore?" The question was one most distressing to reply to under the circumstances of the moment. The Marquess, more self-possessed, or of colder feeling, was the first to answer, "A very few hours, my gracious mistress, will suffice, if no sinister interruption take

place." "If no sinister interruption!" echoed the queen, hastily and nervously—"is not the wind fair, and ——." "Yes, your majesty," said De Lacy, "but the parliaments' fleets are in motion, and even now may, some of them, chance upon our course." The queen grew pale—she was silent—an ominous misgiving seized on her. The purpose was answered of breaking to her, gradually, the sense of danger. Her lips quivered, and, with something of convulsive motion, she pressed to them the miniature of her beloved Charles; tears trembled in her eyes and fell; her colour came again; and rising from her seat, she stood erect in native majesty—"There is danger," said she, "I learn it from your imperfect words—I see it in your more expressive looks—I hear it in the turmoil and bustle on deck—hesitate not to speak the worst, and I answer, as I should, God's will be done!"

The whole of the apprehended danger was then revealed, and the Commodore's injunction given to her Majesty and suite to seek the security of the cockpit. This the Queen firmly and indignantly resisted. "No," said she, her cheeks glowing and her eyes flashing with the bold purpose of her heart—"No! I will not quit this; and should the fortune of the day preponderate against us, it shall be recorded in my blood! On the deck of the vessel will I meet my fate, and perish as becomes a daughter of France, and the wife of England's King. Never! never! will I fall alive into the hands of those detestable miscreants.—Colonel, you will report, from time to time, how runs the tide of fate; and remember that prudence and discretion are the virtues we now stand most in need of—expose not yourself unnecessarily. Go, and God defend the right! Marquis of Winchester, you remain here with us, our body-guard." "In this," replied the Marquess, "I may not obey your Majesty; my guard must be that of action, it is the impulse of duty." "On your allegiance I command it," said the Queen. The Marquess, dropping on one knee, took the hand of his Royal Mistress, and reverently pressing it to his lips, rejoined—"The law of allegiance written on my heart, commands that I should die for your Majesty if necessary, and I will acknowledge no other!" With the

withdrew, and ascended to the deck. De Lacy had preceded, and at the foot of the companion found the Lady Eleanor leaning against it bathed in tears. "Remember!" she sobbed forth, but so inaudibly as to reach no ears but his. He almost caught "the soft infection;" he pressed her hand, which she did not attempt to withdraw, her head inclined towards his shoulder, she yielded to the magnetism of the heart, to which he gently pressed her beautiful form, and, for the first time, ventured to imprint a chaste kiss on her quivering lips, and proceeded upon deck, determined to perish, if it so willed Heaven, in defence of her and his Royal Mistress. The first chaste kiss of love! Oh, who can describe that has not experienced its sensations—nay, who can describe that has? Its feelings are less of earth than Heaven. Souls springing towards each other in the purity of their virgin emotions—holy, and thrilling, and not of this world, until the magic and devotional influence is broken by the touch of mortality.

The ship by this time was cleared for action, and the men were at their quarters, stripped to their shirts, busied in arranging the ammunition and getting the guns ready. De Ruyter had put on his fighting jacket, and was walking coolly up and down, remarkable for nothing but his speaking trumpet, and a large Orange cockade in his hat. Orange! proud and glorious colour of courage and of truth; it admits of no equivocal shade—noameleon hue of expediency or apostacy: it speaks the open foe—the faithful friend—undecieving and unchanging; blessings and victory on the standard that displays its glowing tint and political virtue! Not a word was spoken except the replies of the Quarter-master at the wheel to the Commodore's cautions of—"thus, and no nearer,"—"very well, thus," or "keep her away, thus," according as he wished the ship to be conned as she rolled steadily along close hauled, and just lying her course, neither appearing to avoid nor challenge an encounter. The stranger appeared to adopt much the same plan, but, as she was to windward, had the option of closing when she pleased. Her appearance and make were now plainly discernable, and the Commodore, who had been minutely surveying her, dropped his glass, and exclaimed to De

Lacy, who was standing beside him, "By the soul of my body, she is English built! Now my lads," addressing the crew, "show yourselves true Hollanders. Win fame as you have won land from the element that bears you; you carry a noble and a precious freight—fight for it like Dutchmen, and remember, the ORANGE FLAG flies for victory or death!" A loud cheer assured the gallant commander that the men's hearts were in the right place. The stranger's movements were still undecided and not easily definable. She kept yawing on and off, until the Commodore, perceiving that the men were losing their patience, and not being over-gifted with that passive virtue himself, exclaimed—"Come, my lads, we'll stand no more of this damned humbug! We'll have a round or two with her at any rate." Then turning to De Lacy, "I'll get to windward of her if I can, and then stand right in for the land; if things come to the worst, why, I must do as our friend Straghan did by the *Providence*, run bump ashore if I can, make Burlington, or any other place which will render such a measure practicable. As for the land-crabs," continued he, pointing to the brigantines in which were the soldiers, "they must rough it out the best way they can."

In pursuance of this resolution, he wore ship, and prepared to meet his adversary to the best advantage. The stranger returned him manœuvre for manœuvre as she now kept slowly nearing, and they were just within cannon shot when De Ruyter, ordering the Dutch ensign to be hoisted, gave the caution to be ready, but on no account to fire until he gave the word. All eyes were now intensely fixed on his slightest motion, and life and death hung quivering on the fiat of mortal breath, when, to the surprise and delight of all, the stranger hoisted Dutch colours, shewed her number, and hove to. "As I live, 'tis the *Guilderland*!" said De Ruyter, "and that is what deceived me." This was addressed to De Lacy, who hastened to impart the glad tidings to the anxious party below.

While the danger appeared imminent, the Queen maintained that calm and firm deportment that bespoke the native dignity of her mind, and would have afforded an example to the bravest

and boldest of the other sex. The aged and hardy Winchester looked upon her with increased admiration and reverence, and the demeanour of her Royal Mistress would have assured even the fears of the tender and timid Eleanor, had they not been excited by that object, now dearest to her on earth, who was exposed, on deck, to the immediate perils of the expected engagement. The Queen had replaced the miniature portrait of her beloved consort, and his last letter, within the sanctuary of that bosom from which the heart's portraiture of the dear original was never absent—the letter was full of the tenderest affection, and contained nothing politically to compromise the unfortunate Monarch, or any one else, if found on her person—dissevered from them she had determined to perish. All letters and papers of a different character, she had employed the moments big with peril to collect and inclose in a bag, in which also, obtained by the Marquess, was a cannon ball for the purpose of sinking the whole in the fathomless oblivion of the ocean's depths, in the moment when escape should be hopeless.

When Colonel De Lacy announced the glad tidings, that the imagined danger was no more, the tone of wound-up resolution all at once relaxed. Henrietta gazed wildly and intensely on the speaker, then lifting her fine eyes to heaven with an expression and action which mock description, she pressed her bosom with her clasped hand and exclaimed, in a voice labouring under the almost suffocating influence of overcharged feelings, "Great God, I bless thee!—O, Charles!—O, my husband!

we shall meet again." The latter division of the exclamation was scarcely audible, and she would have fallen on the cabin's floor, but for the ready assistance of her watchful and devoted attendants. She had swooned—restoratives were administered to her—a convulsive motion heaved her bosom, and a flood of tears, while it perfected her recovery, and calmed her spirits, attested the triumph of the woman over the heroine.

The ship was brought to, and in a short time the commander of the *Guilderland*, Van Happerty, came on board. We will not detail the conversation that took place between him and De Ruyter, more than to say, in explanation of the latter, that he had fallen in with an English man-of-war—that the *Guilderland* was British built, and had been purchased into the Dutch service. Van Happerty's orders had been to cruise off and on, keeping a good look-out upon Burlington bay and the adjacent coast, so as to fall in with De Ruyter, and assist him in an exigency; he was provided with an English number and ensign. He had looked into Burlington bay and found all clear, and himself unobserved, except by a cutter, which made sail, as if suspecting his object. The wind shifting a few points became still more favourable, and, with flowing canvass, they neared the English shore. The beetling precipices of that majestic promontory, Flamborough-head, soon became discernible; no hostile sail appeared, and at five o'clock on the evening of the same day, the royal squadron came safely to anchor in Burlington bay.

CHAPTER IV.

" ————— How well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world!"

As you like it.

When we behold in a gentleman's household, a domestic of either sex grown grey in faithful and contented servitude, and forming, from youth to old age a member of the same family, we accept the circumstance as the strong evidence of the virtues of both parties, the servant and the master. Time cherishes a feeling more generous and exalted, than that attending their early relation to each other, and reciprocal respect, arising from the faithful and cordial discharge of their relative duties, imparts the character of friendship to their connexion, without detaching from the humble deference of the one, or the necessary reserve and dignity of the other. There is no article of inanimate furniture, the most rich and rare, that wealth and the arts can produce, casts such lustre on the well-spread board, or on the character of the lord of the banquet, as the old grey-headed butler, the family fixture, perhaps, of half a century, who stands behind his master's chair, watching his wants, and those of his guests; less with servile attention than the solicitude springing from a grateful and affectionate heart. Under the same roof he may have served the first member of three generations, and, probably, now carries the grand-child in those aged arms which held the father. He is the living record of the family, and when he dies something of the family is lost to it, never to be replaced, and of worthier estimation than many of the ancestral originals, whose portraits ostentatiously display the judges, bishops, generals, and legislators of both houses, whose rank and good fortune, more than virtues, contributed to the pretensions of hereditary pride. What a tempting opening is here to us for the illustration of our position, by the delineation of living characters, who are now battenning on their country's ruin, trampling under foot the most sacred obligations of religion and law;

dignifying monstrous wrong with the name of reform, and reducing society to its first discordant elements, in order that they may

"Ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm."

—but for the present, we forego the temptation. Young and fresh tyranny, like the hungry tiger, is eager to spring upon the first victim that offers: truth must be cautious, until the beast is satiated and reposes from its ravages:—but a time will come.

Tobias Smalcraft had, in early life, been taken into the family of Sir John Buncley, of Kilham, in Yorkshire, a worthy knight, in whose house he was educated in the honesty and decorum of the good old fashioned times, when never used to be omitted, morning or evening, the household congregation assembled to family prayer, but the commencement and conclusion of each day was marked by supplication, acknowledged dependence, and gratitude for the protection and countless mercies of an All-powerful, just, and benevolent Creator. There is nothing, which contributes more to the salutary frame of an household than the practice of family prayer—master and servant, in the daily habit of acknowledging their common dependence upon God, imbibe a just and religious sense of their dependence upon each other, and they are taught to know, and feel, and cherish, that christian and affectionate identity, which they cannot so well, because not so familiarly, learn even from their hebdomadal attendance upon public worship. This is an advantage still possessed by England, and was formerly by Ireland, but now nearly or altogether lost to her by the anti-christian and anti-social tyranny exercised by the Popish clergy over their flocks. Where the household is composed of persons of mixed creeds, we know that in family prayer nothing is introduced by the head of the family

involving points of doctrine ; and not even a portion of the scriptures read, unless to those who choose, after prayer, to remain and hear it. The form of the prayer is simple,—thanks to the God of all his creatures for his protection through the past day or night, and for his general mercies,—imploping his grace to the discharge of their relative duties, and usually terminating with the Lord's prayer. Yet from such communion as this, the Roman Catholic servants are interdicted by their priests, and it is a well-known fact that numbers of Roman Catholic servants lose happy and comfortable situations because they will serve their priests rather than God ! Who, then, can wonder that Protestant families should look for Protestant servants, and will, by-and-by, exclusively employ such. The importance of this point to the good order and happiness of society will excuse this short digression—we have early given our readers to expect reflections of this nature, arising out of the topics lying in our way, and they must make up their minds to endure them with a good grace.

Tobias was, in all respects such a servant as we have described at the commencement of this chapter. At the death of his old master, a legacy, the reward of his faithful services, added to the savings of many years, enabled him to retire, with his help-mate, and open what is called, a general shop in the town of Burlington-quay, and the nature, extent, and variety of the wares in which honest Tobias dealt, is best and briefly described by the conclusion of a modern country shop-bill, "with many other articles too numerous to mention." Smallcraft was held in much esteem by the neighbouring gentry, to whom he rendered himself useful by a variety of small services, in the execution of commissions, for which his long knowledge of their wants and habits peculiarly qualified him. When the civil war unhappily broke out, and Burlington, like almost every other place in the kingdom, was split into contending factions, Master Smallcraft's conduct verified the maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Having learned in good old Sir John's house, "to fear God and honour the King," he not only expressed his horror on all occasions, of the exist-

ing outrages, but to the extent of his ability, was as stout a partisan on the royal side, as any in the kingdom. His house, in consequence, became a sort of rendezvous for the neighbouring gentry of the royal party, and, as good wines were among his stock in trade, they established there a kind of Club, at the head of which was the young Sir John Bunckley. The members of this club, or CONSERVATIVE SOCIETY, were for the most part, country gentlemen, either of such small fortunes, or so hampered with domestic encumbrances that, however well-affected to the royal cause, they could only shew their loyalty by professions, or occasional small supplies of arms, forage, or provisions, in which aids they had not been wanting to the extent of their means. It was principally owing to young Bunckley, whose fortune, and consequent influence in the neighbourhood was considerable, that the *Providence* had been enabled to land her war-freight, as already alluded to, and which had put the king's army into motion the preceding year. Sir John necessarily stood high as a loyal Cavalier, and acquired the confidence of the Earl of Newcastle, then in command of the northern army, and holding his headquarters at York.

A knot of these gentlemen with Bunckley at their head, was assembled in the best bay-windowed room in Master Smallcraft's house, discussing the rumours of the day over a runlet of claret, among which the most prominent was the expected landing of the Queen at some part in the north. The wine, it may be supposed, did not abate the flame of loyalty that glowed in their hearts, and somewhat of the following dialogue took place.

"Sir Knight of Kilham," said one Cavalier, "the Queen's safe arrival is our last stake : the supplies she is expected to bring can alone save us—the arm of loyalty is beginning to be unnerved."—

"You mistake, friend," replied Bunckley, "the Queen's arrival will certainly add a precious stimulant to the spirit and exertions of the King's friends, if she bring a supply of arms and ammunition ; but the loyalty of England should furnish the hands to wield them."

"True," observed young Pomeroy, the eldest son of a neighbouring Ca-

valier, "twere shame that Britons needed foreign aid to preserve their institutions."

"Why, then, do they not preserve them with that high and rampant spirit which acquired, and would show that they value them?" said one of the party, senior to the rest. "I remember when Englishmen, with one common impulse of the heart, and simultaneous action, would have withered the hand, and crushed the innovating spirit that would have dared to touch the ark of the constitution,"—here the sentiment of the speaker was echoed in the plaudits of the company,—he continued,—“the want of decision and unity of purpose among the friends of the throne, have suffered the usurping parliament to grow strong, and given to it an advantage which, I fear, it will not be in the power of his Majesty and friends to wrest from the rebel rascals.”

"Aye," said another, "and the King wants that which the prick-eared traitors have seized on,—the public purse."

"Has he not that of his sincere adherents?" responded the previous speaker.

"Hold," said the senior, "that is more admissible as a principle than a fact. 'Life and fortune,' is a common profession of sacrifice—the one may be forced to the proof by circumstances, the other, I fear, will never be voluntarily perilled. Money is the sinew of war, but the patriotism to supply it, being put to the test, will, almost without exception, be found a nerve too slender to admit of tension."

"Well said, Master Spintext," observed young Pomeroy. "your pockets are said to be more sick of plethora than those of any man of your degree in Yorkshire, and have they yet bled for the cause?"

"And if they have not, Master Pomeroy, why should the bleeding begin with me?" rejoined the Parson.

"Because," replied the young cavalier, "you are most interested—the Church is the foremost object of assault. You and your fraternity have to prove where your God lies—in the golden images of Jacobus, or in the sanctuary of your professed faith."

"Hah! hah! well hit by the Mass!" roared out several voices.

"I tell you what," said Bunckley, "He who will not throw his purse into

the scale to preserve his liberty, his property, and the sacred institutions of his country, deserves to lose all."

"Aye," said Pomeroy, "like the two misers of Nottingham, to whom my Lord Capel sent, in the King's name, to borrow for his Majesty's service five hundred pounds. Each pleaded his own inability to comply with the request, but directed the royal agent to the other as able to grant the loan. The parliamentary agent came afterwards, and, *nolens volens* squeezed out of both twenty times the sum."

"Right, right!" exclaimed the general voice, "plunder there was justice."

"You say," rejoined the Parson, "that the Clergy are most interested, because the Church is the first assailed. The argument that excludes lay interest is a bad one for lay Christianity. Putting the spirituality of the question out of consideration, ours, like yours, is an interest in the State, but, as affects property, immeasurably less. To avert, however, that plundering justice—that law of the strong, which you just now cheered so heartily, for the aggregate of Carolus's contributed by you laymen, I will put down a Jacobus."

The sedative effect of this proposal was astonishing; not a pocket was unbuttoned, and the Churchman's triumph was complete. As a commentary upon the manual paralyzation of the moment, Bunckley observed,

"While a man deliberates between his pocket and his duty, and calculates when he should decide, the ground which alone can support him is moving from under his feet. Had action not been so paralysed at Edge-hill, the victory to God and the King would have been, on that day, conclusive."

"Aye," said Pomeroy, "had the King's horse charged the rallied rebels, all would have been over, and the Parliament dissolved by beat of drum."

"Sirs," said Bunckley, "the Councils of the King did the work of the enemy—if it was not treason it was cowardice. Even the defection of Fortescue from the Lord Essex seemed to carry along with it the curse of the traitor."

"Yes," rejoined Pomeroy, "the *Orange-lawn* was disgraced by the renegade whose colour it was: but it avenged itself on the double treason. Fortescue and his corps were nearly cut to pieces, as enemies, before they

were discovered to be friends. The first and last duty of the soldier is to stand firmly by the standard under which he marches, and to the fealty which he has sworn. Fortescue and his men should have cast away their *Orange* scarfs with their honour! But come, my masters, a curse upon all traitors and apostates, whatever their

colour. Let's be merry in the anticipation of our loyal wishes. I'll give you a song and a toast."

General assent having been given to the proposition, Pomeroy raised a strain, the honest, heartfelt loyalty of which compensated with not very nice judges, for the defects of voice and science.

SONG.

Cavaliers! Cavaliers!
Do not drink like prick-ears,
Who ne'er grace their cups with a toast,
But like funeral guests,
All their thoughts on behests,
Each silent and sad as a ghost.
Fill, Cavaliers fill, let full bumpers be seen,
Here's a health to old England's Conservative Queen.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to old England's Conservative Queen!

Cavaliers! Cavaliers!
Who are strangers to fears,
And ready to die in the cause
That cradled our births,
That guarded our hearths,
Our King, our religion and laws!
Fill, Cavaliers fill, let full bumpers be seen,
Here's a health to old England's Conservative Queen!

CHORUS.

Here's a health to old England's Conservative Queen!

Cavaliers! Cavaliers!
While true loyalty cheers
Our bosoms we'll never despair.
The old ship will yet right,
And the prospect get bright—
The storm past, all again will be fair.
Fill, Cavaliers fill, let full bumpers be seen.
Hip! hurra! for old England's Conservative Queen!

CHORUS.

Hip! hurra! for old England's Conservative Queen!*

The echo of applause had scarcely subsided, when Smallcraft entered the room, with an agitation of manner which almost expressed the intelligence he had to convey.

"My master!—the Dutch squadron!—the queen!"

A little time, and it was collected from honest Tobias, in deliberate and sober communication, that some fishing

boats just arrived, and had reported a Dutch fleet was in the bay.

"It is the queen, thank heaven!" exclaimed Sir John Bunckley, "when I was at York yester even was se'nnight, I was summoned to attend my Lord Newcastle, who gave me to understand, among other matters, that her majesty would make good her landing at this post, if possible—with no other object

* From the many applications to the present times, throughout this tale, we are inclined to believe that the author had in his mental view our own gracious and beloved Conservative Queen ADELAIDE.—EDITOR.

could a Dutch fleet appear in our bay."

"Come, gentlemen," cried Pomeroy, "another bumper to the queen's safe landing—and one cheer more!" so saying, he knocked loudly with the steel-mounted scabbard of his sword upon the floor, and the summons was immediately answered by Tobias in person.

"Master Smallcraft," said the ardent and generous Pomeroy, "thou art as loyal a man as breaks bread, and happy wilt thou be, that we are, upon the matter, honoured with the presence of the royal queen, who now, in our bay, rides on her subject waves, but not under her own subject flag as she should. Be stirring, master—be stirring, and fetch us goblets—pint goblets, which, to thy knowledge have never been wet with wine, or touched by lip, and forget not thyself."

This command was quickly obeyed, and all in readiness for the ceremonial, Smallcraft standing from the force of habit, and grateful attachment, behind Buncley's chair.

"Pledge you to the health, Pomeroy," said Buncley, "you have the true feeling in your heart."

"Our Sovereign Lady, the Queen! and may she, our King, and old England's constitution triumph over their enemies, the rascally, subversive, Roundhead Commons!—Hip! hip! hurrah!"

Pomeroy quaffed his goblet to the bottom, and immediately hurled it into the fire-place, in which demonstration of gallantry and allegiance, he was followed by the rest of the party, not even excepting honest Tobias, who was reconciled to the extravagance of the action, by the conviction that it was *good for trade*.

"Let us to boat, immediately, and do homage to her Majesty," cried Pomeroy.

"Softly, Master Pomeroy," said Buncley, "not so fast. The town of Burlington, small as it is, has its malcontents and factions, and the truest service we can render her Majesty, whom God preserve, is by acting cautiously. Tobias shall go down to the quay, and see how matters are toward, and we will then steer our course as the wind may blow."

"Thou art right," replied the young Cavalier, "I carry more sail than ballast."

"Thou hast young and honourable

blood in thy veins," rejoined Buncley, "and these are stirring times—I will despatch Smallcraft and return."

After a short conference, Tobias donned his hat and cloak, the cut of which, at once determined to which party he belonged, and proceeded to the *jetty* at the end of the quay, and which, at low tide, afforded the only approach seaward to the town. There he found collected, a groupe of idle boatmen, fish-wives, lookers-on, and a numerous and noisy shoal of ragged amphibious urchins, of both sexes, which an unusual arrival never fails to collect in a sea-port. Among the crowd conspicuously appeared Master Isaac Crabtree, a rigid puritan, who kept the only decent hotel in the place, in the support of which he was now on the look-out, as a boat, which had pushed off from the squadron, was nearing the shore. The boat was brought as close to the piersteps as the fallen tide would admit, and a person wrapt in a boat-cloak, and holding a small bag in his hand, prepared to land, when, on the instant, he was assailed in such a manner, that had he not been both active and determined, his reaching shore must have been a matter of no small difficulty. He was approached, as the depth of the water admitted, by great and small; three or four fish-wives contended for him, and one Amazonian endeavoured to catch him in her arms, and had nearly made prize of him, while his cloak-bag was snatched at by a dozen small fry at once, to carry it to the inn. Having at length fought his way through these perils, he ascended the steps leading to the quay, and where, one on one side, and one on the other, stood Isaac Crabtree, and Tobias Smallcraft.

"Seekest thou a tarrying place here to-night, friend, or passest thou on thy way?" drawled out Crabtree with a nasal twang. De Lacy, for such was the stranger, made no reply.

"If thou lackest repose and nourishment," sang forth the chamberlain (or waiter) a thin, black-aviced, lank-haired fellow, "thou wilt meet with it at small cost, and much to thy contentment, under the roof of worthy Master Crabtree, a true man and a pious; and if thou be not one of the ungodly, but visited with grace to abhor popery and episcopacy, he may, perchance, admit thee to family prayer and exhortation."

Thus good things and bad are confounded to evil purposes, by those who make war upon institutions, and always ally with revolution the subversion of wholesome authority.

"It is not a fitting place for a cavalier to set foot in," whispered Smallcraft.

De Lacy, measuring him from head to foot with a scrutinising eye, replied, "I thank you for your caution, friend, and will put you to a little trouble on my account. I pray you conduct me to the house of one Tobias Smallcraft, a worthy and loyal merchant of this town."

"No other man in Burlington answers to that sir-name but myself," said Smallcraft, bowing low, "and my name is also Tobias, of which you may certify yourself from any By-stander."

"I require no such evidence," said De Lacy, "lead on, I pray you, to your house."

The crowd dispersed when they saw the fish hooked, and as De Lacy and Smallcraft proceeded, the latter stated the circumstance of Sir J. Bunckley and friends being then at his house.

"Young Bunckley at your house," said De Lacy, "this begins well—it is to this gentleman, through you, that I am specially directed."

On arriving at the house, the Colonel was announced, and on his entrance was greeted by the cavaliers with a warmth which bespoke no Janus-faced politics. After brief conference between De Lacy and Bunckley, the latter took upon himself to be the bearer of a despatch to the Earl of Newcastle, then at York, to procure with speed a sufficient escort for the Queen, without which it would have been hazardous for her to land. Bunckley's horse was soon ready, and on the instant he set out for head quarters. After his departure, a conference took place as to where and how her Majesty should be lodged on landing, as her weak state would not permit her proceeding on her journey without rest; nor to go even so far as Sir J. Bunckley's residence, although only seven miles distant. At length it was determined that the Queen should, for the night, be lodged at Smallcraft's, and the cavaliers departed for the purpose of sending such supplies as might lessen the deficiencies of honest Tobias's means of reception for his Royal guest. Little

would have sufficed. Suffering is the best school of philosophy; it brings the peasant and the monarch on the same form of instruction, while the greatest trial to, and proudest consummation of Christian discipline, is to be found in prosperity. Of how beautiful and how powerful an evidence to the perfect composition of our Church Liturgy is the supplication—"In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our WEALTH; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver us!" The association is all suitable to a state of Christian militancy, and, in the reference to wealth, speaks more than volumes, the most elaborately written, to the corrupting influence of prosperity on the human mind. De Lacy was about to seek Smallcraft, to arrange about his Royal Mistress's reception, when the honest old man entered, bearing in his hand a small silver soup-dish, under which a lamp fed with spirits was burning. "I have made bold, noble Sir," said the worthy Tobias, "to bring you a basin of shell-fish soup. It is such as my old master, Heaven rest his soul, and praised be its mercy he lives not in these false times, was wont to say, deprived the Mediciner of his fee." While our hero was discussing the savoury and invigorating cheer, he began also to discuss the matter of the Queen becoming the guest of her humble but eminently loyal subject. "This fair house of yours," said the Colonel, "appears the only one in Burlington capable of affording meet accommodation." "In blessed hour, then, was it erected," ejaculated the humble colloquist. Little did the good man dream of those adverse chances which unexpectedly prostrate the fabrics of present fortune and happiness, as well as those aerial creations which spring up under the wand of hope. "But," continued Smallcraft, "how her Majesty's proper ease can be consulted here," and he looked about on the apartment, which was the best in the house, as if he would have exclaimed with Macbeth, 'what a sorry sight.' "Rest content," said De Lacy, "her Majesty will be too happy once more to touch British ground in safety to feel any privation; the sad necessities of her voyage will render the cleanliness and quiet of your house more than equivalent to the greatest luxuries under different cir-

cumstances." "Aye, good Sir," observed Tobias, "misery makes the best of us acquainted with strange bed-fellows;" and," rejoined De Lacy, "remember its advantages with its inflections—it physics the soul." An immediate want, that of a pilot to guide the ship in, was anticipated by the forethought and seal of Smallcraft. "Peter Oakshaft," said the humble host, "is married to my dame's kinswoman, and I will 'gage soul and body for him—his bearing, rough though it be, covers a shrewd conduct." "I thank you heartily," returned the Colonel, "thou art an Englishman of sterling stamp." "I have seen days," answered Tobias, "never-to-be-forgotten; days of order, and peace, and respect for authority, and therefore days of happiness—alas! too good to have lasted! To what worse, noble Sir, may evil advisers yet bring this ill-fated land." The old man's eyes became dimmed with the moisture which memory drew from a feeling and a faithful heart, as he continued, "the fountain of my humble prosperity, my late ever honoured master, early taught me to reverence those institutions which, to my poor mind, require what modification they may, if they are thus roughly handled, all will be swept away in one common ruin."

De Lacy and Smallcraft now set forward to the quay, and were met at the door by a stout man wrapt in a seaman's short coat. "This is the pilot I spoke of," said Tobias, "you can commune with him as you proceed to the ship, he will do your bidding without fear or question, but I must caution you, under favour, not to speak until you are fairly seaward—these stones we tread on may have ears, and tongues will not be wanting. We know not what cunning device these false knaves may entertain to our discomfort, though, to my poor mind, they cannot propound much impediment, having no force nearer than Scarborough, and I trust, ere to-morrow's sun be at his height, we shall see our cavaliers from York." "What distance may it be thither?" asked De Lacy. "Thirty-nine miles," answered Smallcraft, "and if he met no mishap, my young master is half way now—we will to work during the night. Meanwhile, honoured Sir, God give you good speed."

There was a small crowd collected about the ship's boat, which brought

De Lacy on shore; and by the starlight he could perceive the peaked hats, short cloaks and staid demeanour of some of the adverse party; he, therefore, loosed his cloak and clasped his sword, but they opened out quietly, to the "by your fair leave, masters" of Peter Oakshaft, and De Lacy's boat's crew being in readiness, they embarked without molestation.

At ten o'clock that evening, Sir J. Buncley arrived at the Earl of Newcastle's quarters, having been less than four hours on the journey. The Earl was engaged at play with some of his officers, among whom were Generals Goring and King; the former of whom commanded the horse, and the latter the foot, immediately under him; and he was so deeply interested in the game, that the grave and solemn Chamberlain had to repeat his message, which was whispered to him ere it caught his attention. Buncley was admitted and received by the Earl as an old and loyal acquaintance. General Goring was appointed to conduct the escort, consisting of three hundred horse; he requested Buncley's company and guidance through the night, acquainting the gallant Cavalier, that at day-break he might press forward to report to their royal mistress the approach of the escort. The Knight had scarcely time to partake of the remains of a venison pasty, and recruit his spirits with a bottle of Burgundy, when, a fresh steed having been provided for Buncley, the whole party commenced their joyous march. At day-break, by which time General Goring was perfectly ascertained of his further way, Buncley spurred forward, and, arrived at Burlington, took boat, provided by the provident care of Smallcraft, and was speedily alongside the queen's vessel. Springing the gang-way, the active and successful partisans, encountered Colonel De Lacy, and grasping his hand exultingly explained the issue of his mission, and the proximity of Goring and his party. Communication of these circumstances was made to the queen. Oakshaft took his station at the helm; two men who understood English, were at the wheel, the capstan was manned, and under Oakshaft's safe pilotage the ship was carried as close to the shore as her draught of water would permit. Every preparation was now made

disembarking, and the escort having arrived and lined the quay on each side, the royal standard was hoisted. A gaily decorated and well-manned barge, of which De Ruyter took the helm, received its royal freight, and was rowed away to the pier-steps, where, under a salute from the ship, which was answered by the horse musquetry, General Goring, upon his knee, did homage and hailed her majesty's return. The queen, who was in a state of extreme exhaustion, feebly, but graciously noticed her gallant servant, and was borne on a litter to seek the repose and convalescence she so much needed, under the humble roof of the loyal Tobias Smallcraft. After taking a composing draught, which Dame Smallcraft was well skilled to prepare, the sweet and refreshing cleanliness with which she was surrounded, soon delivered the careworn princess to the all-powerful relief of high and low, a deep and long sleep.

Every good in life, derives much of its value from comparison with its op-

posite, and, therefore, is it that so few know when they are really well. The poor repine that they are not wealthy, being ignorant of the artificial wants and listless satiety which wealth creates for its possessors; while the abuse of the abundant sources of happiness by which the higher orders are surrounded, too often makes their days a tissue of the keenest cares, their nights sleepless, their bodies diseased, and life a burden! Would the lowliest peasant consider this, he would be contented with his lot, and bless God that he was not born to splendid misery. Could the humblest housewife, enjoying the sweet and sanative airs of England's free and open champaign, look upon England's queen shut in the close cabin of a Dutch ship, and suffering in mind and body, she would pity her crown, and feel more than reconciled to her own homely, but clean and white coif, odorous of her little garden's bloom, and the produce of honest and independent labour exercised in health.

SERENADE.

O! rest thee, thou sad one,
Forgetting thy sorrow;
Soon the night will be gone—
Too soon comes the morrow.

All holy and peaceful be, Lady, thy sleep
While their vigils, protecting thee, good angels keep.

O! sleep thee, unshaken
By dream of the foe;
Too soon shalt thou waken
To life-lasting woe.

All holy and peaceful be, Lady, thy sleep,
While their vigils, protecting thee, good angels keep.

CONSERVATIVE POLICY IN PARLIAMENT.

It might be supposed from the title of this article, that it was our present purpose to enter into a minute detail of the course of policy pursued on each occasion by the Conservative party in the legislature, with an historical survey of the consequences of that policy, to the causes of success or defeat in each particular instance. Such a treatise would certainly tend to afford valuable instruction to the members of this party for the direction of their future efforts, by displaying the errors and omissions of which its leaders were guilty, and by avoiding which, success might be secured on similar occasions in future. But it were impossible to comprise so extensive a subject, involving so many minute parliamentary details, within the bounds of this Magazine, and if it were even possible to do so, few of our readers would be sufficiently interested to read it to the end. Our present design is therefore of a much more limited nature, and we hope that as much, or perhaps more, advantage may be derived from a distant and general view of the line of policy pursued in the defence of the constitution, than could be deduced from any minute historical detail. We are the more strongly induced to form this opinion, as it is well known that nothing is more difficult to persons involved in the daily practice of any given line of conduct, or in the active pursuit of any art or science, than to observe the great and vital advantages or defects of the course which they are *in the habit* of adopting. As their attention is engaged by, so their observation is confined to, the parts, while they have seldom leisure to survey the whole of a system; and it frequently occurs in consequence, that persons who are not to the same, or nearly the same degree, acquainted with the practice, are much better qualified to estimate the theory of political contests.

It is worthy of observation that this remark applies with the greatest force to persons engaged in a defensive war; that the members of a Conservative, are much more liable than those of an innovating party to overlook great defects in the system upon which they act: their attention is engaged more by

the motions of their opponents than by the peculiarities of their own situation. The principles of warfare are the same, or nearly so, whether the scene be laid in the benches of St. Stephen's, or the plains of Waterloo; whether the attack to be resisted, consist in the unprincipled assertions and unconstitutional measures of a Whig Ministry, or the impetuous charge of a body of French dragoons. We may therefore illustrate our observations by a comparison drawn from military affairs, and observe that persons engaged in the defence of a besieged place, are much less likely to observe the advantages or disadvantages of their own situation or that of the enemy, than that enemy is to perceive the wisest and most judicious points of attack; while it is obvious that this advantage possessed by the besiegers will increase as their fears of a sally on the part of the garrison are removed. Thence also results the well-known fact, that it is much more difficult to sustain a defensive than an offensive war; as in the former case it is necessary not only to observe all the actual motions of the enemy, but to calculate and guard against all their probable designs, while in the latter it is merely requisite to plan the method and choose the time for the attack, both of which are at their own disposal. We shall proceed to make a few remarks on the general line of policy pursued for some years past by the Conservative party in Parliament, and to notice some of its chief defects to their consequences. We have the less hesitation in stating our opinion on this subject, as we know that no one in any degree acquainted with the individuals composing that party can for a moment suppose that any of these defects, if such exist, can be attributed to a want of zeal, of integrity, or of noble and disinterested attachment to those valuable institutions, to the defence of which they are so faithfully and so steadily devoting their abilities and their time. Nor can these faults in policy be attributed to any defects of talent in those individuals, as although the present display of abilities may be, and certainly is much

inferior to that of the last age, yet it cannot be denied that almost the whole mass of talent at present in parliament, lies in the members of the Conservative party, and that there exists among that party a great number possessed of the most valuable practical abilities, as well as several endowed with the most powerful and splendid talents. To those, therefore, who contemplate the character and talents of the Conservative body in the House of Lords and Commons, as well as the want of firm union, and the total absence of solid eloquence, or close argument displayed by their opponents, it is an object of deeply interesting enquiry how it comes to pass that the former are in a continual progress of defeat, and appear unable to stem the torrent of numerical, but almost irrational force at present directed against every thing good, or useful, or venerable, in the constitution of this empire. The chief causes, then, of the successive defeats which the Conservative party have sustained, appear to us to be these, that they carry on a *defensive*, instead of an *offensive* war; and that they carry on this defensive war on *erroneous principles*. In the first place, then, we must shew the consequences of the defensive system, when applied to resist the effects of *unprincipled assertions* and innovating measures, tending to interfere with the *rights and properties of others*. The motives which induce the Conservative party to rest content with uniformly disproving every false assertion, and *resisting* every active moment of the advocates of revolution, appear to be these; they are a minority in the house, and think, therefore, that it is the *safest* course: they are conscientious men, and are *shocked* at the shameless falsehoods uttered by their antagonists: they are men of good *reputation*, and are, therefore, jealous of the *reputation* of their cause: they are *candid* men, and in consequence, *act as if* their opponents were the same: and finally, and chiefly, they imagine that they and their adversaries are *pleading before an impartial world*, who will give the palm to that side which best maintains its cause. This policy is, however, no more efficacious in its results than that of the admiral, who before going out to face the foe, should spend his time in directing the new painting of his fleet,

instead of examining their timbers and repairing their rigging; or who, on the morning of the battle, should order all hands to take down and wash the sails, instead of preparing their cutlasses and double-shotting their guns. If the proposal of a particular measure *creates and originates* two parties in the legislature or elsewhere, it is undoubtedly the proper course for each of these parties to justify to the world their respective motives, and raise the character of their respective causes. But when the opinions and principles of two great parties have been long before the world, there is little benefit to be derived from any attempt to influence or alter the opinion of that world with respect to the merits of either. The court to which they appeal is itself divided into the supporters of either party, whom it is *needless* for the one to persuade, and *impossible* for the other to convince. It is true, that there may be a few, even when party feeling is at the highest pitch, whose principles are still wavering, and whom it is an object with either party to gain. This renders it desirable always to introduce a certain degree of self-justification among the weapons of the contest. But even these individuals, who are in such case generally the least valuable acquisitions, are more frequently gained by acts than words. We shall now endeavour to shew that the motives above noticed, are not sufficient to make it necessary for any party to follow a defensive system. First, then, as to their numbers. In military affairs it appears sometimes advisable for a minority to unite closely together, and stand still, in order to resist the attack of a superior force. But when is this advisable? When the minority so acting, are sure that some circumstance will soon appear to bring them relief; when the approach of night, the neighbourhood of a friendly force, or the unpleasant situation of the foe, renders it probable that a little delay may be productive of complete safety. Even under all, or any, of these circumstances, it may frequently be questioned whether a well-directed, sudden, and violent attack would not have been more successful: and even in this case let it be remembered, that the system of defence does not consist in turning off the blows with their shields, or in catching the

bullets in their hands ; but in making it certain destruction to approach their ranks ; in keeping their weapons pointed towards the foe ; and in pouring in close and well-directed volleys on their antagonists. But when this minority is so situated, that no power is at hand to relieve them ; that delay cannot assist them, or annoy their opponents ; and that the situation of those opponents is of their own choosing, and perfectly suited to the furtherance of their designs ; what should we then say of the skill or courage of the general who would adopt a system of exclusive defence ? In fact, in political contests, the whole strength of a minority consists in its activity. Every revolution is begun, and carried through, by the agency of an active minority. But to proceed. That the impudent assertions of the Whigs should disgust the feelings, and arouse the indignation, of the supporters of the Constitution, is natural. It is not to be wondered at, that men, so devotedly attached to their cause, should be unwilling to let pass any attack on its reputation ; and allowance must be made for the feelings of *gentlemen*, when exposed to the brutal and insulting language of those persons who shower their native filth on their opponents, trusting in the happy consciousness that their own reputation cannot be injured—that they cannot be rendered more contemptible in the eyes of their associates, or of the world—and that any contest with gentlemen must raise themselves, and degrade their opponents. That these gentlemen should be frequently induced to reply to the assertions, and display the depravity of these persons, is, therefore, not surprising ; but we protest against the supposition, that, in doing so, they are doing service to their cause. Any person endued with the most moderate degree of common sense, must be aware, that it is imprudent in him to fulfil the wishes of his adversary. No one can suppose that, when the Radicals or Papists, in the house, make these assertions, they expect that they will be believed. What, then, is their motive ? The same as that which dictated the furious attack of Marius on the impregnable front of the rock near Capes, viz. : to engage the enemy in the defence of what was not really in danger, and distract their attention from the true object of attack. The revolution-

ary party know too well that their best chance for success is, by keeping up a hot attack on the reputation of the opposite cause, and its supporters ; to engage their opponents in its defence, and thus secure to themselves leisure and security to make their approaches, and level their engines against those points where they have most hopes of success. It is, therefore, quite unnecessary that these assertions should be well-founded, or even specious ; it is merely requisite that they should be sufficiently audacious and offensive, to induce the Conservative party to waste their time and talents in their refutation. These persons know, what the Constitutionals seem to forget, that the opinion of the active and effective portion of the nation, on the merits of each party, is already formed, and that nothing which can be said by either can gain or lose almost a single friend. They are perfectly willing, therefore, that their assertions should be disproved as fast as they are made, provided they can engage the exertions of their opponents in that disproof, and thus secure to themselves the *absolute choice* of the field of battle, and of the time and weapons of assault. They also gain another advantage by this system, viz. : they injure the credit of their adversaries. It is a well-known consequence of frequent self-justification that, although each individual instance may be a complete triumph to the accused, yet each instance renders it more difficult to attain such triumph in the next : that the more frequently an individual, or a party, are accused, the more willing the world is to suppose them in the wrong ; and that if they are observed to be perpetually justifying themselves—if, in one instance, they do not succeed, every one thinks, talks, and dwells upon that instance ; while, if every individual attack should be repelled, a yet more fatal conclusion is drawn, viz. : “ *As it is clear that such constant attacks would not be made totally without foundation, there must be some general abuses which give rise to all this hostility.*” Such are some of the benefits derived by the revolutionary party, by their successful endeavours to engage their opponents in a system of constant self-defence. It is obvious, moreover, that, by this means, they leave the impression that, as nothing is, so nothing can be, substan-

tiated against themselves. Now, although we do not think that much effect is produced on the opinions of the active part of the nation, by the debates in parliament, yet, so far as this influence extends, it is clearly by this course of policy turned against the Conservative body; but there is another effect produced by it, which is the next consequence we shall notice as necessarily resulting from a system of constant defence; and which is, perhaps, its most injurious accompaniment. It is this, that the courage and animation of the party are constantly on the wane, and that its apparent temporary increase is so far from being an encouragement, either to themselves or their friends, that it is received as a proof of danger and a consequence of despair. It is also to be remembered, that the consciousness of being on the defensive, creates a constant feeling of danger, which, although it may be a very effectual incitement to exertion in a particular instance, is yet a bad support to any system of proceeding, while the unavoidable expression of that feeling is a powerful encouragement to the enemy. We have, we trust, shown that none of the reasons, above mentioned, are sufficient to render it necessary for any party to act merely on the defensive, and, at same time, noticed some of the evil consequences resulting from such a system. But we must now observe, that the system adopted in parliament, for the protection of the constitution, is not properly deserving the epithet of *defence*, but amounts to little more than a vehement and warm *dissent* from the measures of the revolutionists. In every species of military defence, the method adopted is not merely to take up a certain position, and there resolve to stand or fall; but to endeavour, by every possible method, to make it fatal to the foe to approach that position. The difference, therefore, between a defensive, and an offensive, war, consists in the stationary character of the former, not in its activity. Men who are going to act on the defensive, when they assume the *shield*, do not lay aside the *sword*. Moreover, this stationary character only applies to this system, while the contest remains doubtful; for, if fortune favours them for a moment, their whole exertions are directed to give the war an offensive character. Had our celebrated Black Prince been

satisfied with continuing on the defence, when the tide of victory turned for a moment in his favour, we should have heard a very different history of the victory of Poitiers. Yet, this is the character of the defence, if such it can be called, made by the Conservative party in parliament. While attacked, they are contented to turn off the accusation, and refute the assertions of their adversaries, and to pass eulogies on the merits of their own cause; which, however justly deserved, have no more effect than the explosion of a blank cartridge, which makes it appear that they are fighting, till it is observed that none of the enemy fall; while, if the attack is suspended for a moment, instead of employing the interval to change the character of the contest by bringing a powerful, concentrated, and well-directed attack, into the heart of the enemy's country, they are contented and thankful for the opportunity of drawing breath, and preparing to fight again, as soon as it shall *suit the convenience and promote the plans* of that enemy to renew the contest, if such it can be called, where all the fighting is on one side, and of course all the injury on the other. This conduct is the more imprudent, as a political contest possesses not only all the same reasons in favour of an offensive course, which apply to actual war, but one in addition, which may be said to be peculiar to itself. It is this, that, although a revolutionary majority always act together with comparative unanimity on the offensive, yet, inasmuch as they consist of several smaller parties, all pursuing different ends, if a judicious attack be directed on one of these parties at a time, it is frequently an easy matter to render that violence, and those numbers, which constituted the former strength of the party, the ultimate means of their mutual self-destruction. A remarkable instance of this fact is on record in sacred history, where a single individual, when attacked with the utmost fury by a whole body, apparently united to a man, yet was enabled, without the slightest compromise of principle, or the smallest sacrifice of truth, by laying hold of what he knew to be a secret ground of contention among the persons composing that body, to turn all the fury of his enemies on each other, and to rescue himself and his cause from destruction. We need

scarcely inform our readers that we allude to the manner in which St. Paul defended himself against the furious attack of the Pharisees and Sadducees, by a well-timed *attack* on the latter. At no period could the adoption of such a course be more easy, and more successful, than at present, as there never was, probably, a party consisting of more inconsistent and incongruous materials than the present revolutionary party in both houses; and surely there never was a faction, or rather an assemblage of faction, who would devour each other with more good will and appetite if they were once set down to the re-past, and judiciously supplied with weapons. The right method to be used in resisting the attacks of a party, is much the same as that of opposing the exertions of an individual. If one man seizes the end of a rope held by another, and endeavours to pull the latter from his place, it immediately becomes necessary for that other to exert his force, not merely to retain his position, but to dislodge his antagonist. If the former pull, while the latter is content with mere resistance, the former will certainly, if their strength be equal, succeed. If we suppose a pole substituted for the rope, the exertion may be changed from pulling to pushing, but the principle remains the same, namely, that, *unless the object be only to gain a brief delay, any individual or party, acting on the defensive, should make it their constant aim to lay hold of the first opportunity of changing that system to its opposite.* When Hannibal formed the grand idea of destroying the Roman empire, he knew that it were vain to attempt that design by any exertions carried on in a friendly, or even a neutral country; he saw that, while the Romans were allowed to raise their supplies, and assemble their forces at leisure in Italy, it were vain for Carthage to hope to support a defensive war. What then was his policy?—Did he employ his talents and his time in defending all the small towns and districts attacked by the Romans in Spain? Or did he abandon these to their fate, for the purpose of retiring to, and fortifying Carthage? No. He said, "If we wish to save Carthage, we must carry the seat of war to Rome." He abandoned Spain; he left the enemy preparing to pour his

legions with overwhelming fury upon Carthage; he crossed the Alps, and displayed his hostile ensigns in the heart of the fertile plains of Italy, within a few days' march of the proud walls of the enemy's capital. What was the result? The victorious enemy were compelled to abandon all their conquests to return in haste and confusion to defend their own property, instead of invading that of others; and they returned, *not to victory, but to defeat*; their enemies were as much encouraged, as they were dismayed by the unexpected change in the posture of their affairs, and the nature of the war they were obliged to carry on. A succession of great and bloody defeats, sustained by the, till then victorious, Romans, proved that Hannibal had chosen the right course to ruin the power, and extinguish even the existence of his illustrious enemy. Had he persisted in that course, or, to speak more correctly, had the Roman generals maintained their defensive system, the name of Rome would now be used only to designate the spot where a great and powerful city once had stood. A mind as comprehensive as his own perceived the danger; Scipio raised a small, but disciplined, force, and with that force he sailed for Africa; he left the walls of his native city exposed to the tremendous attack of the dreaded Hannibal, while he withdrew to a foreign land almost the last relic of strength which remained to his exhausted country. He acted thus, and he acted wisely. That force, however inadequate to resist the victorious Hannibal in Italy, was fully sufficient to destroy Carthage. The enemy were thus compelled to relinquish their almost won victory, and to return to the defence of their country. Rome was thus left time and rest to recruit her strength; and it is remarkable, that that very general, and those very troops, who, in *an enemy's country* carried death and ruin to all that opposed them, were wholly unable to rescue their own land from absolute destruction. Many other instances might be adduced where the sudden and active change from a defensive to an offensive policy, has saved individuals and nations from impending ruin. Nor is there any thing in the nature of a political contest or of the present, in particular, to render such a change

impossible or even difficult. The only cause which has hitherto prevented its adoption is the force of habit. It is, in fact, more easy to effect this change in political, than in military warfare ; inasmuch as it is more easy to choose a man to bring forward a measure, than to raise an army to change the seat of war ; nor does that change infer the necessity of leaving a single post *really* undefended ; it merely requires a firm determination not to permit any impudent assertion, unfounded attack, or scurrilous abuse on the part of the enemy, to distract the attention of the party, or the individuals conducting it, from the steady and spirited endeavour to direct a heavy attack, not merely in words but *measures*, upon every exposed point of their opponents ; and to direct this attack in such a manner as to *split the enemy's forces, and set their motions in opposition to each other* ; this can easily be done by never attacking any point *directly* upon which the others are agreed, but judiciously selecting those on which they will be sure always to have the support, or at least the neutrality, of some faction of the enemy. In order the better to explain the course we recommend, we shall give an instance.—A violent and preconcerted attack has been made by the advocates of revolution on the Established Church. The object of this attack was evident. The Irish Papists were admitted into the House of Commons, under the absurd idea that an oath could bind men who believed in the power of a priest to absolve them at pleasure, and who, acknowledging no religion but the one to have any claims to toleration, would interpret every oath according to the principles of that religion on which the validity of the oath in their opinion depends. These men of course, detesting the Protestant religion as Papists, and the English connexion as hereditary rebels, determined to employ the newly acquired power they had obtained from the insatuated blindness of Protestants to extirpate the hated religion. Their object in the course they adopted was two-fold. First they knew that the weakening of the Church Establishment would render it easy to destroy Protestantism, inasmuch as every sect of Protestants owed their protection to that establishment. They knew also that this act would either

terrify the Protestants into abandoning the kingdom, or if they reflected on their real strength might drive them to unite with the Papists in cutting off the connexion with that faithless and ungrateful country, which had violated every pledge given at the Union for the support of the Established Church, and had eulogised those, whose whole energies were exerted to the extirpation of the very men to whom that country owes the maintenance of its connexion with Ireland, and consequently its power, and even its very existence as a nation ; for no one who surveys the resources drawn by England from this country, especially during the late war, can for a moment suppose that if these resources were not only withdrawn from England, but transferred to her enemies, and cultivated, as they would probably be, by those enemies to their fullest extent, England could for any length of time support her place in the scale of nations. The Irish Papists, knowing all this, directed a furious attack on the Established Church of Ireland. The English radicals united heart and hand with them in this attempt ; and why ? In the first place, the object of their attack was an *establishment*, as such it was an object of *their* hatred ; and they knew that every establishment of any kind which they could weaken or destroy would be a step to the destruction of others. Secondly, they perceived that, as the Churches of England and Ireland were essentially the same, every blow directed against the latter would be equally injurious to the former ; while *there was so much less pretence for charging the Irish Church with abuses than the English, that if they could succeed in destroying the former, all their arguments would apply with ten-fold force to the latter*, and at the same time, the circumstances of the Irish Church rendered it probable that they might succeed in accomplishing its destruction, before the sister church was aware of the common danger. Thirdly, they knew that the Irish Papists, hating the English connexion, would, in order to further their own designs against the connexion, aid them in throwing England into confusion ; it was therefore their first object to give the utmost possible power to these allies. To these two parties were added the Whigs, who, without possessing to the same

extent the inveterate hatred to Protestantism and to all establishments displayed by the others, yet aided them in their designs, actuated by absurd ideas of reform, a restless spirit of innovation and a consciousness of their own incapacity and unfitness for office, which rendered them anxious to distinguish their administration by the accomplishment of something which had not been done before, and desirous that that something should be of such a nature as to gratify the wishes and secure the support of that rabble, to whom they looked to enable them to retain office, in defiance of the wishes of their sovereign and the rational part of the nation. Such are the component parts of that revolutionary party, at present running breast-high to the destruction of the Church of Ireland. The method adopted by this party in their attack, is to pour forth fine sentiments about the wishes of the people; the abuses resulting from antiquity; the rights of the majority; liberty of conscience; purity of religion; equalization; conciliation; grievances, &c. coupled and interlarded with impudent assertions of general abuses; indecent falsehoods; and gross and insulting language, directed against every individual and party, who rise in defence of the hated establishment. They thus gain a two-fold object. Their servility precludes all free discussion, while it provokes their opponents to engage in a war of defence; as their gentlemanly feelings prevent them from retaliation in kind. As soon then as all their assertions have been disproved, they, knowing full well that that disapproval was not of the least value to the cause it was designed to support, put the question to the vote, and carry it by means of their own unprincipled majority. One might suppose that one trial of the consequences of this fruitless defence might be sufficient to induce the Constitutionalists to change the plan of their operations; but no: they continue in the same system of useless apology, remonstrance, and vindication, in which it is the whole policy of their opponents to engage them. They even go further, and say, "It is right that abuses should be removed, if any exist.—The truth will be more easily defended when free from the burden of supporting slight defects or er-

rors.—It is right to make the best of every thing, and, as it is probable that these people have some slight grounds for what they say, some good will probably arise from their attacks." We must make a few remarks on the absurdity of this system: that the truth is more easily defended when perfectly free from abuse, is certain; as a ship will encounter a storm with more safety when all her timbers are perfectly sound, and her rigging has been renewed; but it were a strange proof of wisdom to take out all the decayed planks, and all the imperfect rigging, *as soon as the storm had begun to rage*, the decayed and worm-eaten plank must then be preserved with as much care as the sound one, and even more, for it will feel the attack with more severity. *The time to change a defective timber, or to remove an obnoxious abuse, is the time of peace, tranquillity, and leisure*; when the attack commences and the storm begins to rage, *all must be defended*; for it is as fatal to admit the enemy through the neglected and ivy-covered postern, as through the new and splendid gateway. "*Whatever is, shall be preserved*," should be the maxim of those who wish to resist a torrent of revolution. But how is it to be preserved? we shall recur to the instance above noticed. The persons who attended the Church of Ireland supplied the weapons against themselves; they talked of the ancient custom of the Church to support the poor, to build its own edifices, &c. This sounded very well; but how should it have been met? not by remonstrance, or by argument, but by language to the following effect:—"Gentlemen, there is a great deal of truth in what you say. There is no doubt but that a certain portion of the burden of supporting the poor ought to be borne by the Church lands, which were, many of them, originally bestowed for this purpose; and it were also desirable that the parish Churches, Cathedrals, Glebe Houses, &c. should be erected at the expense of the same funds. This is the more desirable, as for all these sums no return whatever is made to society at present: *for all the lands, tithes, &c. which were given thus by our ancestors, for the support of the widow and the orphan, are now not in the hands of those to whom they were given for this purpose, but are usurped for the enrichment of lay impro-*

priators. Wherefore we so perfectly agree in the justice of your observations, that on the——day of——we shall bring in a bill to further the reform you speak of. The consequence of this system would be an immediate division in the enemy's camp. The radicals would heartily join in this attack on the whigs, the chief proprietors of these funds ; the latter would of course become alarmed, as it would be impossible for them to bring forward any thing in their own defence, which would not apply with tenfold force in support of the Establishment ; they would be instantly obliged not only to relinquish their attacks upon it, but to become active in its defence. Again, while this method was taken by one to divide the radicals and whigs, another might sow dissension between the whigs and papists, by an address to the following purpose to the former :—“Gentlemen, you assert with great justice that the people of Ireland labour under heavy burdens ; and the removal of these burdens would immortalize your administration. The worst burden under which that unhappy country labours is, that the poor peasantry have to support an exorbitantly wealthy Church Establishment ; while the nature of that Establishment is such, that of the sums raised for its support, little or none is expended for the benefit of the people, or of society at large. The revenue of that Church amounts to about 900,000 per annum ; and yet this immense sum is appropriated by men, nominally without families to support, or establishments to maintain. It is quite right that this Establishment should be abolished ; and if its clergy are to be supported, it will be much preferable to compel them to live upon a moderate revenue from the state, and to make it a heavy misdemeanor in them to attempt to levy any contributions on the people. It is obvious that the Protestant Established Church of Ireland can be no burden to the peasantry, or in fact to any portion of society, but the reverse. Its revenues do not amount to more than one-third of those drawn from Ireland by the Church of Rome ; and these revenues can be no burden on the people, as they are in reality a substitute for a higher rent, and are therefore paid by the landlords, while they cannot injure the landlords, as they merely withhold from them a property, which neither they nor their ancestors ever possessed, or

had a right to ; and at the same time these revenues are wholly spent among the people, and are restored to them, with the additional advantage of supporting during their circulation, (for it is no more,) a large body of resident gentry, whose instruction and example is of the highest utility to the country, and to society at large. To destroy the Protestant Church Establishment in Ireland, would therefore be only to increase the difficulties and burdens of that kingdom ; but as it is obvious that something must be done to alleviate the grievances of the people, I shall on——evening next, bring in a motion for an accurate return of the whole revenues of the Romish priesthood in Ireland, with an account of how these revenues are raised, and what portion of them is expended for the moral or physical benefit of the people : and shall proceed to draw up and propose to the House some measure which may tend to render the revenues of this Church more beneficial to society.” Again, both radicals and papists might be set upon the whigs, by showing how the cowardly, vacillating, and tyrannical policy of the latter has almost destroyed public credit, and consequently injured manufactures and trade, ruined agriculture, and rendered capitalists afraid to invest their property in any useful branch of commerce ; how it has caused the greatest danger to several commercial establishments and branches of trade, and totally ruined others. In this attack they would be sure of the support of the radical manufacturers of England, and the popish agriculturists in Ireland. All this would, it is evident, tend if properly managed, to split the strength of the revolutionary party, but it would do more, as it would totally stop the attack on the Protestant Church of Ireland, by giving its enemies abundant employment at home. It would be the means of detecting real abuses, and effecting salutary reform, and above all, it would transfer all the advantages, the eclat, and the encouragement, derivable from an offensive war, from the Revolutionary to the Conservative party in the state. In the adoption of a system like this, the Conservatives would of course have some difficulties to encounter : as they must be prepared to expect that, before it would be brought fully to act, some measures might be carried by their opponents, which might

by the old system have received a *temporary delay*. They must also be aware that, as their own chance of successfully executing the change of system increases, their opponents will become violent and abusive *in proportion to their danger*; but we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that if this system be *steadily, actively, and with perseverance, adopted*; it is not yet too late, not only to prevent further evil, but ultimately to undo what has been already done; and to restore the Protestant Church and British Constitution, to all the strength and preeminence they have lost.

TO MY BRIDE.

The timid dove, when first she dares to wander from the nest,
Mistrusts the very breeze on which her pinions learn to rest;
So tremblingly thou leav'st, my love, the sheltering ark of home,
With one, whose faith must yet be prov'd, the world's wide waste to roam.

I read thy tender doubts in the mute language of those eyes,
I hear them too confess'd in those involuntary sighs;
And now thou turn'st thine head away to hide suspicion's tear,
And the pale cheek that would betray the vague surmise of fear.

Thy bosom, palpitating, tells the pulses of the heart,
That from thy childhood's favorite haunts could not unmov'd depart;
Deeming each object dear on which the light of memory's rays,
Reviving all the early scenes of youthful pleasure, plays.

And there is one, to whose embrace thou still dost fondly cling,
Like a young bird that peril shuns beneath its parent's wing,
'Tis She, who rear'd thee "from the world, unspotted, undefil'd,"
And breathes a farewell blessing now upon her darling child.

I, too, have felt the fervour of a mother's boundless love,
And prize it as the purest bond that nature ever wove;
Nor think that I could wish thee e'er its golden links to break,
With such as could make light of *this*, all *other* ties were weak.

I could not chide the precious tears, that feeling bids thee weep,
For her, who by thy cradle us'd her anxious watch to keep,
Whose tender and unceasing care could never be repaid,
Who would approve with smiles, and by her sighs alone upbraid.

Oh! think not I could e'er awake within thy guileless breast,
One pang that could avail to mar its sweet and hallow'd rest;
Or seek to poison at its source thy young affection's flow,
By mingling with its tide of joy the bitter cup of woe.

Lovely as woman's form may be, 'tis delicate and frail,
And like the pliant willow bends beneath the passing gale;
But I would hope to shield thee from each rude and chilling blast,
And make thy future life as fair and blissful as the past.

Then learn to trust this heart that beats for its belov'd alone,
And swells with an unfeign'd delight to feel thou art its own,
That shall not be found wanting when its constancy is tried,
But to its first devotion ever true, my lovely Bride.

LITTLE FAIRLY,

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ. R.H.A.

AUTHOR OF "LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND."

The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since ; but, I think, now 'tis not to be found—

I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

The words great and little are sometimes contradictory terms to their own meaning. This is stating the case rather confusedly, but as I am an Irishman, in Ireland, and writing an Irish story, it is the more in character. I might do perhaps, like a very clever and agreeable friend of mine, who, when he deals in some extravagance which you dont quite understand, says "well, you know what I mean." But I will not take that for granted, so what I mean is this—that your great man, (as far as size is concerned,) is often a nobody ; and your little man, is often a *great* man. Nature, as far as the human race is concerned, is at variance with art, which generally couples greatness with size. The pyramids, the temple of Jupiter Olympius, St. Peter's, and St. Paul's, are vast in their dimensions, and the heroes of Painting and Sculpture are always on a grand scale. In Language, the *diminutive* is indicative of *endearment*—in Nature, it appears to me it is the type of distinction. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, &c. &c. (for I have not room to detail) are instances. But do we not hear every day that "such-a-body is a big booby," while "a *clever little fellow*" has almost passed into proverbial use. The poets have been more true to nature than painters, in this particular, and in her own divine art, her happiest votaries have been living evidences of her predilection to "packing her choicest goods in small parcels." Pope was "a crooked little thing that asked questions," and in our own days, our own "little Moore" is a glorious testimony to the fact. The works of fiction abound with instances of the fancy of the author not considering it necessary that his hero shall

be an eligible candidate for the "grenadier corps ;" the earlier works of fiction in particular : Fairy tales universally dedicate some *giant* to destruction at the hands of some "clever little fellow." "Tom Thumb," Jack and the Bean Stalk," and fifty other such for instance, and I am now going to add another to the list, a brilliant example, I trust, of the unfailing rule, that your *little* man is always a *great* man.

If any gentleman six foot two inches high gets angry at reading this, I beg him to remember that I am a little man myself, and if he be a man of sense (which is supposing a great deal,) he will pardon, from his own feeling of indignation at this *exposé* of Patagonian inferiority, the consequent triumph, on my part, of Lilliputian distinction. If, however, his inches get the better of him, and he should call me out, I beg of him to remember, again, that I have the advantage of him there too, in being a little man. There is a proverb too, that "*little* said is soon mended," and, with all my preaching, I fear I have been forgetting the wholesome adage. So I shall conclude this little introduction, which I only thought a becoming flourish of trumpets for introducing my hero, by placing *Little Fairly* before my readers, and I hope they will not think, in the words of another adage, that I have given them *great* cry and *little* wool.

You see owld Fairly was a mighty dacent man that lived, as the story goes, out over the back a' the hills beyant there, and was a thrivin' man ever after he married little Shane Ruadh's* daughter, and she was little, like her father before her, a dawnshee craythur

but mighty cute, and indushtered a power, always, and a fine wife she was to a sthrivin' man, up early and down late, and shure iv she was doin' nothin' else, the bit iv a stocking was never out iv her hand, and the knittin' needles going like mad. Well sure they thruv like a flag or a bulrush, and the snuggest cabin in the counthry side was owld Fairly's. Well, in good time she brought him a son, throth she lost no time about it either, for she was never given to loitherin', and he was the picthur o' the mother, the little attomy that he was, as slim as a ferret and as red as a fox, but a hardy craythur. Well, owld Fairly didn't like the thoughts of havin' sitch a bit iv a brat for a son, and besides he thought he got on so well and prospered in the world with one wife, that, by gor, he determined to improve his luck and get another. So, with that, he ups and goes to one Doody who had a big daughter—a whopper by my sowl! throth she was the full of a door, and was called by the neighbours *garran more**, for in throth she was a garran, the dirty dhrop was in her, a nasty stag that never done a good turn for anyone but herself; the long-sided jack, that she was, but her father had a power o' money and above a hundher head o' cattle, and divil a chick nor child he had but herself, so that she was a great catch for whoever could get her, as far as the fortune wint, but, throth, the boys did not like the looks iv her, and let herself and her fortin alone. Well, as I was sayin, owld Fairly ups and he goes to Doody and puts his *com-ether* an the girl, and faix she was glad to be ax'd, and so matthers was soon settled, and the ind of it was they wor married.

Now maybe it's axin' you'd be how he could marry two wives at wanst, but I towld you before, it was long ago, in the good owld ancient times, whin a man could have plinty of every thing. Well home he brought the dirty garran, and sorra long she was in the place when she began to breed, (arrah lave off and dont be laughin now. I don't mane that at all,) whin she began to breed *ructions* in the famly and to kick up *antagions* from mornin' till night, and *put betune* owld Fairly and his first wife. Well she had a son of

her own soon, and he was a big boss iv a divil, like his mother—a great fat lob that had no life in him at all—and while the little daunshee craythur would laugh in your face and play wid you if you cherrup'd to him, or would amuse himself the craythur, crawlin about the flure and playin wid the sthraws, and atein' the gravel, the jewel, the other bosthoon was roarin' from mornin' till night, barrin he was crammed wid stirabout and dhrownded a' most wid milk. Well up they grew and the big chap turned out a *gommoach*, and the little chap was as knowin' as a jailor; and though the big mother was always puttin up her lob to malthratic and abuse little Fairly, the dickins a one but the little chap used to circumvint him, and gev him no pace, but led him the life iv a dog wid the cunnin' thricks he played an him. Well, while all the neighbours 'amost loved the ground that little Fairly throd on, they cud n't abide the garran more's foal, good, bad, or indifferent, and many's the sly *malavogucin'* he got behind a hedge from one or another when his mother or father was n't near to purtect him, for owld Fairly was as great a fool about him as the mother, and would give him his eyes, 'amost, to play marvels, while he didn't care three *thraneens* for the darlint little chap. And 'twas the one thing as long as he lived, and at last he fell sick, and sure many thought it was a judgment an him for his unnatherl doin's to his own flesh and blood, and the sayin' through the parish was from one and all. "There's owld Fairly is obliged to *take to his bed with the weight of his sins*." And sure enough off o' that same bed he never riz, but grew weaker and weaker every day, and sint for the priest to make his sowl, the wicked owld sinner, God forgive me, for sayin' the word, and sure the priest done whatever he could for him, but after the priest wint away he called his two wives beside his bed, and the two sons, and says he, "I'm going to lave yiz now," says he, "and sorry I am," says he, "for I'd rather stay in owld Ireland than go any where else," says he, "for a raison I have"—hegh! hegh! hegh! "oh murther, this cough is smotherin' me, so it is. Oh wurra! wurra! but its sick and sore I am. Well come

here yiz both," says he to the women, "you wor good wives both o' ye, I have nothin to say agin it—(Molly dont forget the whate is to be winny'd the first fine day)—and ready you wor to make and to mind—(Judy there's a hole in the foot of my left stockin') and—

"Don't be thinkin' o' your footin' here," said little Judy, the knowledgeable craythur, as she was, "but endayvour to make your footin' in heaven," says she, "mavourneen."

"Don't put in your prate 'till your ax'd," says the owld savage, no ways obliged that his trusty little owld woman was wantin to give him a helpin' hand tow'rds puttin his poor sinful sowl in the way o' glory.

"Lord look down on you!" says she.

"Tuck the blanket round my feet," says he, "for I'm gettin very cowl'd."

So the big owld hag of a wife tucked the blankets round him.

"Ah you were always a comfort to me," says owld Fairly.

"Well remember my son for that same," says she, "for it's time I think you'd be dividin' what you have bechuxt uz," says she.

"Well I suppose I must do it at last," says the owld chap, though, hegh! hegh! hegh! "Oh this thiev'in' cough—though it's hard to be obleeged to leave one's hard airins and comforts this away," says he, the unfortunate owld thief thinkin' o' this world instead of his own poor sinful sowl.

"Come here big Fairly," says he, "my own bully boy, that's not a starved poor ferret, but worth while lookin' at. I lave you this house," says he.

"Ha!" says the big owld sthrap, makin' a face over the bed at the poor little woman that was cryin', the craythur, although the owld villian was usin' her so bad.

"And I lave you all my farms," says he.

"Ha!" says the big owld sthreel again.

"And my fatmin in graydients," says he.

"Ha!" says she again, takin a pinch o' snuff.

"And all my cattle," says he.

"Did you hear that ma'am?" says the garran more, stickin' her arms a kimbo and lookin as if she was goin to bate the woman.

"All my cattle," says the owld fellow, "every head" says he, "barrin one, and that one is for that poor scaldcrow there," says he, "little Fairly."

"And is it only one you lave my poor boy," says the poor little woman.

"If you say much," says the owld dyin' vagabone, "the divil resave the taste of anything I'll lave him or you," says he.

"Don't say divil, darlin'."

"Howld your prate I tell you and listen to me, I say you little Fairly."

"Well daddy," says the little chap.

"Go over to that corner cupboard," says he, "and in the top shelf," says he, "in the bottom of a crack'd taypot you'll find a piece of an owld rag, and bring it here to me."

With that little Fairly went to do as he was bid, but he could not reach up so high as the corner cupboard, and he run into the next room for a stool to stand upon to come at the crack'd taypot, and he got the owld piece iv a rag and brought it to his father.

"Open it," says the father.

"I have it open now," says little Fairly.

"What's in it?" says the owld boy.

"Six shillin's in silver, and three farthin's," says little Fairly.

"That was your mother's fortune," says the father, and I'm goin to behave like the hoighth of a gentleman, as I am," says he, "I'll give you your mother's fortune," says he, "and I hope you won't squander it," says he, "the way that every blackguard now thinks he has a right to squander any decent man's money he is the heir to," says he, "but be careful of it," says he, "as I was, for I never touched a rap iv it but let it lie gotherin' in that taypot ever since the day I got it from Shane Ruadh the day we sthruck the bargain about Judy, over beyant at the 'cat and bagpipes,' comin' from the fair, and I lave you that *six* shillings and *five* stone o' mouldy oats that's no use to me, and *four* broken plates, and that *three* legged stool you stood upon to get at the cupboard, you poor *narrow* rough that you are, and the *two* spoons without handles, and the *one* cow that's gone back of her milk."

"What use is the cow, daddy?" says little Fairly, "widout land to feed her an?"

"Maybe its land you want, you pin-keen," says the big brother.

"Right, my bully boy," says the mother, "stand up for your own."

"Well, well," says the owld chap, "I tell you what, big Fairly," says he, "you may as well do a dacent turn for the little chap, and give him grass for his cow. I lave you all the land," says he, "but you'll never miss grass for one cow," says he, "and you'll have the satisfaction of bein' bountiful to your little brother, bad cess to him, for a starved hound as he is."

Well, to make a long story short, the owld chap soon had the puff out iv him, and whin the wake was over and that they put him out to grass—laid him asleep snug with a *daisy quilt* over him—throth that minit the poor little woman and her *little offsprig* was turned out body and bones, and forced to seek shelter any way they could.

Well, little Fairly was a cute chap, and so he made a little snug place out of the back iv a ditch, and wid moes and rishes and laves and brambles made his owld mother snug enough antil he got a little mud cabin built for her, and the cow gave them milk, and the craythurs got on purty well antil the big dirty vagabone of a brother began to grudge the cow the bit o' grass, and he ups and says he to little Fairly one day, "What's the raison," says he, "your cow does be threspassin' an my fields?" says he.

"Sure and wasn't it the last dyin' words o' my father to you," says little Fairly, "that you would let me have grass for my cow?"

"I don't remember it," says big Fairly—the dirty naygur, who was put up to it all by the garron more, his mother.

"Yiv a short memory," says little Fairly.

"Yis, but I've a long stick," says the big chap, shakin' it at him at the same time, "and I'd rekimmind you to keep a civil tongue in your head," says he.

"You're mighty ready to bate your little brother, but would you fight your match?" says little Fairly.

"Match or no match," says big Fairly, "I'll brake your bones if you give me more o' your prate," says he, "and I tell you again don't let your cow be threspassin' an my land, or I warn you that you'll be sorry," and off he wint."

Well, little Fairly kept never mindin him, and brought his cow to

graze every day on big Fairly's land; and the big fellow used to come and *hisk* her off the land, but the cow was as little and cute as her masther—she was a Kerry cow, and there's a power o' cuteness comes out o' Kerry. Well, as I was sayin, the cow used to go off as *quite* as a lamb; but the minit the big bosthoon used to turn his back, *whoo!* my jewel, she used to leap the ditch as clever as a hunther, and back wid her again to graze, and faix good use she made of her time, for she got brave and hearty and gev a power o' milk, though she was goin' back of it shortly before, but there was a blessin' over Fairly, and all belongin' to him, and all that he put his hand to, thruv with him. Well now I must tell you what big Fairly done—and the dirty turn it was; but the dirt was in him ever and always, and kind mother it was for him. Well what did he do but he dug big pits all through the field where little Fairly's cow used to graze and he covers them up with branches o' threes and soda, makin' it look fair and even, and all as one as the rest o' the field, and with that he goes to little Fairly, and says he, "I tould you before," says he, "not to be sendin' your little blackguard cow to threspas on my fields," says he, "and mind I tell you now, that it wout be good for her health to let her go there again, for I tell you she'll come to harm, and its dead she'll be before long."

"Well she may as well die one way as another," says little Fairly, "for sure if she does'nt get grass she must die, and I tell you again divil an off your land I'll take my cow."

"Can't you let your dirty cow graze along the road side?" says big Fairly.

"Why then do you think," says little Fairly, answerin him mighty smart, "do you think I have so little respect for my father's cow as to turn her out a beggar an the road to get her dinner off the common highway? throth I'll do no sitch thing."

"Well, you'll soon see the end iv it," says big Fairly, and off he wint in great delight, thinkin' how poor little Fairly's cow would be killed. And now wasn't he the dirty threacherous, black-hearted villain, to take advantage of a poor cow, and lay a thrap for the dumb baste—but whin the dirty dthrop is in it must come out. Well, poor Fairly sent his cow to graze next mornin', but

the poor little darlin' crayther fell into one o' the pits and was kilt, and when little Fairy kem for her in the evenin' there she was cowlid and stiff, and all he had to do now was to sing *drimmin dhu dhacdh* over her, and drag her home as well as he could, wid the help of some neighbours that pitied the craythur and cursed the big bosthoon that done such a threacherous turn.

Well, little Fairy was the fellow to put the best face upon every thing; and so, instead of givin' in to fret, and makin' lamentations that would do him no good, by dad he began to think how he could make the best of what happened, and the little craythur sharpened a knife immediately, and began to shkin the cow, "and anyhow," says he, "the cow is good mate, and my ould mother and me 'ill have beef for the winther."

"Thru for you, little Fairy," said one of neighbours was helpin' him, "and besides, the hide 'ill be good to make soals for your brogues for many a long day."

"Oh, I'll do betther wid the hide nor that," says little Fairy.

"Why what betther can you do nor that wid it?" says the neighbour.

"Oh, I know myself," says little Fairy, for he was as cute as a fox, as I said before, and wouldn't tell his saycrets to a stone wall, let alone a companion. And what do you think he done wid the hide? Gucas now,—throth I'd let you guess from this to Christmas, and you'd never come inside it. Faix it was the compleatest thing ever you heerd. What would you think but he tuk the hide and cut six little holes an' particlar places he knew av himself, and then he goes and he gets his mother's fortin, the six shillin's I told you about, and he hides the six shillin's in the six holes, and away he wint to a fair was convenient, about three days ather, where there was a great sight o' people, and a power o' sellin' and buyin', and dhrinkin' and fighting', by course, and *why nat*?

Well Fairy ups and he goes right into the very heart o' the fair, an' he spread out his hide to the greatest advantage, and he began to cry out (and by the same token, though he was little he had a mighty sharp voice and could be hard farther nor a bigger man) well he began to cry out, "Who wants to buy a hide!—the *rale* hide—the ould

original goolden bull's hide that kem from furrin parts—who wants to make their fortune now?"

"What do you ax for your hide?" says a man to him.

"Oh, I only want a thrifle for it," says Fairy, "seem' I'm disthressed for money, at this present writin'," says he, "and by fair or foul manes I must rise the money," says he, "at wanst, for if I could wait, it's not the thrifle I'm axin now I'd take for the hide."

"By gor you talk," says the man, "as if the hide was worth the King's ransom, and I'm thinkin' you must have a great want of a few shillin's" says he "whin the hide is all you have to the fore, to dipind an."

"Oh, that's all you know about it," says Fairy, "shillin's indeed! by gor its handfuls o' money the hide is worth. Who'll buy a hide—the *rale* goolden bull's hide!!!"

"What do you ax for your hide?" says another man.

"Only a hundher guineas," says little Fairy.

"A hundher, what?" says the man.

"A hundher guineas," says Fairy.

"Is it takin' lave of your seven small sinces you are?" says the man.

"Why thin indeed I b'lieve I am takin' lave o' my sinces, sure enough," says Fairy, "to sell my hide so chape."

"Chape," says the man, "arrah thin listen to the little mad vagabone," says he to the crowd, that was gother about by this time, "listen to him askin' a hundher guineas for a hide."

"Aye," says Fairy, "and the well laid out money it'll be to whoever has the luck to buy it. This is none o' your common hides—it's the goolden bull's hide—the Pope's goolden bull's hide, that kem from furrin parts, and its a fortune to whoever 'ill have patience to bate his money out iv it."

"How do you mane?" says a snug ould chap, that was always poachin' about for bargains—"I never heerd of batin' money out of a hide," says he.

"Well, then, I'll show you," says Fairy, "and only I'm disthressed for a hundher guineas, that I must have before Monday next," says he, "I wouldn't part wid this hide; for every day in the week you may thrash a fistful o' shillin's out iv it, if you take pains, as you may see." And wid that, my jewl, he ups wid a cudgel, he had in his hand, and he began leatherin

away at the hide ; and he hits it *in the place he knew himself*, and out jump'd one o' the shillin's he hid there. "Hurroo!" says little Fairly, "darlint you wor, you never desalved me yet!" and away he thrashed agin, and out jumped another shillin' "That's your sort!" says Fairly, "the devil a sitch wages any o' yiz ever got for thrashin' as this"—and then another whack, and away wid another shillin'.

"Stop, stop!" says the ould cravin' chap, "I'll give you the money for the hide," says he, "if you'll let me see can I bate money out iv it." And wid that he began to thrash the hide, and, by course, another shillin' jump'd out.

"Oh! its yourself has the rale twist in your elbow for it," says Fairly; "and I see by that same, that you're above the common, and desarvin' of my favour."

Well, my dear, at the word "*desarvin' o' my favour*," the people that was gother round, (for by this time all the fair a'most was there,) began to look into the rights o' the thing, and one and all they agreed that little Fairly was one o' the '*good people*;' for if he wasn't a fairy, how could he do the like? and, besides, he was sitch a dawn-shee craythur they thought what else could he be; and says they to themselves, "that ould divil, Mulligan, it's the likes iv him id have the luck iv it; and let alone all his gains in *this* world, and his scrapin and screwin, and it's the fairies themselves must come to help him, as if he wasn't rich enough before." Well, the ould chap paid down a hundher guineas in hard goold to little Fairly, and off he wint wid his bargain.

"The divil do you good wid it," says one, grudgin' it to him.

"What business has he wid a hide?" says another, jealous of the ould fellow's luck."

"Why nat?" says another, "sure he'd shkin a flint any day, and why wouldn't he shkin a cow?"

"Well, the ould codger wint home, as plased as Punch wid his bargain, and indeed little Fairly had no raison not to be satisfied, for, in throth, he got

a good price for the hide, considherin' the markets wasn't so high thin as they are now, by rayson of the staymers, that *makes gentlemn as the pigs*, sendin' them an their thravels to furrin' parts, so that a rasher o' bacon in poor Ireland is gettin' scarce, even on an Aisther Sunday.*"

You may be sure the poor owld mother of little Fairly was proud enough whin she seen him tumble out the hard goold an the table forminst her, and "my darlint you wor," says she, "an' how did you come by that sight o' goold?"

"I'll tell you another time," says little Fairly, "but you must set off to my brother's now, and ax him to lind me the loan av his scales."

"Why, what do you want wid a scales, honey?" says the owld mother?

"Oh! I'll tell you *that* another time too," says little Fairly, "but be aff now, and don't let the grass grow undher your feet."

Well, off wint the owld woman, and may be you'd want to know yourself what it was Fairly wanted wid the scales. Why, thin, he only wanted thim just for to make big Fairly curious about the matter, that he might play him a thrick, as you'll see by-an-by.

Well, the little owld woman wasn't long in bringin' back the scales, and whin she gave them to little Fairly, "there, now," says he, "sit down beside the fire, and there's a new pipe for you, and a quarther o' tobaccy, that I brought home for you from the fair, and you make yourself comfortable," says he, "till I come back," and out he wint, and sat down behind a ditch to watch if big Fairly was comin' down to the house, for he thought the curocity o' the big gommoch and the garran more would make them come down to spy about the place, and see what he wanted wid the scales; and, sure enough, he wasn't there long when he seen them both crassin' a style hardby, and in he jumped into the gripe o' the ditch, and run along undher the shelter o' the back av it, and whipped into the house, and spread all his goold out an the table, and began to weigh it in the scales.

* On Easter Sunday, in Ireland, whoever is not proscribed, by the dire edicts of poverty, from the indulgence, has a morsel of meat on Easter Sunday, as a *bonne bouche* after the severe fasting in Lent, enjoined by the Roman Catholic Church.

LITTLE FAIRLY



Etched by Samuel Lower Esq^r R.I.A.

So, all that time, little Fairly kept never mindin' them, but went on
weighin' the goold, as busy as a nailor . . .

But he wasn't well in, whin the cord o' the latch was dhrawn, and in marched big Fairly, and the garran more, his mother, without "by your lave," or "God save you," for they had no breedin' at all. Well, my jewel, the minit they clapped their eyes an the goold, you'd think the sight id lave their eyes; and indeed not only their eyes, let alone, but their tongues in their heads was no use to thim, for the divil a word either o' them could spake for beyant a good five minutes. So, all that time, little Fairly kept never mindin' them, but wint an a weighin' the goold, as busy as a nailor, and at last, whin the big brute kem to his speech, "Why, thin," says he, "what's that I see you doin'," says he.

"Oh, it's only divartin' myself I am," says little Fairly, "thryin' what woight o' goold I got for my goods at the fair," says he.

"Your goods indeed," says the big chap, "I suppose you robbed some honest man an the road, you little vagabone," says he.

"Oh, I'm too little to rob any one," says little Fairly. "I'm not a fine big able fellow, *like you*, to do that same." "Thin how did you come by the goold," says the big savage. "I towld you before, by sellin' my goods," says the little fellow. "Why, what goods have *you*, you poor unsignified little brat," says big Fairly, "you never had any thing but your poor beggarly cow, and she's dead."

"Throth, then, she is dead, and more by token, 'twas yourself done for her, complete, anyhow; and I'm behoulden to you for that same, the longest day I have to live, for it was the makin' o' me. You wor ever and always the *good brother* to me; and never more than whin you killed my cow, for it's the makin' o' me. The divil a rap you see here I'd have had if my cow was alive, for I wint to the fair to sell her hide, brakin' my heart to think that it was only a poor hide I had to sell, and wishin' it was a cow was to the fore; but, my dear, whin I got there, there was no ind to the demand for hides, and the divil a one, good bad or indifferent, was there but my own, and there was any money for hides, and so I got a hundher guineas for it, and there they are."

"Why thin do you tell me so," says the big chap, "Divil a lie in it," says little Fairly.—"I got a hundher guineas for the hide."—"Oh I wish I had another cow for you to kill for me,—throth would I!"

"Come home, mother," says big Fairly, without sayin another word, and away he wint home, and what do you think he done but he killed every individyal cow he had, and "by gor," says he, "its the rich man I'll be when I get a hundher guineas a piece for all their hides," and, accordingly off he wint to the next fair, hardby, and he brought a car load o'hides, and began to call out in the fair, "Who wants the hides?—here's the chape hides—only a hundher guineas apiece."

"Oh do you hear that vagabone that has the assurance to come chatin' the counthry again," says some people that was convaynient, and that heerd o'the doin's at the other fair, and how the man was chated by a *sleeveen* vagabone—"and think of him, to have the impudence to come *here*, so nigh the place, to take in *us* now, but we'll be even wid him," says they, and so they went up to him, and says they to the thievin rogue, "honest man," says they, "what's that you have to sell?"

"Hides," says he.

"What do you ax for them?" says they.

"A hundher and ten guineas apiece," says he—for he was a greedy crathur, and thought he never could have enough.

"Why you riz the price on them siuce the last time," says they.

"Oh these are better," says big Fairly, "but I dont mind if I sell them for a hundher a-piece, if you give me the money down," says he.

"*You shall be ped an the spot*," says they—and with that they fell an him, and thrash'd him like a *shafe*, till they didn't lave a *spark* o' sinse in him, and then they left him sayin', "*are you ped now, my boy!*"—faix you'll be a warnin to all rogues for the futhur, how they come to fairs, chatin' honest min out o' their money, wid cock and bull stories about their hides—but in-troth I think your own hide isn't much the better of the tannin' it got to day—faix an it was the *ole oak bark* was put

to it, and that's the finest tan stuff in the world, and I think it'll sarve you for the rest o' your life"—and with that they left him for dead.

But you may remark, its harder to kill a dirty noxious craythur than any thing good,—and so by big Fairly—he contrived to get home, and his vagabone mother sawdhered him up afther a manner, and the minit he was come to his sthrenth at all, he detarmint to be revenged on little Fairly for what he had done, and so off he set to catch him while he'd be at brekquest, and he bowlted into the cabin wid a murtheria shillely in his fist—and “oh,” says he, “you little mishievous miscrayant,” says he, “what made you ruinate me by makin' me kill my cowa,” says he.

“Sure I din't bid you kill your cowa,” says little Fairly—and that was all thrue, for you see, *there* was the cuteness o' the little chap, for he didnt *bid* him kill them sure enough, but he *let* *ax* in that manner, that deludhered the big fool, and sure divil mind him.

“Yes you did bid me,” says big Fairly, “or all as one as bid me, and I haven't a cow left, and my bones is bruk all along o' your little jackeen *manycowers*, you unlooky sprat that you are, but by this and that I'll have my revinge o' you now,” and with that he fell an him and was goin to murder poor little Fairly, only he run undher a stool, and kept tigginn' about from one place to th' other, that the big botch couldn't get a right offer at him at all at all, and at last the little owld mother got up to put a stop to the ruction, but if she did, my jew'l, it was the unlooky minit for her, for by dad, she kem in for a chance tap o' the cudgel that big Fairly was weltin' away with, and you know there's an owld sayin, “a chance shot may kill the divil,” and why not an owld woman?

Well, that put an ind to the *skrimmage*, for the phillilew that little Fairly set up whin he seen his owld mother kilt, would ha' waked the dead, and the big chap got frekened himself, and says little Fairly “by gor if there's law to be had,” says he, “and I think *I have* a chance o' justice, *now* that *I have* money to spare, and, if there's law in the land I'll have you in the body o' the jail afore to-morrow,” says he, and wid that the big chap *scowled*, and wint off like a dog *waggin* his tail, and so poor little Fairly escaped bein' mur-

thered that offer, and was left to cry over his mother, an' indeed the craythur was sorry enough, and he brought in the neighbours and gev the owld woman a decent wake, and there was few pleasanther evenin's that night in the county than the same wake, for Fairly was mighty fond of his mother, and faix he done the thing ginteely by her, and good raison he had, for she was the good mother to him while she was alive, and by dad by his own cuteness he contrived she should be the useful mother to him afther she was dead too. For what do you think he done? Oh! by the Piper o' Blessintowa you'd never guess, if you wor guessin' from this to Saint Tib's eve, and that falls neither before nor afther Christmas we all know. Well, there's no use guessin', so I must tell you. You see the owld mother was a nurse to the Squire that lived hard by, and so, by coorse, she had a footin' in the house any day in the week she pleased, and used often to go over to see the Squire's childhre, for she was as fond o' them a'most as if she nursed them too; and so what does Fairly do but he carried over the owld mother, stiff as she was, and dressed in her best, and he stole in *unknount* into the Squire's garden, and he propped up the dead old woman stan'n hardby a well was in the gardin, wid her face forminst the gate, and her back to the well, and wid that he wint into the house, and made out the childhre, and says he, “God save you Masther Tommy,” says he, “God save you, Masther Jimmy, Miss Matty and Miss Molshee,” says he, “an I'm glad to see you well, and sure there's the old Mammy nurse come to see yiz, childhre,” says he, “and she's down by the well in the garden, and she has gingerbread for yiz,” says he, “and whoever o' yiz runs to her first 'ill get the most gingerbread; and I'd rekimmind yiz to lose no time but run a race and sthrive who'll win the gingerbread.” Well, my dear, to be sure off set the young lmps runnin' and screechin' “here I am mammy nurse, here I am,” and they wor brakin' their necks a'most, to see who'd be there first, and wid that, they run with sitch *voylence* that the first o' them run whack up agin the poor owld woman's corps, and threwn it over plump into the middle o' the well. To be sure the childre was frekened, as well they might, and back

agin they ran, as fast as they kem, roarin' mardher, and they riz the house in no time, and little Fairly was among the first to go see what was the matter, (by the way) and he set up a *hul-lagone* my jewel that ud split the heart of a stone; and out kem the Squire and his wife, and "what's the matter?" says they; "is it what's the matter?" says Fairly, "don't yiz see my lovely ould mother is drownded by these devil'simps o' childhre?" says he, "oh Masther Jimmy, is that the way you thrated the poor ould mammy nurse, to go drownd her like a rat afther that manner?" "Oh, the childhre didn't intind it," said the Squire. "I'm sorry for your mother, Fairly, but —"

"But what?" says little Fairly, "sorry—in troth and I'll make you sorry, for I'll rise the counthry, or I'll get justice for sitch an unnathral murder; and whoever done it must go to jail, if it was even Miss Molshee herself."

Well the Squire did not like the matter to go to that, and so says he, "Oh, I'll make it worth your while to say nothing about it, Fairly, and here's twenty goodden guineas for you," says he.

"Why thin do you think me sitch a poor-blooded craythur as to sell my darlin' ould mother's life for twenty guineas? no in throth, tho' if you wor to make it fifty I might be talkin' to you."

Well, the Squire thought it was a dear mornin's work, and that he had very little for his money in a dead ould woman, but sooner than have the childhre get into throuble and have the matter made a *blowin' horn* of, he gev him the fifty guineas, and the ould mother was dhried and waked over agin, so that she had greather respect ped to her than a Lord or a Lady. So you see what cleverness and a *janius* for cuteness does.

Well, away he wint home afther the ould woman was buried, wid his fifty guineas snug in his pocket, and so he wint to big Fairly's to ax for the loan of the scales once more, and the brother ax'd him for what? "Oh, its only a small thrife more o' goold I have" says the little chap, "that I want to weigh."

"Is it more goold?" says big Fairly, "why its a folly to talk, but you must be either a robber or a coiner to come by money so fast."

"Oh, its only a thrife I kem

by the death o' my mother," says little Fairly.

"Why bad luck to the rap *she* had to lave you, any way," says the big chap.

"I didnt say she left me a fortin," says little Fairly.

"You said you kem by the money by your mother's death," says the big brother.

"Well, an' that's thrue," says the little fellow, "an' I'll tell you how it was. You see afther you killed her I thought I might as well make the most I could of her, and says I to myself, faix and I had great good luck wid the cow be killed for me, and why wouldnt I get more for my mother nor a cow? and so away I wint to the town, and I offered her to the docthor there, and he was greatly taken wid her, and by dad he wouldnt let me lave the house without sellin' her to him, and faix he gev me fifty guineas for her."

"Is it fifty guineas for a corpa?"

"It's thruth I'm tellin' you, and was much obleeged into the bargain, and the raison is, you see, that there's no sitch thing to be had, for love or money as a dead ould woman—there's no kilin' them at all at all, so that a dead ould woman is quite a curoosity."

"Well there's the scales for you," says big Fairly, and away the little chap wint to weigh his goold (as he let on) as he did before. But what would you think, my dear—throth you'll hardly b'lieve me whin I tell you. Little Fairly hadnt well turned his back, whin the big savage wint into the house where his ould mother was and tuck up a rapin' hook, and kilt her an the spot—divil a lie in it. Oh, no wondher you look cruked at the thoughts of it; but its morially thrue, —faix he raped the life out iv her, and he detarmined to turn in his harvist, for that same as soon as he could, and so away he wint to the docthor in the town hardby, where little Fairly towld him he sowld his mother, and he knocked at the door and walked into the hall with a sack on his shoul-dher, and settin' down the sack, he said he wanted to spake to the docthor. Well, when the docthor kem, and heerd the vagabone talkin' of fifty guineas for an ould woman, he began to laugh at him; but, whin he opened the sack, and seen how the poor ould craythur was murthered, he set up a shout.

"Oh, you vagabone," says he, "you sack-im up villian," says he, "you've Burked the woman," says he, "and now you come to *rape* the fruits o' your *murder*." Well, the minit big Fairly heerd the word *murder*, and *rapin* the reward, he thought the docthor was up to the way of it, and he got frenkened, and with that the docthor opened the hall-door, and called the watch, but Fairly bruk loose from him, and ran away home; and when once he was gone, the docthor *thought there would be no use in rising a ruction* about it, and so he shut the door, and never minded the police. Big Fairly, to be sure, was so frenkened, he never cried stop, until he got clean outside the town, and with that, the first place he wint to was little Fairly's house, and burstin' in the door, he said, in a tarin' passion, "What work is this you have been at now, you on-looky miscrayint," says he.

"I haven't been at any work," says little Fairly, "See, yourself," says he, "*my sleeves is new*," says he, howldin' out the cuffs av his coat to him at the same time, to show him.

"Don't think to put me aff that a-way, with your little kimmeens, and your divartin' capers," says the big chap, "for I tell you I'm in airmest, and it's no jokin' matter it 'ill be to you, for, by this an that, I'll have the life o' you, you little *spidhogue* of an abortion, as you are, you made me kill me cows. Dont say a word, for you know it's thrue."

"I never made you kill your cows," says little Fairly, no ways danted by the fierce looks o' the big bosthoon.

"Whisht! you vagabone!" says the big chap. "You didn't bid me do it, out o' the face, in plain words, but you made me sinsiible."

"Faiz, an that was doin' a wondher," says little Fairly, who couldn't help havin' the laugh at him, though he was sore afeard.

"Bad luck to you, you little sneerin' vagabone," says the big chap again, "I know what you mane, you long-headed schkamer, that you are; but, by my sowl, your capers 'ill soon be cut short, as you'll see to your cost. But, before I kill you, I'll show you, to your face, the villian that you are, and it is no use your endavourin' to consale your bad manners to me, for if you had a veil as thick as the shield of A—jax,

which was made o' siv'n bull hides, it would not sarve for to cover the half o' your inni—quitties."*

"Whoo! that's the ould schoolmaster's speech you're puttin' an us now," says little Fairly, "and faith it's the only thing you iver larned, I b'lieve, from him."

"Yis, I larned how fine a thing it is to whop a little chap less than myself, and you'll see, with a blessin', how good a scholar I am at that same; and you desearve it, for I towld you just now, before you intherrupted me, how you made me kill all my cows, (and that was the sore loss), and afther that, whin you could do no more, you made me kill my mother, and divil a good it done me, but nigh hand got me into the watch-house; and so now I'm detarmint you wont play me any more thricks, for I'll hide you, snug, in the deepest bog-hole, in the Bog of Allen, and if you trouble me afther that, faix I think it 'ill be the wondher;" and, with that, he made a grab at the little chap, and, while you'd be sayin' "thrap stick," he cotch him, and put him, body and bones, into a sack, and he threwn the sack over the back of a horse was at the door, and away he wint in a tarin' rage, straight for the Bog of Allen. Well, to be sure, he couldn't help stoppin' at a public-house, by the road-side, *for he was dhry, with the rage*; an he tuk the sack where little Fairly was tied up, an he lifted it aff o' the horse, an put it standin' up beside the door goin' into the public-house; an he wasn't well gone in, whin a farmer was comin' by too, and he was as dhry wid the dust, as ever big Fairly was with the rage, (an indeed it's wondherful how aisy it is to make a man dhry); and so, as he was goin' in, he struck agin the sack that little Fairly was in, and little Fairly gev a groan that you'd think kem from the grave; and, says he, (from inside o' the sack), "God forgive you," says he.

"Who's there?" says the farmer, startin' and no wondher.

"It's me," says little Fairly, "and may the Lord forgive you," says he, "for you have disturbed me, and I *half-way to heaven*."

"Why, who are you at all?" says the farmer. "Are you a man?" says he.

"I am a man, now," says little Fairly,

* A lady assured me of this as the genuine speech of a hedge schoolmaster.

"though, if you didn't disturb me, I'd have been an angel of glory in less than no time," says he.

"How do you make that out, honest man?" says the farmer.

"I can't explain it to you," says little Fairy, "*for it's a mystery*; but what I tell you is thruth," says he, "and I tell you that, whoever is in this sack, at this present," says he, "is as good as half-way to heav'n, and indeed I thought I was there, a'most, only you sthruck agin me, an disturbed me."

"An do you mane for to say," says the farmer, "that whoever is in that sack will go to heaven."

"Faix, they are an their road there, at all events," says little Fairy, "and if they lose their way, it's their own fault."

"Oh thin," says the farmer, "may be you'd let me get into the sack along wid you, for to go to heaven too."

"Oh, the horse that's to bring us *doesn't carry double*," says little Fairy.

"Well, will you let me get into the sack instead iv you," says the farmer.

"Why, thin, do you think I'd let any one take sitch a dirty advantage o' me as to go to heaven afore me?" says little Fairy.

"Oh, I'll make it worth your while," says the farmer.

"Why, thin, will you ontie the sack," says little Fairy, "and jist let me see who it is that has the impidence to ax me to do the like." And with that, the farmer ontied the sack, and little Fairy popped out his head. "Why, thin, do you think," says he, "that a hangin'-bone lookin' thief, *like you*, has a right to go to heaven afore me."

"Oh," says the farmer, "I've been a wicked sinner in my time, and I havn't much longer to live; and, to tell you the thruth, I'd be glad to get to heaven in that sack, if it's thrue what you tell me."

"Why," says little Fairy, "don't you know it is by *sackcloth and ashes* that the faithful see the light o' glory."

"Thru for you indeed," says the farmer. "Oh murther, let me get in there, and I'll make it worth your while."

"How do you make that out?" says little Fairy.

"Why, I'll give you five hundher guineas," says the farmer, "and I think that's a power o' money."

"But what's a power o' money com-

pared to heaven," says little Fairy; "and do you think I'd sell my sowl for five hundher guineas?"

"Well, there's five hundher more in an owld stockin', in the oak box, in the cabin by the crass-roads, at Dhram-snookie, for I'm owld Tims o' Dhram-snookie, and you'll inherit all I have, if you consint."

"But what's a thousand guineas compared to heaven?" says little Fairy.

"Well, do you see all them heads o' cattle there?" says the farmer. "I have just dhruv them here from Ballinasloe," says he, "and every head o' cattle you see here, shall be your's, also, if you let me into that sack, that I may go to heaven instead o' you."

"Oh think o' my poor little sowl," says Fairy.

"Tut, man," says the farmer, "I've twice as big a sowl as you; and, besides, I'm owld, and you're young, and I have no time to spare, and you may get absolution aisy, and make yourpace in good time."

"Well," says little Fairy, "I feel for you," says he, "an I'm half inclined to let you overpersuade me to have your will o' me."

"That's a jewel," says the farmer.

"But make haste," says little Fairy, "for I don't know how soon you might get a refusal."

"Let me in at wanst," says the farmer. "So, my dear, Fairy got out, and the farmer got in, and the little chap tied him up; and, says he to the farmer, 'there will be great *norations* made agin you, all the way you're goin' along; and you'll hear o' your sins over and over agin, and you'll hear o' things you never done at all,' says little Fairy, 'but never say a word, or you wont go where I was goin'. Oh! why did I let you persuade me.'"

"Lord reward you!" says the poor farmer.

"And your conscience will be sthreckin' you all the time," says little Fairy; "and you'll think a'most it's a stick is sthreckin' you, but you mustn't let an, nor say a word, but pray *inwardly* in the sack."

"I'll not forget," says the farmer.

"Oh! you'll be reminded of it," says Fairy, "for you've a bad conscience I know; and the seven deadly sins will be goin' your road, and keep-

in' you company, and every now and then they'll be *puttin' their comether* an you, and callin' you 'brother,' but don't let on to know them at all, for they'll be mislaydin' you, and just do you keep quite (quiet) and you'll see the ind iv it." Well, just at that minit little Fairy heerd big Fairy comin', and away he runs and hid inside iv a churn was dhryin' at the ind o' the house; and big Fairy lifted the sack was standin' at the door, and feelin' it more weighty nor it was before, he said, "throth: I think you're growin' heavy with grief; but here goes, any how," and, with that, he hoist it up on the horse's back, an' away he wint to the bog iv Allen.

Now, you see, big Fairy, like every blackguard that has the bad blood in him, the minit he had the sup o' dhriak in, the dirty turn kem out; and so, as he wint along he began to wollope the poor baste, and the sack where his little brother was (as he thought, the big fool,) and to gibe and jeer him for his divarshin. But the poor farmer did as little Fairy towld him, an' never a word he said at all, though he couldnt help roaring out every now and thin, whin he felt the soft ind of big Fairy's shillelah across his back-bone; and sure the poor innocent thought it was his bad conscience and the seven deadly sins was tazin' him; but he wouldnt answer a word for all that, though the big savage was *aggrawatin'* him every fut o' the road antil they kem to the bog; and whin he had him there, fair he wasn't long in choosin' a bog hole for him—and, my jewl, in he poppd the poor farmer neck and heels, sack and all; and as the soft bog stuff and muddy wather closed over him, "I wish you a safe journey to the bottom, young man," says the big brute, grinnin' like a cat at a cheese, "and as clever a chap as you are, I don't think you'll come back out o' that in a hurry; and its throubled I was wid you long enough, you little go-the-ground skamer, but I'll have a quiet life for the futhur." And wid that he got up an his horse, and away he wint home; but he had not gone over a mile, or there-away, whin who should he see but little Fairy mounted on the farmer's horse, dhryin' the biggest dhrove o' black cattle you ever seen; and, by dad, big Fairy grewn as white as asheet whin he clapt his eyes

an him, for he thought it was not himself at all, was in it, but his ghost; and he was goin' to turn and gallop off, whin little Fairy called out to him to stay, for that he wanted to speak to him. So whin he seen it was himself he wondhered, to be sure, and small blame to him—and says he, "well as cute as I knew you wor, by gor, this last turn o' your's bates Bannagher—and how the devil are you here at all, whin I thought you wor cuttin' turf wid your sharp little nose, in the bog of Allen, for I'll take my affydown-davy I put you into the deepest hole in it, head foremost not half an hour ago."

"Throth you did, sure enough," says little Fairy, "and you wor ever and always the good brother to me, as I often said before, but by dad, you never done rightly for me antil today, but you made me up now in airnest."

"How do you mane?" says big Fairy.

"Why, do you see all this cattle here I'm dhryin'?" says little Fairy.

"Yes I do, and whose cattle are they?"

"They're all my own—every head o' them."

"An' how did you come by them?"

"Why you see, when you threwm me into the boghole, I felt it mighty cowlid at first, and it was mortal dark, and I felt myself goin' down and down, that I thought I'd never stop sinkin, and wondhered if there was any bottom to it at all, and at last I began to feel it growin' warm, and pleasant, and light, and whin I kem to the bottom, (there was the loveliest green field you ever clapt your eyes on, and thousands upon thousands o' cattle feedin, and the grass so heavy that they wor up to their ears in it—it's thruth I'm tellin' you—o, divil sitch meadows I ever seen, and whin I kem to myself, for indeed I was rather surprised, and thought it was dhramin I was—when I kem to myself, I was welkim'd by a very ginteel spoken little man, the dawnahiest craythur you ever seen, by dad I'd have made six iv him, myself, and says he, "your welkim to the undher story o' the Bog iv Allen, Fairy." "Thank you kindly sir," says I.—"And how is all wid you?" says he—"hearty indeed," says I. "And what brought you here?" says he—"my big brother," says I. "That was very good iv him," says he—"thru for you sir," says I. "He is always doin' me a good turn," says I. "Oh then he never

done you half so good a turn as this," says he; "for you'll be the richest man in Ireland soon." "Thank you sir," says I; "but I dont see how." "Do you see all them cattle grazin there?" says he. "To be sure I do," says I, "Well," says he, "take as many o' them as your heart desires, and bring them home wid you." "Why, sure," says I, "how could I get back myself up out of the boghole, let alone dhraggin' bullocks afther me?" "Oh," says he, "the way is aisy enough, for you have nothin' to do but dhrive them out the back way over there," says he, pointin to a gate, "and sure enough, my darlint, I got all the bastes you see here, and dhruv them out, and here I am goin' home wid 'em, and maybe I wont be the rich man—av coorse I gev the best o' thanks to the little owld man, and gev him the hought o' good language for his behavior," and with that, says he, "you may come back again, and take the rest o' them," says he—and faix sure enough I'll go back the minit I get these bastes home, and have another turn out o' the boghole."

"Faix and I'll be before hand wid you," says big Fairly.

"Oh but you shan't," says little Fairly; it was I discovered the place, and why should'nt I have the good iv it."

"You greedy little hound," says the big fellow, "I'll have my share o' them as well as you," and with that he turned about his horse, and away he galloped to the bog hole, and the little fellow galloped afther him pertendin' to be in a desperate fright afear'd the other would get there first, and he cried 'stop the robber,' afther him, and whin he kem to the soft place in the bog they

both lit, and little Fairly got before the big fellow, and pertended to be makin' for the bog hole in a powerful hurry, cryin' out as he passed him, "I'll win the day! I'll win the day!" and the big fellow pulled fut afther him as hard as he could, and hardly a puff left in him he run to that degree, and he was afear'd that little Fairly would bate him and get all the cattle, and he was wishin' for a gun that he might shoot him, whin the cute little devil, just as he kem close to the edge o' the bog hole, let an that his fut slipped and he fell down, crying' out, "fair play! fair play!—wait till I rise!" but the words wasn't well out of his mouth, when the big fellow kem up. "Oh, the devil a wait," says he, and he made one desperate dart at the bog hole, and jumped into the middle of it. "Hurroo!" says little Fairly, gettin' an his legs agin and runnin' over to the edge o' the bog hole, and just as he seen the great splaw feet o' the big savage sinkin' into the sludge, he called afther him, and says he, "I say, big Fairly, don't take all the cattle, but lave a thrifle for me. I'll wait however 'till you come back," says the little rogue, laughin' at his own cute contrivance, "and I think now I'll lade a quite life," says he, and with that he wint home, and from that day out he grewn richer and richer every day, and was the greatest man in the whole country side; and all the neighbours gev in to him that he was the most knowledgable man in thim parts, but they all thought it was quare that his name should be *Fairly*, for it was agreed, one and all, that he was the biggest rogue out,—barrin' Baffe, the robber.

CHURCH REFORM, AND GREAT BRITAIN'S PROSPECTS.

We but lately watched, with deep anxiety, the fate of Antwerp. We traced the details of its short, but glorious career, from diplomatic negotiations, to open violence, and manfully resisted destruction; and this, with an intense and more sacred interest, than any event of modern times, except our own Catholic emancipation, elicited from us. Every destructive shot jarred upon our feelings—every tottering bulwark, or demolished tower, buried a corresponding hope in our bosoms. We thus sympathized with Antwerp, as our ancient Protestant ally; and with its rightful sovereign, because, throughout this disgraceful struggle, he had proved himself a man in firmness of principle, a Protestant in religion, and a Christian in conduct, and because he was crushed by the unholy alliance of Popery and infidelity. And we confess, that it was only by spiritualizing its meaning, and diverting its application, and by considering that the real foes of "our most gracious Sovereign, Lord, King William," were nearer to him, and more formidable than were the martyrs of Antwerp, that we could, in sincerity of heart, offer, in his behalf, the petition of our litany, for "victory over all his enemies." We confess, that as Protestants, and, therefore, patriots, we felt, with pain, the conviction, that the union between our loyalty and affections was now, for the first time, divorced.

But if we thus, in common with every British Protestant, except our rulers, sympathised in the fate of Antwerp, it will scarcely be thought that we can look with indifference upon similar acts perpetrated by the same agents upon the theatre of our own land, and upon the persons and properties of our own brethren. It will scarcely be thought, that we are passive and indifferent spectators of the battery now opened to accomplish the demolition of our church establishment. It is true, that the fortresses of our Alma Mater are, as yet, unassailed—her fences yet unbroken—her possessions yet undisturbed. It

is true, that the bill for throwing open her fellowships to Papists, and curtailing her revenues, has not been, yet, flung or forced, by agitation, into the hands of our government; still, we cannot but look with holy indignation, upon the impious design of immolating our venerable church upon the altar of political expediency; and this, too, in order to make room for modern Popery, that monstrous and incestuous offspring of infidelity and superstition. We cannot but look with unselfish commiseration upon the persecutions and sufferings of our brethren, the parochial clergy; and with selfish misgivings upon our own probable destiny, when these outworks, unmanned and demolished, shall have permitted the enemy to concentrate his forces against our own citadel.

We trust, that all our anxieties have reference to the interests of vital godliness, and the furtherance of Christ's kingdom in our land; we trust, that we should be ready, nay, anxious, to offer up the temporalities of our Church upon the sacrifice and service of her faith, and in that sacrifice to joy and rejoice, though in a far different spirit, and from far different motives, with the most desperate radical reformer; could we but see a reasonable ground for supposing, that the offering would be acceptable to, and thus blessed of God. But though we firmly believe that the gates of hell cannot prevail against our church, in all which is essential to her; though we know that the children whom persecution has begotten her, and who are baptized in the place of the dead, are far more numerous, and more devoted, than those of her more prosperous days; so that she may now exclaim, with her illustrious prototype, in delighted surprise, "Who hath begotten me these, seeing I have lost my children and am desolate—a captive, and removing to and fro! And who hath brought up these! behold, I was left alone—these, where had they been!" Though we are convinced, that however the deluge of Popery may be suffered to flood the land,

not only, as now, to inundate its vallies, but to submerge its hills and overtop its mountains, yet the ark of true Religion will float above the wreck, a life boat to rescue every sincere convert. Still we believe, that the impious hand which signs the death warrant of Protestantism, and the establishment of Popery, in Ireland, and which by public and solemn contract, weds the nation to the mother of harlots, drunk with the blood of saints; will, by the same act, sign the death warrant of Great Britain's prosperity and happiness; abandon her to misery and degradation, and, as a nation unfaithful to her vows, divorce her from God.

That the only principle of our rulers, is to deny all principle save expediency; and, like the philosophers of Pagan Rome, to treat all religions as alike false, and alike convenient, is but too evident from all their measures. That they are about to place on the same level, Christianity, and that creed which they, but lately, abjured, with all the solemnity of an oath, as damnable idolatry—to deal out evenhanded justice and equal measure to God and Satan; and, gradually, but yet rapidly, to substitute the Religion of the many for the Religion of the Bible and the truth of God, Lord Althorp's bill proves. It is not merely to the enormous, partial, and consequently unjust impost upon the clergy. It is not merely to the confiscation of Bishops' lands, or the extinction of Bishops' sees, to which we would refer in proof of this, though these were convincing evidence. Nearly half of our mitres swept away in the first fell swoop of the reformers arm, it may well be feared, threatens the axe to the root of the tree, and warns the remaining half—in the scriptural phraseology of our premier—to set their house in order. The estates, too, of the bishops converted into heavily taxed annuities. A graduated tax upon the parochial clergy, amounting in two of its items, to nearly one-third of all the larger preferments, that is, *fifteen* per cent direct tax to the ecclesiastical commissioners and *fifteen* per cent bonus, to bribe the tithe payer to comply with the law, and not to “extinguish tithe,” until Mr. Stanley, who, by the way; has done nothing in the church reform bill, towards effecting a commutation, can quietly redeem his pledge to extinguish it. These

clauses might well justify us in attributing to our rulers the most hostile feelings and impious designs against the church. But Lord Althorp's bill contains, to adopt Mr. O'Connell's language, “a principle of future amelioration,” in other words, of destruction, which brings with it more damning proof. Why are bishops to be removed from the most prominent and important stations in the South and buried in insignificant villages and rural places? Why is the bishop of Cork to be removed to Cloyne? Of Waterford, to Cashel? Of Ossory, to Ferns? Is it that the incomes of the former are derived, almost exclusively, from land; of the latter, in a great measure, from tithe also; a property likely to be settled without legislative aid? Or is it to give ample scope and verge enough to their Popish lordships, whose number, observe, is maintained in undiminished integrity, to strut in unrivalled importance, and run riot, unchecked, in those influential stations; and thus, to secure for popery, on the Godly principle of even-handed justice, its due importance in popish districts, and consequently an increased facility of entangling souls, in, what our statesmen have designated upon oath, as “damnable idolatry?” Why is the Archiepiscopal mitre—the ornament and title, surely, were no expense to our political economists—to be removed from the see of Cashel, unless that the Archbishop of Cashel should be a Papist, and that he and his brethren of Cork, Waterford, and Kilkenny, should hereafter take precedence at our vice-regal court, of their degraded Protestant brethren? We confess that we cannot but view the mechanism and animus of this bill with unmitigated alarm. If government be sincere in the wish it expresses, for the security of the dismembered trunk of the Church establishment, it exhibits the most hopeless infatuation and incompetency. If it be not sincere in those wishes, it exhibits the most insidious and consummate treachery. We can choose for it but between want of honesty and want of sense. And, in either case, we cannot but fear, that our deserted episcopal palaces will be, soon, tenanted by Popish bishops—that our confiscated bishops lands will, soon, endow a Popish hierarchy—that its surplus revenues, after the fair claims of the

church on *its own property*, have been first satisfied—upon the appropriation of which, as well as upon the time when those fair claims shall have been fully satisfied, it will be for parliament, Lord Althorp tells us, to decide ; for he frankly tells us, that, as it is unnecessary to consider it now—he does not risk the bill, by mooting, for the present, this desperate principle—that its surplus revenues will soon endow a Popish establishment, and that our proscribed rectories, to which the appointment of a Protestant rector has been suspended—a soft and soothing term—will, soon be permanently filled by, in its civil, as well as ecclesiastical sense, the Roman Catholic *Rector of Rath* and the other rectors of the people.

Nothing, short of a political convulsion, which would shake the kingdom to its very centre, could overturn, by a single shock, a fabrick so deeply founded and widely ramified as our ecclesiastical establishment. The first shock, however, in its execution, has surprised even the miners ; and, in prostrating nearly half of our episcopal palaces, and mulcting the establishment in nearly a fourth of its revenues, has worked to the “delight and satisfaction” of Mr. O’Connell himself. These are his own words drawn from him in an unguarded moment, by amazement at the sweeping range of this bill. But, while we confine our view to what is immediate and palpable, we take but a partial and inadequate view, indeed, of the ruinous effects of this measure. It has shaken the establishment to its very foundation and introduced into it a principle of decomposition and ruin. The clause which empowers the commissioners, to suspend the reappointment of parochial clergy, to parishes in which duty has not been done for three years ; when combined with the power of dissolving unions, and changing bounds of parishes, if liberally interpreted and actively worked by the commissioners and demagogues, will effect the extinction of the Protestant church in all country parishes where there is not a resident gentry. And that this clause will be so interpreted and worked, the spirit and tendency of the age, and still more, Lord Althorp’s concise description of the commissioners, may convince us. It is true, that for the present at least, the

commissioners must be Protestant ; but, to use Lord Althorp’s indefinite and equivocal expression, “*though* Protestant, they will be as independent as possible.” Independent of whom, or of what ? Not of parliament, which is to audit their accounts, and control their proceedings ; but of the church, *though* they are members of it. To give meaning to the vague and guarded phraseology of a diplomatic communication—to give any force to the word *though*, we must view this sentence as announcing, that *although* the commissioners are Protestant, yet care will be taken that they shall be such as are perfectly independent, not only of ecclesiastical influence, that might be quite proper, but of what would be styled church prejudice, also. In fact, that they shall be of that mongrel breed, between truckling, lukewarm, nominal protestantism and political popery ; or even such Protestants as he, of whom one of our representatives truly said, “that in candour to members of the Roman Catholic religion, he must allow, that the honorable member exceeded them all, in the bitterness of his invective, against clergy of his own persuasion.” Such men will not have a quick eye, or a tender conscience, to perceive the necessity for a christian pastor and christian ordinances, in a parish, where there are but a few souls to be saved or lost. They will feel but little remorse, at withholding from a scattered flock of poor Protestants, who cannot afford to subscribe towards the building of a church—for such subscription is rendered, by the bill, an essential preliminary—the shepherd, who would stand between these few sheep in the wilderness and the prowling wolf of persecuting popery. By the clause empowering to dissolve unions, they can, when so disposed, lop off all the parishes which would come under the suspension clause from the centre parish, or corps of the union which contains the Protestant population, the Church, and perhaps a village.

The demagogues and rabble will give their aid to the Commissioners, and it will be powerful, in reducing the establishment to its minimum of cost and extent. And we are convinced, that this bill puts the most powerful weapon which government has yet bestowed, into the hands of priests, demagogues, and rabble, to *prevent conversions from*

Popery—to cause the assassination of many of our Clergy—and to drive out of the country, if not murder, our poorer Protestants.

Let us suppose a parish, in which there are but a few, or no Protestants; and which the Romanists expect will, on the death of its present incumbent, be subjected to the pruning knife of the ecclesiastical commissioners. Did ever spendthrift heir, watch, with more anxious solicitude, for the death of a covetous and hated relative, who stood between him and wealth, than the poorer Roman Catholics will look for the death of this "brotherless hermit, the last of his race," and with whom is to disappear for ever the badge of their humiliation and slavery; as one of our agitation representatives, with a very Irish name, which we are afraid to attempt either to articulate or spell, designates the Church establishment. There is nobody, at all acquainted with the sanguine and inaccurate minds of our peasantry, who will not at once, allow, that in the day of their triumph, it will be difficult indeed, to persuade them, that, with the minister, the tithe which he claimed will not die also. And let them be persuaded that they are beneficially interested in his death—let their persuasion be combined with religious bigotry and radical feeling, and we know enough of our countrymen to compel us to fear, that there is no parish, so circumstanced, in which there will not be many persons, not merely who long for, but who are ready, on any exciting occasion, to accelerate the desired event. We are convinced, that the clause which docks the entail of many of our sees and parishes, will expose, in such instances, their present occupiers to the murderous arm. And it is in sober earnest, that we would petition our legislators to enact, as its antidote, "That it shall be compulsory upon the proper authorities, to appoint a successor, to any ecclesiastical person, who shall fall by the hand of violence; anything in the present act notwithstanding."

In a parish circumstanced as we have described, we may rest assured that no efforts will be omitted, by priest or people, which intimidation, petty persecution, and open violence can supply, to convert or expel the few heartless and dispirited Protestants, in order that the parish may be purged from the here-

tic's foot, and no unholy ground left on which to rear a church, or justify the introduction of a Protestant minister by the Commissioners. And Protestant emigration does not require this stimulus. It is progressing with awful rapidity, as a statement in our last number proves. As to converts from Popery, the suspension clause, in its operation, is absolutely penal against them. Who that feels it, now, too hard for flesh and blood to bear the finger of scorn, the brand of infamy, and the more substantial injuries to property and even person, which seldom fail to light upon an apostate from the religion of the people, would, then, dare, in addition to all these, to brave the tenfold bitterness of hatred and virulence, which he would be sure to draw upon him, for entailing upon the parish the curse, of a succession of Protestant pastors?

But how should such parishes be disposed of? Could church reform tolerate the abomination of Pluralists and Sinecurists? Certainly not. Provided, that by the former be understood incumbents of two parishes, either supplying adequate maintenance, or both, however small in value, with cure of souls; and by the latter, clerical gentlemen at large, and not clergymen who are filling important posts, where it is desirable to retain them, as curates of towns, villages, large parishes requiring additional care, or where the rector is superannuated; or parishes, whose tithe is inappropriate, or wholly disproportioned to the labour. All these may be remunerated, in the most simple manner, by presentation to an adjoining benefice, which is either a non-cure, or with but little duty, and which they are always near at hand to discharge. We do not, however, by any means admit, that the residence of a pious clergyman, conferring on the parish every benefit which it is in a capacity for receiving, and always present to elicit and foster any aspirations after a higher moral state, is not an adequate performance of duty on his part, and the best possible compensation to the parish for the tithe, which it must pay, whether there be or be not an incumbent. That such a man were a benefit to every parish in the kingdom, Dr. Adam Smith's reasoning demonstrates, in a political point of view; and the bible proves (*passim*)

in a religious. Church reformers, whether at anti-tithe meetings, or in Parliament, clamoured much about curates, for whom the professed deep commiseration, and who, to their honor be it said, never reverberated the cry. Lord Althorp's measure forgets that there are such men in existence—"vacuus cantat coram latrone viator." While it extinguishes sees, and confiscates Bishops' lands—while it taxes cures and suspends non-cures; it leaves curacies as it found them, and deplored curates unreformed, still "passing rich on forty pounds a-year." But why do we say *leaves* them? It throws the majority wholly out of employment, by suddenly depriving the incumbents of large benefices, in which, generally, the curates are to be found, of one-third of their income. Thus compelling them to dismiss their curates, now, perhaps, grown grey in the unremunerated service of the church, and with a prospect of preferment, or even employment, diminished in the same ratio as the parishes and cures. Would it not be a salutary reform in their condition, if their income were no longer a tax upon the incumbent; and consequently, its amount and even their appointment at all, however much required, dependent upon his pecuniary resources? but if, whenever the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—for in this government appointed presbytery, the episcopal office is vested—see need for a curate, that they shall present him to the nearest vacant non-cure. Curates forgotten in a Church Reform bill, indicates a design to confiscate, rather than improve. And when we hear professions, of respect and commiseration for the clergy—of love for the church, and zeal for its security; and yet while the clergy are dying of atrophy, or spinning out the spider thread of a protracted existence, from the scant produce of charity sermons, public subscriptions, and private alms, see no measure brought forward for their *present* relief; as if like chameleons, they could live on air, or, like beggars, on charity; and, as to the *future*, see not a single redeeming clause—not a single benefit conferred by a bill, which, deals liberally in confiscations, taxings, and extinctions—when we are thus forced to contrast honied professions with unfeeling and unjust acts, we deem it no breach of charity to say, as did the aged patriarch to a

deceiver of olden time: "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

Throughout this bill, we detect a machiavelian policy, which inspires a still deeper distrust of the honesty, than even of the judgment of its framers. Divide et impera, pervades it. This is a principle which ever governs with personal, not patriotic feeling; and which makes selfish interests, and not the happiness of the people, its prime object. Throughout the bill, we discover a studied concern to isolate the Church—to separate her, as far as is possible, from all her lay connections, that the death wound may be aimed at the marked deer, uninterrupted by those, who are somewhat longer, to survive her. We confess, that humanly speaking, we depended for the safety of the Church, less upon the honesty and justice of a whig government, than upon her close and intimate connection with the lay property of the country, through the medium of *Bishops' leases, impropriate tithe, and lay patronage*. Lord Althorp has discovered, that all these interests could be, for the present, conciliated, and thus detached from the cause of the Church; by partial legislation, and by trampling upon vested rights—but not *their* rights. Cerberus has had a sop for every mouth. Bishops' tenants were ready to make common cause with the church; in the very natural fear, that if their landlords were plundered, the spoiler might refuse to renew their leases. These are promised, as the price of their acquiescence, leases for ever, at six, instead of seven and a half year's purchase of their beneficial interest. This will for a time, and that is sufficient, lull all those, who in difficult and complicated matters, spare themselves the labour of thought, and take it for granted, that what is promised as a benefit, is in reality, such. We shall therefore, probably, hear but few complaints and protests against the plunder of the church from this quarter, unless from those few, who may pause to consider, whether the difference between a lease for ever, and a lease enjoyed by their predecessors, as in most instances, for some hundred years—for comparatively few leases have ever been run out by the Bishops—and with as little prospect of disturbance to themselves, is sufficient to compensate the sacrifice of a third beneficial interest.

Lord Althorp has expressly proposed this arrangement as a bonus, to tempt the tenants to purchase; and therefore we enumerate it among the government bribes, without, ourselves, attaching to it any value. Perhaps, however, there are some who may be willing to sacrifice present comfort, in order to meet the second advent with a lease for ever, if indeed, as some imagine, it may be so near, as to anticipate a servile war and an agrarian law. We do not ourselves think it the best kind of preparation for that glorious event. But if it be a privilege, what will it avail men, whose property is subject, by family and other incumbrances, to a heavy debt? To make this plain. Suppose the incumbrances amount to two-thirds of the beneficial interest; to purchase a lease for ever, with the remaining third, would be to forfeit for ever the whole. Doubtless the clause is not compulsory; and therefore, if not beneficial, cannot on the other hand be considered as penal. If the tenant is not the better for it, he certainly is not a whit the worse. But *may* not, and when government comes into possession, *will* not the clause be made compulsory? When the popish hierarchy begins to agitate for its rightful share of the spoils of the church; and asks, as its moderate portion, the unappropriated three millions, which Lord Althorp does not know what to do with, though compelled to plunder the clergy of nearly one-fourth of their property, to pay church cess and other imposts, to which they were never liable; is it not possible that government—now that vested rights have been obliterated from the statute book—may feel in their case, as in that of the church, that the rights of individuals cannot be suffered to clog the wheels of government, in its reforming progress? And as soon as the church portion of the question has been got rid of, may not each tenant have to make his option, between a lease for ever, at a sacrifice of one-third of his income, and no renewal? If any doubt this, we are rather surprised at their confidence in the *generosity* of government, for observe, the question of *justice* is not at all involved in their case. It was always lawful, but seldom expedient for the bishop to run his life against a lease. The security from inexpediency, the present bill completely destroys, by

substituting a *yearly* and *impartial* government, for an aged bishop. The tenants are by it, wholly thrown on the tender mercies of government, which, without depriving them of any right they *do* now, or ever did possess, may, in twenty-one years at the farthest, eject them from their property, without even permitting them to purchase, for that clause has been introduced without any beneficial condition on their part—any quid pro quo—and therefore may be repealed without any injustice to them; they are not contracting parties to it. In twenty-one years, if ere then popery has not ceased to agitate, government may put into possession of their green acres, our Sovereign Lord—we shall not indite the blasphemy with which his loyal subjects complete the epithet—the Pope!

The lay proprietors, too, of improper tithe, that is of, half the tithe in Ireland, might well be alarmed into a confederacy with the Church. The bill, therefore, does not notice, or seem to remember their existence; but lest this might be suspicious and alarming, Whigs and Radicals, on other occasions, pretend to agree in thinking, that their right is perfectly distinct from, and superior to, that of the Church, in this species of property. We confess, that neither our moral or intellectual faculties have been sufficiently reformed, to enable us to see, in what this superiority consists. However, so they agree to *say*. And therefore, the owners of improper tithe deem it their wiser course, to remain in the shade which the bill has thrown around them, and not to thrust themselves forward, and perhaps share a blow, which, for the present, is not intended for them. Whether they judge rightly or not, time, the great revealer of hidden motives and events, will tell.

Lay patrons too, might have reasonably apprehended, that Church reform would rob them of their estate in the *souls* of a parish; and that they should no longer be permitted by Church reformers to put a younger son "into one of the priest's offices," only "that he might eat a piece of bread." But their fears were groundless.—Church reformers can perceive, that their right of appointing to the pastoral care is quite distinct from, and superior to, that of the Bishops. And

while the ecclesiastical commissioners, who are to relieve the Bishops from the burden of their episcopal consciences, are to determine, when a parish requires, and when it does not require, spiritual care; the lay patron may appoint, indiscriminately, and without controul, to *his* parishes, whether they be with cure of souls, or whether they be non cures. We confess, that if, on the one hand, we cannot but admire this paternal solicitude to keep our Bishops pure, we cannot, on the other hand, but reprobate this total disregard of the *best* interests of the lay patrons. Surely they have souls as well as Bishops; and should not be left in the way of temptation. Indeed, this partial omission of so palpable a duty, has almost convinced us, that we have here but the first act, and not, as might be supposed, the whole tragedy; and that before the denouement, which, as the critics observe of our tragedies, generally covers the stage with dead, some touching scenes will be enacted.

These three great interests being thus disposed of, and, for the present, put to sleep, by the lullaby of nurse with "the great teeth," and "the great claws," whom we remember as the bugbear of the nursery. If still, the gentry of Ireland were disposed to murmur at the robbery of clerical sons, and brothers, and other relatives; though all cannot, of course, be satisfied,—an agrarian law could not effect that, the present proprietors would grumble—yet doubtless, many will, by being relieved, at the expense of the clergy, from their portion of the charge for building and repairing their respective parish churches, and providing in them, things necessary for the due celebration of divine service. Thus has the bill removed from the Church every connecting stone, and separated every buttress, that it may be assailed, and fall alone. Even the parasitick plants which crept from obscurity along its walls, and which fed upon, and were enriched by its bounty, have fallen away before the tempest shock; and, by their secession in its hour of need, have left it doubly desolate—at once exposed and unsupported. And now, it stands isolated and deserted; a lofty tower, venerable through age, and halloved by the most sacred and tender associations:—a monument of our

country's buried greatness: a cemetery of her piety and virtue: an index of the spirit of the age: and furnishing to the contemplative mind, in its rise and its decline, a gloomy, but useful and impressive contrast between the *religious reform* of the sixteenth century, and the *infidel reform* of modern times.

Our Secretary, in supporting this bill, furnishes us with a fine specimen of Whig honesty, and of the "*vis consequentiæ*" of the reasoning which, is thought sufficient for modern times.—Having by "a gift, blinded the eyes" of the collateral interests, he comes to the principals. He argues, that the clergy will not murmur against the bill, because they frequently requested of him, that he would tax them, and not injure their successors." Now, that he has complied with one part of their request—that he has "taxed them," and that to the hearts content of the most voracious publican, or the most ardent aspirant after taxation, we do not, indeed cannot, in the face of the present bill, deny. If he has complied also with the second branch of their request—if he has "not injured their successors;" it is only by strangling their successors in the birth, and thus, leaving them no successors to injure. Now, however blind Mr. Stanley may be to the fact, we apprehend that this was the very event which these generous and disinterested men deprecated, and were willing, even by personal sacrifices, to avert.

Mr. Stanley not only cheers the bill, but also, what we should call the indecent and unparliamentary acclamation, with which a measure of such grave importance has been all but passed, without deliberation, upon its announcement. He calls upon the house and country, to join in his "Io triumphe," and to hail the proceedings of that night "as a specimen of the way in which great questions will be treated by a Reformed Parliament." We doubt not that his appeal will be felt and answered. But by whom?—Is this sample of reformed legislation calculated to cheer the fundholder, of whom some reformer, in a flight of eloquence may say, if indeed he has read the classics, which *we know*, that some of our brewing, and milling, and baking legislators—some of what *we do not*, but one of them *does* call, the six

hundred scoundrels at St. Stephen's, have not read, that he holds in his profane hand the Pandora box of the nation's miseries, that his unjust exaction of an enormous debt, which a reformed parliament and a reformed country never contracted, and to which, by proving an alibi against its own identity, it votes itself not liable, is an incubus upon the prosperity and happiness of the land—that he it is who fetters, with a chain of gold, the nation's energies—and, worse than a bloated parson or a West Indian slaveholder, fattens, in pampered idleness, upon the groans and toils of his fellow-countrymen—and in direct violation of the divine law, in the sweat—not of his own, but his brother's brow—eats bread? Or is this sample intended to delight the Duke of Devonshire, my Lord Lansdowne, and the other absentee proprietors, who, the Repealer says, take away from us the country's wealth, to spend it in an alien land, and give us, in return, penal statutes and a standing army: of whom Mr. O'Connell, out of the house, has declared, that they must make an option between their Irish and foreign property—nay, that no man shall possess property in two countries; and of whom, somebody within the house, for the House of Commons is a grave and sober assembly, ventures but to demand, a tax of *seventy-five per cent*?—Or is this sample intended to delight those noblemen and gentlemen, with English names and English titles to Mileasian and monastic property; and of which property *we know* that a popish ecclesiastic, lately deceased, was employed some years ago, in procuring documentary evidence at the Vatican, where all the original proofs are lodged? In a word, whom can this sample of reformed legislation rejoice, except the *novus homo*, or the rabble who aspire after this dignity—those unqualified members within the house, and those desperadoes without it, who have little or nothing to lose, and consequently, to whom any change must be beneficial?

On the just and elegantly expressed principle of one of the six hundred—that “such as the sample is, such is the bag,” however others may, we cannot sympathise with Mr. Stanley. The quick march of intellect has been accompanied by an awful hurry of events

which the peaceful mind, till it has unmoored its affections from this turbulent earth, and anchored them in heaven, can contemplate but with gloomy and painful apprehension. On this fourth day of March we are penning these remarks on the announcement of a bill for Church reform—a question, surely, of the most vital importance, whether we consider its nature, or its sweeping range, ever subjected to the consideration, or must we not rather say, the acceptance of a British legislature. Call it, if you will, the extraction of a cancer, which has struck its roots deep into the constitution, and is preying upon its vitals: yet even this were no unimportant æra in the life of the patient, and particularly when the operation is to be performed by unskilful and inexperienced physicians, agitated into, and in office, by conflicting interests, and in whom the patient has no confidence. And yet, “before this waning moon has filled her horns,” and these lines have met the public eye, their subject will, probably, have become obsolete and uninteresting. The mangled remains of our church will have been hurried from the table of our political anatomy house, and buried out of sight, to give place to a fresh subject of newer and more absorbing interest. Our lately apprenticed legislators can acquire the art, in its detail, but by dissecting, successively, every member of the constitution. Or, if Mr. O'Connell refuses the *royal assent* to the bill for coercing Ireland, the Resurrection men or the Burkers, in these days of liberty, when “every man does that which is right in the sight of his own eyes—there is no king in Edom, a deputy is King”—may snatch the patient from the tedious hands of the physicians; and he who now lies in the crisis of a painful and dangerous operation, may, “ere another moon,” be hurried to the field, and piked, or stoned, or shot through the head, by the “hereditary bondsmen.”

But Mr. Stanley has put this measure in a new point of view, quite in keeping with his known character, as a finished gentleman—“*homo factus ad unguem*”—generous, high-minded, of romantic honor, and fastidious—*usque ad nauseam*. In a lofty flight of the eloquence of feeling, he makes his pathetic appeal; not to the injustice of

the house, but to the magnanimity of the victims. He apostrophizes the famishing and persecuted survivors of the murdered clergy, scattered and peeled. He asks, even their suffrages to the bill, whose *sole* object is their spoliation. But, on a motive so elevated, as might almost reconcile them to their injuries, and cause them "to take pleasure in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses." While your bluff roundheads, who live more in the regions of reality than of speculation; of facts, than fancies; admire his bill with "delight and satisfaction," on account of the havoc which it has already wrought, and "the principle of further amelioration which it contains:" in other words, because the first explosion has brought down the lofty towers of our Church Establishment to a sectarian level, shaken its foundations, and run a crack through the whole edifice; Mr. Stanley appeals to the clergy by an argument, of which none but a chivalrous and youthful cavalier, who had never descended from the airy regions of imagination, to set foot upon our barbarous shore, could, in the ecstasies of imagination, have even dreamed. Mr. Stanley is sure that "the clergy will be ready to sacrifice a part of their property to secure the affections of the people." This must strike any body, out of Ireland, as a noble and refined view of the subject. We have heard often of similar cases, but never heard them touched with a hand so delicate, or clothed in language, at once so elegant and just. We have read in a book, which we fear that church-reform is not calculated to bring into increased circulation, but which, we have no doubt, it will cause, as does every calamitous visitation, "those who always loved to love the more," of a certain man going down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and falling among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. The priests of those days, when the temple of God had been converted into a synagogue of Satan—when the house of prayer had been made a den of thieves, were never far distant from the neighbourhood of scenes of rapine and violence. They looked upon him waltering in his blood; but with this stage of the proceeding they had no concern. They passed by on the other side.

"Doubtless" they might have argued—"this was some obnoxious fellow, hostile to the feelings and interests of the people. We know not whether we should not call this transaction a justifiable homicide, rather than a murder." However, certain it is, from the relation, that the unfortunate man was alone, and, consequently, had no friend, like Mr. Stanley, to advise; yea, in the zeal of friendship, to compel him to deliver up his purse, and strip off his raiment, for it appears that nothing short of this were sufficient, in order "to secure the affections of the people."

But to seek an illustration nearer home—and certainly it were but pedantry to travel to distant times or places, or even to refer to a book, which though freely circulated in these days of church abuse, may, perhaps, shortly be put out of circulation, by an Index expurgatorius and another Papal bull—when my Lord Grey's calendar of Irish crime affords such abundant material for selection. We have, in Ireland, often heard of an unarmed and unfriended traveller, or of a lone cottager surrendering his purse and arms to an armed gang of noonday robbers, to save his person from brutal violence—perhaps his life from the murderer's hand. But we never before heard his conduct attributed to a motive so generous and delicate, and expressed in such courtly phrase, as that he sacrificed his purse and arms "to secure the affections of his plunderers." But we have not had the advantage of a resident Sovereign and a resident Parliament, to refine our blunt feelings, and to temper and polish our strong and coarse phraseology. Though Lord Anglesey, as Mr. O'Connell and Dr. Baldwin, two competent judges, have testified to the House of Commons, "shines in conversation," yet it cannot be expected that a Viceroy of the pale, and with but a nominal rule over the native Irish—pardon the term; we constantly fancy, or rather feel ourselves back in the days of Charles and Stafford—can give the tone to Irish feeling and manners beyond the precincts of the Castle, in which all his Excellency's Irish friends and willing subjects reside. An Irish Sovereign and an Irish Parliament, to which the country was really, not nominally subject, alone could effect this. But we do not despair. In lack of every other hope except in

God, we often comfort ourselves with the homely proverb, "when things come to the worst, they must mend." Perhaps our present rulers may, in their wisdom, devise, and, in their sweeping reform, accomplish these necessary means, by which we shall soon improve in these particulars.

For a moral reason we desire to observe, *this here*, and every where, we shall speak of Lord Grey, Lord Anglesey, Lord Althorpe, Mr. Stanley, and any other proper name we can be led to introduce, as representative of public character, and in its public capacity as Premier, Viceroy, Secretary, Legislator, &c. &c., just as he who frequents the theatre speaks of King Lear, Hamlet, or Othello. We make this observation because, while we feel a liberty of applying ridicule, in a certain degree, and of a certain kind, to public measures and public names, we should feel self-condemned, were we to connect this with the person of the individual. We entirely feel with my Lord Anglesey on one point, and we believe but one—that there is no such man as Sir William Gossett. But we regret to say, we know there is such a public functionary: and we charge him, as such, with mispolicy, misdemeanour, political and religious profligacy, in addressing a letter—and such a letter! to the Roman Catholic Rector of Rath. But, perhaps, this is all as it should be. Non-entities should correspond with non-entities. And, as to the subject and spirit of that letter, perhaps this is the way in which matters are managed in the upper regions of imagination—the Utopia of reformed legislators. In seriousness—to us, a public proper name is but an abstract term, which represents certain principles, conduct, character, and measures. And, in ridiculing, or, as the case may require, more seriously censuring this term, we feel—and perhaps in such a matter, feeling is, as it regards ourselves, not a worse test of innocence than reason, that we are not, in any degree, violating the law of love to the person of the individual. And if a church reformer be a profligate, and if a democrat be haughty, and if an abolisher of patronage seem to act but upon the principle of Caligula, that he may be able, with the devilish voracity of nepotism, to despatch the whole at a

single gulp: and if a minister, civil or ecclesiastical, be a *petit maitre*, we feel it no breach of charity to mark these inconsistencies, and, as may best suit the subject, to laugh at the lighter, or solemnly reprobate the darker features of abstract character.

But, indeed, we view such language as Mr. Stanley's with serious alarm and unaffected sorrow, as an index of the weakness of Protestant interests. One of the most fatal symptoms of a weak and declining cause, is when men are content—to use a vulgar phrase, as one must to express a vulgar thing—to suffer themselves to be *humbugged*, rather than appear to observe an injury or offence, which, if observed, must produce an open rupture. And when the injurious, in default of better, are content to adopt arguments, which they are convinced have not less weight with themselves than with those to whom they are addressed. Arguments, which they use merely to throw a veil of decency, however slight, over the nakedness of injustice and oppression, and thus enable their victim to wink at his wrongs, and smile away his rights. This symptom of weakness in the cause of order we see daily exhibited by its friends and enemies. On the one side there is an evident anxiety to see measures which are deemed unavoidable, —and this very brokenness of spirit is that which renders them so—in the most hopeful point of view. To give faint assent to arguments, and faint credence to declarations and promises, which common sense rejects: to be half content in such a desperate state of things, that some ruinous measure has not been pressed still further; or touched on our own immediate interest: and to lean upon the professions of those, who have never promised but to betray. This is the grand principle of disunion, weakness, and disorganization. On the other side, we will so far compliment the understanding of Mr. Stanley, and his Whig and Radical brethren, at the expense indeed of their honesty, as to believe that they no more imagine, than does any man in Ireland, Protestant, or Papist, Tory, Whig, or Radical, that the partial, or even total confiscation of their property would secure to the Protestant Clergy the affections of the people. Or, that the present bill can, in any degree, tend to

the security of the established Church, however piteously mutilated and dismembered.

Do we then admit, that there are innate elements of repulsion, which must ever prevent the cordial union of the Protestant pastor and his Roman Catholic parishioners? By no means. But we assert, that confiscation is not the menstruum to combine them. He who receives a wrong, may forgive; but he who does the wrong, seldom can. There are, in the mind and conscience of the injurious, a "worm that dieth not, and a fire that is not quenched." If, in theology, penitence on our part is inseparably connected with pardon on God's, not, indeed, as cause, but as effect; so, in morals, sincere penitence for an injury must ever accompany a kindly feeling towards the injured. The Protestant Clergy, till within the last ten years, *had* the affections of the people. Tithe was freely and cheerfully paid, even when the country was distracted by other causes, whether topical or general. The Protestant Clergy were, in many parishes, respected and beloved; while the priest, as far as superstition could permit, was inwardly despised and hated. And both with reason. The Protestant Clergyman, of respectable connexions, probably the son of some neighbouring gentleman—and never were there, until the moral revolution of late years, greater aristocrats than the Irish peasantry or men who had a greater veneration for birth and station—liberal by his birth and education, and rendered doubly liberal by his profession: perhaps the only resident gentleman in the parish: he and his family ministered to the wants of the people—supplied medicine and other necessaries, in their sickness—comforted them in their afflictions—counselled then in their difficulties—visited them, familiarly, in their humble cottages. While, at the same time, as was the natural result of birth and education, without haughtiness or pride, they so maintained their own place, as to give value to their condescensions. We are not here drawing the finished portrait of a Christian pastor, and then asserting that such were the Irish clergy. All that we have now described might result, and, doubtless, in many cases, did result, from the combination of gentle birth,

good education, honorable principle, and a sacred profession; without, at the same time, a single *peculiar* of the pastoral character—a single real anxiety for the *souls* committed to him, Protestant or Roman Catholic. Still, this want, where it did exist, could not render him less amiable in the eyes of his Roman Catholic parishioners. They neither looked for the object, nor could detect its absence. All that they desired, and could estimate, he was. While, on the other hand, the priest, one of themselves—and envy is no bad foundation for hatred—returned among them, after a few years absence, invested with an arbitrary and mysterious authority, exercised without the suavity of a gentleman, but which, yet, they dared not to resist. The petty tyrant of the parish, Ebal was his throne. The sanctions of his will were spiritual thunders; Hell his prison-house; Reversing the Apostle's precept, "Bless, and curse not," he cursed the people from the altar, on which he, daily, created, and "crucified afresh the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." He even laid his whip upon their backs, as liberally, as, perhaps, in former days, he had laid their whip upon their plough or car horses, for his hire; or, as his brothers or cousins still laid their flails, and scythes, and cudgels, upon their corn, their mowdowing, and their skulls. He was generally, a dabbler at least in farming. In habits, tastes, and familiar intercourse, upon a level with the people. Often a drunkard, and not seldom, a profligate; the scenes of his drunkenness, were the religious assemblies, the christenings, weddings, stations at which he presided, as the representative of God! the objects of his profligacy were his own parishioners! Never a benefactor, but always an exactor; and, frequently, from indolence or avarice, refusing to the dying poor those rites, which he taught them were essential to their salvation, and which they were unable to purchase. From all these causes, he frequently crossed their worldly interests, feelings, and prejudices; and was mingled in their petty broils.

We cannot here pass on, without recording a fact, within our own experience, and confirmatory of one of the worst features of this character. A

convert from popery, in humble life, was attacked by a dangerous illness, and supposed to be dying. Her relatives and former friends, who from the hour of her conversion had not only deserted, but bitterly persecuted her, now crowded around her sick bed, hoping that by the application of a little oil to her dying body, they might save her immortal soul, or must we not rather say, "that they might glory in her flesh?" For can the bitter persecutor of the body, be an intense lover of the soul? One of these, with impassioned zeal, worthy of a better cause, exclaimed, "O Kitty, how can you die without the blessed oil?" Kitty rallied strength to answer, "how did my sister die without it, when she hadn't the money to pay for it?" Her sister some years before, was lying on her death bed. The physician had pronounced that a few hours must terminate her earthly career. They are solemn hours, even to him "who knows in whom he hath believed." They are unutterably awful to those, who have not "fled for refuge to the hope set before them in Christ Jesus," and "found joy and peace in believing." The priest was hastily sent for. It was evening; and the call was unwelcome. On her husband's presenting himself, stating the urgency of the case, and beseeching the priest to accompany him, he was asked, if he had the customary fee, and confessed that he had not. His wife's protracted illness had stripped him bare. But if he were obliged to work night and day, his reverence should be the first man paid. Whether from indolence or avarice—the motive we leave to God, or shall we not rather say and hope, to his own conscience—the priest perseveringly refused to accompany the man, until he had procured the fee. The husband returned to a pauper family, and a dying wife, with the heart rending intelligence, that poverty could inflict a keener wound, and supply a bitterer draught, than they had yet felt, or tasted. That a parting spirit, excommunicated, by poverty, from the communion of the church below, must launch upon the ghostly regions of eternity, without that viaticum, which she had been taught, and believed, to be necessary to her salvation. The broken cistern had failed, and could not supply one drop of water to cool her tongue, tormented in this flame. The broken

reed on which she had hitherto leaned, pierced her heart. Without superstitions to speak false peace to her soul. Without even the "lie in her right hand." And without one christian friend, who could say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," and tell her, that "God is a spirit, and they who worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth;" she died, in the agonies of despair.

Such were the men, and so circumstanced, between whom the affections of the Roman Catholic had to choose. And in parishes where there were few resident gentry, or none; and where, consequently, the clergyman had ample field, and frequent call for the exercise of his qualities, as a country gentleman of the first order—we say of the first order, through the ameliorating influence of education and profession—in such parishes particularly, we know many instances, where, the priest and the minister being brought thus into immediate and strong contrast, the former was the Moloch of his people's superstitious fears, dreaded, hated, but obeyed. The latter was the object of their affections, respected, venerated, and beloved.

Why then, it will be asked, has the face of things so totally changed? Why has the scene thus suddenly shifted, from a paradise to a pandemonium? Whence the double transformation? Why are the priests omnipotent? And why are the protestant clergy robbed, as by one consent—driven from their parishes—some of the best among them murdered? And if their more aged Roman Catholic parishioners meet them with a look of suppressed respect, which seems to say, necessity is laid upon us, we dare not countenance you; why do those who have started into life, or sprung up into manhood, within the last ten years, follow them with insults and imprecations? why are these things so? we answer, The final cause is, that it is the good pleasure of God, that protestantism, having neglected its stewardship, shall be no longer steward. The proximate cause, by which, God has effected this counsel of his will, has been the infatuated mispolicy, and the political and religious profligacy of government; which would rule Ireland without a party—which would raise popery to a level with protestantism—and which would govern the people,

through the power and influence of the priests.

When the shock of revolution which had passed over Europe and prostrated so many thrones, tainted our atmosphere, the priests were not slow to perceive the revenue of wealth and power which they might attain, by leading on the people; and the favourable circumstances in which they were placed, by their organisation and authority, for asserting this preeminence. In fact, they had but to join the popular movement in order to lead it. Government saw and felt their power; but did not see, that it was a power not unto edification, but to destruction. That they were omnipotent to evil; but impotent to good. That they could swell the revolutionary torrent, but if they dared to stem it, would be submerged beneath its waves. The priests were identified, by their interests, with the people, and, therefore, whatever power and influence were conferred on priests and popery, strengthened the hands of the people in their inroads upon the constitution. The base ambition which was content to purchase a seat in the House of Commons, by cringing to a priest and supporting his measures, in direct opposition to public and personal interest, to conscience, and to privately expressed wishes, was, doubtless, the fulcrum upon which the lever of priestly influence over the government, rested. But had the government dealt, as well as it could, with popish questions in the house, and not volunteered to open a communication with the priests: coquetting with them officially, in the hope of securing their favor—Had it not made them, contrary to former practice, and the letter and spirit of the constitution, the vehicles of public charity, the inspectors of schools, the authenticators of a census, the ex-officio managers of boards of health—In short, had the government put no honor upon priests and popery, “in the sight of the people,” but suffered both to remain in the obscurity, which the birth and education of the one, and the merits of the other, viewed civilly or theologically, merited; much of that power which has transformed the cringing priest into the insolent demagogue, and accommodating popery into a stern tyranny, and which never could have been made available but to a revolutionary govern-

ment, ready to pull down, and, if it could, rebuild, every thing in Church and State, could have been withheld. Trifling as the circumstances to which we have alluded may seem, yet these, connected with the withdrawal of grants and privileges from Protestant Societies, and the evident design of government to conciliate one system, at the expense of the other, subtracted from protestantism, and gave to popery, a spirit and power, which none, but those who lived among the people, and were enabled to observe, closely, the daily changes, which the clouding or clearing of their prospects, produced in the barometer of popular feeling, could fully estimate.

If we were asked to point out the crisis of the political fever, when the country perished through neglect, we should refer to the time of the Ribbon processions. The first of these, vigorously put down, would, humanly speaking, have saved the country. Within one month, these wrought a transformation in the character, feelings, and hopes of the people, almost magical. The demonstration of numbers, and physical force; the unity of feeling, and object: the semblance of military order, and the undisturbed use of military insignia, and of banners with the most revolutionary and treasonable mottos and devices: the connivance of government, whether through fear or favor: the ribrous and insolent exhilaration of the one party, and the complete depression of the other; gave a strength to the cause of the people, and a power to the abettors of it, which made the timid or reluctant Roman Catholic feel, that it was no longer safe to halt between two opinions; and that the ark of refuge was on the side of the people. Many, then, for the first time, committed themselves; and in a revolutionary movement, he who draws the sword, will fling away the scabbard. The first of these processions which we witnessed, was formed, almost exclusively, by the very lowest of the people; and was viewed by the more decent, rather as a ludicrous *spectacle*, in which they would be ashamed to take a part, than as a serious movement. The second meeting, in each village, was attended by some of a better class, from the adjoining villages and neighbourhood; but who, still, hesitated to appear,

each, in his own home procession. The last meeting had fully effected the desired object. It had enlisted all, without any shyness, or any effort at concealment; and, with the exception of the Protestants, exhibited the *posse comitatus*. We saw and heard from the Church, at which we attended divine service on that Sabbath—if Sabbath we may call it—detachments with bands and banners, belts and sashes, cavalry and infantry, marching and counter-marching, and subsequently drawn up, upon a neighbouring common, to the estimated amount of from twenty to thirty thousand. That day convinced us, that the cause of order was either betrayed, or desperate, and that the fate of Ireland was decided.

Not to dwell upon the awful profigacy, of raising a creed pronounced "damnable and idolatrous," to a level with protestantism—for, observe, that this is an overt and positive act, and involves a far different moral principle; and a far more heinous culpability, than that of neglecting to create a religious ascendancy which did not previously exist—could there, we ask, but experience has already answered, be a more infatuated policy, than that of endeavouring to govern a country, by holding an even balance between two parties, so circumstanced, and so affected to English rule, as the protestant and papist of Ireland, the one, linked to it, by every tie of interest and feeling: the other, disavowed from it, by every conceivable hostile prejudice. The one, deeply anxious to co-operate with government, in every plan for the firmer establishment of its power. The other, ever anxious to thwart and to defeat it. Seeking to attain its objects, by conspiracy, treason, and insurrection. Receiving favours without gratitude—nay, converting them into offensive weapons. In a truly Irish spirit, making the receipt of one benefit, the ground of appeal for another, and if that other, in infinite succession, however injurious, or unjust, be not granted, to those sturdy beggars, taxing every resource of ingenuity and violence, to compel a surrender. So that, at this moment, in the zeal of their patriotism, they threaten us with national bankruptcy and ruin, by a demand for gold. And are these men to be levelled with protestants, who, notwithstanding all their

wrongs, are so identified with English rule, that even yet—nor until this level is effected, or in sure process of being effected, and, as a necessary consequence, their religious liberty endangered—will they desire to throw it off. If even-handed justice, without reference to consequences, be the object of our rulers—if their motto be, "*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*," we cheer them forward, and "bid them God speed in the name of the Lord." But we tell them, that by every law of God and man, submission and attachment to a government, constitute the legitimate claims to its protection and favor. And therefore, we assert, that it is no less just, than expedient, that government should rally to the principles of the constitution, and combine every resource, and every party favorable to English connexion, to crush a faction, powerful, revolutionary, and steadily advancing; which no principles can bind—no favors can attach—and no concessions can satisfy.

But we retort the question, and ask, why are the clergy hated? What have they done to merit it? As individuals, they have endured, with the most amazing forbearance, persecutions and privations, which we shrink from exposing to the rude eye of the coarse and unfeeling. As a body, they have maintained the most dignified silence, in the midst of clamour and misrepresentation. Again, as individuals, when demagogues had been permitted to array against them the physical force of the country, government left these ministers of peace, to fight their battle, and to lead on the forlorn hope, in the defence of property, order, and religion. They bid them to call out, and officer, military and police, and assert their rights at the point of the bayonet. But if one drop of blood accompanied the pound of flesh, their agents were sacrificed, by these "most righteous judges," to the manes of armed robbers, to appease the sovereign people. A few felt it their painful duty to the great cause in which they were embarked, to put to trial the means to which government referred them, that blame might not be imputed to them, and the church, thus, prejudiced. But consequences ensued, which the clergy have put it to the proof, that they would rather starve, than permit to be repeated. In the extremest poverty:

with indisputable rights ; and thrown, by government, upon the military, for the assertion of those rights ; with the few exceptions to which we have referred, and those on just principle, the clergy of the South may take up the words of Moses, and say, " I have not taken one ass from them, neither have I hurt one of them." Again, as a body, they have not even appeared in the political arena, throughout these agitated times, when almost every class, and creed, and individual, has been brought forward. Against Catholic emancipation, or parliamentary reform, private plunder, or public confiscation, they held no meeting—signed no petition—forwarded no remonstrance—entered no protest. We confess, that sometimes, in the feverish hurry of events, we have felt a transient wish that this were otherwise ; and that this powerful, and influential body, had risen in the greatness of its strength and influence, and firmly protested against its wrongs, and warned infidel politicians, of the ruin, which they were bringing down upon the land. But we now feel otherwise. We now see the spirit of the times, and the fruitlessness of every effort to stay the hand of the destroying angel, but with the blood of sprinkling. And though every honest and manly effort should be made, to stay the inroads of infidelity and superstition, upon the ark of our church, and the citadel of our constitution ; and though all who deserve the name of man, should be ready to perish in the breach : yet we cannot, now, but rejoice, that our clergy, as a body, have not volunteered to implicate themselves in the strivings of the potsherds of the earth. But rather than degrade themselves by a scuffle, to which they should never have been subjected, have wrapped their gowns around them, and with the dignity of Roman senators, and as we know in the case of some, and hope, of others, with the meekness of Christians, have resigned themselves, without a struggle, to insult, plunder, and, if such be the Divine will, death. If, then, it be asked, why are the clergy hated ? we answer, because they have been plundered and oppressed ; and the plunderer and oppressor, to justify himself, and to prevent conscience and common feeling from becoming troublesome, must lash himself into rage and hatred. If, again, it be asked, but, why have the

clergy, such as you describe them, been selected as the objects of plunder and oppression ? We answer, because they have been pointed at by demagogues, by priests, and by government ! We remember having been much interested, in our boyish days, with the account, given by Cowper the poet, of a pet hare, to which he introduced a pet spaniel, that had never been trained to the chase. And we remember, too, our longing, as youth ever will, to " go and do likewise." It cannot be to diverge unprofitably from our subject, " the prospects of the country," if we earnestly exhort parents, to remember this imitative propensity of childhood ; for, on it, their example will, in a great measure, build the character and destiny of the future man. Earth is the great school for heaven. Time the great trainer for eternity. The sons of the sportsman will, with solitary exceptions, be sportsmen also ; that is, lovers of dissipating pleasure, not subjects of moral discipline. A parent would find it difficult to show, how his sporting propensities, transplanted into the habits and character of his child, could bear favourably upon its eternal destiny. One peace-making desire in childhood, if adequately cherished and developed, might at least, have been the dawning of a meekness for that renovated paradise, where " the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid ; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fawning together ; and a little child shall lead them." These animals, Cowper tells us, were, in all respects, sociable and friendly. They ate bread, at the same time, out of the same hand. And, as if considering rationally, the source and circumstances of their supply, neither seemed to think his rights infringed, or his portion, in any degree diminished, by that of the other. Hence Cowper, justly, argues, that there is no natural antipathy between dog and hare ; and, thus, strikes down the only thing in the way of argument we ever heard, to justify, not indeed hunting, as a sport, but the procuring of the animal by this tedious and cruel process. He argues that the fear and enmity are superinduced, by training and circumstance, upon their original natures. That the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other ; and that the dog pursues, because he is

trained to it. In fact, all may be resolved into that *miracle*, through which "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together." But Cowper's government was well ordered; and, therefore, his subjects, like brethren, "dwelt together in unity." He fomented no jealousies; nor did he suffer others to do so. He never, like the Nimrods of the present day, hallooed the dog after the hare, and cried, *Agitate! agitate! agitate!* Not that we pretend to say, from personal knowledge, that this fashionable and highly sanctioned term has superseded the sporting phraseology of former times, and is in general use at the fox covers. The fact is we do not frequent them. The argument for the lawfulness—nay, the meritoriousness of fox hunting, derived from hereditary succession to Hercules, in his self-denying labor to clear the castle of ravenous wild beasts, we were obliged, in candor, to give up as untenable, when a subscription was entered into, to stock again the depopulated covers. This, we thought, was rather to weave Penelope's web. And, the obligation being removed, we had decided objections, both on the grounds of religion and humanity, to a sport, "which draws its pleasure from another's pain." But to return to Cowper. He never even hinted that hares "should be extinguished," and that dogs should be parties to the chase, and dividers of the spoil. And, therefore, Cowper's hare died, as he informs us, "March 9th, 1786, aged eleven years and eleven months, of mere old age, and, apparently, without pain." May our forebodings be groundless. May the hand of time slowly grave a similar epitaph upon the tombs of our Protestant clergy. As a body, respectable, amiable, and charitable. In individual cases, and those not a few, eminently pious and devoted.

But let us turn from contemplating the puppets of a day, raised up by God, as was Pharaoh, to make his power known; or, as the Assyrian, to scourge his people. Let us turn from contemplating the spoliation of our church, and the fate of its ministers, and extend our contemplations to the probable destiny of our country. And, if centuries are still to roll over her, before the restitution of all things, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his

Christ." If the seventh chiliad of the world's age is *not* to be a millennial sabbath, when God himself will take unto him his great power, and reign—the only potentate—"a consummation devoutly to be wished"—what, let us ask, in this lapse of ages, will be the aspect of our kingdom, in religion, civilization, and prosperity? This is, indeed, an interesting question: but who can answer it? Whence can we procure a guide and torch, with which to explore the dark caverns of futurity? and, prematurely, bring to light the embryos of future events, now hidden in the womb of time? History and prophecy supply them. History furnishes a chart, that marks the course by which each nation sailed, through waves and tempests, to happiness and glory. It records the character and principles of "the pilot who weathered the storm." It points out the rocks on which she struck. 'Tt tells, how after she had thrown overboard, successively, every resource which could render the vessel manageable—every treasure and ornament which could render her worth preserving: her crew rioting in reckless intoxication; and doubly damning themselves, by—in such an hour!—senseless plunder, she went down, a miserable and shattered hulk—unmourned and unobserved. And her latter end was, that she perished for ever. We have, too, the more sure word of prophecy, as a light shining into the dark places of the future; and enabling us to speculate upon the political events, by embodying the principles of legislation in axioms simple as these, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." "The throne is established by righteousness." "There is no wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel, against the Lord."

Profligate politicians, who know no clue through the dark and muddy labyrinths, in which, a Machiavelian policy has entangled them—save present expediency—may laugh at the philosophy of history; and deny that the volume of the past can furnish any principles of practical value, to guide us through the future. The infidel may mock at scripture. The advocate of expediency, may, in full consistency with his principles, deem history, sacred or profane, "an old almanack." Such the reformed philosophy of these

intellectual days! But those, who, looking into their own bosoms, can there find an argument, that there *have been*, because there *now are*, men who would prefer honor—and still more, conscience, above place, and pension, and patronage—above power but to do evil; and honors that brand with infamy—men who governing themselves by steady principles, would thus govern the country also—who have registered their political creed in the archives of history, and would rather that the earth opened her mouth, and swallowed them up quick, than that they could be dragged before the bar of public opinion; confronted with their own principles; and convicted as traitors and apostates—these men have a key to the volume of history—a clue through the labyrinth of diplomacy. Their intellectual vision is depurated from the mists of selfishness; and extended beyond the narrow range of temporary expediency. Men of honest, and, therefore enlarged minds, can grasp the principles which connect superficially detached and isolated facts, in the relation of cause and effect; and which render history, not a mere register of by-gone dates, and antiquated names, and obsolete facts, but a perpetual commentary on the Word of God; and which confer upon it the imperishable durability and high dignity of the first of sciences—the science of the human mind.

In considering the prospects of the country, it is not our design to enter into political details; and, by political synthesis, to trace each vicious principle into its ruinous effects. The nation has, by its representatives and rulers, trifled with its peculiar Christian privileges and obligations—coquetted with Antichrist—and is, we deeply fear, about to push, with impious hand, the long-suffering of God to the utmost verge of endurance: and, by deserting the guide of her youth and the covenant of her God, and by, formally contracting an adulterous connection with the Mother of Harlots—to apostatize from God. To this awful catastrophe, we say, and believe, that her political and religious profligacy—her expediency—her radicalism—her Popery, and her infidelity—all tend. These things being so, we would enquire, whether, from the history of the past, and the prophecy of the future, we can collect materials of an induction,

from which to predict the destiny of such a nation. And we would warn those whom our pages may reach, “not to be partakers of her sins, that they receive not of her plagues.”

If we, at all, reflect or look abroad, we must perceive, that the analogy of this lower world, in its various departments, sheds but a gloomy light on the prospects of our country. We see all things, here below, the subjects of corruption and decay. All have, as it were, their phases, similar to those of the changing moon. They rise weakly in twilight dimness. They shine in crescent—then, meridian splendor. They wane, and set in darkness. The material—vegetable—and animal world, all trace the same circle, from verdant spring to hoary winter—from helpless infancy, to helpless age—from earth to ashes. “Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return,” is the law which, alike, governs all. The towering palaces of Eastern luxury and imperial pride—the impregnable fortresses of power and ambition: the magnificent temples of the heathen deity, which, once, “all Asia, and the world worshipped:” even that glorious temple, which the divine presence inhabited; and in which, incarnate Deity walked and taught: the simple spires of Christianity: the gaudy domes of Mahomedanism—all sink in one common ruin! They rise from earth—flourish—then crumble into earth again! The plant buds—blossoms—and decays! The animal passes from the imbecility of infancy, to the imbecility of age and decrepitude, with a bright, but brief interval of vigour and glory. All—animal—vegetable—and material, share the same destiny. The withering breath of time passeth over each, and it is gone; and the place thereof knoweth it no more.

Nor are the individuals of the human race; nor are its congregated societies, whether civil or ecclesiastical, exempt from the operation of this universal law. How soon do the bloom of beauty, and the elastic step of youth and vigour, give place to the furrowed brow, and tottering tread of infirmity and age. Yet even these live to bury their pleasant offspring—their warm feelings—and young hopes—and bright imaginings. And in the deep and cloudy solitude of that moral cemetery, the time-worn or blighted heart; memory must often wander, in

mournful mood, amid the frequent sepulchres of buried joys and disappointed expectations. It lives in a region of widowed associations—wounded sensibilities—faded impressions; where even hope can discern no brightening vista, but by that solitary ray which descends from above, upon the opening tomb, and which imparts to the mourner present peace, by bringing to light, life and immortality.

But it is upon the walls of palaces and fortresses—upon the site of ancient cities, and upon the map of nations, that we can read, most clearly inscribed, that hand-writing of the fingers of time, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting. The glory has departed from thee." Where now is Babylon, the glory of the Chaldees' excellency; whose embattled walls enclosed an area of sixty miles; and whose tower, once, thought to scale the heavens, and rival the citadel of God? Where is Nineveh, that exceeding great city of three days' journey, wherein were more than six score thousand persons, that could not discern between their right hand and their left hand? No traveller can tell. They have, long since, been swept with the besom of destruction, and blotted from the map of existence. Where are Tyre and Sidon, those ancient cities—the abode of merchant-princes—the emporium of a world's commerce? A solitary fisherman, as he points to the barren rock on which, his net is drying, answers, There! Where is Thebes, which, once, poured its warriors through a hundred gates? It lives but in the poet's verse. Where are Thadmor in the desert, and Heliopolis, and Petra, whose names are a magic spell, by which memory opens to imagination, regions of splendor and renown? Magnificent sepulchres—and prostrate columns—and deserted temples—and untenanted palaces—re-modelled all, by ruin, as the architect, have erected over them a cenotaph, to preserve their names from oblivion.—But desolation, with out-spread wings, broods upon the tomb, and guards the city of the dead. The busy hum of life is heard no more at all, in it. The human face divine is seen no more at all, in it. You call aloud amid these stupendous monuments of the skill and power and frequency of man; and there is no voice, neither any that

answers—save echo—the voice of desolation! Look throughout Hindostan, that land, at once, of giant and fairy magnificence, in ruins: which presents the aspect of a land wholly and suddenly bereft of its national identity; as if suddenly desolated of human life, in ages long gone by; and after centuries of solitary splendor, re-peopled with a dwarfed and uncongenial race.

But, view the prospects of our country, by the clear light of more modern times. What does Europe exhibit but a theatre of revolutions; a history of nations, successively, bursting their chains: emerging into independence through the avenue of political virtue: and, from weak beginnings, patiently struggling upwards to glory, power, and dominion. Then, commerce flourishing—and luxury diffused—and patriots venal—and population teeming—and vice ripening in the hot-bed of prosperity—a general diffusion of superficial knowledge, without solid principle—of liberty, without self-control—the aristocracy degenerated—the democracy insolent and encroaching. Until each shoots down again,—a falling star—into the abyesses of moral debasement, and political degradation? Has Spain? Has Portugal? Has Italy? Has Greece, already run this course? Is America—perhaps, too, Russia, still, ascending? Has Great Britain already passed the fatal crisis? And do, her political expediency substituted for political principle: her unblushing profligacy, for modest virtue: her swarming and famishing myriads thirsting for the possessions and the blood of her pampered and luxurious few: her reckless spirit of anarchy, in place of the thoughtful spirit of order and prosperity: her incestuous and monster-generating commerce of superstition and infidelity:—Do these all, with united voice proclaim, that she has been weighed in the balances, and found wanting; and that the glory has departed from her?

But is Great Britain to be cast down, not only from her political preeminence among the nations; but, alas, from her religious preeminence among the Churches? Is she who clung to the ark of pure and undefiled religion, during the night of superstition, and amid the deluge of infidelity: who fostered the reformation: to whom were committed the oracles of God; and

from whose shores that angel winged his way, who flies with the everlasting gospel, to every nation under heaven : Is she, not only to sink in the scale of nations ; but also to be deserted of God ; and abandoned, at the last, to profligacy, superstition, and infidelity ? It is a solemn question. Let us, before we answer, view it by the light which God's past dealings with the churches throws upon it. Let us trace the history of Christianity in its progress throughout the churches. And let us mark, how the Divine Spirit, like Noah's dove, sought in each, successively, to find rest for the sole of its foot : and when it failed of effecting its great object in each : when worldliness, and immorality, and ungodliness, affrighted this pure and heavenly visitant ; how it spread its light wings, and fled away ; and left that church to all the horrors of a tenfold deeper night. For "it were better never to have known the way of righteousness, than having known, to turn from this holy commandment given us." "If the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted ? It is, henceforth, good for nothing, but to be cast out, and trodden under foot of men."

Let us, then, rapidly trace the course of that gospel, which was to be preached among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem : and let us, first, contrast Jerusalem as it now is, with Jerusalem as it was, in those days, when our Lord issued that commission ; or, when the spirit, poured out from on high, animated its first christian church. When the disciples of that church "were of one heart and one mind ; and continuing daily in the temple, and breaking bread from house to house, did eat their meat in gladness, and singleness of heart ; praising God, and having favour with all the people."

Where is, then, that temple, which, once, like the ark amid the deluge, maintained the truth and unity of the living God, amid the flood of an idolatrous world ; or, like the beacon upon the shores of a tempestuous ocean, shed its cheering light upon many, who sat in darkness and the shadow of death, without hope, and without God, in the world ? where is, now, that temple, in which, God himself dwelt, by a visible manifestation of the Divine glory ? Where is that temple, in which, Jesus, God manifest in flesh, prayed, and

preached, and taught ? The Divine vengeance has swept, with the besom of destruction, this once loved habitation of the living God. Its very foundations, in fulfilment of his own prophetic warning, have disappeared. And on its site there stands, indeed, a temple ; and from that temple prayers and praises ascend ; but not to the living and true God—but to the impostor Mahomet. Look at the land which surrounded the temple, and which, once, was called holy ; because the chosen vineyard of God—because trodden by the feet of his prophets and apostles—because trodden by the feet of his beloved Son. And behold it, now, trampled and desecrated by the feet of the infidel. Look at that holy mountain, on which, once, stood the cross of our master and only Saviour, Jesus Christ, there dying for us : that cross which was the great altar of propitiation for a guilty and perishing world : the banner of the city of refuge. And see, now, waving upon its summit, in proud rebellion against the Messiah's kingdom, the crescent of the false prophet. Stand, in thought upon a pinnacle of the temple, and survey the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them. Look eastward, and westward, northward, and southward, and behold, in every direction, the many strong holds of Satan, which the apostles themselves subdued, by the omnipotent and diffusive energy of the first outpouring of the spirit : which they brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ : and on which they planted the standard of the cross. And where are, now, those verdant spots of cultivation which gemmed the moral waste ? Where are, now, the once flourishing churches of Asia and of Africa ? Where are the churches of Syria and Hindostan—of Carthage—of Egypt—of Ethiopia ? Alas ! How has the fine gold become dim ? How have they relapsed from civilization and christianity, into barbarism, superstition, and idolatry.

But, pass, with the spirit of Christianity, westward, whither its main current flowed : and visit first the Seven Churches of Asia, to which God himself dictated those epistles recorded in the Revelations. See, as those epistles threaten, the candlestick removed from some, as from Ephesus, Sardis, and Laodicea : In none of

which, according to late accounts, is there a single church—a single minister—a single Christian! See, in others, a faint, glimmering, expiring ray, just discernible amid the dense gloom of infidelity and superstition which surrounds, and hems them in. Pass onwards to those churches of Greece and Macedon—to Corinth—to Philippi—to Thessalonica, which St. Paul planted: Where he laboured more abundantly than all the Apostles: And to which he addressed some of those inspired epistles, which are noted in the Scriptures of truth." And behold them, now, fallen from their original glory: marred and defaced by *one* corruption of Christianity. Pass onward, and still westward, to Rome; to which he addressed another of those inspired epistles: When he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: But proclaimed Christ crucified, amid the satellites, and in the palace, of imperial power; and sealed his testimony with his blood. And behold *her*, marred and defaced by *another* corruption of Christianity. Behold this mother of harlots drunk with the blood of saints: debased by her foul commerce with the kings of the earth: Even in the hour of seeming bloom and vigour, pregnant with the seeds of corruption and decay: Withering by an unseen and unfelt blight of heaven: And, while boasting in her pride, "I shall be a lady for ever," tottering to her fall, in all the moral and mental imbecility of judicial infatuation and dotage. And while, like Babylon, thy prototype of old, thou sayest in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven. I will exalt my throne above the stars of God. I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north. I will ascend above the heights of the clouds. I will be like the Most High! Thou shalt be brought down to hell, which, from beneath, is moved for thee, to meet thee, at thy coming. Which stirreth up the dead for thee; even all the chief ones of the earth. Which hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations; who shall take up this taunting proverb, and say, art thou also become weak as we? Art thou become like unto us? How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which didst shake the nations! Which didst make the

earth to tremble; and didst shake kingdoms!

But let us pass onward, and still westward, with the spirit of Christianity, to nearer lands and nearer times. Look at Germany and Switzerland, whence dawned the light of reformed Christianity upon the dark ages of superstition. And behold them, now, deluged with Neology, Arianism, and Infidelity. Pass onward, and still westward, to our own country—once the nurse, who cradled, in her bosom, the reformed religion: Where martyrs and confessors bled and burned for the truth: And whence that angel took his flight, which bears the everlasting Gospel to every nation under heaven. And though, blessed be God, there is, still, a remnant amongst us, which hath not bowed the knee to the image of Baal. Though the Bible is, still, held up among us—if not nationally—yet, at least, by that chosen remnant, as the only infallible guide. Though our national creed be, still, Scriptural and pure—and may God grant, that, in those days of accommodating liberality, which has no principle to sacrifice; no profane hand may be stretched out, to touch that ark—to erase from our formularies the ever blessed Trinity—and, thus, expel from our church all her genuine sons. Though, still, there is amongst us, a leaven of sound principle and sincere piety—not, however, mingling with—but, awfully ominous of the nation's doom! daily, more and more, separating from the mass. Yet do we not see infidelity, superstition and sectarian virulence; the last, poisoning, with its gall, the scanty cup of pure and undefiled religion. The others, like two gloomy and portentous clouds, closing in together, and awfully overhanging the land; intercepting the favour of God's countenance, and the light of truth? And beneath the cover of this murky night, do we not see profligacy and worldliness, deeds of darkness and of blood, polluting and defiling the land. Calling the vengeance of God upon a guilty nation. And scaring from among us that Holy Spirit, which can dwell but in mansions of purity and peace! Viewing, thus, God's past dealings with the churches. Reading, as in his epistles to the Seven Churches, the principles upon which he acts. Considering our national apostacy—have we not good reason to

beware, lest our candlestick, also, be removed? Lest that voice be heard among us, which, once, sounded in the Jewish temple, and was the prelude to all its woes, "Let us depart hence!" Lest the Divine Spirit continue its westward flight across the waves of the Atlantic; whither many of our persecuted and expatriated brethren are bearing it in their own bosoms; and, let the sun of righteousness set to us upon the shores of the western hemisphere. Upon shores, whence a voice of simple and more earnest piety is, even now, ascending. Whose religious biography indicates a state of religion, whether collective or individual, to which these countries can furnish no counterpart. Where the great council of the nation practically recognises the existence, and the paramount authority, of the living God. Where the Sabbath is remembered to be kept holy. Where its religious societies have lately declared it to be the Christian's duty—and have pledged themselves, actively to promote the work—to supply every family in that great nation, within the space of two years, with a copy of the Word of God. Have we not good cause to beware, lest the kingdom of God be taken from us, and given to this nation bringing forth the fruit thereof?

But, each may say, What can *I*, an humble, solitary individual do, to avert this great national calamity? How can *I* prevent the spirit of God from taking his flight from amongst us? You can do much to prevent it, by cultivating a deeper spirit of piety, and, thus, retaining the Spirit of God in your own bosom? Until the last witness for God had departed from Sodom: Until the last echoes of the voice of prayer had died from its walls, the arm of Divine wrath was restrained. "Haste thee. Escape thither. For *I cannot* do anything, until thou be come thither." "But, the *same day* that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all." Cultivate this spirit, and you will do more to retain the ark of God among us; and to promote the happiness and prosperity of the land, than all the new-fangled political economists, and all the bold speculators upon the face of the earth, could accomplish. This is the radical reform, which would, soon, purge out all the dross of an unprincipled

and revolutionary government; and cleanse the Augean sty of a demoralized nation. We are told, on high authority, that the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. And was its aid, ever, more required, than at the crisis, in which, at this moment, we stand? It touches the hidden springs of providence. It has, ere now, open'd the windows of heaven. It has prospered the warriors sword. It has stayed the fate of guilty nations. It moves that hand which moves the world.

In recommending that the supporter of Church and State should clothe himself, as is most suitable, in the whole armour of God, to meet the desperate struggle between order and chaos which, evidently, impends; we would damp no zeal in the sacred cause of order and religion. God knows, that between the lukewarmness of some, and the apostacy of others, there is little zeal to be found. Nor do we see why, zeal in *this cause*, and piety, need to be contrasted, as incompatible. We would cheer every upright and well principled effort to roll back the tide of revolution and infidelity, which is sweeping away all ancient landmarks—burying in ruin our noblest institutions—and desolating the land. But we would point out, what we firmly believe to be, the only spirit, in which, with any prospect of success, these efforts should be undertaken by their agents, and responded to by the Protestant body. *Protestant political* feeling has well nigh sunk, under reiterated disappointment. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." A few leading minds, whose energies it, first, developed, prop, with giant arm, the tottering and deserted fabric of, once ascendant, Protestantism. But there is, in Ireland, a scattered and undirected mass of *Protestant religious* feeling, which waits but persecution, on the one hand, or a sufficiently religious appeal, on the other, to elicit and concentrate it. We believe, that there is a superintending and unsleeping providence, by whom, "the hairs of our head are all numbered;" and "without whom, not a sparrow falleth to the ground." But even those, who, in despite of his own declarations, would volunteer to relieve the omnipotent and omniscient God, from a watchfulness so incessant, and cares so minute and troublesome, will

surely admit, if Epicurus be not their master ; that, if *ever* a state of things indicated Divine interference, the *present* condition of the world, in general, and of these countries, in particular, indicates it as to the past ; and requires it for the future. Protestantism seems, in righteous judgment upon its sins and negligences, to be sold of God, as often has been his Church of old, into the hands of *its*, and *his* enemies. Great Britain and Holland, the arms of Protestant Europe, are fettered, by priests and demagogues from within, or by tyranny from abroad. Their common industry, and wealth, and virtue, and protestantism, persecuted and oppressed. Can these things be, without the knowledge and the will of God ? Can the spirit of moral change which so rapidly, of late years, passed over the mind of Europe, generating in it the elements of corresponding political change ; some of which have, already, fearfully exploded—some are in awful preparation. Can the angel of pestilence which visited successively, the nations of the earth, alarming even more than destroying, as if a forerunner, to announce the advent of an angry God—Can the convulsions, by which the world has been, lately, revolutionized ; and which have prostrated so many thrones, and changed so many dynasties—Can the sudden crumbling away, as if touched by the enchanter's wand, of the well-cemented fabric of Protestant ascendancy, pulled down, alike, by friends and foes ; and in whose "*membra disiecta*"—in the magnitude of whose ruined fragments, one sees an argument for Divine interposition, and Divine judgments, as in the razed foundations of Babylon, or Nineveh, or Jerusalem—Can all these things be, "*sine numine ?*" If, indeed, there be a moral governor. If, indeed, man be not wholly abandoned to his own guidance, to mould, by his own skill and power, the destinies of nations ! There can be but one reply. And, therefore, it is, that, in this awful crisis, when the wisdom of man and the arm of flesh have proved impotent, we would call on the Protestant body, to humble itself in spirit beneath the mighty hand of

a chastening God. It is the privilege of every religious Protestant, to feel, in the present struggle against the powers of darkness—against superstition, anarchy, infidelity, and vice of every type and degree, that *his* is the cause of God. And that however, for the chastisement of our national sin, the Divine countenance may be averted, still, God is on *his side*. Let us not, by drinking in the careless infidel spirit of the age, deprive ourselves of the comfort and the power, which such a conviction must bring with it. We are deeply convinced, that if Protestants so lived, as that they could see and feel the truth, that their cause is the cause of God ; that the Divine power would be, then, ranged upon their side ; and their cause would be triumphant. Our best hopes are drawn from the growing light and increased spread of genuine piety, among individuals of the Protestant communion ; contrasted with the blackening shades, moral and religious, of the unholy alliance opposed to it. We have among us, in and out of parliament, a few names, at least, which have not defiled their garments. And we are proud to say, that our University, in its elective capacity, has contributed to these. On such men—under God—we stake our last hope for the country. If the sentence of Divine wrath has not, already, gone forth against Great Britain, "*She was the first among the nations, but her latter end shall be, that she perish for ever !*" This band of Christians, daily reinforced by the concentrative power of persecution, rallying to each breach of the constitution, in a spirit of prayer, and under the banner of the cross, must be omnipotent. But there is another, and a higher interest, which, especially in these days of uncertainty and danger, it were madness to leave at risk ; and which, the cultivation of such a spirit will, effectually, secure. And if the decree has gone forth against Great Britain, "*Delenda est !*" We shall fail indeed to save the country ; but, from amid its ruins, we shall save that treasure, which is worth ten thousand worlds—our immortal souls.

ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

NO. I.—THE ELOPEMENT.

The first adventure, in which I was concerned, took place very shortly after I joined the *Dolphin*, a beautiful sloop of twelve guns, and arose out of a love affair of one of our officers. We were lying off the small town of Manchos, where we had been ordered by the Chiefs of the Revolution to wait for further orders, and, as I had only just joined the service, I was glad of the opportunity of creating an intimacy with my future companions during the idle time and ample leisure we enjoyed on that station. Among them was a very young man, who, if one might judge from first appearances, was the least person I would have expected to meet among such bold and daring companions as those with whom he had associated himself. This person was George Falkland—he was below the middle stature, and was extremely slight in his person, with a face remarkably feminine, both in the form and the expression; it was oval, with a small mouth and nose, light blue eyes, and a complexion approaching that of a female more nearly than I have ever seen in any other man; but what gave the great peculiarity to his face was, his having neither beard nor whisker, and as all our party had very large whiskers and mustachoes, his deficiency was the more remarkable; he used often laugh at his own appearance when contrasting it with that of others, and he would then divide his hair, which was a very light brown, in the middle of his forehead so as to make the contrast greater by giving the most feminine appearance possible to his face. Notwithstanding this peculiarity, the first impressions which he created on the minds of strangers were always of the most favorable kind, especially among females, for whom he seemed to possess some irresistible charm: his manners were generally mild and gentle, and his mind seemed to have been moulded by his favourite studies, which extended to every species of romance,

so that he became essentially romantic in much of his feelings; he loved an adventure for its excitement and for the novelty that was often connected with it; as to its danger, he never thought of that, unless as being more likely to heighten the excitement. He was naturally mild and gentle, but when roused by insult or by danger he was fierce as a young panther, and rushed forwards reckless of consequences. He was a kind and warm-hearted fellow, and was a universal favorite among both the officers and crew of the *Dolphin*, at the time of my joining them.

I have already said we were lying off Manchos. That town was a small but convenient place, and possessed all the usual characteristics of those towns which were built by the Spaniards in their American possessions; it had nothing, however, that could give it any peculiar charm in the eyes of our party, who looked to no interest in it except as far as it was ancillary to our amusement or convenience. It had once possessed a pretty extensive trade, and many of the first mercantile houses in Spain had accredited agents resident in it, but it lost all these advantages during the troubles of the revolution, which have certainly established the independence of the States, but have at the same time destroyed the trade and desolated the fortunes of the wealthiest inhabitants, and as they left some of the towns in a state very little removed from utter desolation, the little town of Manchos was not the least afflicted among the sufferers. Close to this town there was a place intimately connected with the adventure I am about to relate. It was a broad road of about a mile in length, and perfectly straight; it had a double row of the most magnificent trees on each side, and they threw a deep and cooling shade from their rich luxuriant foliage, so remarkable in this climate. This spot was once the place—the favourite place of promenade. It was so

shady and cool, in the palmy days of Spanish power and Spanish wealth ; but since the outbreak of the revolution it was very little frequented, indeed when we were there, it was almost overgrown with grass. Parallel to this shady road was the river : it flowed within low and wooded banks. At a distance of some hundred yards from the road, between them, there stood—or rather once stood, a number of small, and what, in more tranquil times were comfortable villas ; some of them had been completely levelled to the ground, the victims of popular fury against their possessors ; others were totally consumed by fire, and a few still remained, in a very deserted and neglected state. Of this latter kind was one still standing at the farthest end of this shady road ; it was completely shut out from public view, as its grounds were surrounded by a very high and strong fence, which extended to the river, so that no part of the villa or its grounds were visible except from the river side. It had originally been built by a wealthy Spanish merchant, who perished with the interests of his country in those parts, and when we were at Manchos, it was occupied, though kept in a most neglected state, by a very different person. This person was named Joseph De Castro. He was much above the middle age, and of an active habit and vigorous constitution, he was a short and stout man, evidently of mixed blood—between the Spaniard and Negro, and quite different from the native Indian ; he was a quiet and intelligent person, and well acquainted with the world, but there was an expression of the deepest intrigue and subtlety about him that was very repulsive, so that it was impossible to like him. Indeed although he was known to have been a most active and energetic revolutionist, and had shewn the most desperate courage on some occasions, he yet was looked upon with doubt and suspicion by the inhabitants of Manchos, so that notwithstanding his wealth, which he freely distributed in the place, he was very generally unpopular. He was usually accompanied by a young man whose likeness to him at once bespoke him to be his son, and whose filthy profligacy rendered him detested in the vicinity. Such was the possessor of the little villa at the period of our

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sojourn there. They had taken it but a short time before, and it was not without reason that many of the good people of Manchos expressed to us a wish that the original Spanish proprietors were still its inhabitants instead of its present possessors.

There was one circumstance connected with these persons and the villa they occupied, which partook somewhat of the mysterious in the eyes of the populace—it was very generally believed, that there was a young lady immured within its walls, or, at least, under a very strict surveillance ; such a belief led to the imagining and narrating many strange stories respecting this person, who was said to be beautiful as well as young. I shall not mention the various things that were circulated respecting her, and shall only say, that it was very generally supposed that she was the only child of a Spanish merchant, of great wealth, who was murdered in a distant part of the state, in the early stages of the revolution, and rumour went so far as to add, that old Joseph De Castro and his son were at least cognizant of the murder, and that this young lady, who was to possess all her father's wealth, was carried off by this man, with the intention of marrying her to his son, as soon as the troubles of the country should cease. Such was the story very generally credited, and it naturally excited a very deep and lively interest, among the populace, for her, and as deep a hatred for her master, I need scarcely say, that we, the crew of the *Dolphin*, felt a little anxious to unravel the mystery of this lady, who, it appeared, had never been seen except by some women of the place, who were occasionally employed about the villa, and their description of her heightened our curiosity in no slight degree ; but we were always restrained by Seyton from forming any decided plan for effecting our purpose, as he had communications of a public nature, and of much importance with Joseph De Castro, which might be interrupted by any such step on our part—the truth was, this individual was of more importance than the good people of Manchos imagined, he was one of the most active, as well as influential, of the secret agents of the revolution, his great wealth and deep subtlety gave him the means of effecting most important

measures, in such a way, that the Author of them was never known except to a few who were as deeply involved in them as himself. His residence at Manchos, though it appeared to the people of that place to be for the sake of mercantile pursuits, was caused by the necessity that existed for some such active and cautious agent, to observe all movements in that district, and especially to hold communication with our vessels, which were usually kept about these coasts, unless when sent on some secret expedition: these communications were at one period very frequent, and always passed between Seyton, who commanded the *Dolphin*, and old Joseph De Castro, and were kept profoundly secret; so much so that the inhabitants of the place were not aware of our being in communication, and even we ourselves did not know the nature of the correspondence, at least I never knew the nature of them, although I had as much opportunity of discovering them as any other of our ship's company, for I was often the actual bearer of the letters that passed between these two persons, who were equally remarkable in their way, one for the subtlety by which he obtained information, and the other for the bold and daring manner in which he executed all his plans.

It was on an occasion of this kind that one of our party first obtained admission into the villa, and so led to the unravelling the mystery.—The crew were carousing one evening on board the *Dolphin*, when a boat came alongside and delivered letters for Seyton, he, on hastily looking over them, ordered George Falkland to be in readiness to go ashore immediately, at the same time calling him aside and whispering something privately—in a short time Falkland, who had left us to prepare for his mission, returned in high spirits, and dressed in the manner, which he was in the habit of saying, shewed him off to the most advantage, and he soon after went ashore—he did not return till shortly before daybreak, having been at least eight hours away, and, as it was my watch, I was on deck at the time of his coming on board. He seemed in great spirits, and thinking it was too near day to retire to his birth, he proposed remaining on deck and keeping the watch with me, as a pleasant mode for both of us to spend our time till day

light; I gladly encouraged him in this intention, and we soon fell into conversation on the matter which induced Seyton to send him ashore at so late an hour the previous evening; on this point however he was as ignorant as myself, he had not spoken or heard a word on the subject from any one, "and in truth," he added gaily, "I was much more pleasantly employed"—the nature of that more agreeable employment he was not long in communicating to me.

When Seyton was giving to him his instructions, he desired him to go direct to the villa of old Joseph De Castro, and added that it was very possible he might meet some important persons there, his immediate business, however, was to deliver letters to old Joseph and to wait for an answer—in the expectation of something novel, and, considering the stories about the villa and its inhabitants, perhaps something romantic too. He started in high spirits, and, having gone up the river, landed not very many yards from the house, he was immediately challenged by two armed men, and, on his stating his business, was conducted into the house. Having passed through the hall he was led through a large room into a smaller one that opened into it, this inner apartment was handsomely furnished and well lighted, appearing as if some persons had only that moment retired from it, here his conductors, taking his letters for Joseph de Castro, left him alone.—Being now alone, he occupied himself for a short time in looking out, to use his own phrase, to see how the land lay, and, having sufficiently reconnoitred the apartment, proceeded to walk to and fro, in the fashion of the quarter deck; his thoughts were as usual, occupied in some fanciful imagining, and he longed for something to occur that would lead to the unravelling of the mystery which hung about the villa in the minds of the good people of Manchos. He was not long parading the apartment in this manner, when he observed that a small door at one end of it was partially open, and that there was light in the inner room to which it led; he thought it strange that as he had particularly observed this door to have been closely shut on his first examination of the apartment, it should now be so evidently open, but he still continued his walk as before, till he heard some one stir-

ring at the door, so he suddenly turned round and was not a little surprised at seeing a female looking attentively at him, she instantly withdrew on perceiving she was observed, and, to the disappointment of Falkland the door was again closed—he was unable to see whether the apparition, which appeared and vanished so quickly, was aged or young, and so was left to imagine whether or not she was the beautiful young Spanish prisoner of whom he had heard so much.—Falkland, however, was not the man likely to remain long in suspense on such a subject, he soon resolved on ascertaining the matter, and so stepped boldly to the door, opened it and walked into the inner apartment, from which the apparition had presented itself—in an instant he found himself looking at one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen, even the much talked of heroine of the villa and its mysteries; he hesitated, but it was only for a moment, and as he was about to offer some respectful apology, for he was somewhat ashamed of his intrusion, she laughed full in his face, and darting quickly by him, seated herself on a small lounge at the furthest end of the apartment; her manner of doing this was full of archness and playful coquetry, and Falkland, having caught her dark laughing eyes as she passed him, laughed in return, and in the impulse of the moment followed her. In an instant he was seated at her side—he was not the person likely to find any difficulty in commencing a conversation under such circumstances, and he asked her, laughingly, how she came to be watching him, as he had detected her, she told him at once and with evident frankness that it was merely her girlish curiosity, adding that she had heard so much of the *Dolphin*, and her gallant crew, their daring and their adventures, that she was long anxious to meet them, and she continued with a playfulness of manner that was irresistible, hoped that she might be forgiven for looking at the only one of them that she had the opportunity of seeing; complimentary as this reply was, it naturally led to a very lively conversation that proved very interesting, perhaps too much so, to both parties, and throughout it, the young and animated beauty continued to shew the greatest archness imaginable, it seemed to Falkland to be the natural bursts of her disposition, and her many

lively and playful sallies had the effect of rousing him, so that he flung aside all the pensive and sombre thoughts he was so fond of indulging, and joined in the conversation with all the spirit and zest that might be expected from him, when placed thus unexpectedly alone with this fascinating creature—she seemed to be about eighteen years of age, of a remarkably slender form and low in stature; she was perfect in her figure and light as a sephyr; the only portion of her that partook strongly of her Spanish original was her face, which had the dark and sparkling eyes, so full of sentiment and so full of fire, with the long and shadowy lashes that give so soft and gentle an expression to the face; she had all the colour and form of feature which so marks the ladies of Spain; her hair, which was a perfect black, was parted in the middle of her forehead and brought behind the ears, falling down on the neck before in full and luxuriant curls, that, as they changed with every motion of her head, gave every moment some new variety to her appearance.—It was not to be wondered at that a young fellow, like Falkland, full of romance and adventure, should be caught by the charms of this young beauty, about whom there had hung so much of mystery, especially when she had treated him with such evident frankness and shewed in that way, which persons like her so well understand, that she was not insensible to either his attractions or his attentions; indeed a conversation commenced under such circumstances and continued for some hours, without any intrusion on their loneliness, was not likely to conclude without two such young persons feeling some interest in each other, and wishing that they could meet again; such wishes soon formed gentle words and still gentler looks to express them, and Falkland, who thought that notwithstanding all her playfulness and girlish merriment, she would at times shew a deep pensiveness of thought and feeling, the charm he prized beyond all others, was as perfectly enamoured of her as he could well be at a first meeting—from some expressions which had fallen from her, he suspected she was not happy, notwithstanding all the liveliness she displayed. It seemed to him as if her residence with Joseph de Castro was far from being one of her own choosing, and that she was very

far from satisfied with the immured life she was leading in that retired and solitary villa. She did not go so far as to say anything that would quite justify all the stories that had been circulated, but still she spoke as if she was under some restraint, and expressed herself at times in a way that seemed mysterious to him : she seemed often on the point of speaking more fully, but would then instantly check herself, so he resolved to unravel it all at once ; presuming on the frankness and indeed the confiding manner in which she had been speaking to him, he told her the impressions that were upon his mind and asked her to explain some things she had said in allusion to her residence in that place : his enquiry was made in a most respectful way and in the kindest tone and gentlest manner, and nothing could be more insinuating and kind and gentle, than his manner on any occasion in which his feelings took part ; she seemed for a moment much affected by the deep interest which his manner seemed to indicate he felt for her ; she looked him straight and earnestly in the face for an instant, and then turned from him : there was a short pause, and before she could reply, the footsteps, of old Joseph were heard in the adjoining room and he entered the apartment where they were sitting.—Falkland cursed in his heart the author of this intrusion, and, observing that he seemed surprised and displeased at finding the young people together, rose to meet him with a look of haughty and fierce defiance, this did not pass unobserved by old Joseph, who immediately motioned with his hand to the girl to withdraw, and then coolly placed his letters in the hands of Falkland, who knew his duty too well not to accept them in silence, they were directed to Seyton, so he retired to his boat and was soon afterwards on board.

Such were the circumstances that commenced the acquaintance of the romantic Falkland with the beautiful Isabel D'Altara, and it had perhaps been happy for them both that it had proceeded no farther ; but, unfortunately, there were a few other messages of the same kind that brought him to the villa again, and enabled him to meet her too often. This acquaintance was of much value to us, and was, on that account, encouraged, for she often communicated to him information which

was precisely opposite to the contents of old Joseph De Castro's despatches. All this was conveyed immediately to Seyton, who began to entertain strong suspicions of the fidelity of this old agent, with whom the chiefs of the revolution had desired him to communicate. But if this acquaintance was of importance to us in general, it proved still more so to Falkland, who soon found means of continually meeting this fascinating girl, and the effect of such frequent meetings was, naturally, the uniting them by the gentlest feelings. His mind was of such an imaginative nature, that his thoughts were always dwelling on some fanciful vision, and he now found in her one just suited to occupy the place in his feelings which ideal beings had hitherto possessed. He permitted himself to dream, and dream on, of her ; and so, by degrees, to mingle her in every thought that concerned himself. The change which this attachment wrought in his manner, was observed by us all ; for, instead of mingling with us, he seemed rather to avoid our society ; and while the laugh and the revelry of the night went on, he, who once delighted and sparkled in them, would retire, and walk the quarter-deck, wrapped up in his own reflections. He now seldom joined our excursions, and seemed to take no pleasure in our usual amusements. There was witchery in the spell she threw around him. This was particularly observable after one evening, which seemed to have bound him more effectually than ever. Something passed between them—some full declaration of her history, or her feelings, or some mutual pledging of affections, which influenced him more than all that had previously passed. From that time he became wholly changed in his manner, and grew thoughtful and abstracted. We thought, if possible, that, if we were ordered from that station, so that he could meet her no more, the change of scene, and the lapse of time, might, perhaps, wean him from the remembrance of her ; but, unhappily for him, we were stationed there for some time longer, and he used to go ashore every evening after sunset, and run in a small canoe up the river to where it flowed by the villa. There she used to meet him in secret. These continued meetings, and the long walks, and many conversations, in the

twilight hour, or in the bright starry nights of the Tropics—their lonely wandering, along the banks of that beautiful stream, soon taught him not only that he loved, but that he was tenderly and faithfully beloved in return. She was lovely, and he was attractive, and both were young ; and, in the depth of this, their first attachment, they cherished its sweets, and delicious delirium, and became all to each other, and lost to all the world beside.

The time, however, was fast approaching, when they were to awake from their delicious dream. The state of the country was every day becoming more intricate and alarming. The Spanish faction had made head in some places, and had obtained some successes, which, though trifling in themselves, were yet of importance, as inspiring to their partizans, and discouraging to the patriots. We were obliged to be continually on the alert, and were almost daily hearing of some new political event, some success, or some reverse, which we thought likely to bring us into more active service than we had for some months. All was anxiety and excitement. Such a state of affairs, in which it was very probable we would be obliged to leave Manchos at a moment's notice, could not be very acceptable to Falkland ; and when he saw the improbability of bringing his Isabel D'Altara aboard our ship, as it would be bringing her into extreme and certain danger ; and, also, saw, at the same time, the difficulty of leaving her behind him, as he would then, probably, never see her again, and she would still be in the hands of Joseph De Castro, he resolved to withdraw from us, and give up altogether the service in which we were engaged. This resolve cost him many a bitter struggle. His partiality for his companions, in many a perilous voyage, and wild adventure—his own taste for such an exciting life, and his attachment to the great cause of the revolution—all struggled hard against the call of affection, and love for the gentle Isabel. Still she succeeded, and he resolved to leave us, and retire with her to some tranquil and peaceful country. When he communicated his intention to us, it greatly grieved us all ; and, though we could not blame the faithful and honorable feeling that

actuated him, we felt that we were losing one of the pleasantest companions of our expedition. Before he could carry this resolve into effect, it was strangely and unexpectedly interrupted.

It was early one evening when a communication from Joseph De Castro reached us, requiring us to put to sea immediately. Seyton, who entertained great suspicions of this man, suspected, from the nature of the communication, that there was some treachery intended, and so deemed it advisable, contrary to his usual custom, to lay it before us all, and ask the assistance of our advice. We all agreed that there could be no absolute necessity for our going to sea before morning ; and, therefore, resolved to remain, hoping to obtain, by daylight, more certain information, by which we could be guided. The first we heard next morning was, that Joseph De Castro had fled during the night from Manchos. It appeared that some information had reached the chiefs of the revolution as to the secret proceedings of their agent at Manchos, which implicated him in the foulest treachery to their cause. They had discovered that, although apparently acting for them, he was secretly supplied with vast resources by the Spanish party, and was really working to effect a counter-revolution as actively as he was able, and was really found to be one of the chief causes of the late successes of the Spaniards. They immediately despatched orders to Manchos to have him seized ; but having discovered, by some means, that he was detected, and knowing that his life would be the forfeit if he permitted himself to be arrested, he fled during the night with all possible secrecy and despatch. The state into which the good people of Manchos was thrown by this intelligence of his treason and flight, is not easily described, every individual was in arms immediately, and the whole district was in the utmost excitement and confusion. There was also a good deal of excitement aboard the *Dolphin* ; Seyton, long suspecting his treason, was furious at his escape and soon went ashore to consult with the authorities on the subject, while all the rest of us prepared ourselves for action, in the expectation that something decisive would follow. As for poor Falk-

land, he troubled himself little, if at all, about the affair in reference to the state of the revolutionary cause, he saw only one evil in it, namely, the departure of his beautiful Isabel, he never breathed a word on the subject, but with a look and manner that spoke deep resolve, went ashore in the boat with Seyton. We greatly pitied him for we knew the depth to which his attachment had gone, and we suspected, from what we had heard, that old Joseph De Castro had fled with her in such a way, that they were likely to meet no more. In this state we continued till late in the day, when the boat returned with both Seyton and Falkland, and we then learned that what we had already heard and conjectured was strictly correct; the party had fled to the districts which were still under the government of Joseph De Castro or Isabel D'Altamira. In the many conversations that followed this announcement Falkland remained in profound silence, he did not seem even to hear a sentence that passed among us, but was altogether wrapped up in himself, and continued in this state of silence and abstraction for some days, when he suddenly disappeared from among us. At first we did not much heed his absence, but when it continued for some days, and we could obtain no tidings whatever respecting him, we became much alarmed for his safety, when we considered the state of his mind for the few preceding days; we spared no exertions to ascertain his fate: he had gone ashore in one of the canoes that so frequently came alongside with fruits and vegetables, and we could learn no more that could lead to even a conjecture as to his probable fate. All this was the more distressing to us as we were ordered to leave Manchoz for another station some weeks afterwards, and up to the time of our sailing we could ascertain nothing whatever respecting him.

It was full two months before we again heard of him. We had left Manchoz with orders to cruise off the Spanish districts and watch some merchantmen that were expected to sail for Spain, with specie and valuables on board, we had much hopes of capturing them, and so continued cruising along those coasts for some weeks, and, occasionally, when near Berbito, we used to

run close ashore after sunset, for the purpose of communicating with some of the inhabitants, who were favorable to our cause, and often supplied us with very useful information. It was on one of these occasions, one bright and beautiful night, that, as we were running very slowly along the coast, Seyton and I were sitting at the stern of the *Dolphin*, and conversing on the prospect of affairs, it was a usual thing with us to spend thus a few hours every evening; on this night the air was perfectly still, so that every sound, even from incredible distances, came floating over the smooth waters; we thought we heard the rowing of a boat at some distance, and on listening attentively for some time, knew that it was approaching us, it soon neared us so as to become visible in our night-glasses, and, though we were moving but slowly, we still shortened sail so as to enable it to come up with us; on running alongside she had only five persons in her, and on our throwing a rope to her, before a sentence had passed between us, a young Indian was in the chains, and sprung upon our deck; he instantly came aft, to where Seyton and I were, and on our demanding his business, he looked at us attentively for a few moments, and then hung down his head, on again asking what he wanted, he looked up and said with a smile, "Se you don't know me in this disguise," it was indeed George Falkland!—we certainly had not recognised our old companion, nor was it possible to recognise him, for his whole person was discoloured, and stained to the dark and peculiar hue of the Indians, he stood before us in the half-naked and wild appearance of some of the tribes of the Interior, and his disguise was so perfect, that he might have continued to deceive us, if he had so desired:—we were indeed startled at the discovery, but in that, or in any other disguise he was welcome, and warmly and sincerely welcome to us. He was fully conscious of this, so dismissing the boat in which he came, he accompanied us below; there we were joined by Calcraft, and had sufficient privacy for conversing over the sudden cause of his disappearance, and the reason of his present disguise. The poor fellow was full and frank in all he related in reply to our inquiries, and he was at times so much affected as to be unable

to restrain the flow of his feelings, nor was it to be wondered at, for when he first left us in secret, for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of Isabel, he was obliged to undergo many hardships, and to wander about that distressed country in various disguises, lest the Spanish authorities should discover him. This continued for several weeks, and when he had at last discovered the object of his searches, near Berbito, in the midst of the Spanish settlements, and still in the power of old Joseph De Castro and his son, he found her almost heart-broken at her misfortunes and miseries, and drooping and wasting away with sickness and sorrow; he told us some of the particulars of their meetings at this time, they were always carried on under disguise, and he was so effectually disguised, that he had free access as an Indian, and found some recompense for the distress and sorrow he had previously endured; but the happiness of again meeting, and again walking together, and mingling their thoughts, and often their tears together, was embittered by the hopelessness of their situation, and the danger that surrounded them; it was a state of things that could not long continue, for they were unceasingly harassed by a fear of discovery, the consequence of which would be, certain death to Falkland, and as certain misery to Isabel, and she was so annoyed by the surveillance under which she was kept by Joseph De Castro, that she longed to fly, and escape all her sorrows, by uniting herself for ever with Falkland; after some struggle in her mind, as to the propriety of such a step, she at last resolved to take it, and so fly for ever the persons and the place which were associated with her misery. Falkland told us frankly, that when he had learned that we were cruising off these coasts, he thought the *Dolphin* afforded the most certain opportunity of putting their intended flight into effect, and his object in coming on board this night, was, not to rejoin our service, but to ask the assistance of his old companions and friends: he was greatly affected when he asked our assistance, and burst into tears before us all. We felt much and sincerely for his distress, and when Seyton promised every assistance that the *Dolphin* could give, we all endeavoured to cheer him up, by

assuring him, that we would join heart and hand in any plan which he would suggest.

Our plans were arranged on the next morning, and it was resolved to put them into execution the following evening. We accordingly stood in for the shore as soon as the sun had set, and the evening was sufficiently dark to prevent our being easily perceived. As we neared the land, which we did but slowly, as the wind had died away, Falkland was all impatience, and at the first fitting moment ordered the boat to be lowered. During the few minutes occupied in getting it to rights he hastily walked the deck without opening his lips to any one; he was evidently under much excitement. We were unwilling to break in upon his thoughts and so prepared ourselves for our adventure without any communication with him. This was the less necessary as all our plans were previously arranged and nothing now remained but putting them in progress of execution. In a very short time our boatmen—eight able men, well armed, were ready, and Falkland, with Seyton, Calcraft, and myself, took our seats in the boat, gave the word, and pushed off for the shore.

I know not why it was that we were all so silent; as for Falkland, he seemed so completely wrapped in himself, that he did not utter a syllable from the moment he left the *Dolphin* to the moment we touched the beach, his arms were folded on his breast and his eyes were immovably fixed upon the waters; his silence and abstraction had a depressing effect upon us all, and Seyton, who was always prone to indulge his own reflections, leaned over the gunwale of the boat and was lost in his own thoughts; as for Calcraft, the wild and merry-hearted Calcraft, he looked at us all alternately, and was silent as the rest of us. I thought that this boded no good. I confess that I felt no disposition to converse; I felt a weight pressing on my feelings, and was much disposed to give way to the melancholy tone of feeling which the loveliness of the evening and our peculiar situation were awakening within me; with some exertion, however, I shook it off, and began to reflect in my own mind on the appearance of my companions—a number of young men of bold and adventurous spirits, who had abandoned the calm monotony of

their father-land, and sought the excitement of enterprise in a far foreign land and on the ocean wave ; they had all the energy and dashing courage suited to their adventurous career, and while they wooed danger, as readily and as cheerfully as they would woo a bride, they had all the romance of feeling that could make them enjoy most amply the varied circumstances of storm and strife and danger, as well as other more gentle positions, in which they were continually placed by the unceasing variety of their career. Three of them were now before me, fully prepared for an adventure, and armed at all points against their enemies ; they had their swords at their sides, their dirks in their breasts, and their pistols in their belts, they carried all small light rifles, and as they sat wrapped up in their large cloaks, they presented a dark and fierce appearance in the dim light, that added to their known intrepidity, gave, in my mind, the air of deep romance to the scene.

I have never known a more beautiful night or more lovely scenery than I witnessed on this occasion ; it was one of those calm, tranquil, and bright evenings that are to be seen only in our tropic climes, the burning blaze of the sun had passed away, and the cool evening breeze had come gently on, balmy and sweet, and sighing softly along the water. Our course lay between two bold and lofty headlands, that approached so near to each other, that the opening to the harbour was not above a hundred yards across, they were wooded from their basis, where the waves for ever washed them, to their tops, with trees of every size ; they were exceedingly steep and precipitous, and as we passed close under one of them, we were completely enveloped in the shadowy gloom it cast upon the waters ; in a very short time however, we were emerged from it and pulled into the open basin which formed the harbour. We steered our boat close along the shore, and it was impossible not to admire the beauty of the calm and smooth waters, as they lay asleep under the brightness of the stars, every one of which seemed reflected in their bosom, there they lay smooth and placid as a sleeping infant : there was not a ripple on their surface, and not a sound could be heard either on the shore or on the sea, except the

plashing of our oars as we pulled through the beautiful harbour, and when occasionally some bursts of voices from the distant village would steal along the waters and break upon our ears, and then it would come so distinctly that it seemed only to make the hour still more lonely and silent. We had already resolved on going up the river rather than making for the village.

We feared that on any alarm we might find it difficult to escape through the inhabitants, and therefore thought it safer to approach the house by the river, as we would thereby be brought very near to it without any probability of discovery or opposition. Accordingly we rowed close along the shore till we came to the river, which flowed into the harbour between a steep and rocky cliff on one side and a bold wooded bank on the other. As the stream was very strong we found some difficulty in making way against it, and it cost us two hours hard pulling before we reached the point of our destination. To me at least there was ample recompense for the delay, in the beautiful appearance which the thickly wooded banks presented in the stillness of the night ; to me, who was still a stranger to the peculiar scenery of the tropics, all this was exquisitely attractive. I could not keep my eyes from wandering from bank to bank, then looking on the smooth waters or the clear and starry sky, and then contrasting all with the dark appearance and silent bearing of our little party, armed like banditti in that retired and unsuspecting place, and fierce as tigers in the chase when the hunter's spear had chafed him. It was a position in which a lover of romance would wish to be placed, and I confess it had an exciting effect on my feelings more strong than any thing of the kind I had ever before experienced, so that I felt anxious to fling aside the natural passiveness of my character, and to act a part that would give me claim to consort, as an equal in spirit and courage, with the bold and determined men with whom I was associated on this occasion. While my thoughts were thus occupied we reached the point of our destination.

Falkland was instantly ashore and led Seyton with Calcraft and myself, followed by four of the men thro' the woods. The other four men remained with the boat. We had not proceeded

above a mile by a way which seemed perfectly well known to him, when he stopped us and, desiring us to wait in that spot for his return, proceeded alone to the habitation of De Castro, which was in that immediate vicinity. I never afterwards had the opportunity of hearing how he succeeded so quickly, but so it was, he returned in a very short time accompanied by the young and beautiful Isabel D'Alara, we had no time for considering them, but with a few words of hurried congratulation, we returned with all speed to the boat. It was at this moment, while our men were getting the boat to rights, and we were congratulating ourselves on the success of our adventure, that the melancholy catastrophe occurred, a catastrophe that seemed suited to the gloominess and silence of our party when preparing for it, but little suited to the loveliness of the hour or the gentle object of our adventure. It happened just after we had arrived at the boat.

The men were getting into the boat and taking their oars, Calcraft was already seated with the intention of steering, and Seyton and I stood on the bank, Falkland stood with his lovely prize a few paces from us, waiting till the boat was trimmed, so that she might the more easily step into it. At this moment a shot was fired by some person concealed among the trees, and it was instantly followed by two more. One of them took effect upon Calcraft, wounding him slightly in the fleshy part of the shoulder, and the other wounded very severely one of the boat men. Such a secret and unexpected attack much accelerated our movements, and we hastened to get into the boat, but before we could effect this, several shots were again fired, and George Falkland fell dead on the spot without a word or a groan! He had been standing only a few paces from us, and Isabel was leaning on him. When he fell, she seemed for a moment unconscious that he was shot, and, as if she thought he had fallen by some accident, she made a gentle exclamation and stooped down as if to raise him. I am disposed to think that she never discovered the irreparable loss she had sustained, for just as she stooped down, several more were fired, and, one of them taking effect on her, she fell with a faint cry, over the body of her Falkland. At the same instant a party of

men rushed upon us from the wood, but as they had just discharged their fire-arms and had no other weapons, two of them were cut down by Seyton and myself; our men were with us in a moment, and the party fled again into the wood, leaving five of their number either killed or desperately wounded: we followed them a very short way, but they escaped, owing to the difficulty of pursuing them in the darkness. We quickly returned and found Falkland lying dead on his face, and Calcraft, who was suffering some pain from his own slight wound, on one knee at his side, supporting on the other the head and shoulders of the ill-fated Isabel. She was perfectly insensible and bleeding profusely, we could not stop it and it was evident she could not survive many minutes. It was no time for inaction, Seyton hastily raised the body of Falkland and placed it in the boat, he then proposed to me, as I was bending over the dying Isabel, to place her also in the boat that we might all escape as speedy as possible from so dangerous a position, but on our attempting to raise her in our arms, she heaved a long and heavy sigh and expired. We paused a moment and placed her again on the bank, then looked at each other and burst into tears. After a few moments more we again raised her and placed her in the boat, and as the current was with us we very soon reached the open harbour, and, being now out of the reach of all danger, we pulled more leisurely for the *Dolphin*.

When we had time to reflect, we all felt that we ought to bury the two bodies that very night, rather than bring them on board the *Dolphin*, and the place we selected for the burial of these unhappy lovers, was well suited for such an object. In a very rocky part of the beach, there was a small inlet which ran in among the rocks for about one hundred yards—at the entrance the rocks were towering and massive, giving a very bold and wild effect to the place; further in, there was a smooth and sandy beach, with high and wooded banks on each side of the inlet, so that, when we stood within it, our view of the ocean was completely shut out by the bold and craggy rocks that guarded the entrance, and all else was concealed by the high banks and waving woods that embosomed us. This place had the appearance of the most perfect

loveliness, and to it, interesting in itself, but now tenfold interesting to me for those who sleep in it, we steered our boats in silence and sorrow. The water was so shallow at the entrance, where it flowed over some low rocks, that we were obliged to step out on one of them, and bear in our arms the remains of the unhappy ones. Seyton stood on a small and projecting point of one of the rocks, while two of the boatmen were knee-deep in the water, endeavouring to make the boat fast to the rocks; when they had succeeded sufficiently for our purpose, I gently raised the still beautiful form of Isabel and placed her in the arms of Seyton, who was waiting to receive her—in doing so I could not but pause a moment, and look for the last time on one whose fate was as unhappy as her face was lovely. Her dark eyes were closed under thin, long, and soft lashes, and her lips slightly parted,—there had been, some minutes before, a faint expression of pain on her beautiful features, but it was now wholly faded away, at least it seemed to me to have entirely vanished, and, as the settled coldness of death stole over her, I imagined that her face, now cold as marble, assumed the same sweet and pensive expression, which the romantic Falkland admired and loved so much in her. I enveloped the pale form in

a military cloak of him whom she had loved in life, and placed her in the arms of Seyton, who was standing on the rock to receive her from me. He immediately passed on without uttering a syllable, and myself followed his tall and dark figure as he passed from rock to rock in the dimness of that midnight hour, and then moved, with his hapless burthen, slowly along the sands, to the innermost part of the inlet, where gently placing it upon the bank, he returned and assisted me in carrying Falkland to the same lonely place; all our men followed, and, as we stood for some minutes looking at all that remained of these unhappy lovers, as they slept their sleep of death, we could not refrain from giving way to the rush of feeling, which so melancholy an occasion excited in us all. We soon heaped a large quantity of sand and earth upon the grave, and rolling two large stones to mark the spot, looked on it for the last time, and returned to our boat. There, in that spot of undisturbed and everlasting loneliness, we laid them side by side, the same grave receiving them: the same military cloak enveloped them as their shroud, the same moss covers their narrow beds, and they, whose hearts were united in their lives, were now not divided in their deaths.

RENE.

WIDOWHOOD.—A SONNET.

How wretched is that face, and yet how fair !
 A face that might unnerve the arm of Fate,
 So softly sad, so fondly desolate,
 So full of loveliness and of despair !
 They rose upon the earth, a radiant pair ;—
 His beam is quench'd near lifetime's eastern gate,
 And round her noon untimely shadows wait—
 Her heart is in the grave—its choice is there—
 Thus in the vernal freshness of a grove,
 Where to new sunshine Nature's children turn,
 One plant, that all her glory fails to move,
 Weeps back upon some white sepulchral urn,
 And gazes o'er it with despairing love,
 Watching the dead, and satisfied to mourn.

ADVENA.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

LIB. I. CARMEN XXXVIII.

AD PUERUM.

Persicos odi, puer apparatus ;
 Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ :
 Mitte sectari rosa quo locorum
 Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores
 Sedulus curæ : neque te ministrum
 Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcâ
 Vite bibentem.

TO HIS ATTENDANT BOY.

I hate the Persian's costly pride ;
 The wreaths, with bands of linden tied,
 These, boy, delight me not ;
 Nor where the roses bide
 Seek with vain care the spot.

For me be nought but myrtle twin'd ;
 The modest myrtle, meet to bind
 Alike thy brows and mine ;
 While thus I quaff the bowl, reclin'd
 Beneath th' o'erarching vine.

LIB. II. CARMEN III.

AD DELLUM.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
 Ab insolenti temperatam
 Lætitia moriture Delli,

Seu mœstus omni tempore vixeris,
 Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
 Festos reclinatum beâris
 Interiore notâ Falerni,

Qua pinus ingens albaque populus
 Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
 Ramis, qua et obliquo laborat
 Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimium brevis
 Flores amœnos ferre jube rosæ,
 Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
 Fila trium patiuntur atra.

Cedes coemptis saltibus, et domo,
 Villæque flavus quam Tiberis lavit :
 Cedes ; et exstructis in altum
 Divitiis potietur hæres.

Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
 Nil interest, an pauper, et infimâ
 De gente, sub divo moreris,
 Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur : omnium
 Versatur urna ; seriùs ociùs
 Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
 Exilium impositura cymbæ.

TO DELLIUS.

Firm be thy soul ! serene in power,
 When adverse fortune clouds the sky ;
 Undazzled by the triumph's hour,
 Since, Dellius, thou must die !

Alike, if still to grief resign'd ;
 Or if through festal days 'tis thine,
 To quaff, in grassy haunts reclin'd,
 The old Falernian wine :

Haunts, where the silvery poplar-boughs
 Love with the pines to blend on high,
 And some clear fountain brightly flows
 In graceful windings by.

There be the rose, with beauty fraught
 So soon to fade, so brilliant now ;
 There be the wine, the odours brought,
 While time and fate allow !

For thou, resigning to thine heir,
 Thy halls, thy bowers, thy treasur'd store,
 Must leave that home, these woodlands fair,
 On yellow Tyber's shore.

What then avails it, should'st thou trace
 From Inachus thy glorious line ?
 Or, sprung from some ignoble race,
 If not a roof be thine ?

Since the dread lot for all must leap
 Forth from the dark revolving urn,
 And we must cross the gloomy deep
 Whence exiles ne'er return.

LIB. III. CARMEN XIII.

AD FONTEM BANDUSIUM,

O Fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,
 Dulci digne mero non sine floribus,
 Cras donaberis hædo,
 Cui frons turgida cornibus

Primis, et venerem et prælia destinat :
 Frustrâ ; nam gelidos inficiet tibi
 Rubro sanguine rivos
 Lascivi soboles gregis.

Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ
 Nescit tangere : tu frigus amabile
 Fæsis vomere tauris
 Præbes et pecori vago.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,
 Me dicente cavis impositam illicem
 Saxis unde loquaces
 Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.

TO THE FOUNT OF BANDUSIA.

Oh, worthy fragrant gifts of flowers and wine,
 Bandusian Fount, than crystal far more bright !
 To-morrow shall a sportive kid be thine,
 Whose forehead swells with horns of infant might :
 E'en now of love and war he dreams in vain,
 Doom'd with his blood thy gelid wave to stain.

Let the red dog-star burn ! his scorching beam,
 Fierce in resplendence, shall molest not thee !
 Still sheltered from his rage, thy banks, fair stream,
 To the wild flock around thee wandering free ;
 And the fir'd oxen from the furrow'd field,
 The genial freshness of their breath shall yield.

And thou, bright Fount ! ennobled and renown'd,
 Shalt by thy poet's votive song be made ;
 Thou and the oak with deathless verdure crown'd,
 Whose boughs, a pendant canopy, o'ershade
 Those hollow rocks, whence, murmuring many a tale,
 Thy chiming waters pour upon the vale.

BETA

ENGLAND IN 1819 AND IRELAND IN 1833.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR—A strong feeling of indignation seems to be entertained by many of the laity, respecting the apathy with which the Protestant Clergy appear to view the Church Reform Bill lately introduced by Lord Althorp, the provisions of which seem so injurious, if not destructive, to the property and existence of the establishment. What! (say they,) will the clergy submit without a murmur to this unparalleled spoliation, and thereby justify the allegations, and (as far as *they* are concerned) aid in carrying into effect the menaces of their enemies? Does not even the silence they have observed, since the announcement of the bill, give some colour to the charge—that the wretched condition of the peasantry of Ireland is mainly attributable to *their* exactions, and that to compel them to disgorge part of their unjust gains is but an act of strict, though tardy justice? Now, nothing can be more unreasonable than this remonstrance; and (though meant in a spirit of friendship) it but adds insult to injury. What *can* the clergy do? During the last ten or fifteen years, the press has teemed with the most unanswerable statements respecting the real facts of the case; arguments have been refuted; mistakes corrected; falsehoods exposed, *all to no purpose*. In reply to the unfounded statement, that it is to the Protestant Establishment the disturbances in Ireland are to be attributed; those disturbances have been traced up to the first period of their commencement, viz.: about the middle of the last century—for Captain Rock, (though he may not have arrived at the age of discretion,) is no stripling; and though he may acknowledge, in the words of the Patriarch, that “the days of the years of his life have been *evil*,” he certainly cannot say that they “have been few.” Those disturbances have been proved, never to have originated from the exorbitant demands of the clergy, but from causes more deeply

affecting the comforts and condition of the peasantry, viz.: the enclosing of commons, turning out the old tenantry in order to throw many small farms into one; abuses about road making; exorbitant cess and rents; wages of labour; charges for potato ground; rent for bog, &c. &c. It is true, that in the progress of outrage, the clergy (from the very defenceless nature of their property, and the thousand inroads of fraud and violence to which it was exposed,) suffered considerably, but that *their* demands were either the *originating* cause of those disturbances or the principal means of their *continuance* has been over and over disproved. But what good has resulted from all this? “Who shames a scribbler,”

“Destroy his fib, or sophistry in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again.”

There are persons who still affect to believe, that the misery of the peasantry is chiefly attributable to the exactions of the clergy. The income of that body has been lately submitted to the most rigorous parliamentary enquiry, and the result has been a very proud, but (as it now appears) a very useless triumph to the clergy. It has been not merely an acquittal of such charges, but a generally expressed astonishment at the audacity that could have advanced them. Still, all to no purpose. The very mover of this bill of pains and penalties, ushers in his propositions by an acknowledgment of the monstrous exaggerations that have prevailed with regard to the income of the clergy, and then (by way of a sophisma fallacis consequentiæ) tacks to this very acknowledgment a proposition for inflicting upon them an amount of taxation, quite unequalled by any thing we have hitherto witnessed, even in the most frightful period of the late war. What then are the clergy to do in such a case? There *was* a time when appealing to a British House of Com-

mons, they could have relied fearlessly on the principle "*Magna est veritas et praevalerebit*," but those days (if we are to judge from the manner in which his Lordship's speech was received) seem to have passed away. Their enemies seem to know well the nature and constitution of the assembly they are *now* addressing. They think (and events *hitherto* seem to justify them in so thinking) that "they shall be heard for their much speaking." *This* is a species of contest into which the clergy cannot enter. "It is not for them to bandy hasty words," they must leave the field to their enemies, and confess that (whatever *truth* may be in them) at least "the words of the men of Judah are *fercer* than those of the men of Israel." It is a strange fact, that at such a period of the world as the present, undeniable truth should be borne down by clamour; but is it not the fact? Look at the Irish newspapers during the last two or three years, the first which have elapsed of that halcyon æra, which was, (according to the sworn evidence of the O'Connells and the Doyleys) to bless our land, and of which the bill of 1829 was to be the glad harbinger. In one column you will probably see an account of a clergyman waylaid and assassinated under circumstances, which one would have thought quite sufficient to paley the assassin's arm, returning from administering the comforts of religion to some sick or dying member of his flock; a second murdered in the broad light of heaven, the *calumniated* peasantry resuming their rural occupations, after the bloody deed, with as much unconcern as if they had been despatching a mad-dog. A third, also murdered at noon-day in his own lawn; the wretched widow imploring some help in bearing in the body of her mangled husband—her application received with brutal derision—the humane peasantry (who had been previously taught to touch a Protestant

Bible with a pair of tongs) doubtless dreading defilement from the dead body of the heretic, and with a ferocity incredible in any creature that ever bore a trace of the primal image of his God, refusing to aid the wretched and bereft mourner in performing the last sad offices of humanity. Or again, if disgusted with the assassinations of solitary individuals, you wish for an *affair of spirit*, you will be regaled with a massacre of a whole body of police, guilty, it is true, of the unpardonable offence of putting the SAXON laws into execution. You will probably be indignant at those outrages, and think that it is the bounden duty of every man *who has influence over the peasantry* to join in repressing them. Don't be too sure of that however. Side by side with the statements I have just mentioned, you will probably see an address directed to the *people of Ireland*, headed by some of those sweet and sedative appeals to their angry passions such as "There's blood upon the earth," "The cry has gone up to Heaven," &c. &c. You will naturally expect that this address should contain some allusion to the atrocious scenes described in the adjoining column. But *no*. Poor Partridge was never more astonished (after the fracas with his tender spouse) at seeing his own blood rise up in judgment against him, than the unfortunate clergy and police are to find that *THEY* are the murderers, and that the death-bowl (which is set up with as much loudness, and just as much sincerity as the keening at an Irish wake) has been raised over some riotous and lawless ruffian, who was prevented from despatching his victim. This, you will say, very audacious buffoonery—true—but unfortunately it is very successful. Such is the temper of the times, that this buffoonery which might be deemed farcical, if it were not too "tragical mirth" is well received *even in England*! * Indeed, the prediction

* This certainly establishes one cheering fact, contrasted with the frightful aspect of this country, and that is, that however questionable the Duke of Wellington's assertion might have been in the year 1830, there is no doubt "of all distresses having vanished from England at present." The "*homo sum*" is not such a predominant element in the character of John Bull—He is not so romantic a person as to waste his sympathies on the distresses of his neighbours, when his own belly is pinched, and accordingly when we find no petitions respecting the decay of trade, but loud complaints about the *Irish clergy*, and sad wailings about the cruelty of consigning the mild and merciful Whiteboys to the horrors of martial law, we are justified in concluding that honest John has his slice of double Gloucester, and his tankard of ale.

of the bard of Ireland (as he is called by the *clique*) seems to be fulfilled at the present day,

Thy masters themselves whilst they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause o'er the song of their captive, and weep.

Dingy coalheavers, sinewy blacksmiths have their tender sympathies excited by the swelling theme. Riotous operatives whose faculties have been enlarged by passing from the manufactory to the treadmill, and whose maxims of state policy have been quaffed in at the alehouse, put their marks to petitions which are poured into parliament, and entrusted to some discreet and learned senator, who will gravely assure the house, that "Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands," and that the slackness of trade in England is unquestionably produced by the exactions of the clergy upon the Irish peasantry. Such is the condition of the clergy—Such the adversaries to whom they are exposed. From the great Cerberus down to "the little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart," all bark at them—every order of intellect, from an O'Connell down to a Finn, from the colossal head down to the *great toe** of the party; and indeed their state may be well compared to that of the sick lion in the fable, who, though he suffered from the trunk of the elephant, yet was more hurt by the uplifted hoof of the ass. Such, I repeat, is the state of the clergy—their enemies have prevailed, and they may say to them,—“this is your hour, and the power of darkness.”

Indeed it must be acknowledged they were not altogether unprepared for the blow, even before the announcement of the present measure. They could not avoid recollecting, that the nobleman to whose hands the destinies of this mighty nation are at present confided, had said upon a former occasion, that he did not see any inconsistency between the establishment of popery in Ireland, and the connexion of the two countries—a position, the practical absurdity of which, I trust his

Lordship, and his colleagues may never allow us to experience. They could not avoid seeing the very ominous distinction made in the King's speech between the two Protestant churches of England and Ireland, in direct contravention of a public and express stipulation made but yesterday. They could not avoid seeing also in the speeches of the movers and seconders of the address in both houses, that whilst an aspect of determination was assumed against the atrocities which have made Ireland “a by-word and term of reproach;” there were also some *pitious* and moving allusions made to what was the cause of those disturbances, viz., the oppressive demands of the clergy; and that as in the early days of christianity, whenever any awful calamity fell upon the nation, the rabble were taught to set up the cry of “*Christianos ad leones*;” so now the church of Ireland was to be sacrificed, and in its dying moments to work a miracle such as even popery never pretended to; viz., to stop the mouths of the demagogues and agitators. Indeed, one of the persons alluded to, the mover of the address in the Lords, declared “it was impossible ever to expect tranquillity in Ireland as long as the clergy were allowed to enforce their full demands upon a half-starved peasantry.” Now had this been a time when there was a disposition to hear fairly what might be fairly urged, it might have been said that perhaps the noble Lord was mistaken, and that there were some other causes fully as efficient, (if not more so) in producing that misery which he so affectingly deplored—that there were such things as rack-rents and con-acres; and that, perhaps, enormous sums collected by rapacious agents, and spent by heartless absentees, were not the most likely means to contribute to the prosperity of a country—that the clergy, though they pleaded guilty to the charge of sometimes enforcing payment of about the fourth part of their legal demand, could at least say, that what they got was spent in the country—that the various establishments re-

* 1st Citizen—I the great toe Sir? How am I the great toe Sir?

Menenius—For that being one o' the lowest, basest, poorest of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost.

quite for the many wants of a peasantry unsheltered by the presence of their natural protectors, a resident gentry, were supplied by the active and spontaneous charities of the clergy; and that if famine and pestilence had made their appearance, it was at least owing in some degree to the way in which an unemployed, and consequently starving population, had been allowed to multiply upon the miserable patches of ground into which it had served the purposes of political ambition to subdivide the holdings of the wretched occupants. Such statements might have been made and it might have cost some trouble to answer them; but, no doubt, it was the lamb that insulted the wolf by muddying the waters, and as the clergy were to be sacrificed, something must be invented to justify the violence of insolent aggression.

There was another circumstance which must have tended to excite the apprehensions of the clergy—that was the *place* in which the Church Reform Bill was first introduced. Perhaps, as being a ministerial measure, it was a matter of indifference in which of the two houses it was brought forward; but to a plain man, not deep in the mysteries of state affairs, it would have appeared that the two bills, the Coercive and the Church Reform, might, with great propriety, have exchanged the places in which they made their first appearance. The former came (considering the general feeling of the times) with a peculiarly bad grace from the Upper House. *That* House has been represented of late, as the great obstacle interposed, by the forms of the constitution, between the people and their just rights. It was not wise to increase this feeling. The bill will be represented now as coming down in all its feudal sternness, from an unfeeling aristocracy, and a bloated clergy, who have ever proved themselves the defenders of existing abuses, the zealous advocates of every measure calculated to overawe the expression of popular feeling. Whatever modification it may receive in the Lower House, will be represented as a triumph gained by the free spirit of a reformed House of Commons, over the antiquated and arbitrary principles of an hereditary peerage, and an intolerant hierarchy. On the other hand, it might have been expected that the Church Reform Bill, a mea-

sure seriously affecting the property of a large body of men so inadequately represented, would have been first introduced into an assembly where the leading members of that body had seats; and where any hints or suggestions they offered, might have been calmly and fairly discussed. Lord Althorp contends, that as the Church Reform Bill was a money bill, the House of Commons was the proper place for its first appearance. Had he consulted Blackstone, or any other constitutional authority, he would have found, that the privilege of originating money bills has been conceded to the Commons as a necessary protection to the great mass of the people. But, in the present case, it is sought to convert a defensive into an aggressive power, and to maintain, that the representatives of the people have an exclusive right to originate a taxation not affecting themselves, but an order which is not represented in their assembly; for, I believe, that no one will assert that the clergy, as a body, are represented in the Commons. Therefore I maintain, that common sense and justice, and the analogy derived from the very principle for which his Lordship contends, all concur to shew, that the taxation of the clergy should originate in that body where *they are in some degree represented*, viz., the Lords. But no. It makes its first appearance in an assembly where it is received with shouts of exultation—shouts which seemed to rise in proportion to the severity of its enactments, and the sweeping extent of its confiscation. Even the persons in the galleries “caught the measure wild,” and were allowed to testify their ferocious delight, doubtless, recalling to their minds those happy times when, in a neighbouring country, the Jacobins and Poissardes were allowed to shake their fists at the members of the legislative assembly; to join in the cry of “*les eveques a la lanterne*,” and mark out their victims for the Place de la Revolution. In fact, the excitement produced already by the first notice of the bill, has been such as to render it difficult, if not impracticable, to correct its severity by any fair or equitable amendment; and we shall probably have the cry again set up of “The bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill.” When all these signs, which I have mentioned, were put together, viz., the well known sen-

timents of the premier, the ominous passage in the King's speech, the opinions put forward by the movers of the address in answer, and the place chosen for bringing forward the measure regarding the church, they certainly gave rise to a fearful presage, and that presage has been fully realised. It only remains then for the clergy to submit to their fate; and, if I mistake not their character, they are ready to meet it, with becoming firmness and resignation. To view the proposed measure in any other light than as the thinly veiled precursor of their utter and speedy extinction, would be a degree of folly with which it is to be presumed they are not chargeable. Suffering has made them too quick-sighted. "By sorrow the heart is made better," says the wise man; and so, perhaps, is the understanding. They cannot, therefore, be so grossly duped. They cannot belie every sentiment of their heart so much, as to express gratitude for the very kind acknowledgments, the high and laudatory testimonies to their Christian virtues, the professions of a wish only "to render the establishment more efficient," with which the proposed measure has been ushered in. What! the establishment to be rendered more efficient by annihilating one-half of the episcopal bench!! by taking away those fair and legitimate prizes which learning, and talent, and zeal may fairly aspire to, without any imputation upon the sincerity of their Christian feeling; however they may incur the scoffs of such primitive apostolic spirits as Messrs. O'Connell, Shiel, &c., who have in *their own church* (wherever established) such a specimen of contempt for all wordly grandeur and distinction. The establishment to be rendered more efficient by *suspending* (we all know what the word means) the appointment of an incumbent where there may not happen to be at present, a sufficient number of Protestants for a congregation; as if the progress of scriptural truth in any district, however benighted, was to be despaired of. Again, by inflicting such a merciless rate of taxation upon the incumbents, as must absolutely close their doors against the appeals of misery in its most craving form. Is it by such means the efficiency of the Protestant establishment is to be extended? No, gentlemen. The clergy may say, in addressing those who

profess such friendship—We hope it is no departure from proper courtesy to say, we cannot believe you to be sincere—we cannot bring ourselves to believe, that men of your experience and wisdom can lay the flattering unction to your souls of thinking that you are serving the cause of Protestantism in Ireland. No—acknowledge the truth, acknowledge that you have yielded to the unceasing cry of bigotry and persecution. You have put us on our trial—you have. We trust we may say it without irreverence, "You have found no cause of death in us;" and yet you yield to the Barabbas cry, and sacrifice the innocent and unoffending, in the vain hope of pacifying the bigotted High Priest, and the senseless rabble that he rules.

It would be some consolation to the clergy, though, perhaps, their generous and liberal enemies may sneer at the assertion, if they had reason to think that the proposed measure would tend to the general improvement of the condition of the poor; but it would be rather difficult to shew the probability of such a result, as far as regards either the Protestant, or even the Romish portion of the peasantry. With regard to the former, I believe it is generally admitted, that in whatever district there appears to be any exception to the mass of misery and vice with which this country is overrun, in that, Protestantism will be found to have gained some footing. Indeed, it has been often matter of surprise to many—only that logical closeness is not the *forte* of the orators who formerly figured in the *Arena*, and now in the *House of Commons*!!!—that the panegyrists of the "emerald isle," the "babblers of green fields," have not been a little more sparing of their praises upon the physical advantages of Ireland. Did it never occur to them that they were making out a strong case against themselves; that the few spots in which any thing like *moral* verdure is to be discovered, are those in which such advantages do not exist. Compare the South with the North—you find in the former an incomparably finer soil, a more genial clime, the means of internal communication much superior, by means of large and navigable rivers, the country much less encumbered with population, in proportion to its extent; and yet, in despite of this difference of external

circumstances, what an interval between the character and condition of the peasantry!! But, not to draw a parallel that might in the present times be deemed invidious,* is it to be supposed that the impoverishment of the Protestant clergy (which this bill will effect to a most distressing extent,) will not seriously affect the character and condition of the poorer part of their laity. Look to the sums at present expended by their spontaneous bounty upon meritorious school masters and mistresses; books for the instruction of children; prizes to stimulate their exertions; poor shops where the produce of their labour is disposed of at a low rate to the poorer parishioners, &c. &c. Will the necessary withdrawing, or at least, considerable contraction of those sums, be compensated by the abolition of vestry cess, an assessment rarely (where proper care is taken) exceeding three pence per acre. But it may be thought that, at least, the *Romish* portion of the peasantry will be greatly benefitted by the abolition of this grinding impost. Is this so certain? Look to the Bishop of Limerick's speech in the House of Lords, in the session of 1814. There was an assertion contained in it, which excited some surprise, until the fact was ascertained, viz., "That there were at that moment petitions lying on their lordship's table, signed by multitudes of Irish Roman Catholics, in the least Protestant part of Munster, praying that they might have more Protestant clergymen sent to reside among them." Those who *knew* the state of Ireland; who knew the *undistinguishing* benevolence with which the charities of the clergy are dealt out to all persuasions, were not at all surprised at the assertion. It might, doubtless, have called forth the incredulous sneer of so accurately informed a person as Lord King, who, to do him justice, is a most fearless knight-errant, whenever a churchman is to be attacked; though it must be admitted, that he differs not more from these ancient chevaliers in his hatred to the church, than in "a plentiful lack" of that dignified courtesy by which *they*

were distinguished. By the way, it is rather a strange fact, the unceasing hostility evinced by this noble lord to the church, in defiance of the most humiliating castigations. But such is the fact. In however serious a mood he may be, set but a churchman before him, and it seems to have the same effect upon him that the cup of sack had on Falstaff—it absolutely "mounts him into the brain, makes him apprehensive; quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." As I believe he holds the memory of his illustrious kinsman in great respect, I would commend to his consideration the description of himself, which that great man wished to have engraven on his tomb, "*Literis innutritus, eousque tantum profecit, ut veritati unice studeret.*" It would afford that great man (could he look back from the grave,) but little gratification to see his kinsman affording such a confirmation of his own well-known theory—that wit, was frequently to be found, unaccompanied by judgment.

All those, however, who reflect before they speak, and who are of opinion that some information on a subject is a previous requisite to correct thinking, knew that the assertion was perfectly true. "As collectors and distributors of bounty, (said the Bishop,) as purveyors of food, as parcellers of employment, as overseers of labour on roads, in bogs, in public works; by their exertions in these, and similar departments, the Irish peasantry of the distressed districts, under Providence, were saved from famine and its attendant pestilence, and, I would hope, were formed to permanent habits of industry, morality, and grateful feeling." But this is the language of a Bishop, and, of course, inadmissible. Let us hear then, the testimony of one who is the glory of his church and his nation. What does Dr. Chalmers say, in his examination before the Poor Law Committee?—"I hold the Established Church of Ireland, in spite of all that has been alledged against it, to be our very best machinery for the moral and political regeneration of that country." But,

* When Colonel Percival moved for a return stating *distinctly* the numbers of Protestant and Roman Catholics, who had been charged with capital offences; the motion was resisted by Mr. Spring Rice, on the ground of its having an "invidious tendency."

further, what was the testimony of one who, at least, will be allowed to be an unbiassed evidence? What did the present secretary for Ireland say, after returning from visiting, in person, the tenantry upon the Irish estates of his noble grandfather? Speaking of the attacks which have been made upon the establishment, he says—"If the same exertions had been employed in publishing the splendid instances of individual merit which are to be found amongst its members, the church would stand, at the present moment, far above the boldest attempts of calumny. In fact, the cases of abuse are exceptions from that mass of rectitude which is not less admirable for being found in the shade, and their very prominence proves the strength of the rule." Such are a few of the testimonies that have been borne to the "locust" establishment, and which may afford some grounds for judging whether its extinction would be productive of general benefit to the country.

But, again, what a precedent will it afford for the gradual introduction of other measures, which (as far as Protestant security is concerned), will amount to a virtual *Repeal of the Union*. With all the fury of the great leader, he is a most profound and able man. There are persons who consider him as little better than a madman, for pursuing such a scheme; but they will find that he has, at least, as much of the *wisdom*, as of the *strength*, of madness; and that he will not waste his powers at a useless tug when the "*panlatum vello*" will more effectually serve his purposes. Many of those persons express great surprise at his not having already given some notice on the subject. But they know little of the man. Thinking him to be a generous and devoted enthusiast, they naturally suppose that he would, in defiance of every obstacle—in contempt of the all but unanimous sentiments of the people of the sister country, and the Protestants of *this*—bring forward his favourite measure. But, I repeat it, they know but little of the man. The Repeal of the Union is a fine topic out of doors; a powerful agent in gathering in the 12,000l. a-year from the wretched peasantry. But he has no such intention *at present*. There may be some Sancho in his train, whom he amuses by sketches of

a constitution for their island, when they shall gain possession of it; but he is himself no Quixote; and poor Steele's plantations are not yet to be dispeopled of their pike-handles, in order to effect the separation of the two countries. No, O'Connell's plan is this:—He calculates upon exciting the sympathies of the English nation, who, in addition to all their honest and generous sentiments, are a very matter-of-fact sort of people—a people very likely to be gulled into the belief that, where there is such vehemence, there can be no dramatic deception. He calculates, also, upon the chance of there being some among the ministry weak enough to believe him serious in his menaces; and others, weak and wicked enough to propose hulling his Cerberian howl by throwing him a succession of sophs. If, then, he can succeed in extinguishing the Protestant Church in Ireland—again, in destroying the *corporations*, which have been hitherto (amongst human means), the most prominent in preserving Protestant life and property—if he can further succeed in obtaining an *elective magistracy*—and, lastly, in so altering the present *constitution of the panel*, as to secure a jury of Whiteboys to try their brethren in the dock—if he can, I say succeed in effecting all those preparations of anarchy, he is in hopes that there may be a party in the ministry which (influenced by a feeling similar to what we are told was once expressed by Lord Clarendon), may wish to get rid of all the trouble of governing Ireland; and may be, for handing over the few remaining Protestants that shall then be found, to his tender mercies, in the capacity of Chancellor, Attorney-General, or Chief Secretary; or, should Providence dispose the hearts of our rulers otherwise—should they open their eyes at last to the folly of expecting to bind down this Protean monster by any ties, save those of physical compulsion—*then*, indeed, he may meditate bringing forward the measure seriously. And only see what a vantage ground he will then stand on in urging the Repeal question. In Ireland, Protestantism, (the only link that binds us to England), beaten down and crushed, and ready to embrace any alternative that may be offered, sooner than endure the slow but consuming fires of persecution to which she shall

than be exposed. In England, a large portion, even of the most reflecting and loyal, disgusted at their "most filthy bargain," and indifferent to, if not anxious for, a separation. Is this an unlikely feeling to arise in England? Look to the course he is now pursuing, both in and out of doors. "Seditione, dolis, acelere"—"*Intra muros peccatur et extra.*" The whole business of the country impeded—the great council of the nation occupied in listening to inflammatory harangues which, in reality, are intended, not for the house, but for the *scoundrels* out of the house; furious invectives against every public officer who dares to do his duty; and such venacious tales, as how, once upon a time, an Irish baronet was brought before a court-martial, and hanged up at his own hall-door, for not entertaining some hungry ensigns, &c. &c., for he does not *now* even aim at the questionable merit of the "pukering fiend"—"*he does not lie like the truth.*" Consider the effect of all this in time, even upon the sober and reflecting part of the English nation. Again, look to the course he is now pursuing with regard to the lower orders. Look at the famishing and ferocious handitti with which that hitherto unhappy land will be infested, if his fiendish advice is adopted. They see, it seems, to withdraw their money from the savings banks, in order, doubtless, to spend it at the ale-house—to drink the Liberator's health, who (like his predecessor, Jack Cade), will soon make "the threehooped pot have ten hoops," and to devote any little surplus that may remain to the establishment of a new O'Connell fund, in addition to that pretty *Dangelt* which he has already inflicted on the wretched peasantry of his native land.

What a striking similarity, when we compare the awful circumstances of England, in the year 1819, with the state of Ireland at present—and would we could say of Ireland *alone*—if the present system be long continued. Indeed, at all periods of the history of the world, the precursory signs of revolution and rebellion have been much the same, and this sameness of symptoms is a most providential safeguard. It seems to become among the many indications of the way in which a moral Providence controls the affairs of the universe. The Supreme Disposer of events does not

interpose a miracle to stay "the madness of the people;" but, if the rulers should be perverse or infatuated enough not "to ask a sign of the Lord," in the hour of peril, he forces one upon their view, if they will but have "the eyes to see, or the ears to hear." He seems to call their attention to the records of the human race, where they will find that He has established it as a law—that similar effects spring from similar causes; to the invariable connexion which has ever subsisted between unchecked licentiousness and open rebellion—to the various instances in which (under his protection), promptness and energy have saved the land: and when fear and despondency are paralyzing their counsels, He seems to say to them, as to the Jewish leader, "Why criest thou unto me; speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." Yes, it is the fact, that whilst that true wisdom, which marks the statesman, is ever rich and new, and varying in its resources, prospective, remedial, all-embracing, consulting for the interests of the *whole* community, and not for the present occasion merely, but, for ages yet unborn; a merciful Providence seems, on the other hand, to have restricted the cunning of the agitator. He cannot find out *new* channels for "abounding iniquity." He must fall back upon the clumsy artifices of his predecessor in guilt—the vulgar invective—the scurril jest—the lie so oft overthrown." Hence it is that we see so strong, so pervading, a likeness between such portions of the history of mankind. It is but the same filthy agents, working upon the same filthy materials; but, perhaps, in no parallel that could be traced, are the points of resemblance stronger than between the period I have just alluded to and the present. If we wish to refresh our recollections on the subject, (and it will be a refreshment in more ways than one), let us take up any one of three of the most powerful displays of senatorial eloquence that ever thundered within the walls of a British parliament, the speeches of Grenville, Canning, and Plunkett—bursts which seemed at once to awaken the slumbering, moral might of England and call upon her to shake off the horrible nightmare by which she had been so long convulsed.

What do we find then upon a survey

of that period? Itinerant demagogues, paid too, not men loving mischief for mischief's sake; but influenced by more selfish and solid considerations; Penny subscription orators, "Fortune hunters who would not court even deformity itself until they found that she was well portioned."—Fellows of this description, assembling large and ferocious mobs, under the preposterous pretence of petitioning; but in fact for the purposes of intimidation and disorder. Again, a licentious and infidel press; and (in point of talent) such a press!!! Black Dwarfs, Medusas, &c. "Gorgons, Hydras and Chimæras dire," It was no longer the Bolingbrookes; the Voltaires; but the Carilles, and the Hones. It was no longer (to borrow the conception of our great painter) the "harlot-infidelity" with something like beauty; and tricked out in the ostentatious finery of prostitution; but the same wretched creature, with features bloated and brutalized by excess, beating hemp amidst the vile inmates of the workhouse. It was no longer Satan, under the form of the "archangel ruined," but the foul and venomous "toad squatted at the rabble-car." We all recollect this vile crew (their dullness unfortunately for a long time operating as a protection) speaking a language to which Englishmen had never been familiarized; the mingled and virulent dialect of treason, blasphemy, "malice, hatred and all uncharitableness," assailing every order and institution, around which the habitual and long cherished affections of Englishmen had been entwined. Again the *magistrates*, men, who in defiance of every risk, at the peril of their lives and fortunes, set themselves to stem the desolating torrent; held up to general execration; petitions hawked about from one pot-house to another, thumbed by every greasy ruffian, whose name was enrolled as one of the sovereign people, calling for justice on the devoted heads of their oppressors; and those very petitions, presented to the Legislature by certain "Knights of the Post," who were ready (in addition to the damning internal evidence upon the documents themselves) to add the still more damning evidence of their own personal testimony. Again, the very *judges* of the land, bullied and brow-beaten, and held up to detestation and assassination; one of them, because he had declared

his opinion in a charge to the grand jury of York, "that the riots had arisen not so much from actual distress as from acts of evil-minded persons," openly prescribed; astonishment expressed that "none of the staring thousands should raise his knife and plunge it into the bosom of the monster, who could coolly insult his sufferings." Such were some of the symptoms at the awful crisis I have alluded to, a crisis, however, when England's good genius prevailed and rescued her from the most awful fate that God in his inflictions ever sent upon a nation—the despotism of the mob.

Does it then (let me ask) require any very great effort of imagination or any "considering the matter too seriously" to find in the present state of the country a striking parallel to all the circumstances I have just mentioned. After the passing of the bill of 1828, we all flattered ourselves, (however we might have differed upon the accompanying measures,) that at least that horrible *goitre*; the Catholic Association, had been deracinated. Have our hopes been realized. Has it not again appeared in a form, if possible, still more foul and loathsome. Have we not the Arena pouring forth from its *comitories* at midnight, and through the heart of our metropolis, groups, and such groups!!! Spouters, whose style of oratory, (if we must "squander away" such a term,) may be, for noise, and filth, and fury, compared to those mud volcanoes of which we have lately heard so much. Poor wretched tradesmen swindled out of their weeks earnings, and returning, maddened by want, and riot, and intoxication, to their naked and famishing families. Demogorgon himself, (by way of giving them a foretaste of the liberty they would enjoy under his paternal sway,) ordering his former "honest, trusty," but rather "too drouthy cronies," into the custody of the mob, or turning them out of his room, whenever a little too much of the native prompts them to resist his sovereign commands. "Illasejactat in aula." It is there he wins "*brass* opinions" from the mob. "O cives, cives, querenda pecunia primum est." It is not to be wondered at, that an advocate so well fed should stand forth, even in more august assemblies, as the vindicator of the "fine peasantry" which,

(to do him justice) he does with a fat-cical effrontery that reminds one of the king of the gypsies, in Tom Jones. "My people, Mr. Jones, be de most orderly people in de world, dough greatly alandered, and vat is more, dey go about day and night to do me service, and give me de best of vat dey got." So much for the parallel regarding the *demagogues*. But, alas, what different fates frequently await the labourers in the same glorious cause. "Ille crucem pretium sceleris tulit, hic diadema." Popular ingratitude has sent back poor Hunt to the shoeblackening trade, whilst Dan takes seat in the "collective wisdom," and uses his blacking brush upon clergy, magistrates, and upon all, in fact, who dissent from his plans for the regeneration of Ireland, by restoring the Ivreagh dynasty to the throne of their ancestors. Again, I ask, are the former abominations of the penny vehicles of sedition and irreligion without a parallel in the present times. Look to the vulgar fury directed against the ministers and the ordinances of religion—the indecent levity, (if not a worse feeling) with which the mid-day assassinations: the ferocious assaults committed upon the most exemplary and amiable persons, not only amongst the clergy, but amongst any who dare "to name the name of Christ" in a benighted land, have been received—all the depths of a foul and malignant invention stirred up to furnish forth invectives against some of the most unoffending and Christian spirits—every attempt to procure a proper observance of the Sabbath denounced as an infringement upon the liberties of the people. It is true these paragraphists affect to distinguish between the Christian religion and its ministers. To the touching beauty and sublimity of the former, these gentle spirits are quite alive, but it is against the bloated rectors who "grind the faces of the poor," the officious magistrates, who would exert their authority in enforcing the observance of the ordinances of God, that their "gorge rises." But this flimsy pretext cannot deceive any one. The same subterfuge was used before by Voltaire and his disciples. It was only against the *abuses* of Christianity that the patriarch and the philosophers professed to direct their attacks. It was in this way that they gradually gained

admission for those desolating doctrines that at length shook off every restraint human and divine, and left society, (in Berkeley's admirable phrase) to "the full enjoyment of all the privileges of brutality." When the French revolution, "that sudden development of malignant power," discharged the overflowings of ungodliness upon our shores, the ministers of "a pure and undefiled religion" were the first to "stand between the dead and the living; to stay the plague," and under the protecting providence of a merciful God, "their word was with power" and sufficed to avert the destruction with which we were threatened. Hence the hatred which has been ever since entertained by the Satanic host against this body—hence the repeated attempts at every period of public distress, to represent them as the principal agents in producing it. In their vulgar fury, they would fain impress upon the excited rabble, a feeling resembling the superstition which exists among the sailors, viz. that it is the devil who has raised the tempest, and that the parson should be thrown overboard to appease his anger. Such has been ever the alliance subsisting between anarchy and irreligion; but frightful as the signs of the times are, we trust that the heart is still sound in a large portion of the community. Were it not so, our fate, as a nation, would be a strange one indeed. We would have resisted the contagion of infidelity when invested in all the attractions of wit and genius, and something like learning, only to have embraced her when accompanied by every thing vulgar, offensive, and disgusting. This would indeed be a condition worse than that of the Egyptians of old; we should have escaped the plague of *French frogs* only to be consumed by the *lice* that have been engendered in our own quarters.

Let us, in the next place, consider the situation in which the *magistrates* are placed. After what we have lately seen, can it be matter of surprize that in many parts of Ireland they have come to the declared resolution of not acting in tithe cases, a resolution too, openly avowed by men of known loyalty and attachment to the church establishment. Can this be a matter of surprize, I say. Look to the cases of Sir G. Bingham, Captain Burke, and

the various others detailed in the daily papers. Should a gang of lawless ruffians raise the whole country by ringing of chapel bells, blowing of horns, &c. &c., attack a magistrate at the head of a party of police, and should one of them antedate the termination of his days by a gunshot wound instead of the gallows, immediately an inquest is held, wilful murder of course brought in against the magistrate and the whole party. "But is this law? Ay marry is it crown's quest law." High mass is next said over the murdered innocent. No cross-legged crusader ever had more affecting obsequies performed at his tomb. An oration is made at the grave, that Mark Antony himself might have taken some valuable hints from for its soothing and pacifying tendency, "Sweet friends, let me not stir you up to mutiny." A subscription is next raised for what, in their phrase, (and indeed with strict justice) is called a "persecution" of the murderers; and the unfortunate magistrates and police, if they are acquitted by the jury, (which is not always the case) have to run for their lives from the court house, and, at all events, may make up their minds to quit the country. But this even is not the worst. It would be some satisfaction if they could calculate upon the approbation of government; but un-

fortunately they are not always certain of this, even after an acquittal by a jury. Look at the case of Graham, certainly nothing so remarkable as this has occurred during all the tithe riots*. A farmer refuses to pay the rector his tithe, there is no plea set up, either of poverty or overcharge; the man being a snug substantial yeoman, and the parish being under composition; his cattle are seized and are to be sold on the next market day. For several days previous to the sale, the country, for ten miles round, is placarded with notices apprising the "boys" to assemble. Assemble they accordingly do, not with the *Alpens* merely, but with fire-arms, as the result proved. The magistrate finding it quite hopeless to resist such a mob with the small body of police under his command, calls out the yeomanry corps, in the hope that the presence of such a body might deter the rioters from resisting the law. But all to no purpose. They rush in upon the ranks of the police, and whatever doubts may exist as to the party that fired the first shot, there is no doubt whatever, that a yeoman was shot within three minutes after the affray began, a tolerably convincing proof that the party came to the ground armed. Well, Graham is brought to trial, and, after

* The farmer's name was *Doyle*. But what is contained in that name!!! "nomina mille, mille nocendiarum." The Rt. Rev. Divine took up the cudgels for his namesake on this occasion, and boldly rested the whole merits of the case upon this one question, viz, "What value had the rector ever given farmer Doyle that he should demand tithe from him? The matter would not be worth noticing, but that a Dr. of Divinity and Ex-fellow of the College set himself seriously to work, and seemed to take some credit to himself for exposing this *sophism*, as he called it. Sophism!!! Words being arbitrary signs of ideas, every one is at liberty of course, to attach his own meaning to them. But really the Rev. Dr. appears to me to be guilty of as great a misnomer as the fellow (who when found guilty of a violent outrage, and being asked what he had to say in his defence) replied, "Nothing, my Lord, barrin that I didn't think I'd come to such a disaster for a little bit of *flirtation*." Sophism indeed!!! Why, if I recollect my logic, a sophism is a syllogism which, under the appearance of a legitimate form, deceives. But is there any appearance of such a form in this? Is there any semblance of decency in this *logical flirtation*? What value did the farmer get? Why, simply this. That in consideration of tithe which he probably compounded with his rector for, at the rate of one shilling, he got an abatement of three in his rent. What other value would the Bishop have him get? Is it *spiritual* value? Is it religious instruction? Woe betide the poor farmer if he received any such value. It would be the worst tithe he ever paid. His back would have suffered for it; and the "Forty stripes, save one" would have been marked on it by way of an emblematic memento, how he ever meddled with the 39 articles of *heresy*. But though the argument itself is farcical, yet the animus with which it is brought forward is quite apparent. Those only are entitled to the tithe who do impart religious instruction, ergo, &c. &c. &c. Well, I hope the change will be all for the better, and, that when the peasantry are paying the new tithe-eaters, they may not find "Rehoboam's little finger thicker than Solomon's loins."

incurring an expense ruinous to any man of moderate fortune, he is honorably acquitted by the *Jury*, but he is dismissed from the commission of the peace, and certainly it would be difficult to say upon what grounds. It is true, Lord Plunket stated in the House of Lords that he exceeded the limits of his authority, and unquestionably the opinion of a great constitutional lawyer (one too, who had made so powerful a defence for the Manchester magistrates when they called out the yeomanry, and cut down the mob who, by the way, had proceeded no farther than words,) is entitled to great respect, but surely if there be a case when the principle of "*inter arma leges silent*," should be admitted, it is in such a case as has just been stated, one in which a moment's delay, for the purpose of solving a legal crux, might have led to the massacre of the whole party as upon other occasions. Besides, a man of plain, common sense might ask, What are the yeomanry for? Is it for ornament? The tattered jackets and rusty accoutrements of the poor fellows refute such an hypothesis as this. It is to be presumed then, it is for some use. They were called out originally, and "did the state some service" in the hour of rebellion. Now, what is rebellion; if not an armed insurrection against lawful authority, and really it would be difficult to discover any case to which the term could be more fairly applied.

Let us in the last place examine whether the insults and violence offered to the highest judicial authorities in England at the period I have mentioned; admit of any parallel in the present time. An Act of Parliament (the Reform) is passed, and, I believe it is generally admitted, that notwithstanding all the advances we have lately made in English style; we should go back to the days of the Edwards and Henrys to find any one Act that has been so prolific of doubts and disputations. One of our judges, a man of the highest legal information, experience and integrity, delivers his opinion upon one of its clauses. What is the consequence? I pass over the polished invectives of the gentlemen of the press. An honorable member of the House, a gentleman, who though well informed as to details, yet when he attempts to reason upon a general principle, reminds one of Curran's hit

upon a brother barrister, when engaged in a nice law argument, "that it put him in mind of a fellow attempting to open an oyster with a rolling-pin." This honorable member, I say, is not content with inflicting the "*rigidi censura carchini*," a huge Caledonian grin upon the Irish judge's mistake of the English language, but actually expresses loud astonishment that he *was not impeached*. But let us consider the case of Baron Smith. There certainly is no one instance that could be adduced which points out in stronger colours the character of the present outrages, and of the persons who commit and justify them. Perhaps it would be difficult to select, amidst the great mass and variety of talents and attainments which at present distinguish the Irish bench a more highly gifted individual. When in the discharge of his judicial duties, he sets himself to deliver any exposition of a great legal principle, to correct any unsound view which interested cunning may have advanced or brutal ignorance swallowed; we are presented with something, to which the lectures of a Blackstone or the judgments of a Scott may have produced an equal but certainly not a superior. We feel at once, that we are listening to the opinions of a refined metaphysician, whose acuteness is however always under the controul of common sense; to a great constitutional lawyer, whose mind, though familiarized to an habitual respect for all the formal dicta which precedents have established, is yet capable of ascending to what Bacon so justly calls the "*leges legum*," the great, transcendental and eternal principles of natural equity; the indications that our Creator has given to us, "that we are a law in ourselves," the *rationes spiritus* which seem innate in every wise and virtuous and religious mind; the great moral axioms from which no interpretation of mere human enactments should ever dissent; particularly when such interpretation carries along with it as its running commentary, outrage and robbery and murder. In fact if there be a man on the bench capable of discovering and explaining what may be called the *physiology* of the whole system of law; the working and uses of that apparently complex and cumbersome structure, of shewing that however there may appear to be occasional contradictions between what "time honoured" wis-

dom has bequeathed, and modern science has added; yet is there one uniform pervading spirit, a spirit transmitted from age to age, whose continuous identity from the days of our Alfreds and Edwards down to the present, can be traced by every honest and reflecting mind, a spirit too, of which (to use his own admirable expression) "the letter is but the trustee, and too often the dishonest one." If, I say, there be such a man, that man is Baron Smith.

But besides the claims to public respect which such high powers constitute there other points in his character sufficient (one would have thought) to screen him from mob violence. The first is, that in his political sentiments he has been always a decided liberal; a warm advocate of what will go down to posterity as the most felicitous instance of Hibernian cataplexis, viz. the HEALING measure. The next is, that if there be a defect in his judicial character, it is what some consider a reprehensible lenity in criminal cases. And indeed I believe it must be admitted that there is some truth in the charge, that perhaps the "quality of mercy" has been sometimes "strained" in his character, and that (to borrow the rhetorical and classical allusion of *Parr*) if a *Baron* *Smith* stood in the vestibule of the Judgment Hall as in that of the *Areopagus*; he certainly need not wince as he approached the halloved spot. Now, one would have thought that amongst the members of a church which draws so wide a distinction between mortal and venial sins, and which also allows of such a comfortable set-off of merits against offences, that the Baron's previous political sentiments and lenity of character might have pleaded in extenuation of any little slip by which he had offended the majesty of the Brehon law, and roused the anger of its Druidical dispensers. Again, it might have been supposed that amongst "a nation of people, than whom under the sun there is none that doth love equal and indifferent justice

better," such a man as I have described might have been allowed to deliver his opinion upon the correctness of a practical principle which had been boldly put forward as the law of the land, and as boldly acted on. This principle was the far-famed one of "passive resistance," one which (tho' announced with all the pomp of an original discovery) appeared to vulgar eyes to be nothing more nor less than a revival in a compendious form of the moral maxim set forth in Rob Roy's song "Those may take that have the power, and those may keep who can." The great propounder of this principle however, had in his evidence before parliament, stated it as a just and logical deduction from admitted premises. He certainly admitted that it required some "metaphysical aid" to apprehend its full force, but that its truth was as undoubted as any proposition ever put forward by "the irrefragable Doctor," or "the Master of Sentences." Now this was a subject exactly for Baron Smith. The happy antithetical condensation of the expression seemed to strike his fancy. It was probably (if not a version) a brilliant flash suggested to some Maynooth Classic by Horace's "*strenua inertia*." The Baron however could not fail to discover, that in all such figures of speech (which are I believe, called by rhetoricians, *oxymorons*;) there is generally some equilibrium observed between the two parts which make up the compound and upon the nice counterpoise of which the beauty and felicity of the expression depend. But he saw that in the present instance the *resistance* part quite ran away with the *passive*; and that whilst every person concerned in enforcing the law was robbed or murdered, all those who were concerned in the *passive* part actually suffered nothing. He accordingly took the first opportunity when he went on circuit, of exposing the wickedness and absurdity of this principle; and if there was a feeling excited in court by his masterly expo-

* Metaphysical aid.—The expression is a remarkable one. If I mistake not, it is used by the wife of the Scottish Thane, when stimulating him on to the "golden reward" of his ambition. But (as well as I recollect) she did not rely upon this merely, but called in murder to her assistance. Probably the "boys" finding the Doctor's metaphysics a little too crabbed, and determined to take as short a cut as they could, borrowed the hint from her ladyship.

sure, except that of mingled abhorrence and contempt for its author, it was a regret that such a man should be called from the higher duties of his solemn office, to brand such insolent and elaborate dishonesty; that *he* whose opening charge was generally the finest "Lay Sermon,"—that he who should have been employed in instructing all descriptions of persons, from the Grand Juror down to the humblest peasant in their respective duties; in setting before them the wholesome provisions of our admirable laws for the suppression of crime—in showing them (in the words of old Hooker) "that of law it must be acknowledged that her seat is the bosom of God; and her voice the harmony of the world;" that he, I say, should be employed in removing such rubbish from the avenues of justice, or in exposing certain moral positions, which, though they might have done very well in a dialogue between such pleasant fellows as Mat o' the Mint and Bob Booty, never could have been seriously entertained for one moment by any person of common honesty or Christian principle.

A rejoinder of course appeared from the same grave and learned authority by whom the principle had been first advanced; and what was the consequence?—we will not say effect; as philosophers are yet undecided as to the true nature of the connexion between cause and effect. It may be worth attending to, particularly by some of our neighbours at the other side of the channel, who shudder at the introduction of any measures into Ireland, inconsistent with the free spirit of the British constitution. It may be worth the attention also of the Right Reverend Divine himself, by whom this discovery in Ethics was made. It may prove to him the truth of a position which indeed, I wonder how any luminary of the Romish Church (as he undoubtedly is) can be ignorant of, viz., that too much knowledge is not always to be imparted to the laity; that though a principle may be true and even useful in the schools where there are none but the educated and the "metaphysical" to receive it, yet, as the meteoric iron is not found to answer in the smith's forge, so that same principle may be totally useless, if not dangerous in the hands of the vulgar. It was a maxim of Fontenelle's "that a wise

man, even when his hand was full of truths, would often content himself with opening his little finger," and after what we have seen, we most humbly implore his Right Reverence, if he has many such truths in his possession, to keep his fist as tightly closed as possible. But to return to the "passive resistance" lads—they were all indignation upon hearing of this controversy between the judge and the bishop—that the favourite article of their creed should be so attacked—that any man (be his rank or station what it might) should be indifferent to the force and the beauty of the prayer so fervently breathed over them; viz., "that their hatred of paying their just debts might be as lasting as their love of justice" appeared to them to be an offence that blood alone could expiate. Accordingly, in the midst of a county boasting, in proportion to its extent, of as large a portion of resident gentry as any in Ireland; an armed band of ruffians, without any disguise upon them (except what whiskey might have produced) breaks into the judge's demesne. Fortunately he was not at home; as, though a man of high spirit, his frame was not exactly of that gigantic mould that could outlive the rude concussion of a Whiteboy. They tear up his plantations,—assail his house,—smash doors, windows, &c., and commit every species of atrocious outrage, and finish by giving him regular notice to quit. That interesting personage whose merits and sufferings have been held up to such sympathy and admiration by a popular poet, leaves word for him, "that they had no business with him and his law," and that he and his friends were determined to revive the proud boast of their ancestors, viz., "that law never came to the west of the Barrow"

Through Ulster, Leinster, and through
Munster
Rock's the boy to make the fun stir

Such is, I believe it will be admitted, a very obvious parallel, between the state of England in 1819, and that of Ireland at present. I trust we may be able before long to carry it further, and to add, that the same wisdom and energy which were exerted, and successfully exerted, to save the former country in her "hour of need," have been as effectively used in behalf of

the latter. Enough, in all conscience, has been already yielded to the cry of rancorous bigotry. It remains to be seen whether the proposed mutilation of the Church Establishment will work all the good expected, but whatever may be the effects of that measure it is to be hoped at all events, that the ex-

traordinary powers now granted to the government will be vigorously exerted for the purpose of crushing the most appalling system of oppression under which any nation of the earth has suffered.

Y. N.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

“Memories that make the heart a tomb”—

SHELLEY.

Alas! I waken as from sleep
To days gone by—
And turn myself aside to weep,
I know not why—,

There is such sorrow in the thought
That all is o'er,—
That happy spirits can be brought
To smile no more!

So heavy falls upon the heart
The well-known theme,
That grief of life's the waking part,
And joy the dream!

Oh, bitter are the blasts that sweep
My onward path—
Calm is the smile as infant-sleep
That memory hath!

The past is glowing in the dies
Of distant years—
I strive to look—alas! my eyes
Are drench'd with tears!

I cannot visit ye fair climes!
Ye smile in vain—
The spirit of those earlier times
Wakes not again!—

Yet let me strain my swimming sight—
Lov'd—lov'd regard!
Oh, could this gaze thy fated flight
One hour retard!

'Tis weak to cheat myself too long—
One look—away!
Now back to calmness—and the throng
Of cold to-day—

ADVENA.

ON GERMAN SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES.*

BY HERR ZANDER, PROFESSOR OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

Of all modern countries there is perhaps, none, that with regard to either classical literature and science, or to general diffusion of knowledge, is more entitled to universal attention than *Germany*.—Without wishing to detract anything from the merits of the eminent scholars of Great Britain and Ireland, it must be admitted, that they cannot sustain a comparison with the Germans, neither with regard to number, nor with respect to the collective mass of solid and valuable productions. The different Latin and Greek Grammars, translated from the German, and the numerous German editions of Roman and Greek Classics, daily used in these countries, would, even without any reference to scientific works, furnish ample proofs for our assertion. The reason of this literary activity may be found not only in the great assiduity and perseverance which form part of the German character, but more particularly in the great number of learned institutions which that country possesses.

In the year 1348, the Emperor Charles IV. founded at *Prague*, the first German University, after the model of that of Paris. This example was soon imitated by different German Princes, and even before the end of the fourteenth century, similar establishments arose at *Vienna*, (1361), *Heidelberg*, (1386), *Cologne*, (1386); and *Erfurt*, (1392); and shortly after also at *Würzburg*, *Leipzig*, *Ingolstadt* and *Rostock*. The division into many small states had always been injurious to the political strength of Germany, but with regard to science,

the case is different. This was a field where the pettiest prince could successfully enter the lists even with the mightiest, and such an honourable emulation, could not but produce the most favourable results. Thus we see at present no less than twenty-two rival Universities in the different kingdoms and principalities of that country, and Prussia alone can boast of six. The plan upon which those establishments are founded, differs entirely from that usually pursued in Great Britain and Ireland. Classics and Science are *completely separated* in Germany; the former are studied in *Schools* or *Colleges*, the latter form the *exclusive* province of the *Universities* into which no student is admitted, unless he have previously completed his education in the "*humaniora*," as they are termed. The comparatively few *classical* Lectures at the Universities are intended merely for the more profound critics, and frequented only by those students who wish to devote themselves more especially to philology, in order to obtain afterwards a professorship in some College, or a chair in one of the Universities.

To enable our readers the better to form a correct view of the merits or demerits of all the different establishments, we shall begin with the Schools.

These may, according to their functions, be divided into two classes, Elementary or Grammar Schools, and Latin Schools,† as they are termed. The former, usually finish the education of boys intended for business, and at the same time serve as preparatory estab-

* Some accounts of German Schools and Universities have lately appeared in the *Journal of Education*, published by the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but they contain so many partial and erroneous statements, that we strongly suspect these Publishers of useful Knowledge are less wanting in presumption than in information.

† They are called Gymnasias, Lyceæ, Athenææ, Princes' schools, Pædagogia, &c. but for convenience sake we shall always style them Latin Schools, which is the old and more general term.

lishments for the latter, of which every town of any note possesses, at least, one. In the latin Schools the student is finally prepared for the Universities, and closes his course of "*humaniora*."

The whole of these institutions, with a few solitary exceptions, † are *public* establishments, under the immediate superintendence and controul of the respective governments. The professors and masters receive a salary adequate to their station, which, generally, renders them independent of their pupils. On this account particular care is bestowed upon their selection. Even in the grammar Schools, the greater part of the teachers must have received a University education, and be known as men of moral character. The same is required of the junior masters in the Latin Schools, but a professorship therein cannot be obtained without distinguished talent and learning. In fact, nearly all the most eminent classical scholars, are, or were at least for a considerable time, professors in some of these Latin Schools. When, for instance, we were at *Münia*, *Dr. Koenig*, (the editor and commentator of *Claudianus* and *Persius*) was rector, and the three senior professorships were occupied by *Kreyssig*, (the editor and commentator of *Livy*), *Bornemann*, (editor and commentator of *Xenophon's* works), and *Lindemann*, known by his edition of *Plautus*, his *Thesaurus lingue Latine prosodiacus*, and a small publication, "*de Accentibus Lingue Latine*." The rector of the "*Kreuzschule*," at *Dresden*, is *Baumgarten-Crusius*, who edited *Eutropius*, the *Odyssey*, *Livy*, *Suetonius*, *Ovid*, *Agessilaus*, and *Xenophon's* *Encomium Agesilai*. At *Altenburg* is *Matthiæ*, celebrated for his Greek grammar, and for his editions of *Alcæus*, *Aratus*, *Dionysius*, *Eratosthenes*, *Euripides*, *Herodotus*, *Homer's* *Batramyomachia*, and *Cicero's* orations and letters, &c.

Thus we might go all over Germany, and would hardly find a single town of any consequence, that cannot boast of some distinguished scholars, whose names are well known to the literary world, and may be seen in every catalogue of classics and philological writings.

Each establishment has a *head master*,

called *Rector*, *Director*, *Schulrath*, &c. who, either individually, or with the concurrence of the senior professors, directs the course of study, and all other affairs connected with the institution. The number of masters is different in the various establishments, and, on an average, amounts to *five* or *six* professors, and an equal, or greater number of teachers, besides the masters of foreign languages, drawing, &c. The whole of these are appointed by government, and receive, out of the public funds, fixed salaries, proportioned to the rank and extent of the establishment, and to the services required of them. The head masters have from 800 to 1200 dollars.† The professors from 300 to 1000, and the junior masters from 150 to 300, which is sometimes paid partly in money, partly in kind. Besides their salaries, they also receive, in some places, a share of the school-money which the pupils have to pay for their tuition, but this is the case only where those fixed revenues are very low.

There are, comparatively, but few schools, where the pupils *reside at the establishment*, but they, generally, live either with their parents and relations or board and lodge with the professors, or some other respectable private families, who are in the habit of receiving young students as inmates, and treat them as members of the family. In some places, however, a certain number of the pupils are either partly or altogether maintained and instructed at public expence, and in that case, they always reside at the school. Such establishments there are for instance at *Berlin*, *Halle*, *Misnia*, *Schulpforta*, *Grimma*, *Leipzig*, &c. &c. In many of these latter, the numbers are limited, on an average, from 150 to 250; but, where the pupils are expected to live in private families, there are no restrictions of this nature; and the increase or decrease of the frequenters depends on the literary celebrity of the rector and the masters, and the more or less favourable situation of the town. In some institutions, the number of young students amounts only to two hundred, whilst, in others, we find as many as 500, or 600, for example at the "*Grane Kloster of Berlin*." The classes

* We are acquainted with no more than one. † A dollar is about three shillings.

into which they are divided, are generally fixed by the fundamental regulations of each establishment. At Misnia, for instance, there are but four; at the Waisenhaus of Halle, eight or nine, in each of which there usually are two sub-divisions. In most schools the course is fixed to a year, in which time the students are presumed to pass a class. They may, sometimes, do so in six months; but, if they be idle, they may not be promoted to a higher class even in two years.

Up to a not very remote period, the Roman and Greek classics, and a little logic, and ancient history, used to form not only the principal, but almost the exclusive subjects of instruction in the Latin schools. This went so far, that modern history, mathematics, all modern languages, and even the mother-tongue, were entirely neglected. The old professors themselves wrote and spoke Latin much more fluently than German, and frequently were more intimately acquainted with the internal and external affairs of Rome and Athens, than with those of their own country. But the last forty years have wrought a vast change. With the periwigs those absurdities, also, were banished by degrees, and thus we find, at present, considerable attention paid to mathematics, the historical sciences, and especially to the cultivation of the mother-tongue. The folly of neglecting the study of modern languages is clearly enough perceived by the different governments, and great efforts are at present being made to give them their proper weight in the instruction of youth.

French, of course, is studied to a great extent; *English* ranks next; *Italian* and *Spanish* are about on a level with each other; *Hebrew* is attended to only by such young men as are intended for the church. Most lessons, with the exception of some modern languages, and *Hebrew*, are compulsory, and industry and assiduity are enforced by half-yearly examinations, of which we shall speak hereafter.

The Latin classics, most usually read

in the junior classes, are *Enropius*, *Cornelius Nepos*, *Cicero de Amicitia*, *Cæsar*, and a selection from *Ovid's Metamorphoses*; in Greek, they begin with some *Anthology*, and subsequently take the *New Testament*, *Xenophon's Cyropaedia*, and the *Odyssey*. In the senior classes, we find *Sallust*, *Livy*, *Curtius*, *Cicero de Officiis*, and his *Orations*, and *Tacitus*. Amongst the poets, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and *Terence*. Of the Greek authors, they read, especially the *Anabasis*, some of *Plutarch's Lives*, *Thucydides*, and *Plato's Dialogues*, (particularly *Lysis*, *Phædrus*, and sometimes *Phædo*); the *Iliad*, *Æschylus*, (generally, only *Agamemnon*), *Isocrates' Panegyricus*, *Theophrast's Characters*, and *Pindar*, are also read, but less frequently. *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, *Juvenal*, and *Persius*, are, as far as we know, not lectured upon, but frequently recommended to private study.

In the junior classes, strict attention is paid, and constant reference had, to grammar; in the higher classes, where this, of course, becomes less necessary, all possible efforts are made to excite and quicken the critical judgment of the students; accordingly, after a portion has been translated, by the pupils, into German, and the Greek, frequently, also, into Latin, the professor comments upon it, for which purpose he always keeps his own commentary,* which, usually, he communicates in Latin, and which the pupils take notes of. Besides the "*Notæ variorum*," and his own critical observations, he also gives them the different readings, and generally requires some one of the students to argue his opinion, *pro* or *contra*, which frequently gives rise to a sort of disputatorium, wherein the professor acts as chairman, or even now and then takes a part himself. Moreover, it always is so arranged, that, in the higher classes, where the judgment of the pupils is already somewhat matured, different professors lecture upon the different authors, which prevents the students from forming narrow and

* These commentaries, and critical observations, generally form the principal part of those which we see afterwards published in their editions of the classics. The writer, for instance, had a great part of *Kreyssig's* notes to *Livy*, in his memoranda, long before that celebrated professor published his edition of *Livy*, 5 vols. 8vo. Leipzig, 1823.

partial views, and excludes the "*in verba jurare magistri*."

Besides the authors appointed for the *regular* lectures, usually some others less difficult, are either read in a *cursory* manner, as it is called, without more than occasional comments,—or recommended to a *private* study of which the pupils afterwards have to give an account. In some establishments, they also have one or two hours in the week fixed for a regular *Disputatorium*. One of the class has to write a dissertation which is handed round amongst his fellow-students, and afterwards attacked and opposed by them. The discussions sometimes grow very warm, and in such cases an appeal to the "*vir doctissimus*" is usual. *Latin* and *Greek exercises*, and in the higher classes *free compositions* also, especially in *Latin*, are much practised; and have a very beneficial result. *Prosody* forms an especial part of instruction in the junior classes, *metrical compositions* (sometimes *free*, that is; the theme only being given) are practised in the senior. *Ancient* and *modern geography* and *statistics* are taught only in the lower and middle classes, *Roman* and *Greek Antiquities*, and *Logic*, in the higher; but *History* and *Mathematics* in all. *German composition* and *Literature* are at present much attended to, and in some countries, for instance, Prussia, there is an especial time fixed for the reading of *ancient German works*; for example, the *Niederdeutsches*. About two hours a-week are destined for instruction in the prevalent religion, it being left optional with those who profess a different creed, to attend or not.

The attendance to most other lessons is, as already mentioned, *compulsory*, but as the mere obligation to attend a lecture would not be sufficient to insure the progress of the pupils, or the due exertions of the masters, *general public examinations* have been considered the most efficacious means to attain both objects. They usually are held at the end of every half-year, viz., Easter and

Michaelmas. The Rector, by a *Latin programma* containing some critical inquiry into a classical or similar subject,* invites the patrons of the establishment, the parents of the pupils, and the public in general, to favour with their presence, the "*actus*," which is held with great solemnity in some large hall of the institution, and opened by a speech of the Rector.

Each class is then examined by its master, in the subjects taught during the past half-year, and in the intervals, some of the senior students deliver speeches or poems, composed by themselves, in different languages, on a given or self-chosen subject, whilst some of the junior pupils recite similar compositions selected from ancient or modern authors.

After the *general* examination there follows a *special* one of those students who intend to leave the School for the University. This latter, particularly; is in most instances very severe—the more so, as the certificate obtained thereby is of great weight not only at the University, but even later, when the young men after having accomplished their academical course, apply for an office in the state. Upon having passed this examination, which usually lasts several days, sentence is pronounced by the Board of Professors, whether or not the Student be qualified for the University, and if so, a certificate is delivered to him stating in due form his degree of qualification, which usually is done by the numbers *one*, *two*, or *three*; those who are not able to obtain even number *three* are not admitted into any University, but must stay another half-year. To avoid, however, partiality on the part of the professors, it is, especially in Prussia, left open to the Student to apply for a new examination by a certain board, which for this purpose is appointed at every University.

The *hours of instruction* usually are from 8 till 12 in the morning, and from 2 till 4 or 5 in the afternoon; each lecture commonly lasts about one hour,

* For instance, Critical observations on some difficult or obscure passages of Roman or Greek classics,—historical and critical inquiry into some subject of antiquity,—grammatical inquiries, as, for example, into the nature of the Accus. c. Inf.,—the accents,—peculiar metres,—different dialects,—in which frequently uncommon depth of learning is displayed.

and an interval of about 10 minutes is allowed between the lessons. The afternoons of Wednesdays and Saturdays in most places are granted for the recreation of the Pupils. *Vacations* usually are, a week or fortnight at Christmas, Easter, Whitsuntide, and Michaelmas, and three or four Weeks at Midsummer. During these the Students either return to their homes or make excursions, sometimes in parties, through the country.

In those Schools where the Pupils reside at the Establishments, the discipline is generally pretty severe. When they live in private families, they are treated as the children of the house, partake, whenever their time permits it, of the amusements of their hosts, and usually are very comfortable. This mode of living in private families has a great and salutary influence, not only upon their morals but also upon their manners, for whilst they must attend to their studies, they do not, as is but too frequently the case in other places, lose the advantages of social education, and their constant living in good society prevents them from becoming rude and clownish.

At the same time the Rector and the Professors always exercise a certain controul even over their domestic behaviour. During school time they are, of course, entirely under the discipline of the masters, and idleness or misconduct is punished by them. In the junior classes *coming in* now and then resorted to, but seldom; the shameful system of *flogging* is never even so much as heard of. Usually they have at every establishment and, especially, where the pupils are resident, a certain room for the confinement of such as are guilty of misdemeanour, idleness, &c. In some institutions this is considered a great disgrace. At Berlin for example, where there are five Gymnasias, it is, particularly in the higher classes, thought nearly as bad as expulsion; in other places, however, it is less so. Old Dr. Koenig at Missna, for instance, used to say, when a student came too late for his lecture, "*I shall send you for an hour into a cool place.*" In the junior classes, where the pupils generally are between eleven and fourteen years of age, they are of course, treated

as boys and according to German custom called, "*thou*," "*Du*," but the seniors generally between fourteen and eighteen years old, are treated with more distinction and consequently addressed in the third person plural, "*sie*."

The total expense of education is but trifling when compared to this and other countries. Where the pupils do not reside within the establishment, the junior students pay for their instruction from four to ten dollars per annum, the senior from twelve to twenty-four. Of the private families who are in the habit of taking students as inmates, many belong to the most respectable classes of society; their charges, of course, are different, but generally between one hundred and fifty and two hundred dollars (£20 to £45) a-year.* With the Professors and at the public institutions themselves, the charges are similar, but never higher; on the contrary, usually somewhat lower.

For indigent individuals generally the governments have made excellent provisions; a recommendation from a Clergyman, from one of the professors, or a gentleman of similar respectability and a "*testimonium paupertatis*" is usually sufficient to obtain instruction gratis, and every country has an adequate number of establishments where they are received as residents and supplied with board, lodging, and even clothing, either without any, or sometimes at a very trifling expence. In this respect the munificence of the governments and the voluntary sacrifices of the masters are very great, and cannot be praised too highly. An industrious and talented youth, however poor he may be, hardly ever can be at a loss in Germany, whether at school or at the Universities, he always will find support from public or private foundations, if he be deserving of it.

Here we beg to conclude our account of the German Schools, which does not rest upon mere vague reports and partial information, but on an intimate personal acquaintance with many of those establishments and their Professors. In some future number we hope to have an opportunity of giving a more extended account of the Universities of Germany.

* The writer lived for some time in the family of a councillor of one of the courts at Berlin, where he paid 300 dollars per annum, equivalent to 45 pounds sterling.

WHIG GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

King George the Third, of good and happy memory, used to say, "I find no honesty in these Whigs." We echo his sacred voice, and add, "nor find we any particle of *practical* knowledge or political sagacity. Therefore we put no faith in them—their measures, predictions, promises. Much rather do we seriously incline to lend a listening ear to the opinions of that high and honored band, which, by the mouth of their chief, the venerable Earl of Eldon, foretold that when the Test and Corporation Act was repealed, and the Emancipation Bill enacted, the barriers of the constitution were broken down, the bulwarks destroyed, and the citadel itself placed in such a situation that it must speedily follow the fate of its outworks. The words of these men have proved true; *their* honesty is unimpeached, and unimpeachable, and therefore them we can well trust. But with respect to Ireland, we do sincerely believe that it could never have come into the dreadful condition to which many parts of the kingdom are now, or have been lately reduced, had the Duke of Wellington continued at the head of the administration. The Duke had promised, and he, too, is a man of his word, that if the measure of emancipation which (as he himself acknowledged, against his better judgment,) he proposed and carried, should not suffice to content and pacify Ireland, he would come down to Parliament, and ask its assent to measures by which he would undertake and pledge himself to put an effectual stop to outrage and agitation in this kingdom. Something of this kind the Whigs have at length been driven to attempt, after a long and wretched period of neglect and misrule. After having, by weak and ignorant government, caused exasperation to rise to its greatest height, and permitted violence to assume its most dreadful and formidable shape, they now seek, by the extreme of severity, to atone for the extreme of imbecility, and by assuming a power beyond that which the constitution allows, to make up for having so long permitted the constitution, and the laws, to be outraged and insulted with impunity.

The Whigs, with that curious infelicity of management which has pervaded every public act of theirs, since they came into office, (in private jobbery they seem, happily for themselves, far more fortunate,) appointed to the government of Ireland the very man whom the Duke had been obliged to dismiss, from that high office, because his imprudence rendered him incompetent to the proper discharge of its arduous and most responsible duties. The "gallant Anglesey" and a very bold dragoon we acknowledge him to be, was most unfortunately crazed with the besetting sin of Whigs, an inordinate vanity, and a ridiculous passion for display. To this, all the solid uselessness that might ever have been in the man, was wholly sacrificed,—and having played the game of mob-courting popularity once too often, he has long since fallen into contempt and dislike, even with the "rabble commons," the senseless noise of whose loud huzzas, was to him, as the breath of his nostrils. The King's representative fairly pitted himself against Mr. O'Connell in a personal contest for mob-applause—and lost the battle.—Since then, the arch-agitator, and not the military Marquis, has been chief governor of the *island* in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, with the formidable array of the regimented and rent-collecting Repeal associators at his heels, and the priests or their agents in his council chamber, can wield at will five or six millions of the population of Ireland. He, too, has overshot his mark, and has given the Whigs, with all their folly, an advantage over him, by creating a practical case of wide-spread national insubordination, which made it necessary for the Conservatives to step in and assist the Whigs to overthrow the villainous supremacy of assassins with which they were threatened.

Mr. O'Connell with the aid of his allies, throughout the chapels and the whiskey-houses, the open fairs, and the secret gatherings of the peasantry, can doubtless keep down outrage *if he likes*—he did so once already or a long series of months, when he had a point to carry by their remaining peaceable. It has been shown that a political associ-

ation, acting through the agency of the priests, can bring the people together in whatever numbers and on whatever occasion they think fit, and by holding up their fingers, can keep the assembled multitudes both sober and orderly. They have been able to command and obtain from them a willing and complete obedience, both while they are assembled and after their departure to their several homes. They hold them like blood-hounds in the leash, and there was no occasion to cry "havoc" when they chose to let them slip. That cry was understood without the disagreeable necessity for its expression. But they could, and sometimes did, do much more than hound them on to havoc. They charmed old enmities to rest, and at their bidding, contending factions smoked the pipe of peace, and drank the whiskey of conciliation. Effecting thus what the laws never had accomplished and what the priests never attempted, until a political end was thereby to be served, they reconciled the Shanavasts and the Caravats, the White Hens and the Black Hens, and every other tumultuary faction pledged to deadly opposition by the bonds of hereditary hatred or mere temporary rivalry. At their desire the O'Tooles and the O'Gallaghers have thrown down their shillelahs and embraced with exchange of weapons, like Diomedes and Glaucus on the field of battle.

Statesmen and governors who combined honesty with ability, and prudence with zeal, would have looked upon such an extraordinary exercise of power, wholly independent of the law, and the constituted authorities of the land, with vigilant anxiety. They would have laboured to maintain peace, while with unostentatious firmness they endeavoured to substitute the government of the law for this wild government of designing men, who would never scruple to exercise their power against the cause of peace, if peace appeared to them to be against their own interest. A wise government would have sought, if possible, to use this power for keeping back the torrent of popular outrage, while they laid deep and immovable, the foundations of a system for strict administration of legal justice, which would have compelled respect to the law, and taught that it was a protector of right and an avenger of wrong. But the Whig government,

with inconceivable folly, joined *their* authority to that which despised the law, and taught the people that it was oppression. If they had power, or seemed to have it, they cared not what principles were in the mean time sacrificed. If traitors would flatter, traitors were more welcome than honest men, who, abiding by the law, flattered not, but stood aloof from governors who had forgotten their duty. But pampered disaffection soon became insolent—more was demanded than could be given—abundant sacrifices of propitiation were offered, but nothing short of absolute rule and universal plunder would ever be accepted—then once more the law was resorted to, but then it was found too weak and the enemy too strong. The agitators would not be conciliated and could not be constrained.

And, if since that time, Ribbonmen and Whitefeet, Terry Ales and Hurlers, have scoured the hill sides by day, and prowled over the plains by night, carrying murder and desolation in their course, it is because the associated repealers, in the hour of their wrath and offence against the government which *had* so petted and patronized them, lacked the will and not the power to stop those ferocious and bloody-handed violators of law, morality, and religion. We feel assured that the vast body of priests and agitators who constitute the working machinery of the repeal associations, could, if they had thought fit, have restrained outrage, prevented bloodshed, and protected property. But the furious demagogues cared for none of these things. We think we do not assert too much, when we say that by connivance, and by chuckling over the notorious results of anti-tithe and anti-union agitation, they have covertly instigated the most atrocious offences. With the tremendous power, and we will add tremendous responsibility which have belonged to them, (for, as to the Anglesey and Stanley figures in the drama of the nominal executive, they had become by their neglect of the law, but state puppets to look and laugh at,) what, we ask, has been the actual state of Ireland in their hands? Murders which, by the numbers of their victims as well as by their frequency, challenge the name of nightly massacres—houses and farm produce burned in an infinite series—

hands of men; traversing the country, blowing horns, and visiting every house in extensive districts, swearing the inhabitants to pay no tithes, or salt food, or grant shelter to any who did, on pain of death.—Murdering and mangling the dead corpses of such of the police as fell in their way, to show that they were in earnest in their threats. These and if there be any other species of more barbarous atrocity, that marks an utterly disorganised, and worse than savage, state of society, have been of daily and nightly occurrence; inasmuch that the private letters of even Roman Catholic magistrates, and gentry of the better and more pacific sort, to their friends abroad, have abounded in such passages as the following, which we have had occasion to see, and liberty to publish—"I wish to God that we were with you on the Continent, or any where well out of this dreadful place, where there is neither peace nor safety for quiet people." and then follow enumerations of the frightful murders and enormities perpetrated by the roving bands of Terry Alts, Whitefeet, and other such ruffians.

Now the first and paramount duty of every government, and the very end for which men submit to the restraints of society, and the expense of an executive at all, is primarily, the security of life and property. If men are suffered with impunity to traverse a country like herds of wolves hunting for prey, in company, and the thing called a government either cannot or will not protect the peaceable and well-disposed from destruction at the hands of these fiendish assassins, then it were better that that government, falsely so called, should renounce in form, as it has abandoned, in fact, its pretensions to the discharge of functions of which it finds itself incapable, or is unwilling to undertake. Yet how long did the Irish Government go on, not only suffering the existence of such monstrous evils, but rather glorying in a kind of half encouragement of the wide-spread resistance to the law, as though not to dispense justice, but to dispense with justice, were a kind of obnoxious "liberality" highly honorable to the executive authority? Nor was this strange and misquous remission confined merely to the Irish government. Complaint was made in both Houses of Parliament, that the law was not en-

forced against those who treated it with contemptuous defiance—but these complaints were not attended to. It was pressed upon the legislature as its bounden and urgent duty to require of the ministry to provide a government for Ireland in place of the wretched state of anarchy and crime, which for so long a time had raged there uncontrollable, but the Whig administration ruled a majority in the legislature, which majority ruled that nothing *should be* done, beyond the nothing that *was* done, to restore the supremacy of the law. It was plain to every rational and honest man, though the Whigs could not see it, that the Viceroy, to do any good, should be a sober and sagacious, as well as an active and vigorous statesman—a man of iron nerve, but of gracious manner. The Whigs were satisfied to retain misrule, or no rule, and Lord Anglesey. The Reform Bill was to be passed—popularity was to be attended to, rather than good government, and if perchance a fault was to be found, care was to be taken not to give offence by any act of severity, no matter how just, which might tend to break the delightful harmony subsisting between a lawless populace and a "reforming" government. Thus under the direction of Lord Anglesey, and Mr. Stanley, men by no means remarkable for being slow to wrath, or incapable of irritation, the Irish government, though it sometimes seemed as with the tongue of a woman, to threaten and scold, seemed also to have the hand of woman, or feebler than a woman's, to strike and silence. In all public proceedings the statesman's motto seemed to be reversed, and *first in words, master in re*, was the only fashion in vogue at the Castle of Dublin. Whatever was done, was done stupidly and slowly, that the disease in every case had reached its height, and become incurable before the remedy was attempted to be applied. When offences came, which they did as thickly as rain-drops on the November blast, instead of crushing them in the bud, they were uniformly suffered to grow up to an overwhelming and intolerable magnitude, and then at length when all interference was ineffectual and unavailing, much was menaced, and some little was done, at a great expense of human life, and public money.

But there was something worse,

because more permanently ruinous to the interests of Ireland, and the welfare of Great Britain than even all this. Other Whig administrations had done madly, but this surpassed them all; for those were content to do as much mischief as was possible, while they remained in power, leaving however the self-preserving principle of the constitution unimpaired, to right itself as soon as wiser and better men came into office; but the men of this Cabinet have not only carried on, or permitted to be carried on, the work of destruction while they are at the head of affairs, but have annihilated the old-established constitutional means of repairing their blunders by introducing into the legislature itself an element which neither they nor any who come after them can manage or direct. Thus, in Ireland, having first lashed the people into fury by their impolitic measures and absurd conduct, and roused a feeling which it were madness in them to hope to controul or to subdue—then, as if by a kind of political phrensy, at the very moment when they had inflamed the populace to a pitch of ungovernable excitement, and at the same time placed a new and important power in their hands, they dissolve the parliament, and bid them exercise this new power for themselves—even while smarting under all the keenness of mortifying provocation. Then arose in its strength, the senseless but, not uncaptivating cry of Repeal of the Union, and well did the agitators feel and express their sense of the 'vantage ground on which, thanks to the impolicy of his Majesty's Administration, they were placed. The self-elected, but yet virtual tribunes of the people, thus harangued these ministers from their rostrum in the capital, "You know nothing of the interests, and less of the feelings of the Irish people. At the hustings new raised under your own Reform Bill, you shall be made to feel the results of these injuries and affronts which you are incessantly offering to Ireland. Look at the state of the country. See what has befallen. A call, irresistible to all who are in any way dependent on the people, has been made. We are all sucked into the vast vortex. "REPEAL" is demanded in every borough and in every county.—It is used as the touchstone of honesty—the universal test of political faith. One candidate may hoist orange co-

LOURS, another may mount green, but no man will venture to avow himself friendly to the present ministry."

And truly such was the state to which the country had been brought, that the agitators were enabled to make good by deeds, to a very extraordinary and astounding extent, the proud boastfulness of their words. Since the times of the stout and cunning chieftain, O'Niall, who carried his flowing-haired gallow-glasses to the court of the Virgin Queen, there never was such a set of visitors given to the Saxons, as those sent to the legislature by the late election. Well, indeed, may the Saxons wonder at the battalion extraordinary, with which they have been favored, but let the Saxon with becoming awe, beware how he treats them, or their eloquent and admirably consistent chief. No hollow promises of amity will deceive them—they are not simple. No silvery phrases from the smooth tongue of slippery diplomacy will lure them from their high purpose of righting their father-land. No—bound by a firm fealty to their faultless leader (!!) they will die to avenge a slight upon his honour. Knit together by the highest moral ties, they compose a firm phalanx of patriotic and "pledged" invincibles, and the deeds of prowess which they perform must cause the cold Saxon to yield involuntary praise, while history will be compelled to celebrate the retinence of the green chief, as the successful rivals of O'Niall's gallow-glasses!

In sober earnest, the Repeal agitation, and its very marked effect upon the elections, seemed at length to open the eyes of the administration to the state of Ireland, and the dangers which threatened British government, and especially Whig government, in our island. They did at last begin to see that there must be something wrong in the extensive and horrible outrages of the Whitefeet—that the burning and plundering of houses, the fighting of factions, and men murdering and murdered throughout the South, were things to be attended to and suppressed. The horrors, and the dread of horrors, the despair and misery unutterable which would not be attended to, while no danger seemed to flow from them, to the political influence of the Whigs, was now regarded with the deepest concern and most anxious sympathy. Murder

and outrage must be suppressed, since they are no longer perpetrated by friends of the Whig government; and his Majesty's ministers, suddenly struck with a sense of the enormity of that which they had very coolly contemplated for eighteen months before, announced to the Parliament that "a spirit of insubordination and violence had arisen to the most fearful height, rendering life and property insecure, defying the authority of the law, and threatening the most fatal consequences, if not promptly and effectually repressed."

Upon this portentous declaration from the sovereign authority in the state, followed, in due time, the parliamentary measure for the suppression of disturbances in Ireland, which, up to the period of writing this article, is still under discussion in the House of Commons. We are not disposed to enter upon any lengthened criticism upon this measure—the parliamentary debates have made every one who reads, somewhat weary of the controversy respecting the necessity for its enactment, and the sound judgment of its provisions. We cannot receive such a measure with satisfaction, but rather with melancholy acquiescence, as a something to be endured for the sake of its probable effect in lulling the tempest of crime, which has been raging in certain parts of the kingdom. We could no more welcome it with the undivided feeling, than we could support it with the masterly eloquence of a leading statesman who is always

— "in seipso totus tares atque rotundus
Exterius ne quid valeat per leve morari:
In quem manca ruit semper fortuna."—

and who has done that for ministers, with respect to the bill, which they lacked ability to do for themselves; but we receive it as a shield which, though it galls and oppresses us, is still likely to be an effectual shield against popular outrage and multitudinous murder. We know it is a suspension of our constitutional rights and privileges, and therefore we regard it with no feeling of cordiality:—if we do not oppose and resist it, it is not because we hate its thralldom less, but that we hate the outrages more, which make widows and orphans, and wailing in the land, and ruin and desolation where there might, and ought to be, peace and plenty, and cheerfulness. We know also, that it

places tremendous power in the hands of those in whose impartiality we have little faith, and in whose prudence we have no faith at all; but they have asked these powers as necessary to enable them to put an end to murder, and robbery, and public fear and confusion, and with an implied pledge that such powers being granted, they will diligently use them for those ends. Upon the chance that they will at last endeavour to discharge the paramount duties of government, which they have so long neglected, we are content to submit to the heavy sacrifice of this measure, which they say is necessary to enable them so to do. At all events, they will be left without excuse if any longer these duties are neglected. They will not have it to say, that they *would have* put a stop to murder, had the Conservatives not denied them the powers which circumstances made necessary. We bear in mind also, that the members of the Whig government, and those whom they may employ, are responsible, and can always be got at, which is not the case with those who exercise cruelty and oppression without an act of parliament. They know how closely they will be watched, and how strictly they will be called to account, if they dare so abuse the powers placed in their hands, by turning them to purposes foreign from those intended by the friends of liberty, who have consented to the measure. We, therefore, while we abhor the principle of annulling, even for a time, the constitutional liberties of the subject, do not apprehend that in the present case any practical inconvenience will be suffered, except by the wrong-doers, whom the bill is intended to catch and punish. In brief—we wish well to the *declared objects* of the bill, and we submit to the means, yet not without a protest against that sort of government which first permits popular licentiousness, and then seeks to cure the consequent evils, by a process which includes the temporary extinction of liberty.

We have now to speak of another measure of Whig legislation for Ireland, to which we can give no such qualified assent as we do to that which we have just been considering. The legislative assault upon that part of the United Church Establishment which is planted in Ireland, we cannot but regard with unmixed detestation, as a

measure which is likely to do injury to the cause of true Religion, which violates the plainest principles of justice, tramples upon established rights, breaks through the principles which hitherto have given security to property, makes the Sovereign's solemn oath an obligation of no value, and sweeps away for ever, all confidence in the power and integrity of the legislators, who could thus deal with matters over which it yet remains to be shewn, that the parliament hath, or ought to have, any power whatever, without the consent of the parties concerned.

The iniquity and impolicy of the measure are not more conspicuous than the stupidity with which the minds of those who conceived, and proposed it, appear to have been saturated. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has talked of it as if it were a kind of compensation, to certain classes in Ireland, for taking away from them the facility of committing murder with impunity. He actually put it forward as if it were something in the nature of a consideration, for being allowed to pass that very bill which he and his colleagues described to be necessary to stop the career of murder and outrage in Ireland. He called it, in express terms, a measure of "conciliation." Conciliation to whom? Not surely to the church, which is proposed to be plundered, and its discipline put under the controul of certain lawyers, and other persons, profession unknown, who may be appointed by the Lord Lieutenant. Not surely to the friends of the church, who behold, with indignation, this headlong and unprincipled attack upon it, by those who ought to be, by official station, its political champions and defenders. To whom, then, is this measure a measure of conciliation? To none but the very men who have opposed the administration, in their measure for the prevention of murder. The Conservatives, who supported them, the king's ministers insult by this proposition of church plunder and degradation. The agitators, who opposed them, and who have laboured in every way, both fair and foul, per fas aut nefas, to keep the facilities of murder open and unrestricted, they endeavour to please and "conciliate," by making legislative war upon the object of their long cherished hate, the Pro-

testant Church Establishment! Excellent ministers! Enlightened Whigs!

At the time we write, another stupidity has been discovered respecting this iniquitous measure, the consequences of which, upon its career, in the houses of legislature, and its ultimate fate, have yet to be developed. This bill which, by its preamble, purports to be a bill to establish a tax, has been brought into parliament, and advanced to the stage of the second reading, without any foundation of a report of a committee of the whole house, which, by the law of parliament, is a necessary preliminary to any bill for the taxation of the king's subjects.

The settlement of this point will oppose some slight delay to the headlong and indecent haste with which this violent and monstrous measure was intended to have been driven forward, and possibly may alter its form, but the substance, we doubt not, will continue the same, for those who are to be "conciliated" will not abate a jot of their "consideration;" and the ministers have neither principle to incline them, nor power to enable them, to halt in their onward progress towards the destruction of the church, and their own ultimate ruin, with that of the state.

We have neither space, nor inclination, to enter, in this place, upon the details of so huge a measure of insolence and wrong as we consider this bill against the church to be. We speak of it as a monster, the leading features of which are sufficiently notorious without description. We cannot look without amazement and pity upon the infatuation of those who have proposed such a bill. The agitators, by the mouth of their chief, have already hailed it as the beginning of what they expect. They have joyfully welcomed not the matters and things to be done by the bill, but the *principle* which it acknowledges and proceeds upon. That principle they will take good care shall not be allowed to rest at the point to which the whig ministers have advanced it. The whigs, with their usual self-conceit, think that even to such a principle of confiscation as that which the agitators have so joyfully welcomed, they may say, "thus far shalt thou go, and no further,"—they will, as usual, be mistaken. They may no doubt tell us that ulterior views of forfeiture and

spoliation are entertained only by a few, who are either bigots in religion, or enthusiasts or radicals in politics. That was what they told us before, when the Catholic Emancipation was on the carpet. That also was what they told us when the reform bill was to be carried. They said that the Irish Roman Catholics desired no more than they then asked, and that when thus much should have been granted, they would be contented and thankful in peace and quiet.

What is become of these auspicious vaticinations now? What is now the language of those who are still, as they were then, the leaders of agitation? They stand forth in the same arena of contention as before, and proclaim to all corners that the victory they have gained is valuable only as the precursor of a series of civil conquests. They stand on the same ground, the same flags are unfurled, and, as they advance to the encounter, they cry aloud—"Our trust in our success is confirmed by the remembrance of our former triumphs. We remember in order that we may hope. We refer to our recollection for no other purpose than to open, and to confirm, our anticipation. Here, and by these means, emancipation and reform were carried; and here, also, by the same means, shall the Protestant Church be overthrown, and Repeal be established."

They turn upon Lord Grey and Lord Plunket with their own recorded opinions. The quote the words of citizen Grey, when he not only denounced the Legislative Union, but predicted that "a time would come, when Ireland, with a loud and anxious voice, would demand the repeal of a measure, which so far from being a means of uniting the two countries, would scatter between them the seeds of everlasting discord." And then they twit his lordship with the much-vaunted consistency of his political career—his sentiments continuing quales ab incepto, from boyhood to old age, and they ask, how, then, in the name of that consistency, can he deprecate and refuse

the repeal, of which he was the prophet and the panegyrist? And truly if my Lord Grey were compelled to answer this appeal, we know not how he could fashion his reply, seeing that he does openly glory in his age having only added, on political subjects, to the vehemence of his youthful passions, instead of imparting any of that wisdom and moderation which best befit gray hairs. He is not now the same Lord Grey, who some few years ago, so pathetically lamented that he stood alone among the politicians of his country, without either party or friends, and who, in averting to this very topic of the superfluous effervescence of his political zeal in former days, so eloquently, (would that it had been as truly) added "*non eadem est ætas—non mens.*"

As to my Lord Plunket, he is also disposed of by the Irish agitators without much ceremony.* No one, say they, can forget the eloquent—the soul-stirring speeches of the Irish Hamillcar against Lord Castlereagh upon the Union question—*except indeed himself*. Nor is this all, for after these ancient fond records have been raked up, to cast in the teeth of their old friend, the agitators go farther, and with a pregnant allusion to the impossibility of resistance to Ireland's claim of independence by a Ministry which is the avowed and active champion of all such nations as struggle for freedom and independence, on the continent of Europe. Ireland is to Britain what Belgium was to the Dutch, and the orators take great credit to themselves for moderation (as very well they may from the present Cabinet) for not seeking a new dynasty to reign over them, but contenting themselves with demanding only a domestic legislature.

And shall we be told that men who have *shown and proved* themselves thus watchful, to lay hold upon every word and principle of former days, and to use them for their present ends, against those who have given them emancipation and reform—shall we be told that they will stop short at a partial church spoliation, once the principle was ad-

* While Cobbett was, on a late occasion, uniting Lord Plunket with sarcasm that convulsed the House of Commons with laughter and cheers, the Honourable and Learned Member for Dublin, sat behind him, prompting the information which Cobbett used with such surprising effect.

mitted? Let no man dream of such absurdity. No—the more that is given the more they will demand, and over the ruins of the prostrate church the shout for “Repeal” will be louder and more violent than ever. And who do the Whig Ministers expect will resist this cry for Repeal of the Union? who *can* resist it, but the Protestants of Ireland? Yet these are the men whom the Whig Ministers insult, trample upon, and plunder, that the agitators may be “conciliated!” Is it possible that political insanity *can* go further than this? We do not think it can, but we shall not answer positively till we see the end of Whig Administration.

We are sorry that in our politics this month we have been obliged to dwell so exclusively on topics relating to Ireland, and those anything but topics of congratulation. This is not our fault, for if the legislature will honor this island with all its attention what can we do but adapt our comments to the text with which they furnish us? We lament to say that the more experience we have of the new House of Commons, the more confirmed are we in our fears that much further violation will follow the Reform Bill. The spirit of the house is indubitably that of desperate appetite for change. It is palpably obvious that the majority of the members think they have been sent to criticise with a jealous eye every thing that is established, and to make alterations that may distribute among the

the middle classes the honors, emoluments, and advantages which have hitherto been enjoyed by those in a higher rank of society. There is nothing which the Minister proposes for breaking down and scattering established interests, which will not only be sanctioned but applauded. Upon the night that Lord Althorp announced the Government plan for cutting down the Irish Church Establishment, a sort of spirit was displayed which was never before seen in the British House of Commons. At every fresh announcement of intended confiscation of ecclesiastical rank or property, immediate or prospective, a shout of exultation was raised which could be compared to nothing but the vociferous cry of a multitudinous rabble that has beset some devoted building, and puts up a triumphant huzza as each door is broken through, or buttress tumbled to the ground. Even the strangers in the gallery took part in this unseemly expression of rampant satisfaction, and they were not repressed.

These joyful people are little aware of what they are doing. They would pull down those above them, forgetful how much higher they are themselves than the mass—the physical force of the country. Their own turn may come much sooner than these turbulent reformers imagine, and too late they will discover that they must pay the penalty of the tyranny of which they now set so dangerous an example.

“For all that freedom’s highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each;
And should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.”

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

February 21, Mr. Hawthorn presented the following Report, from the Committee of Agriculture:—

"The Committee of Agriculture, to whom was referred on the 24th ult. the letter of Mr. Alexander Kinmonth, and the documents connected therewith, claiming on the part of Colonel Close, two premiums offered by the Society in February last, for the erection of the greatest number of cottages, and for the allocation of land thereto, having investigated these claims, and having had a communication with Colonel Close thereupon, who has fully confirmed and certified the facts as set forth in Mr. Kinmonth's letter, are of opinion, that Colonel Close is entitled, under the list of premiums held out by the Society, to receive the Gold Medal for each of the two objects set forth in No. 4 and No. 5.

"The Committee cannot omit the opportunity of congratulating the Society and the public, on the patriotic and praiseworthy example set by Colonel Close to the landed proprietors of Ireland, towards ameliorating the condition of their tenantry, by providing comfortable residences for them.

"The Committee have further to report, that they have considered the expediency of renewing the offering of premiums proposed last year by the Society for the above and several other objects of general utility, and they recommend to the Society to sanction the same, with the exception of the second premium.

"C. STEWART HAWTHORNE,
"Chairman."

LIST OF PREMIUMS,

Proposed to be continued for the ensuing Year, by the Committee of Agriculture and Painting,

February 21, 1833.

FIRST PREMIUM.

Management of Landed Property in Ireland.

"For the best and approved Essay on the Consolidation of Farms, and the expediency of maintaining in Ireland a mixed system of plough and spade husbandry,

The Gold Medal of the Society.

"See account of Spade Husbandry by Doctor Radcliffe and others; also the Quarterly Review, vol. XII. p. 240, on the condition of the English peasantry.

SECOND PREMIUM.

Laying down Ground to Permanent Pasture.

"To the proprietor or tenant in Ireland who shall report the most successful experiment in laying down a field to permanent pasture, not being less than five English or statute acres, and which shall afford the best combination of the finer grasses, for giving a renewed succession of plants in proportion to the advance of the season.

The Gold Medal, or Ten Sovereigns.

"The land which is the subject of the experiment, must have been pastured for at least one season, exclusive of that in which the report is given in, and a certified account must be transmitted of the kinds and quantity of the grass seeds sown. The nature of the soil must also be stated particularly, and the expenses accurately detailed.

THIRD PREMIUM.

For Improving the Condition of the Labouring Poor by Erecting Cottages, and Apportioning Land.

"To the person in each of the provinces of Ireland, who in the year 1832 or 1833 shall erect on his estate the greatest number of cottages (not less than five) in proportion to the extent thereof, upon an improved construction, for the accommodation and promoting the comforts of the labouring poor; and shall allot to each of such cottages a portion of land not less than one Irish acre.

The Gold Medal.

FOURTH PREMIUM.

For Improving the Condition of the Labouring Poor, by Apportioning Land to Cottages already Built.

"To the person in each of the provinces of Ireland who in the year 1832 or 1833 shall allot to the greatest number of cottages on his estate, (not less than five,) in proportion to the extent thereof,

already built on an improved construction, for the accommodation and promoting the comforts of the labouring poor, a quantity of land less than one Irish acre.

The Gold Medal.

"It is not intended to prescribe any specific form of building or materials, only the covering to be of slates, if they can be procured at a reasonable price.

"The competitors must furnish the Society with the plans, surveys, estimates, and accounts of expenditure, together with a certificate signed by at least one of its Members, the clergymen of the different religious persuasions, or some of the resident gentlemen, setting forth their personal examination of the cottages, when finished, the manner in which the work has been executed, and their fitness to promote the comfort and health of the inhabitants.

FIFTH PREMIUM.

Quantity of Land required to Support a Labourer's Family, and enable him to keep a Cow.

"For the best account founded on actual experience in Ireland, of the quantity of land of an average quality which would be required to supply a labourer's family, consisting of two grown persons and two children, with all necessary culinary vegetables, including potatoes, to enable him to keep a pig or two, and likewise maintain a cow all the year round."

The Gold Medal.

"See Martin Doyle's 'Hints to Small Farmers,' Allen on 'Home Colonies,' and Cobbett's 'Cottage Economy.'"

February, 28. The following letter from Mr. Professor Davy was read:—

Royal Dublin Society's Laboratory.

"DEAR SIR—I beg you will acquaint the Royal Dublin Society, that the Corporation of Tallow Chandlers and Soap Boilers of Dublin, recently requested me to make some comparative experiments on the Soaps imported into Ireland, and the Soaps of home manufacture, with a view to assist the Corporation in investigating the causes of the present ruinous state of the Irish Soap Manufacture, and, if possible, to procure legislative relief. Being anxious to render every assistance in my power to the Manufactures of this country, I immediately commenced those experiments, (which will be made at no expense to the Society,) and I have made considerable progress in them, and I purpose, with the concurrence of the Society, to finish them forthwith, as the results are wanted to lay before the Government. The subject of the Irish Soap Manufacture has just been before Parliament, and is shortly expected again to come under the consideration of the Legislature.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Your's faithfully,

"EDMUND DAVY.

"Edward Hardman, Esq.,
&c. &c. &c."

March, 7. The following report of the Committee of Botany was read:—

"The Committee of Botany have to report that the Hydraulic Ram, lately erected at the Botanic Garden, is now complete, and that an ample supply of water is conveyed by it, from the River, to a Reservoir, formed for its reception, in the neighbourhood of its Conservatories and Hothouses; that a plan and estimate have been laid before the Committee, by Mr. J. M. D'Olier, one of its members, for the erection of an Ornamental Fountain, in the centre of the Reservoir, which the Committee conceive would not only be highly conducive to the improvement and beauty of the Garden, but would be of the utmost importance, in bringing water into the Houses for the supply of the Plants, without the necessity of opening doors. The expense of this would not much exceed £30. They beg to recommend to the Society to empower the Committee to have the same executed on the most reasonable terms: and if they shall be pleased to approve of the recommendation, the Committee request that a sum of £85 may be placed at their disposal for the same.

"JOSEPH CLARKE, Chairman."

The Assistant Secretary having announced to the Vice-President in the chair, the lamented death of their highly talented and esteemed Professor of Mineralogy and Keeper of the Museum, Sir Charles Giesecké, which melancholy event took place in the afternoon of Tuesday last very suddenly.

Resolved—That the Society do express, by placing the same on the Minutes of their Proceedings, their sincere sorrow at the loss they have thus sustained, and the high sense they entertain of the long-tried talents, as a Scientific Professor, and the amiable manners and character, as a gentleman, of the late Sir Charles Giesecké.

Mr. Weld presented to the Society for their Museum, on the part of Matthew Moran, Esq., the Head of a Tiger from NEPAUL. He was discovered in the act of devouring a buffalo, which after having killed, he had dragged to the top of a bank twenty feet high, where he was shot.

The Monthly Returns of the Attendance of Pupils in the several Schools for the month of February, was read, which was as follows :

Figure School, average attendance	28
Landscape and Ornament, do.	51
Architecture, do.	31
Modelling, do.	11

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Notions on Political Economy.—by John Hopkins.

Illustrations of Political Economy.—by Harriet Martineau.

The powers of good and evil appear to be engaged in mortal conflict in these Islands. The latter, although naturally inferior in strength, has nevertheless by its superior industry and unwearied perseverance prevailed against its more powerful enemy. Yet, notwithstanding those partial victories and the mischiefs they have done we cannot look upon the conflict without feeling some degree of pleasure. The allies of evil, indeed, appear to have gained a signal and enduring advantage by their late triumphs, by one of which they almost destroyed the constitution, and by the other they fondly imagine that they have overwhelmed the church. But we confidently trust that their hopes are unfounded, and that their conquests will not be of long endurance. The friends of peace and order and humanity have been violently roused from their repose, and we already see them advancing with superior force and equal activity to meet and conquer their implacable foes. From the immense powers now entrusted to the populace of these kingdoms, and from the quickness and freedom with which statements and arguments, whether true or false, whether in favour of good or evil, are disseminated through the country, there remain now no means of success for any party but through the instrumentality of the populace, and no means of acquiring the possession of those instruments except by appealing to their feelings to their understandings or their consciences.

For a long time the enemies of peace and order have been unremitting in their endeavours to mislead the minds and cor-

rupt the hearts of the lower classes, and in their pernicious exertions have met with no opposition, except from the feeble and ineffectual forces of law and criminal prosecutions. But no pains, or comparatively little, were taken to unteach what they had taught, and to leave no room if possible for the most destructive errors, by pre-occupying the minds of the people, and bringing home to their understanding, the strong and simple arguments in favor of the most useful and important truths. The lovers of truth and justice were too often disgusted by the bigotry and narrow-mindedness of those who were opposed to them. They forget that many of the followers, and even of the advocates of falsehood were on that side, only because truth had never been clearly presented to their eyes. Unfortunately overlooking this plain consideration, they trusted to the law as if it were an effectual or the only means of preventing the mischief, which the spread of delusive doctrines had a tendency to occasion. The unfair temper and unwillingness to hear arguments contrary to their present opinions, which the people generally exhibit on occasions of public debate, were too often deemed a sufficient reason to abstain from them, on the specious grounds that it is to no purpose to argue with men who will not treat you fairly and who are determined not even to listen to any arguments in favor of the opinions, which at the time they chance to consider as erroneous, or hostile to their interests. But even this disposition in the people, how ever unfair it certainly is, and prejudicial to the cause of truth, is now justly considered as itself a delusion and among those mistaken opinions which may the most easily be removed by force of argument.

It ought not, surely, be difficult to persuade the people of the prudence and the necessity of their hearing with indifferent and attentive minds every side of the question, where their own good is the subject of enquiry, and they themselves the final and absolute judges of the debate. The attempt to stifle argument by clamour was, perhaps, not unnatural in those who could not otherwise influence the debates or decrees concerning their most vital interests. But this cause of prejudice has been removed, and let us entertain a hope that this impediment to the progress of truth is fast wearing away, and that the labours of those who are endeavouring to enlighten the minds of the people to a true sense of their real interests, will not be utterly ineffectual. The march of knowledge, though sure and unrelenting, is indeed slow. It is not *immediately* that truth reaches the understanding of the vulgar. Their teachers, or perhaps the teachers of these latter, become acquainted with important truths, mixed frequently with important error; gradually the falsehood yields to the force of the opposing arguments, and the truth becomes familiarly known, and even reckoned among the most obvious principles, by the class which a short time before looked upon it as a paradox, or at least, a suspicious novelty. Presently, by the force of example, and the natural communications of thoughts and opinions, it descends a scale lower among the people, and by the influence of authority and education, becomes known to those who would have been unable to comprehend the arguments by which it was originally defended or opposed. It appears almost self-evident to those to whom it is early taught, and thus, in the course of a few years, those truths become familiarly recognized and known by all, which a short time before could scarcely have found a single supporter. It is therefore, we conceive, no serious objection to the utility of books intended most for the instruction of the labouring poor, to say, that it is unlikely that any number of them will ever learn or read them. The same end will be as effectually, though more slowly obtained, if they communicate knowledge to those who are the natural instructors of the labouring classes, and who are in constant communication with them.

Such considerations give a value in our eyes to the books whose names are prefixed to this article which they might not otherwise possess. All works on those subjects, for the instruction of those who

have been hitherto uneducated, we regard as statements and arguments addressed to such as are henceforward to be the rulers of our destiny. Of these, the one entitled "*Conversations on Political Economy*, by John Hopkins," appears to us to be the best, as containing the greatest portion of useful information, unmixed with much error. It commences by a story, which we think had better be omitted, as it adopts a form of instruction which, in our opinion, is very ill calculated to impart a knowledge of controverted truth. In it, John Hopkins, described as a poor labourer, with a large family of children, is supposed to apply to a Fairy for assistance, and to attribute all his want to the luxuries of the rich. He makes the plausible complaint that in order to gratify the rich with luxuries, the poor are debarred almost from the necessaries of life. To give John Hopkins a practical proof of the fallacy of his opinions, the fairy consents by a stroke of her wand "to destroy all luxuries whatever." The first effect which John perceives from this important change is that "his wife's best cotton gown is turned to a homely stuff," her china teapot into crockery-ware, his children's play things into dry sticks, fit only to be burnt." To take time to turn over the subject, and to console himself for his disappointment, he called for his pipe; but being a luxury it was also gone. To pacify him his wife offers him a pinch of snuff, but his box is, of course, empty; snuff, "the luxury," is not there. He then admits that he was a fool not to desire the Fairy to meddle with the luxuries of the rich only. He will, therefore, on her next visit beg her to make an exception in favour of the poor. The consequences of the innovations made by the Fairy wand are shortly displayed. John's relations, who were engaged in the manufacture of various articles of luxury, are turned out of employment; John himself, who worked as a labourer in the field, and thought that he was in no danger of being thrown out of work, as corn and hay are not luxuries, receives a visit from the landlord on whose estate he worked. The landlord informs him that he means to turn his land into a sheep-walk, or let it lie uncultivated, as half the produce of the land will be sufficient for him in the new style of living, which he and his family are obliged to adopt. Poor John is now convinced of his error and reduced to despair. He hastens to the Fairy and implores her to reverse the fatal decree, and to bring

back things to their former state. From this, and some conversation with his friends, John draws the conclusion, that the rich and poor have but one and the same interest, and that the comfort of the poor are derived from the wealth of the rich. Now, although we acquiesce in this conclusion, and wish every John Hopkins in the country did the same, yet we should be glad that they arrived at it by a different path. It is hardly necessary to dissuade the poor from desiring such changes as are manifestly beyond the power of legislation to accomplish. If John Hopkins were now to obtain the power of making a change according to his desire, we suspect he would be more anxious to deprive the rich of their property than of the opportunity of spending it.

It would be of some use to shew how little such a change in the distribution of property would add to the comforts of the poor. The rich man, who possesses wealth sufficient to support 100 poor, distributes it among them in the purchase of enjoyments for himself as effectually, as if the most benevolent patriot undertook the management of it for the public good. If we look at all the articles on which the wealthy consume their revenue; we shall see that they derive their high value from the amount of the labour bestowed on their manufacture. Thus the income of the rich is expended in maintaining labourers, that is, in supporting the poor, with this additional advantage that the poor are thus relieved from the temptations to which idleness would subject them, and their dignity and independence of mind may be preserved, while they feel that they are earning their own bread instead of receiving it, as charity. This subject, followed on to a greater length, would, we think, shew in the most unanswerable manner, the utter impossibility of relieving the able-bodied poor by any enactments in the shape of poor laws, or a compulsory provision for them. Without any benevolent designs on our part, all our income is expended in the support of labourers. If half is taken from us by the state, and appropriated to that purpose, there remains only the other half to be thus expended by ourselves. We hope in some future edition to see John Hopkins' notions upon these subjects. From the chapter entitled "The Poors' Rate, or the Treacherous Friend," we are confident that they will be well weighed and correct. It will be more important to the public to know what opinions

he entertains upon this head, than the consequences to be apprehended from a total demolition of all luxuries. We fear that if his kind Fairy gratified him with another experiment, the consequences, though ruinous to the public, might not at first, or until it was too late to mend the evil, be found equally prejudicial to himself. It is not easy to anticipate the effects of a change which never can take place, where we have nothing like experience or analogy to guide us. Every man may imagine a connected train of consequences according to his interest or disposition. Perhaps, on the next occasion, the landlord, finding that he cannot possibly spend more than half the produce of his estate, may give John a portion of it for his own use, instead of letting it remain uncultivated and turning him out of employment.

But we shall not press the subject, being satisfied that the experiment will not be made a second time. Would that we had equal reason to believe that the more practicable experiments of a partial destruction of luxuries and property would not again be made. It is a thing so quickly imagined, so easily contrived, and so readily executed, to destroy or injure a quantity of property, requiring immediate repair for the purposes of procuring employment in the re-construction or reparation of the injured property, that we think it of the utmost importance that the mischievous consequences of such conduct should be clearly taught, and familiarly known to all. This is the more necessary, as the arguments generally urged to prove the impolicy of this system on the part of the labourer, are not perfectly sound, and do not accurately shew where the mischief lies. We allude to those arguments which prescribe such conduct as a destruction or diminution of the fund appropriated to the subsistence of labourers. Those certainly shew that the country at large suffers by such proceedings, but the proofs would be brought nearer home, by shewing the tendency such conduct has to deter property from embarking in useful speculations in the places where they occur. No moderate rate of profit will be sufficient to attract capital to a spot where the trader is exposed to constant danger and depredations and injuries to his property; where a visit from the nocturnal legislators may involve him in total ruin, or where the same effect may be produced by a run for gold at the demand of a disaffected agitator, who is content to dis-

play his power by overwhelming friends and foes in one undistinguishing calamity. "*Incendium meum ruinā extinguam.*"

Perhaps, on some future occasion, John Hopkins will favour the public with his notions on this head. If he compares two places together, situated equally as to trade and manufacture, the partial sufferings produced by a fall of wages, or by improvement of machinery, throwing a few out of employment, met in the one place by outrage and combination and mob-legislation; in the other by prudence and energy and a disposition to adapt their conduct to the altered circumstances in which they find themselves placed, he will readily perceive, and will do service by stating the consequences from such different systems. The market of the one diminishing, of the other extending every day. Since the goods manufactured at the two different places will no longer compete on the same terms and can no longer be sold at the same prices at the markets before common to both. At length trade will be entirely extinguished in the spot which was the scene of riot and turbulence, and will have been transferred to the settlements where peace and order were observed. Distress will have reached its utmost height, and to crown the edifice, the demagogue will appear to tell the people, already too well disposed to mischief, that their misery is caused by the union, or by tithes, or by the number of bishops, or free trade, or the grand jury laws, or by any thing abstruse and flattering to their feelings, rather than by such obvious and natural causes as their own *idleness, turbulence, and improvidence*. These will not be mentioned, as not suiting so well with the designs of the interested agitator.

It will not, we hope, be difficult to convince the people of the truth of these two simple propositions. Indeed, their enunciation is almost sufficient to secure assent to them. Firstly, that mob-violence will not be able to compel capital to embark or to remain in a losing business. Secondly, That it cannot deter capital from pursuing a profitable manufacture, although it can make it depart and remove to exercise it in a more quiet spot. These and similar useful and evident truths may be easily inculcated. Every calm discussion has this tendency, by sharpening the minds of the people, and accustoming them to reflection. We, therefore, wish to see as many cheap and simple productions on political economy as possible, offered to their perusal. And

we are not scared from the wish by even observing the erroneous doctrines advocated in some of them, as we are confident that in the conflict of opposite opinions, truth will speedily arise victorious. We do not fear that the doctrines respecting rent expressed or implied in "*Ella of Garveloch*," will be long current among those who have an opportunity of hearing or reading the truth. Ronald (page 125) is sorry to find that by tilling his piece of moorland he had created a rent upon his sisters land, and Angus explains that the case would have stood the same if Murdoch, or anybody else, had tilled the moor. Again, in page 73, it is assumed that rent is produced or increased by taking bad lands into cultivation.

The truth appears to be that the increased demand for corn by an increased population raises prices, and therefore raises rents, and makes it expedient to take inferior land into cultivation, or to lay out more capital, with a diminished return, on the old lands. The increased demand, and the necessity of procuring an increased supply, produce all these consequences; but though one effect may be sometimes conveniently made the index of another, it should not on that account be deemed the cause of it. Indeed, so far from its being true, that taking inferior lands into cultivation has a tendency to raise prices or rents, it has a direct tendency to diminish them by increasing the supply. On this head we are more inclined to agree with the opinions entertained by Hopkins and Stubbs, page 172. We cannot conclude this head without remarking that the author of John Hopkins' notions seems in some danger of falling into the common error of writers instructing the poor, of imagining that a style will be more intelligible by interspersing it with vulgarisms or incorrect language, such as "*why so then*," "*Man*," and "*a wonderment*," &c. Where this is done that the characters may speak suitably to their supposed circumstances, we do not much object to it, although we see the danger of an author's too readily adopting such an easy mode, as employing vulgar idioms to appear intelligible to vulgar minds. We should even prefer the opposite extreme, as in "*Ella of Garveloch*," where every speaker employs language that would become a professor. In real life, even among the lower orders, correct language is not more uncommon, than correct ideas upon these points.

If we were to propose a mode of the style proper for communicating know-

ledge, we should refer to the articles on political economy contained in the *Saturday Magazine*, particularly those on *Value*, page 186; on *Wages* page 222, and those on "The Duties and Advantages of Society." Such articles may be read with profit by all, as they convey most useful truths in simple and correct language. We cannot now wait to quote any part, but shall conclude by requesting all to read at least so much as proves that wages are beyond the reach of law to regulate. It is of importance that all should be acquainted with such simple and useful truths, and with the necessary arguments to support them, as it may be every man's turn to disseminate them among those to whom such truths, or the opposite errors, will be influential principles of action. M. L.

Practical Gardening. By Martin Doyle. Curry and Co., Dublin—1838.

We cannot avoid congratulating Martin Doyle's countrymen upon the great acquisition his varied and extensive abilities have proved, in the direction of their judgment and formation of their taste. There is not a subject of practically use-

ful knowledge upon which he seems uninformed himself, and which he does not take care to present to the public in the most tangible and attractive form. The pamphlet before us contains a clear and comprehensive course of instruction for the practical gardener, unencumbered with any of the difficulties which mere theorists in the art are in the culpable habit of placing, as stumbling-blocks, in the way of those who care little about the science or its technical terms abstractedly from actual practice. We have no hesitation in pronouncing Martin Doyle's pamphlet to be the very best for common use that we have ever met with. He promises to follow the present with similar manuals upon *Fruits and Flowers*, &c. saying, modestly, that his future exertions in this line shall be guided by the success of his first attempt. For our parts, as he has succeeded, and deservedly, in all his meritorious undertakings, we entertain no doubt but that a grateful public will continue their patronage and support to an author who, from the importance of his subjects and the talent with which they are discussed, has the best possible claim upon their attention and regard.

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Vol. I.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. We request our numerous contributors to observe, that their several articles should be forwarded to our publishers on or before the 10th of the month preceding that in which they are intended to appear.

We shall not be able to avail ourselves of the respective favours of T. T., an old Dramatist; York—K. K.—The Atomic Theorist—Tonans—Ariadne—Silenus.

The papers entitled, *The History of Music*, *a Peep into Ghostland*, *Diary of a Village Apothecary*, *My Young Days*, *On the Nymphs of the Ancients*, *Corporal Brevier*, are inadmissible.

The rest of the articles, with which we have been favoured during the past month, shall appear in due course.

We beg to state that, except in cases of considerable importance, we cannot undertake to correspond with any author upon the subject of his contribution, or give any notice with respect to its admission or rejection, otherwise than in our monthly published list.

A letter lies at our publishers for Advena.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. V.

MAY, 1833.

VOL. I.

ON THE EMIGRATION OF PROTESTANTS.

We are fallen upon evil days. *Abroad* thrones have been shaking—sceptres and diadems are breaking—dynasties are changing, and constitutions are vanishing away; *at home* all the time-honoured and time-nurtured must give way to the novel and ideal, for the spirit of change has breathed over all things, and while she rides in her rampant chariot against the throne of kings and the ark of God, all that we prize and love in the institutions of our country is to be dragged at her wheels, dishonoured in the dust. We are indeed fallen upon evil days; but of all the elements of evils that are now overshadowing the protestant interest of Ireland, there is none that in the desolation and utter hopelessness of despair, can compete with that giant evil, *the threatened emigration of the protestant population*. The number of *Protestants*, who have emigrated from Ireland during the last few years is as follows: in 1829, 12,000; in 1830, 21,000; 1831, 29,500; in 1832, 31,500, making a total of 94,000, during the short space of four years! Nor is this all—the evil is gradually increasing, the stream is widening its banks every successive year, so as to promise to exhaust before long the whole protestant population by its increasing drain; it is a slowly consuming and wasting malady that is working its noiseless and secret way through the land; and as consumption in the human form pales the cheek of beauty and prostrates the strength of youth, and then gradually and almost im-

Vol. I.

perceptibly draws its victim unresisting to the grave, so is this evil, breaking and rendering powerless the Protestant interest, and promises so to waste its once mighty energies, that day after day it becomes weaker and weaker, and so will, almost without a struggle, vanish from the land.

We have no desire to magnify this evil beyond its just dimensions, but we ask, of what use will be the Protestant press—the Conservative Clubs—our Tory Principles—even the Established Church herself, *when the protestant population has emigrated?*—of what use will be the protecting measure, *when there are no Protestants to protect?* It will, *then*, be mere idiotcy, or, at least, a waste of time and talent to devise plans for the support of the protestant interest, *when those who are the bone and sinew of that body shall have abandoned the country for ever*. The magnitude of this evil will stand revealed still more plainly when we reflect on the value of the character and principles of that class. *First*, they have invariably supported the interests of the landlords; and in all the strife, and storm, and civil commotion of three centuries, have been ever found maintaining, with their voices and with their lives, the property of the country; *secondly*, they have been found, by long experience, to be most conducive, by their industry, to the improvement of the country, and especially conducive, by their respect for, and support of the laws, to the maintenance of peace and tranquillity; *thirdly*, they have ever proved themselves to be, by feeling

and religion, closely attached to English interests, and English connections, and, as such, are the surest support on which the property or the government can rely with any settled confidence for the continuance of the connection between the sister islands. Such is the true character of that Protestant population, which, like birds of passage at the blasts of winter, is migrating from the strife and treason and misery of this wretched island; there is no use in hiding the broad though unpalatable fact, that the protestant population are an English garrison which is holding this island in its allegiance to England—it is a garrison in a half-conquered and half-resisting country—and if it be once withdrawn, or if it deserts its banners, or if it emigrate, there will be neither safety for the property, nor security for the allegiance of this island, and the ascendancy of England is shivered to atoms!

In taking, as we now propose, a concise review of the history of this emigration of the Protestants, and of the various causes which operate immediately in promoting it, it will be impossible to pass unnoticed that which is the principle which sets all the more immediate causes into life and motion—that principle is a mistaken confidence on the part of our proprietary, in the security of that settlement under which they derive their estates—they are strangers, invaders, heretics, emphatically *The Sassenach*, in the eyes of the great body of the population, and yet, instead of encouraging another class to which they could securely look for assistance, instead of increasing the numbers and strength of their protestant tenantry, they throw themselves on the protection of England, and expect that protection from her which they ought to establish on their own estates. They have been impressed with a feeling, that under every possible circumstance, England *must* hold this island, and repress, with a strong hand, every thing that would subvert the present settlement of property, and looking thus to what they conceive to be necessity and the will of England, they think they may themselves cast aside all effort of their own, and in this spirit they have adopted and preserved a course of conduct calculated not only to weaken, but utterly to ruin their

true sources of safety, thinking that when matters are reduced to the worst, they will be able still to rely on that protection which they hope from England, and which they dream it will be her essential interest to give. In this manner they have been led to neglect encouraging such a protestant population as would effectually protect them from every possible danger, and have at this day reduced the country to a state almost beyond the hope of salvation.

There have been three great settlements of Protestants in this country at different periods. The *first* one was after the rebellion of Tyrone was suppressed—Elizabeth had certainly made some valuable settlements, but it remained for James, on the lands forfeited in that rebellion, to make the first settlement of permanent value in Ireland—The second was after the great rebellion of 1641—the fearful atrocities of that terrible event, on the part of the natives against the settlers, drew down on their heads the vengeance of Cromwell, and he partitioned some of the lands thus forfeited, among the soldiers of his army—The *third* settlement was after the wars of the revolutions, when William paid some of his followers out of the lands forfeited by the adherents of the unhappy James—Such were the three great settlements of Protestants in Ireland, and though they were all important, their importance was of a very different kind.—The persons, to whom grants were made by Cromwell and William, are the ancestors of a very great portion of the present proprietors, a very great number of our gentry are descended from them, but these settlements do not appear to have extended to the lower orders of the population, at least to the same degree as the settlement by James, and the reason of this difference was, that James imposed conditions on his grants, which were omitted by Cromwell and William—those conditions were the introduction and location of a certain number of families upon every grant in proportion to its extent, and the families, thus located, are the predecessors of the great body of the lower order of Protestants in Ireland at the present day. Those conditions are thus described by Leland—"The undertakers of 2,000 acres, were to build a castle, and enclose a strong

court-yard, or *bawn*, as it was called, within four years. The undertakers of 1,500 acres were to finish a house and *bawn* within two years. The undertakers of 1,000 acres were to enclose a *bawn*, for even this rude species of fortification was accounted no inconsiderable defence against the incursions of an Irish enemy. The first were to plant upon their lands, within three years, forty-eight able men of English or Scottish birth, to be reduced to twenty families; to keep a demesne of 600 acres in their own hands, to have four fee-farmers on 120 acres each;—six lease-holders, each on 100 acres, and, on the rest, eight families of husbandmen, artificers, and cottagers.—The others were under the like obligations—all were, for five years after the date of their patents, to reside upon their lands, either in person or by such agents as should be approved by the state, and to keep a sufficient quantity of arms for defence. The British and Servitors were *not to alienate their lands to the mere Irish*, or to demise any portion of them to such persons as should refuse to take the oaths to government.”

In compliance with these conditions, the settlers built large houses, or castles, on some eligible site on their new estates, and added generally a deep trench or other defence of sufficient strength to repel any tumultuous or sudden assault of the natives; they at the same time brought over large parties of English and Scotch farmers, mechanics and peasants, and induced them to settle on their grants, as near as possible to the house, or castle, of the proprietors; and having always supplied these persons with arms they had them ever in readiness for protection; this was a wise and prudent arrangement in two respects—in the first place, the natives, a wild and uncivilized race, used to congregate in the bogs, and woods, and mountains, and then rush in many hundreds on the habitations of the settlers; their object in such incursions was the murder of the *Sasenach*, the driving away and despoiling him of all his cattle, and the destruction of his tillage. Now, when such predatory attacks were made, the proprietor would alarm his settlers, and they would immediately turn out and proceed in a body, “*a hosting against the Irishry*,”

and being steady and faithful men, they generally succeeded in protecting the property on which they resided. In the next place, these settlers introduced the good husbandry of England—they very rapidly improved their farms, and by their steady and industrious habits, and by their introduction of all the mechanical trades they soon introduced a quiet and settled state of society, widely different from the predatory life which had been almost universal among the natives; indeed, many of the villages which these settlers then founded were the originals of some of our best inland towns at present, and the present state of the province of Ulster is an evidence of the wisdom of having thus encouraged the settlement of a protestant population. Happy it had been for this distracted country, and happy it had been for England, too, if she had carried into effect the measures which were for a time contemplated, of settling the provinces of Connaught and Munster in the same effective way.

This civilized state of society was as opposite to the feelings and habits of the natives, as civilization is to this day to the Indian tribes of North America; they could not appreciate it, and naturally hated those who introduced it, as being strangers who had invaded their land and laid hold on their possessions. The hatred which they had always entertained for the English who had conquered and despoiled them, was now envenomed by a virulent bigotry against the new settlers, who were universally Protestants, and they named them both by one common appellation *the Sasenach*, a word expressive of the two ideas, which were most hateful to them, namely, *a Protestant and Englishman*. The following curious extract from one of our Irish authors (M'Mahon) will aptly illustrate their feeling:—“After lawlessly distributing your estates, possessed for thirteen centuries or more by your illustrious families, whose antiquity and nobility, if equalled by any nation in the world, was surpassed by none but the immutable God of Abraham's people; after I say, seizing on your inheritances, and flinging them amongst their cocks, and crows, and rooks, wolves, lions, foxes, rams, bulls, hogs, and other birds and beasts of prey, or vesting them in the

sweepings of their jails, their Small-words, Dolittles, Barebones, Strange-ways, Smarts, Sharps, Harta, Sterna, Churls, Savages; their Greens, Blacks, Browns, Greys, Whites; their Smiths, Carpenters, Brewers, Barbers, Taylors; their Tom-sons, John-sons, Will-sons, James-sons, Dick-sons; their Shorts, Longs, Lows, Flats, Squats; their Packs, Sacks, Stacks, and Jacks; and to complete the ingratitude and injustice they transported a cargo of *notorious traitors to the divine Majesty among you, impiously calling the filthy lumber ministers of God's words!*" Now, while this singular passage illustrates both the hostility of the natives against the settlers as *English invaders*, and their virulent bigotry against them as *Protestants*, it also proves that those settlers introduced all the common mechanical arts into the country, where previously they were totally unknown. Unhappily for the country, after some years of quiet and prosperous settlement, some of the new proprietors, dreaming that this quiet would not again be broken, and discovering that the natives would sometimes offer a larger rent than the settlers, began to admit them as tenants on their farms. This matter is noticed by Sir T. Phillips in his letter of Charles I., in these words: "They found the natives willing to overgive rather than remove, and that *they could not reap half the profit by the British, which they do by the Irish*, whom they use at their pleasure, never looking into the reasons which induced the natives to give more than they could raise—their assured hope that time might, by rebellion, relieve them from their heavy landlords, whom, in the mean time, they were contented to suffer under, though to their impoverishing and undoing." The able and honest man who wrote this account to his royal master, was himself a witness of what he wrote; he knew the motive of the landlords, and saw the object of the natives; and the terrible rebellion of 1641, which marked the reign of that monarch, showed the propriety of his opinions. Accurate details of that terrible rebellion and the fearful massacre of the settlers, have been transmitted to our times by three persons who witnessed it, and who, from their situation, had every means of ascertaining the precise truth; from their statement it would appear,

that there never was evoked from hell a spirit of more fiendish malignancy, than that which actuated the natives, who sacrificed every tie and immolated every kindlier feeling of our nature to their virulent and bigotted hatred of the settlers. The effect of this event upon the numbers of the protestant population was truly disastrous; multitudes were coldly and deliberately massacred—multitudes perished on the roads and in the ditches, and multitudes emigrated to England; the total is stated by those who wrote immediately after the event, to have exceeded *two hundred thousand* Protestants! Such appears to have been the first important emigration of Protestants from Ireland, and the first great numerical deduction from the amounts of our Protestant population. Would that it had there ceased for ever! alas! the very same spirit and the very same causes do still exist, in this our day, and conspire to promote a similar emigration,

The revolution of 1688 was perfected in Ireland just half a century after this rebellion, which, while it caused so extended an emigration of the Protestants of the inferior orders, promoted, in no measured degree, the absenteeism of the higher classes, for the horrors of popish bigotry, and the atrocities of Irish hate, created this impression upon every class. During the period of the rebellion and the revolution much was effected by the government which saw plainly, especially in Cromwell's time, that the allegiance of Ireland depended on the strength of the protestant population, and much also was performed by the landlords, who now learned that the security of their estates depended altogether on the amount of their protestant tenantry; the beneficial effects of the encouragement which the Protestants then received were revealed during the struggle of the revolution, in which the indomitable conduct of the Protestants of Ireland proved so powerful an auxiliary to the cause of genuine liberty. Shortly after the agitation of that glorious struggle had subsided, and all had become calm and tranquil, when the Protestant settlers began to discover the true value of their newly-acquired possessions, and when the popish natives began to perceive the utter inability of their insurrectionary

propensities; the whole face of the country presented a new and gratifying appearance; indeed, this period was the golden age of the Protestants of Ireland. The surface of the country was, in a great degree, divided by the various proprietors into large farms that varied from fifty to two hundred acres, (for they had not yet learned to give their tenants merely "a bit of land," which is as little suited to support a family, as it is to pay the rent;) the boundaries of these farms are still visible on the various estates, and, in general, they still bear the very names they then received; the labourers on those farms were the settlers themselves, assisted by such of the natives as were reclaimed from their wild and wandering habits. In such a state of things, when there was at the same time perfect internal tranquility, the whole frame of social life became improved, the resources of the country began to be developed, the lands were cleared of some of their endless woods, and numerous bogs and lakes were drained and reclaimed, and all things held out the prospect of as rapid improvement as has been ever known in any nation; the natives in vast numbers gradually forgot their prejudices amid the improvement that surrounded them, and, in adopting the manners and arts of the settlers, did also gradually and silently pass over to their religious profession. This state of prosperity, however, was not without its attendant evil; it lulled the proprietary to sleep; they had reaped in it the harvest of protection and quiet, which they had sought for in encouraging Protestant settlers of the lower orders, and peopling their estates with such faithful protectors, and the long period of nearly half a century's tranquillity which followed the revolution, appeared to their short sight as giving promise of there never again being any storm to trouble its smooth waters; they began to think that they had done enough for mere protection, and that as they were now secure from all disturbance in their estates, they might fairly turn their energies to increase the value of their possessions. It is to this mistaken sense of security—to this erroneous idea that they had done enough for protection, that we are to ascribe those injudicious steps which led to the prodigious emigration of

Protestants, which took place during the last century.

The commotions of Ireland have generally occurred at sufficient intervals to allow the generation that witnessed them to pass away, and to liberalise the feelings of the rising generation. The long intervals of calm which followed the revolution had this effect, and led the proprietary into a system of setting their lands, which has been followed by the most disastrous consequences in the emigration of their Protestant tenantry;—that system is thus described by a writer who witnessed it, and who published his pamphlet in 1745: "*Papish tenants are daily preferred and Protestant rejected, either for the sake of swelling a rental, or adding some more duties which Protestants will not submit to* ; but the greatest mischief, in this way, is done by a class of men, whom I will call land-jobbers. Land-jobbers have introduced for farmers the lower sort of papists who were employed formerly as labourers, while the lands were occupied by the substantial Protestants; but since potatoes have grown so much in credit, and burning the ground has become so fashionable, (a manure so easily and readily acquired,) these cottagers, who set no value on their labour, scorn to be servants any longer, but fancy themselves in the degree of masters as soon as they can accomplish the planting an acre of potatoes. One of this description, not being able singly to occupy any considerable quantity of ground, twelve or twenty of them, and sometimes more, cast their eyes on a plow-land occupied by many industrious Protestants, who, from a common ancestor, who planted them perhaps one hundred years before, have swarmed into so many stocks, built-houses, made many improvements, and nursed the land, in expectation of being favoured by their landlord in a new lease. These cottagers, seeing the flourishing condition of this colony, the warm plight of the houses, but especially the strong sod on the earth, made so by various composts collected with much care and toil, and which secures to them a long continuance of this beloved, destructive manure, made by burning the green sward, engage some neighbours to take this plow-land, and all jointly bind themselves to become under-tenants to this land-

jobber, and to pay to him an immoderate rent. This encourages him to out-bid the unhappy Protestant, and the great advance in rent tempts the avaricious and ill-judging landlord to accept his proposal. *The Protestants being thus driven out of their settlements, transport themselves, their families, and effects, to America, there to meet a more hospitable reception among strangers to their persons, but friends to their religion and civil principles.*" The same writer adds,—*"Some endeavour to excuse themselves by saying, that protestant tenants cannot be had—they may thank themselves, if that be true, for they have helped to banish them, by not receiving them when they might.* But it is to be hoped we are not yet so distressed; those who have the reputation of good landlords, and encouragers of Protestants never want them. *But there is a Protestant and a Popish price for land, and he who would have Protestants on his estate, must depart from his Popish price.* Here, I fear, the matter will stick, it will be as hard to persuade a gentleman to fall from one thousand pounds a-year to eight hundred, as it was to prevail on the lawyer in the gospel to sell all, and save his soul."—Such was the system which our proprietary adopted for the increase of their rentals, for the encouragement of Papists, and the emigration of Protestants, as it is described in a work written at the time, and now nearly ninety years of age; the effect of this system on the population of the country may be inferred from another authority of a later date. In 1793 Sir L. Parsons testified as follows:—"Those large farms, which a few years ago, were all pasture grounds, each occupied by the Protestant farmer, are now broken into several parcels, tenanted for the most part by Catholic husbandmen, so that seven or eight Catholics hold the ground at present, which one Protestant held formerly." Thus this system had the double effect of increasing the numerical amount of the Popish population, and of diminishing the number of Protestants by compelling them to emigrate.

The emigration which then took place in consequence of this system was truly disastrous, and has done more towards the ruin of the English and Protestant interests in Ireland, than any other event, or even than the ac-

cumulation of events since the conquest by Henry II. The Lord Primate Boulter had just then come from England, and had been appointed one of the Lords Justices, and his penetrating eye at once perceived the evil which was just then beginning to reveal itself—he wrote to the ministry in England, a letter on the subject, from which the following is an extract:—"We have had for some years, some agents from the colonies of America, and several masters of ships have gone about the country, and deluded the people with stories of great plenty, and estates to be had for going for, in parts of the world, and they have been the better able to seduce the people, by reason of the necessities of the poor of late. *The people that go hence make great complaints of the oppressions they suffer here, not from the government, but from their fellow-subjects of one kind or other, as well as the dearth of provisions, and say these oppressions are one reason of their going; but whatever causes their going, it is certain that about 4,200 men, women and children, have been shipped off for the West Indies within these three years, and of these above 3,100 this last summer. The whole north is in a ferment at present, and the people are every day engaging one another to go next year to the West Indies; the humour has spread like a contagious distemper, and the people will hardly bear any one that tries to cure them of their madness. The worst is that it affects only Protestants, and reigns chiefly in the north, which is the seat of our linen manufactures.*" Such was the testimony of this Archbishop in 1728, when he wrote this letter, and in alluding to the "oppressions" of the landlords, of which these protestant emigrants complained, he expresses himself in that guarded way, which was necessary at a time when the aristocracy had so overwhelming an influence. No doubt there were other auxiliary causes which co-operated with the conduct of the proprietary in exciting this ferment and desire for emigration, which so universally pervaded the protestant population at that time, and, indeed, so general was this desire, that almost all the inferior protestant farmers, who possessed the means, did actually emigrate. The extent in numerical amount, to which

this emigration went, is far beyond what would be supposed, but it appears on the clearest evidence that from the year 1725 to 1768, the number of emigrants gradually increased from 3,000 to 6,000 annually, making altogether about *two hundred thousand* Protestants! This number would at all times appear great, even in the present century, when our population is so increased, but when we consider the population of that day, it will appear truly astonishing, by the returns laid before Parliament in 1731, the total number of Protestants in Ireland was 527,503, or a little more than half a million.—Now, of these, 200,000 emigrated, so that making ample allowance for the increase of population between the years 1731 and 1768, we shall still find that *one-third of the whole Protestant population of Ireland emigrated within that disastrous period!* We are the descendants of the two-thirds, who remained, and, as it appears by the last census, that we have increased to two millions, we may see how, in the third, which emigrated, we have to mourn the loss of another million of Protestants. Yet, let us not mourn their departure; their's has been the high destiny of founding and peopling new nations—the lofty destiny of rocking the cradle of the infant genius of America—their's has been the Elysian lot of changing the barren wilderness into the fruitful field, and seated, as it were, under their own vine, they have found a peaceful and happy home, instead of all that storm and trouble, and want and danger, which haunt us in this wretched island—they are far away from our present afflictions, and it is they who have emigrated, and not we who have remained, that have the brightest prospect of happiness and peace.

An emigration so extensive—draining the country of that population which was the only support of “the settlement” of property, and of the allegiance of this island,—naturally alarmed both the government and the proprietary, it became the subject of very frequent communication between the government here, and the ministry in England, and many persons turned their attention to devise means of staying it. It was suggested among other remedies, that the government should place a positive prohibition against

any ship sailing from an Irish port with passengers; this was the absurd remedy adopted in the time of Charles I., to prevent the puritans and others emigrating from England to America, and which actually prevented the sailing of the vessel in which Oliver Cromwell had engaged his passage as an emigrant to New England; this was in the year 1637, and now, in precisely a century afterwards, it was suggested to take the same steps to prevent the emigration of the Protestants of Ireland. The strangest feature of this suggestion was, that it came from the proprietary, who were themselves the cause of that emigration which they were now anxious to prevent, and who always had it in their power to stay it, but it was in that day even as it is in our present times, they merely mourned the evil, and, instead of encouraging a Protestant tenantry, they looked to other sources of relief. It is scarcely necessary to add that this suggestion was not acted on, but most fortunately for the property of the country, the object which was so anxiously sought for, was compassed by a measure of a totally different kind, and from which such a result was never anticipated.

That measure was the Octennial Bill, which passed in 1768. Previous to the passing of that measure the Irish Parliament might be said to be perpetual, for it was limited only by the demise of the Crown. In consequence of this the country was but little disturbed by elections, and the proprietary, as well as the members concerned themselves very little about the state of their constituency; but after the passing of this bill, limiting the duration of parliament to eight years, our country gentlemen were thrown back more frequently on their constituency, and compelled on that account to watch and direct it. At this period none but Protestants could vote, and, of course, the electioneering influence of every landlord depended on the number of Protestants on his estate; in order, therefore, to create a strong county influence the landlords were necessitated to stop their system of removing their Protestant tenantry and making them give place to the Papists, and they thus put an effectual stop to the emigration of Protestants, by giving to them beneficial leases, and thereby inducing them to remain; nor were they content with

this, for they were so anxious to encrease their electioneering influence, that they sought after Protestants in every way: various parties were induced to come from England and Scotland, and large bodies, as the Palatines, were tempted to leave their own country, (for the Protestants were then much persecuted in Germany and other places on the continent,) and to settle in Ireland, while the Province of Ulster was assailed with the applications and promises of our proprietary, to induce them to settle in the other provinces, the result of all which was, that a Protestant population was soon visible, springing up in the darkest and most barren places in the land; nor was this the only effect of the bill, for when the landlords showed their desire and gave their energies to the extension of Protestantism, large bodies of Papists gladly flung from them the ragged superstitions of their Church, and avowed themselves as no longer Romanists. The singular system of terrorism and combination which holds the members of that church together in this island was found too weak for the influence of the landlords, and it gave way every where before them; indeed so extended was the conformity at that time that the Catholic Body, as it was then called, petitioned the Parliament to extend the franchise to the Papists, on the grounds that the population was conforming so rapidly in order to obtain that privilege under the profession of Protestantism! This was certainly a happy state of things for the Protestant population; it was too happy to last long, especially for a people so doomed to suffering affliction as the Protestants of Ireland; it was completely suppressed by that unfortunate measure—the enfranchisement of the Roman Catholics in 1793. That measure, while it conferred power on those who, from religion and nationality were estranged from the proprietary, removed at the same time the motive for encouraging Protestants, it removed the premium which the landlord previously found in increasing his Protestant tenantry, and so brought all things back again to the afflicting system which preceded the passing of the Octennial Bill, and which had led to the expatriation of the Protestants, as already detailed. We cannot therefore, be surprised that the fountains

of emigration, which had been sealed for a time, were again opened and poured forth a stream which has continued, until it has become a mighty flood, as at this day.

We now approach the emigration of the present times, an emigration on such an extended scale as to give promise for exceeding anything of the kind ever yet known in any nation; it commenced shortly after the rebellion, when a spirit of a peculiarly hostile character began to reveal itself among the Romanists, so as to induce many Protestants to withdraw from the country for a long period; however the numbers were comparatively small, until the freehold leases which the landlords had granted to the Protestant tenantry previous to 1803, began to expire, and then the numbers swelled to an enormous amount, by reason of the removal of the old Protestant freeholders at the expiration of their leases. During the last ten years the number of Protestant emigrants has regularly increased each succeeding year, shewing a greater number than that which preceded it. Nor is this extensive drain of the Protestant population, so far as it has yet prevailed, the only or the greatest evil, for the whole body is in motion—the great body of the Protestant farmers, and mechanics, and manufacturers are in motion. They are all thinking on the subject, and preparing to emigrate. There is scarcely a family of the lower order of Protestants which has not some member or near relative already in America, and all are longing to flee away from this ill-fated island, looking forward with anxiety to the time when they can so arrange their little affairs, as to be enabled to emigrate with some prospect of success. In the Province of *Connaught*, the various counties of *Leitrim*, and *Sligo*, and *Mayo*, have poured forth a great portion of their population; and the last-named county (*Mayo*) although it contains a smaller number of Protestants than almost any other county in Ireland, has actually lost by emigration during the last two years no less than 1150 Protestants. In the Province of *Munster*, the counties of *Limerick* and *Tipperary* are already nearly exhausted, and promise ere long to be completely so; while *Waterford* and some parts of *Cork* have lost prodigious numbers. In the

Province of *Leinster*, the several counties of Wexford, and Longford, and Queen's County, have literally sent and are preparing to send, thousands to America. In the Province of *Ulster*, the great settlement of the Protestants, the number that have already emigrated is almost incredible, while the desire to imitate their example is almost universal among those who remain. During the last few years, the number of Protestants from the North has equalled, and sometimes exceeded those from all the rest of Ireland together. The four ports of Newry, Belfast, Derry, and Sligo are those nearest our Protestant population; and although vast numbers have gone from Dublin, and very many have sailed from the ports of New Ross, and Waterford, and Cork, and even from Limerick, and though some few have sailed from Galway, Westport, and Ballina, yet the great body of Protestants have gone from the northern ports; that once happy and prosperous province, whose population was as wealthy and peaceful as it was religious and happy, is rapidly losing those beautiful features, for which we once loved and admired it, and the scowling and ferocious aspect of Popery is fast unveiling itself where the smiling and gentle spirit of Protestantism was once almost universal. That a change of a fearful and striking nature should be observable in other districts is only what might be expected. In some parishes, where there was a few years ago a respectable Protestant population, there is not a solitary individual now; so that where hundreds once were, there is not a trace of them to be found at present. In other places the number has been so reduced that we have but a meagre skeleton of what there once was, and even these are compelled, in their weakness now, to submit to every insulting indignity which their triumphing competitors are pleased to enjoin. In some parishes, the present Protestants are so resolved on emigrating that the building of churches, &c. has been stopped, as being likely to be utterly useless in another year, from the intended emigration of the entire Protestant population, instances of which are known to ourselves. It is a melancholy fact that the whole Protestant population of the lower orders are in preparation to abandon this country, and to seek a more happy settlement

in other climates; they seem lifting their wings and preparing to "flee into the wilderness" of the new world, in order to escape the troubles of the old. It is utterly impossible to ascertain with any precision the total number of Protestants who have left us, as the subject of emigration occupied, for a long time, very little of public attention, but of late the departure of so many Protestants has drawn the attention of many to the subject, and means, reasonably effective, have been resorted to to ascertain the numbers that sail each year from all the several sea-ports. There are many accurate details as to the last four years, collected with great pains, and they give the following result.—In 1829 the number was 12,000—in 1830 it was 11,000—in 1831 it increased to 29,600—and in 1832, the amount of which has never before been published, it was 31,500, being a total of *94,500 Protestant souls within the short space of four years!* The number of last year would have been considerably greater, only that the prevalence of the cholera disarranged the affairs of a large portion of intended emigrants, especially when they learned that the emigrants were necessitated to undergo a quarantine beyond the Atlantic; these persons will probably depart this present year, and thus swell to an enormous extent the tide that has already been flowing from our coast. During the last two years large bodies of Roman Catholics, sick of the bondage which they suffer from their priests, and from the factious, and allured by the success which has attended others, have been induced to emigrate. These Roman Catholics, however, who were very numerous at the ports in the south and west of Ireland, are not included in the statement above given, which embraces the Protestant emigrants alone.

So extensive an emigration of that Protestant population, on which the safety of the property and the allegiance of this island so much depend, is entitled to the deepest attention; and it well becomes every man, who is anxious for the public weal, to endeavour to ascertain the real causes of so disastrous an evil. In setting forth those causes which appear to us to be the most effective ones, we would observe, that we have already seen how the *first* great stream of Protestant

emigration from Ireland was caused by the terrible and insupportable persecutions which they were compelled to endure from the popish population in the rebellion of 1641; we have also seen how the *second* great stream was caused by the avidity of the landlords, manifested in that system which they adopted during the last century, and we shall now find that the very same causes, namely, persecution by the Papists and the avidity of the landlords for an extravagant rental, are the grand and most effective of all the motives which have led to that melancholy and disheartening tide of emigration which gives promise of soon exhausting the whole protestant population of Ireland. We shall consequently consider these.

I.—It was said by Lord Chancellor Clare some forty years ago that, "The great misfortunes of Ireland, and particularly of the lower classes of its inhabitants is, that at the expiration of every lease, the farm is put up to auction, and *without considering whether it is a Protestant or a Papist—whether he is industrious or indolent—whether he is a solvent or a beggar, the highest bidder is declared the tenant* by the law-agent of the estate, I must say to the disgrace of the landlord, and most frequently much in his advantage. It happened to me to canvass the county in which I reside, and on an estate, which had been madly set at £20,000 a year, as I recollect, *I found but five Protestant tenants!*" Such were the sentiments of one who knew Ireland and its evils well, and who possessed both the means of ascertaining the truth, and the moral courage to proclaim it in his place in parliament. The manner in which this system acts in the promotion of protestant emigration is easily explained: when a farm is vacant, there is an extraordinary competition for it, and men will out-bid each other to an extent ruinous to themselves though lucrative to the landlord. The *protestant* farmer in making his proposal, calculates whether he will be able to feed, and clothe, and educate his family on the profit; and as his decent and respectable habits of life require a certain expenditure, he feels he can, as an honest man, offer only a certain moderate rent for the farm. The *Romanist*, on the other hand, merely

calculates whether he can make the rent; and as he is, in general, contented to keep his family on the lowest possible kind of feeding and clothing, he is enabled to live on much less, and so, saving a larger sum out of the proceeds of the farm, out-bids the Protestant. The result of this competition is always the same, namely, *the Romanist takes possession of the land, and the Protestant takes his passage to America!* Unhappily, our landlords have learned to value a tenant, not according to his character for honesty or loyalty, nor according to his disposition to improve the land, nor according to the punctuality of his payments, but according to the amount which he adds to the rent-roll; he may be a Whiteboy, a Black-foot, or a Whitefoot—he may be a Steel-boy, or a Ribbon-man, spending his days in the *Shebeen*, and his nights in the *Ballingfad*, still, if he only offer the highest rent, he is declared the tenant; and, unfortunately, to make this matter still worse in its effects, the landlords pay little or no attention to the matter, but hand over the management of their tenantry to stewards and drivers, who being, in general, native Papists, stupid in all the prejudices, and implicated often in the designs of the ill-affected, take care that their companions in disaffection shall always possess the preference. It is a sad and melancholy fact, that owing to this system, the whole face of the country is by degrees changing owners—passing from the hands of the loyal, peaceful, and religious Protestant, who was a good tenant, as well as a faithful subject, into the hands of the most active and wily partizans of those who are opposed to the interests of the landlord, as they are estranged from the supremacy of England; so that, at this moment, the leaders and movers of Agrarian disturbances are found, not among the impoverished cotters, but among the substantial farmers, proving that it is not poverty, but something more deep as well as more dangerous, that is the moving cause of our agrarian insurrections.

II.—A second element in this moving cause of protestant emigration, is to be found in the peculiar state of society among the lower orders in Ireland. In every part of this country there has sprung up of late years a system of forming knots, or cabals, of

all the factions and most ill-affected in the vicinity; those who conceive themselves aggrieved by some government prosecution—others who feel themselves injured by some needy landlord—some who are descended from ancient families, and are looking to the forfeited estates, and others who forecast the same object, hoping to obtain something in the general confusion;* to these are added some, whose mistaken notion of patriotism after Irish independence, and others whose religious zeal incites to the expulsion of heresy, and the exaltation of their church. All these various persons are combined in discontent, and are in cabal with factious and ill-affected intentions in every neighbourhood and around it, as a nucleus, all the evil passions of the people rally. The priest of the parish is generally, by a sort of common consent, the *nominal* head of all these, a step of much advantage to them, as while it gives the sanction of religion, it removes from them all the petty rivalries and dissensions that would exist, if they were to select a head among themselves. The great object of the longing aspirations of these persons, is the expulsion of the *Sassenach*, and some vague and undefined expectation of some convulsion or revolution, which will alter the present system of property altogether, and confer on them some halcyon state in which neither rent, nor taxes, nor tithes, will be so much as named among them. The conduct of these persons is what might be expected; there is no species of petty persecution which the Protestants are not exposed to from them; and from all that mass of population, with whom they have influence, all the enmity of the native Papists against *England*—against *government*—against the *landlord*—against *Protestantism*, is wrecked on the ill-fated and unprotected heads of the lower order of Protestants; for some years this system has been carried to a fearful extent, so that our

people are beaten at fairs and markets, and exposed at all times to the open hostility, as well as the secret enmity of the native and Popish population; so that it would be impossible, even had they no other evils to contend against, for them to remain in the country. Those persons, who, from their rank in life, do not associate with the lower orders, can have no conception of the extent to which this system of petty persecution is carried on, it keeps them in a state of increasing anxiety and disgust, so that they are always in alarm, and never have a comfortable sense of personal security among them; so that there is no object of an earthly kind, which is talked of and longed after, at their fireside, so much or so anxiously, as an opportunity of fleeing such an unceasing and secret persecution. Nothing can tend more than this feeling, this sense of insecurity, to promote emigration, and unfortunately this result of the system of persecution has the effect of holding out a premium to the continuance of the system, as will thus appear. There is nothing more common, during the last few years, than for some Roman Catholic, who sees a Protestant possessed of a farm, which would be a desirable acquisition, to resolve to make it his own, and in order to effect this object, a system of annoyance and persecution is resorted to, a threatening notice is posted on his house, his family is insulted, himself beaten at the fair, or returning from market, and his life made so uncomfortable, and, as he thinks, so insecure, that he proposes to free himself from all by emigration; this was the very object his persecutor was aiming at, and, having succeeded in removing the occupant, the Roman Catholic gets possession of the farm. This is a matter of no difficulty, for he will offer any rent, and will be strongly recommended by the Popish underlings of the landlord, who is often unwittingly thus made the instrument of this system; and, besides all this, the

* A curious instance of this is known to the writer of this article, in the little country town in which he resides: there was a decent Roman Catholic family, which was induced to go to America in 1832; the eldest son, however, remained at home, and he and all the family avowed the motive to have been, that he is entitled to some estate forfeited by his ancestors, and that he remains expecting to obtain possession of it in some revolution, which they think possible ere long!

system of combination, which is of late so general among them, enables them to prevent the possibility of any stranger, or otherwise obnoxious person getting possession of the land, and the landlord, in his own utter ignorance of the true character of the applicants, accepts that character, whether black or fair, just as their stewards or drivers are pleased to say. These men, owing to our radically vicious system, have it always in their power to darken and blacken the character of a Protestant, and to exalt the character of perhaps the most insidious and disaffected individual in the neighbourhood. God knoweth how often and how fearfully they have exerted this power with effect!

Such are the two chiefly-effective causes that have led the Protestants of Ireland to emigrate. They have been neglected by the landlords, and persecuted by the Popish population.—There are, without question, many other causes, all assisting in the promotion of the same end, the modern liberalism of the government, the concessions made to the Papists, the breaking down of the linen trade, and a laudable desire to improve their condition, all lead them to emigrate, but the two causes already noticed, are those which are the grand and chief motives which influence the mass of the emigrants. They feel themselves neglected—unprotected—unfriended; and while they are broken in fortunes, they are all but broken in spirit.

It is passing strange, that the proprietary should thus treat that population which has, through good report and through evil report, invariably supported their interests, and their conduct can only be accounted for, on the principle already noticed, at the commencement of this paper. They have adopted the opinion that *England will protect them in their estates*, and they see no use in protecting themselves or their properties, inasmuch as they conceive it will always be the interest of England to give them the protection they require. When they see danger in the expulsion and emigration of Protestants, and in the increase and location of Papists, and that it is the factious priests and seditious leaders who possess the whole influence over that increasing body, they admit the greatness of the evil, but console themselves

under the idea that when matters come to the worst, England will be obliged to interfere and afford them and “The Settlement” of property that protection which they stand in need of. They see no necessity for encouraging loyalty or religion, no necessity for a moderate rental, no necessity for imparting comfort or civilization to the people, they see no necessity for any sacrifice of trouble or of rent or of anything else, on their part, to secure that protection which they conceive England, for her own sake, must always afford them. *They look for protection, not in the affections or respect of their tenantry, but in the supposed interests of England.* The only palliation for their conduct is to be found in the peculiar circumstances of their estates, which are so encumbered with debts arising out of the extravagance of their fathers and themselves, that at least one-half of the rental goes annually to liquidate them, so that in their desire to maintain the supposed importance of the family name they are necessitated to set their lands far beyond their reasonable value. It is thus the Protestants are found to emigrate, it is thus the lands are got into the possession of the disaffected, and it is thus the landlords look to England to give them powers to *coerce the people; they people their estates, (after removing the loyal Protestants,) with an ill-affected tenantry, and then call on the Government to protect them from that very class of tenantry which they themselves are encouraging!* That there are some bright and illustrious exceptions among our proprietors is as certain as the shining of the sun; but those bright exceptions only serve to point out more plainly the desolation which others have created. For ourselves we have no hesitation in saying that in these times, when new questions are mooted daily in a spirit of change, there is no security for the property of the country, no pledge for the allegiance of this island, no peace for her inhabitants of any class, unless in the encouragement of a Protestant population; and we must confess that our forebodings are so far melancholy as to incline to the opinion that it is now too late for even that remedy at present.

Thus is the history of the lower orders of the Irish Protestants a history of “suffering affliction” and of emigration! They came here two centuries

ago, and many of them not half a century ago, as emigrants from England and Scotland: they have been "strangers and pilgrims" in the land, and it may be said of their sojourn in this island, as of the Patriarch of old, that "few and evil have been the days of their pilgrimage." They are now anew loosened from the sails of their fathers' adoption, and breathing their sad and bitter farewell to the green and sunny hills of their land—they have become emigrants again. It is a destiny which is passing strange, and as melancholy and interesting as it is strange; but let us bow in meekness before Him who rules the destiny of nations, and who hath his own purpose in that which he has appointed unto us. We must not presume to fathom the deep purposes of His will; but as we have seen Him already cradle into maturity and people a new world beyond the western wave, where His name is known and His truth is loved, and has affected

this glorious end chiefly by the emigration of Protestants from these islands, so we may imagine that He designs to carry on this glorious work, and, as we have witnessed a new spirit of Christian knowledge, and zeal, and piety raised up among the Protestants of Ireland, so we may conjecture that they may be designed to be the honoured instruments of carrying the knowledge of His ways, and raising the standard of His salvation in the unpeopled and endless tracts of the American world. The roses of Sharon will bloom in the wide Savannah, and the flowers of Carmel blossom in the transatlantic forest, and perfect civilization and true religion make their dwelling in that land of emigrants! As for the land they leave—this doomed land, weeping with her thousand sorrows—there seems but little hope: she has not yet passed through her sea of troubles, and there seems nothing but "blackness and darkness" before her.

AGATHOCLES, A NOVEL, BY CAROLINE PICHLER.

Reviewed and Translated by Herr Zander, Professor of German Literature.

Within the last fifty years Germany has produced a number of excellent novels and romances, which, however, hitherto are little known in this country. Whether it be the black-letter, or the *cu*, or the *ch*, or some other bugbear that has frightened the novel-reading ladies, we cannot say; but this we can assure them of, that if they could overcome these ill-founded prejudices and a little apathy, they might find in those black-letter-books a great many things well worth the trouble of a few months' study.

Without further speculation, however, we beg in these pages to introduce to our readers a highly talented authoress, whose very name is hardly known in this country, though her works amount at present to no less than forty-four volumes. Caroline Pichler has for many years been a favourite in Germany, and she derives her literary celebrity no less from the number, than from the intrinsic merits of her works. All her writings display a most amiable character, deep feeling, clear understanding, and easy invention; her style, though simple and

subdued, is never tame, and is always graceful and pleasing. Amongst her numerous writings none has met with such a favourable reception and signal success as *Agathocles* (3 vols. Vienna, 1808.) This novel is brought before the reader in the form of letters, a form which, though fatal to mediocrity, offers to the gifted author many advantages, as it is peculiarly qualified for the developement of events and sentiments. Göthe in his *Wilhelm Meister* (Vol. II. Book 5, chap. 7.) says, "In the novel it is chiefly sentiments and events that are exhibited; in the drama, it is characters and deeds. The novel must go slowly forward; and the sentiments of the hero, by some means or another, must restrain the tendency of the whole to unfold itself and to conclude. The drama, on the other hand, must hasten, and the character of the hero must press forward to the end; it does not restrain, but is restrained. The novel-hero must be suffering, at least he must not in a high degree be active, in the dramatic one we look for activity and deeds. Grandison, Clarissa, Pamela, the Vicar

of Wakefield,* Tom Jones himself, are, if not suffering, at least retarding personages, and the incidents are all in some sort modelled by their sentiments. In the drama the hero models nothing by himself,—all things withstand him, and he clears and casts away the hinderances from off his path, or else sinks under them." These words of the author of Werther and Wilhelm Meister have, on account of their simplicity and conciseness, made no little impression, and seem to have exercised a salutary influence upon the genius of Caroline Pichler.

The scene of her tale is laid principally in the *Eternal City* and the eastern dominions of the Roman Empire; the time is from the year 300 to 305, a period when Christianity had to suffer so many violent and horrible persecutions. The rays which the religion of the cross shot at that time into the corruption of a deeply shaded and contaminated age, have been admirably depicted in the characters of the manly, virtuous *Agathocles*, and the angelic sufferer *Larissa*.

Rome had then ceased to be the residence of the emperors. *Diocletian*, from a slave, risen to be the chief of the Prætorians,—those janisaries of old—had, after the death of *Numerian*, usurped the throne, and selected his countryman and fellow-warrior, *Maximian*, to share it with him. They divided the empire, so that the latter from Milan governed the west, whilst *Diocletian* ruled the east, and fixed his residence at *Nicomedia*, where he surrounded his throne with Asiatic pomp and splendour. Soon, however, two more co-regents were considered desirable; *Maximian* adopted *Constantius Chlorus* for his Cesar, *Diocletian* conferred the same dignity upon *Galerius*. After this, they divided the government of the vast empire thus: *Constantius* ruled Gaul, Spain, and Britain; *Galerius* the banks of the Danube and the Illyric provinces; *Maximian's* dominion extended over

Italy and a part of Africa;—but Egypt, Thracia, and the Asiatic provinces *Diocletian* reserved to himself. Each of the four monarchs was independent and unlimited in his own territory, while their united authority extended over the whole empire.

This is the canvass which Caroline Pichler has selected for the tableau of her *Agathocles*; the historical events of those times are, however, kept merely in distant view, except the war against *Narses*, the persecutions of the Christians and, once, also a piratical invasion of the Goths, which are brought somewhat more into the foreground, or, if we may say so, interwoven with the action of the novel.

By the following letters and extracts we intended to enable our readers to form an idea of the plot; we have, on this account, selected not the best letters, but merely those which bear more strictly upon that point, and for this reason, they may, the easier pass for a fair specimen of Madame Pichler's style:—

AGATHOCLES TO PHOION.

Rome, January 301.

I am in Rome. That since a fortnight's sojourn here I have not yet written, you will, I trust, excuse, from the novelty of the objects that surround me, and their effect upon my mind. I feel, however, that I neither have found here, nor shall find, that cheerfulness and mirth which they expected in *Nicomedia*. Moreover, Rome is, perhaps, of all places in the world that, where I shall be least likely to recover. But am I really ill? They imagine so, because I cannot live like others around me. Their perversity makes me appear eccentric—their follies, severe and insupportable; not that I desire immense and impossible things, but that truth and virtue, discipline and morals appear to them impossible,—that is the real ground of our disagreeing. The

* It may not be without some interest to subjoin here the opinion Frederick Von Schlegel gives on the Vicar of Wakefield in his *History of Literature* (II. 212.) "Of all romances in miniature," he says, "and, perhaps, this is the best shape in which romances can appear, the Vicar of Wakefield is, I think, the most exquisite." Upon this Lord Byron remarks in his diary "he thinks?—he might be sure!"—*Moore's Byron*.

age is sick, not *he* who with full knowledge of better times bygone, is bold enough to call it so. How can I live amongst these people!

With the description of my journey by land and water, I shall not trouble you, out of regard for your time; it will suffice you to know, that I arrived in the capital of the world in good health and with a cheerful and open mind. The unrestrained enjoyment of nature, the boundless sea, the liberty of leisure, had gladdened my heart, and made it susceptible of every good impression. To you, the teacher of my youth, I may own, that a strange feeling overcame me when our vessel entered the mouth of the Tiber, and soon was to appear before me the stage of all those grand and glorious scenes which from my infancy had occupied my mind. My soul glowed within me, my breast heaved higher. Thus I arrived at Rome. From the height of the capitol, the manes of the illustrious ancestors seemed to be floating downward. All around was hallowed earth;—everywhere memory, dignity, majesty. Through the crowded streets my guide conducted me to the house of our host, Lucius Piso. Many a monument of venerable antiquity, many an index to bright moments of history, I passed by with high-beating heart, and the firm intention shortly to visit them all. In the court a band of richly dressed slaves received us. I was shown into the Atrium. The statues of the Pisonian house, many signal forms easily recognised by those versed in history, were standing here. I first perceived by the sun-dial in the court that I had been left to wait for a considerable time. At length a smart slave who spoke Greek with peculiar elegance, made his appearance, and conducted me through many splendidly decorated apartments full of vases, paintings, statues, &c., to Lucius Piso. He is an excellent man, on the borders of old age, vigorous, intellectual, noble,—but much nobler *without* the pomp which surrounds him, and veils and diminishes his intrinsic worth. The father I was pleased with, less so with the sons. They are young men, not quite so devoid of accomplishments as most others whom I have become acquainted with here and at home; but the colour of the age has tinged them too strongly

to let them appear truly deserving of esteem. Before supper, Piso introduced me to his daughter. By the gods! a charming creature! Report had already drawn my attention to her,—still I found, in every regard, more than I had expected. So much beauty, so much inexpressible grace in form and deportment, and so much levity and perversity of sentiment! The daughter of one of the first houses of Rome, the descendant of such noble matrons, in the dress and attire of a Greek Hetaera, and, nevertheless, in her words and actions perfect dignity—nobility of womanhood!

To my father I have already written twice—once from Corinth, by a homebound vessel, and several days ago also from Rome. The respect which I owe to him as a son, I shall never violate wittingly. For the rest I can, unfortunately, do nothing of that which he wishes. I cannot live and act like him, for I cannot think and feel like him, and the total change of a steadfast mind is not the work of persuasion or force. Circumstances, time, and alluring might do something; but where the conviction of the right is so immovably grounded, as in my case—even from those nothing is to be feared for me, nothing to be hoped for him. He has sent me away from Nicomedia to learn in other countries by experience, that my mode of thinking is fantastical, my requirements of the human race eccentric, and my ideas of public welfare absurd. I have obeyed him. Let me own that this obedience costs me nothing; for there was a voice within which told me, that father and son should not think thus of each other, and that, if they do so, they should not live together. My views, however, will always remain the same; Rome, at least, will work no change in them. How disgusting this city with her inhabitants is to me, I am unable to tell you. I readily agree with an opinion which Tiridates (who is the only person with whom I can live and converse in this focus of vice and follies), lately advanced, that it is exactly the acute contrast of the *past* and the *present* so strikingly exhibited in these despicable descendants of illustrious ancestors, which still more increases my antipathy. No, indeed, Phocion, my father should not have sent me to Rome!

Nevertheless, I do not, upon the whole, dislike my sojourn here. I learn much, gather experience, see many a monument of art and of better times, and associate with many well informed men. My hours are regularly divided between mental and bodily exercises, enjoyment and labour. You know, I only require leisure and liberty to be contented. Contented!—more, man cannot and should not desire. And is not, indeed, every one happy only as far as he considers himself so? If, nevertheless, gloomy thoughts sometimes rise in my soul, it is exercise for my inner strength to combat them. Man is not born for fortune,—his destination is to be good. To goodness wisdom leads, to wisdom independence of wants. That let us never forget,—let us keep to that, and then expect whatever may happen to us, with courageous mind and cheerful countenance."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Rome, Febr. 301.

"When I was a child, long before my father entrusted me to your guidance, there dwelt next door to us Timantias; a noble Nicomedian, who filled one of the highest offices in the state. My father and he were friends, or at least what usually is called so; his children were our playmates. A delicate constitution, the inheritance of my early departed mother, and my disposition prevented me from joining those wild sports in which my early deceased brothers, with Timantias' sons, exercised their youthful strength. Larissa, Timantias' daughter, on such occasions, remained with me; her mild soul found a delight in not deserting me. We played together, or, by the irresistible power of kindness, she persuaded the others also, to choose a less violent game: Thus she cared for me, loved me, and filled my heart with sweet sentiments. We grew up, and our inclination grew with us. Then fate coldly and hostilely stepped in between us. Timantias was accused of a crime; whether he really had committed such, or whether his great wealth—a powerful temptation for the avaricious Proconsul, Sisenna Statilius—were the cause, never has become known. He was thrown into prison. My father

broke off all intercourse with the disgraced family. Larissa and I saw each other only by stealth, and therefore with the greater desire, across the hedges which separated our gardens. At last, after a fourteen months' imprisonment, by particular favour, it was said, having been found guilty of a capital offence, Timantias was banished with his family, and his great property confiscated. Sisenna Statilius purchased his house at a trifling price, and my father kept up the same friendly terms with him, on which he had formerly been with Timantias.—I could not be persuaded to enter the house again where the spirits of the expelled seemed to me to wander about demanding vengeance. This obstinacy of a youth of eighteen was one of the main sources of the continual disagreement between me and my father. Eight years have elapsed, no trace of Timantias' fate has been found. Whether Larissa be happy, whether she be married, or even whether she be still alive,—however important these questions may seem to me,—nobody can answer them. All inquiries I made, were fruitless. But still her memory lives in my breast, as the only bright point in my fate. And even that was to vanish!—Farewell."

TO THE SAME.

Rome, Febr. 301

"A high image in ethereal brightness is floating before my soul. Larissa appears to me frequently here in Rome since I live about Calpurnia,—more frequently than before,—in waking, in dreaming,—and not in vain! By this pure flame, every impure desire is destroyed, the will itself chastened, my strength steeled. I have lost all hope of seeing her again; nevertheless, I can in some moments, not resist a fervent wish, a presentiment of future union. This also, is one of the contradictions in my heart, which shame and torment me. Am I then never to gain rest and peace of mind? Is my breast for ever to be the arena of contending inclinations?"

The next letter which after this fragment, we have selected for the perusal of our readers, is dated from Nicomedia, whither Agathocles had re-

turned with Tiridates, the Armenian Prince, who was now in full hopes to be reinstated in his paternal kingdom by the Romans.

AGATHOCLES TO PHOICION.

Nicomedia, May. 301.

"After a troublesome voyage, during which unsteady winds and a revolted sea, had nearly separated us for ever from our destined port, from our lovely native land, Tiridates and I arrived eight days ago at Nicomedia. Sweet charms of homely fields! how gently dost thou move our hearts! how lovely appears the coast of our fatherland after a long absence! You will, perhaps, tell me, after a dangerous sea voyage every shore would have appeared desirable. But it is not entirely so. At the aspect of these hills, which I so often climbed when a boy,—of that strand where I lay so often to strengthen eye and mind at the immensity of the ocean, and at the sight of the paternal house, its nearest environs where so many things had happened, which even now sweetly and painfully move my desolate soul,—I felt affected, and I am not ashamed to own, that I greeted those beloved objects with some tears which irresistibly flowed down my cheeks. Tiridates also, though yet far from his native soil, was not less moved than I, at the sight of the Asiatic coast, the theatre of great, yet still undecided deeds. We embraced each other, and swore seriously and calmly to remain faithful to ourselves, and to what we acknowledged as good and right. With these feelings we leaped ashore, and hastened into the town, into my father's house. He came in a very friendly manner to meet us. The company of the prince, the favourite of two Cæsars, appeared to him agreeable for himself and honourable for me. Without further to calculate, I gave myself up to the feeling of the moment, and enjoyed in full draughts the pleasure of seeing my father so compliant and kind. I passed a cheerful day. On the second, however, matters already began to change. We were to go to Diocletian. Tiridates approved of this step, and seemed to consider it necessary. I disliked the appearance of submissiveness which it had from the many circuitous devices and so-

lenn preparations at present necessary before approaching the Emperor. I thought of the old Rome, of the courts or rather houses of the first Cæsars,—how even the cunning Octavian, the noble Marcus Aurelius, the virtuous Pertinax, out of honesty or prudence, sparing the popular opinion, appeared to be nothing but the first citizens of Rome,—and my innermost heart was revolted.

Diocletian received us pretty well; but the stars that shone from his head, the thrones on which he sat exalted, compressed my breast and closed my lips. My father was the spokesman, he introduced me and solicited a commission in the army for me. I let him proceed without uttering a word. Whether the despot thought me simple or sullen, is indifferent to me. He has, however, made me a centurion, and the day after to-morrow I shall set out for the army with Tiridates. Here the very soil is burning under my feet.—However ungenial the wild life in the camp will be to my mode of thinking, yet I shall there in the bustle feel easier, better than here.

Sisenna Statilius has sold the house next to ours; it belongs now to a mere citizen. Under some pretext I was there yesterday. Many things are still unmoved, the same as they were eight years ago. My mind was agitated by both sadness and joy. I inquired after its former inhabitants. Most people in Nicomedia hardly recollected them any more; yet some pretended to have heard that Timantias had lived in Syria unknown, under an assumed name, and a few years ago had died. The sons are dispersed, the daughter,—ah, Phoicion! how did my heart beat,—is said to have married! Married! Thus, then, I am forgotten! Can I blame her? and yet it does grieve me! Perhaps she even may be dead! I do not know which idea is the most painful.

To find her—every hope, I think, is lost; and there is nothing that could replace her in my heart! Calpurnia, surely not!

I have known but one woman in whose mild soul there was nothing but love, beauteous humility, and self-denial! Only one! and where is she?

The recollection of Calpurnia's charms and loveliness, of her high accomplishments, will always be a friendly companion to me, like the recollection of a joyfully passed day ; but I think I may promise, it never will disturb my liberty. For this we are too unlike each other. May good gods protect her, and may a worthy husband soon acknowledge her attractions, and reward them with his love !

To-day I write to you no more.—The preparations for my journey, which I carry on with great haste, take up all my leisure. Farewell !”

AGATHOCLES TO PHOCION.

Edessa, June, 301.

“If you can imagine the desperate condition of an exile who, after long wanderings, again beholds the coasts of his native land, and when about to find the end of his sufferings, at once is thrown back by a dreadful storm, and driven upon the inhospitable shore of a barren rock, where—the longed-for land, the aim of his wishes, in constant view,—he must perish by hunger and misery,—then you may conceive my state.—Oh, Phocion ! how inexorably does fate sport with my wishes ! what does it destiny me for, that it leads me through such trials ? I have found her,—I have seen Larissa ! I live under the same roof with her, and—have lost her forever ! Do you comprehend the woe that is in these words ?—I am too agitated to write properly—allow me time to collect myself !”

Then the letter proceeds to relate, that by the wish of his father and the assent of the Augustus, Diocletian, Agathocles has been ordered to join the troops under the commands of Demetrius, a warrior of old renown, strict discipline, and unblemished integrity. This commander has his headquarters near Edessa, at the villa of a citizen, whither his lady also, has repaired to obey the wishes of her husband. Agathocles meets her,—it is Larissa. She is a Christian, married to a Christian, she is lost to him forever.

LARISSA TO JUNIA MARCELLA.

Edessa, June, 301.

“I write to you, dearest friend, with weak, unsteady hand, hardly able to

arrange my thoughts. Perhaps you will have some trouble in deciphering my writing, but it gives me a sort of comfort to tell you what happens within me, and in these gloomy hours, to ask you for advice and consolation.—This, and fervent prayer, unconditional submission to the hand of him who chastises, because he loves,—is for the present all that I have left to uphold me.

Five sad years of separation and manifold sufferings had passed away in want, domestic discord, and cruel treatment of strangers, without my glowing desires, my fervent prayer having succeeded in obtaining from heaven what would have constituted my highest happiness. Why they had not,—what passions, what events interfered to destroy the quiet bliss of a poor heart, you know. Let me be silent ! The grave covers our virtues and our faults with an equally dense veil.—Enough, it was not the will of God ! Then, at the deathbed of my unfortunate father, I gave my hand to Demetrius. All claims to happiness and love I had renounced. Why should I not, by the sacrifice of my desolate heart, purchase for my bereft family a support, for my dying father the last comfort, and for myself an honourable sphere for my destination as a woman ? Three years I now live by the side of this man, three years I bear in silence whatever an arbitrary will and warlike habits can impose upon a woman of so different a mode of thinking. I had gained what I looked for—the esteem of my husband. I offered my sufferings to God, and received from him strength and patience for my calling : I was calm, for in me there was peace. It is now four days since I was sitting lonely in a shadowy bower of the garden that surrounds the villa which now forms the head-quarters of our army and my sojourn. I was preparing some wool for a mantle for Demetrius. That little basket which you know, the sole remainder of a better time, stood before me on the table, and my thoughts roamed in distant regions, when I was called back to the house on some business. A short time after, I returned and went towards the labour. The sight of a stranger who was standing near the table regarding my work-basket, startled me. I dropt my veil and approached. O, dearest

friend! how shall I describe to you my surprise, my terror, and my rapture, when every glance, every look, convinced me, that I saw Agathocles before me! His attention to the basket, which he probably had recognised immediately, prevented him from perceiving me directly. In the first excess of my joy, I was incapable of reflection. I followed the impulse that powerfully drew me to him,—I called him by his name, he recognised me, and in his arms, by his speechless rapture, I felt that my hopes had not deceived me, that I still lived in his heart as freshly as at that time when innocent children we played with each other, untroubled, unseparated by sterner relations. I do not know, how long the happy intoxication lasted, during which I lay on his breast forgetting every thing around me, and having no other feeling than that of the nameless happiness of having found again the object of my inexpressible love. Why could I not die in that moment? why be forced to waken to the consciousness of my misfortunes? The image of Demetrius, the image of my duty, rose fearfully before me. This sudden change, and, perhaps, the violent emotion of a sentiment so strange as joy is to me,—deprived me of my strength. I was about to faint. Supported, pitied by him, I sunk senseless on his breast; and oh! gladly would I have died away in his arms! His voice, that sweet well known sound, called me back into life. Oh, my Junia, into what a life! The first stirrings of my returning senses I had to collect to tell him, that we are separated for ever.—He did not understand me: his ideas, probably, are in this respect far different from mine. I prayed him to leave me,—he could come to no resolution. I trembled at his staying any longer, at the weakness of my heart, at the extinguishing of the remainder of strength which I still felt within me.—Yet I succeeded. His beautiful soul understood me. He left me. When he was gone, when I saw the last fold of his garment disappearing behind the boughs;—then, then I first felt the whole extent of my loss, my whole unhappiness and his! My tears flowed anew so irresistibly, that when my maids came, they had almost to carry me back. But, alas, my Junia! how gladly would I suffer all that God

pleases to impose upon me, if I could but free his noble heart from this burden! The consideration, still to be loved so faithfully, so warmly, by the best of men, was to me, in the first moment, a source of inexpressible joy,—and is still so sometimes in a weak hour: but I can call God to witness, that during the greater part of the time that has since elapsed, my lacerated heart desires with the fulness of desire, that he may forget me, that he may find his rest again, and be as happy as he deserves!

What can,—what must I do now? My conscience frequently calls to me, that every impassioned thought of him is an offence against my duties towards Demetrius, to whom I have, before God, vowed faith and love till my death. Love, indeed, I could not bestow, nor did Demetrius in his years desire it; but faith I am bound to maintain, and *this* is broken not only by the extreme crime into which a woman may sink, but even by too tender an inclination towards another man. This conviction, and the regard for my duty, was hitherto lively enough to give me strength to follow that path which I have marked out as the only right one for me. I have since seen Agathocles no more. The exhaustion in which I find myself since that scene, and which truly borders on illness, has hitherto afforded me an appropriate pretext not to appear where I could possibly meet him. What that costs me God alone knows, before whose father-eye I disclose my sore heart, who alone is witness of my lonely tears.—But how shall I be able long to continue thus? Agathocles serves in the troops who obey the commands of my husband: within a few days he has been appointed his legate: he lives in our house: I cannot, for any length of time, avoid seeing him and associating with him. Demetrius' disposition, which slowly and with difficulty accustoms itself to new objects, made him distant in the commencement even to Agathocles.

From my ignorance of his sojourn in our house, you may conclude, how little attention Demetrius paid to him. This, however, begins to change. I hear my husband frequently, and always with increased esteem, speak of the abilities, the excellent manners, the resolution, &c. of his new legate.—

However pleasing this testimony to Agathocles' virtues may be to me from the lips of so stern a judge,—yet with trembling I see the moment approaching, when he will draw him into the circle of the few whom he honours with his confidence, and whom he likes frequently to have about him. What refuge will then be left to me? What conflicts threaten me then, what sufferings the unhappy man, whom I would so gladly spare every painful feeling! It will not even stop there, it will come to questions, to explanations, which I cannot avoid, nor give entirely according to truth. That is what I tremble for, what terrifies my soul.

For a while I hesitated whether I should tell Demetrius that Agathocles and I had known each other already when children. I weighed the reasons for and against,—at last the wish to have no secret before the man who has the first right to all that concerns me, conquered, and the fear that the very secrecy might cause his suspicion, if accident should betray us. I therefore candidly told him all, and only remained silent about the degree of sentiment which then animated us.—That, I believe, was likewise my duty, particularly as I was resolved vigorously to combat this sentiment. He received this disclosure in what for him, was a kind manner, and I only fear that this very knowledge will draw the youthful playmate of his wife still nearer to him, and thus hasten the moment of meeting. But under the present circumstances, this is not to be avoided, and God will give me strength to bear a burden which he himself has imposed upon me. And truly, he does not require more of us than we are able to perform. Now, my Junia, I have faithfully told you all, and it is to me as if I bore my grief more easily, since I have confided it to you, since I know that you, after having read this letter, will help me to bear it. Pray for me, that God may not forsake me. In him alone is my hope, my trust.—Farewell!

What Larissa anticipated in this letter, actually takes place—Demetrius becomes daily more attached to Agathocles: she cannot avoid meeting him daily. Their sufferings are beautifully described in several letters, but as they are too long to be transcribed

here, we prefer following up our intention of giving merely the leading features of the plot. Agathocles forms a greater intimacy with the Christians, who gain his esteem in the same degree as the Cæsar Galerius hates and despises them. Meanwhile Demetrius' army has gained some advantages over the Persians, and advanced to the city of Nisibis which he besieges in hopes of succours from Galerius. These are, however, frustrated by the jealousy of the Cæsar, and he resolves to storm the city at all hazards.

LARISSA TO JUNIA MARCELLA.

Camp before Nisibis, Sept. 301.

"To-morrow at daybreak Nisibis is to be stormed. All is in readiness.—Demetrius leads on his army: to Agathocles he has, upon his pressing entreaties, trusted one of the most dangerous posts. I understand Agathocles' wish: 'Glory or death!' That manly soul finds comfort in either.—But what is to become of me? This he cruelly passes over without regard. I cannot think coherently, much less write so. Even from you I have no news nearly for two months. My breast is heavily, heavily oppressed. Now my blood is at a stand, then it violently storms through my veins. I have suffered much in my life: such anguish I have never felt. I am not able to pray;—prostrate on my knees I only can lament. Even the comfort of tears fails the agonizing heart. Pray for me, Junia! What do I ask? Wherefore? When this letter reaches you, my fate will long have been decided."

LARISSA TO THE SAME.

Nisibis, September, 301.

"The cup of bitterest sorrow has passed by this time. Nisibis is taken, Demetrius and Agathocles live. The latter is not wounded at all, my husband, though severely, yet not dangerously.

Demetrius owes his life to the faithfulness, the courage, the attachment of his legate. O, my Junia! what happiness is in this thought!

Agathocles at his post, the most dangerous of all, had been the first to storm the wall. What happened there,

the horrible scenes, the frightful forms of death which I heard described, you will not require me to repeat. Enough, after a fight of two hours, our troops, their brave leader at the head, entered the town. Shortly after, Demetrius from the other side, gained the same object. But as they had expected the storm on this weaker part of the town, he found much greater resistance, and the fight was continued on both sides with the most violent exasperation. Thus they gained the market-place, the garrison yielded only step by step: our men had to purchase every inch of ground dearly. Suddenly, when Demetrius with his troops stood already in the place, a far superior band of hostile soldiers rushed out of a bye-street. Demetrius saw his men falling around him, he fought almost alone against the enraged swarm. One of his troops had sufficient presence of mind to hasten to Agathocles, and to inform him of the danger of his commander. He instantly forgot all regard for his own glory, and for the maintenance of the victory already gained, and with a few who bravely followed him, made his way to his leader. He caught the deadly blow that might have terminated the life of my husband, with his sword, covered him, when he sunk down wounded, with his shield, and defended Demetrius' life at the hazard of his own, until a reinforcement of our troops arrived, and permitted the faithful Agathocles now to undertake the care of him whom he had already saved. With filial affection he watched over him, had him carried into a neighbouring house, and made all possible preparations for his safety. As soon as the enemies had entirely withdrawn from the town, he sent for me."

After this event, Agathocles' situation becomes more painful to him than ever: he endeavours to be recalled from his station, but in vain. At last the jealousy of the Cæsar Galerius effects what his entreaties have failed to do—his separation from Demetrius. The old chief is removed from the command, and retires to an estate on the borders of the sea. He is replaced by Marcius Alpinus, a base, profligate character and deadly enemy of Agathocles. Our hero now returns to Nicomedia where he hopes to heal the

wounds of his heart, but another heavy blow awaits him.

AGATHOCLES TO PHOCION.

Nicomedia, November, 301.

"When you receive this letter, my fate is irrevocably decided, and sentence of life or death passed on me.—Larissa is murdered or dragged into captivity. The Goths have made a piratical invasion on the shores of the Bosphorus where her villa is situated. In the first horror of the surprise, Demetrius with his slaves has offered resistance. Report says, he is killed, the house plundered, and all that was living therein, murdered or led away into slavery. How far this dreadful news be true, how far invention or exaggeration,—I go with trembling heart to inquire. The horses are saddled. Tomorrow I shall be on the spot of the horrible decision. Farewell!"

On his arrival at the villa he meets Apelles, a Christian minister, a friend of Larissa's who shortly after the frightful scene has arrived there with the intention of paying a visit to his friends. Both are convinced, by all circumstances, that one of the terribly disfigured corpses must be Larissa. Agathocles' grief knows no bounds, but Apelles succeeds in comforting him by the hopes of another life. He returns to Nicomedia. Here he is introduced to Eutychius, the Bishop of Nicomedia, where he becomes acquainted with the son of the occidental Cæsar Constantius, Constantine, afterwards so well known in history by the name of Constantine the Great. A few months later, the then-entertained hopes for peace vanish, the campaign recommences. Agathocles and Constantine join the army.

AGATHOCLES TO PHOCION.

Hierapolis, May, 302.

"A murderous battle is over, in which thousands have lost their lives, and in which also to me death was fearfully near, and would, without Constantine's heroic love, have numbered me amongst the myriads of his victims. We are defeated, and stand on the right bank of the Euphrates. The camp has been stationed near Hierapolis, but I have followed my com-

mander, my preserver, into the town, whither he was obliged to be conducted on account of his wound,—his wound which he had received for my sake.—He sleeps in the adjoining apartment, and I hasten to inform you of our fate and of my survival, lest an exaggerated report might alarm you, and, in the certainty of our defeat, my silence might fill you with anxiety for my welfare.

Galerius had already, during the past year, in vain waited for an opportunity to revenge on the Persians, by a decisive victory, the disgraceful end of Valerianus and the dishonour of the Roman name; but at present he sought with more haste than prudence, to give battle. An evil destiny made him select for its theatre, the boundless sand-fields of Carrhae where already, in former times, Crassus with his legions had found his ruin in the treacherous soil and the glowing heat. Whether he had received false reports, or trusted too much to his own strength,—at all events, he furiously attacked the Persians, far superior in number, against the advice of all his commanders. The conflict became hot: the Romans perceived the superior forces of the enemies,—their own danger, but also remembered the honour of their name, and the disgrace which they had to revenge. Our troops fought with unheard-of bravery; but the faithless sand gave way beneath our feet, and the perpendicular beams of the sun made our armour an intolerable burden. The Persians continually reinforced by fresh troops, renewed themselves incessantly like the head of the Hydra, and constantly offered fresh opponents to our weary arms. Their whole strength now threw itself upon the centre of our army: it was broke, and confusion and disorder soon became general. Constantine alone had sufficient presence of mind and coolness to draw his troops unconfused by the universal noise, in firmly closed ranks, towards the bridge which leads over the Euphrates, and thus to preserve the hope of retreat. The dispersed bands now fled in wild haste towards the river, and many found their graves in the waters. Tiridates—to whom, as the principal cause of the war, every Persian directed his attention, and who too proud to purchase an inglorious safety by disguise,—even now galloped through the ranks

saving what still was to be saved, suddenly found himself alone, surrounded by a great troop of Persians. Resistance was impossible. He gave his horse the spur, and galloped to the Euphrates. The enemies had reached him, no safety remained but in the waves. In full armour he threw himself into the foaming flood,—I considered him lost, but with gigantic power he contended against the element and gained the distant shore where our men received him with loud shouts of joy. The Persians then endeavoured to harass the passage of our small band, but Constantine defended the bridge with equal circumspection and courage. Then the leader of the enemies rode up:—Constantine's simple armour probably deceived him:—he took me for his adversary, and in hopes to gain the 'spolia opima,' he brandished his sword over me. I was standing with my back turned towards him: the powerful stroke would have killed me, had not Constantine caught it on his shield and arm. It was only at the moment of my escape, that I perceived my danger: I turned round, and my sword revenged the menaced life and the wound of Constantine.—The Persian fell, his men dispersed, we rode unmolested over the bridge which was immediately broken down behind us, and now, for the first time, when we leapt from our horses, I found a moment to thank my preserver. He also now first felt his wound, and sunk half fainting into my arms. You are mine, cried he, I have purchased you with my blood! I pressed him to my heart: our souls, not our lips, swore each other everlasting faith. I carried him out of the tumult, his people hastened to him, and every thing that love and attachment could think of, was done to alleviate his condition. His wound is deep, but not dangerous. I live about him, I sleep by his side, a thousand little ties join us every day closer, my heart willingly and joyfully opens itself to those sentiments, prospects, and plans, which let me look into a happier futurity, when Constantine's relations, principles, and friendship for me, will appear in a brighter light. In such far grasping projects for mankind, private grief is lost,—and in the loud call of duty towards the human race, the voice of bitter recol-

lection grows silent, or, at least, leaves our mind time to convince itself that we are not intended for individual happiness, and, accordingly, to renounce many things, and to lay claim to few !"

The war continues to rage, the Cæsar Galerius surprises the Persians at night ; their camp is stormed, the greater number of their warriors slain, Narses himself narrowly escapes. Agathocles distinguishes himself honourably, is on the field of battle raised to the dignity of a Tribune, and ordered to carry the glorious tidings of the victory to Diocletian, who honours him with a solemn public entry into Nicomedia, and rewards him with rich presents. Shortly after, peace is concluded, and a few months later, the Augustus creates him a tribune in the Jovians, the imperial guards. Already for a length of time he had entertained a high esteem for the persecuted Christians and their principles. He becomes daily more convinced of the sublimity of their religion, which coincides so much with his own views, that, at last, he is received amongst the number of the faithful. His letters to Phocion, explanatory of the reasons of his conversion, are excellent.

Meanwhile we hear again of Larissa. She has, in man's clothes, escaped the slaughter, but having been overtaken by the Goths, she is made prisoner, and led away into captivity. Her amiable character gains the esteem of the Gothic chief to whose share she has fallen, and the love of one of his daughters. She is obliged to disclose her sex, and the noble Fritiger embraces her as his child. At length a christian apostle, Heliodorus, arrives amongst the Goths, and converts a number of those barbarians to the religion of the Cross. He is an old friend of Larissa :—she desires to return to her native home, and Fritiger, though unwilling, is at length prevailed upon to let her depart. She then assumes her Christian name, *Theophania*, and as a traveller arrives near Nicomedia, but many circumstances persuade her, that her beloved Agathocles is about to be married to Calpurnia, the daughter of Piso, then proconsul of that province. Her noble heart cannot think of tearing him from this supposed affection, she determines to sacrifice herself—to fly and to suffer in silence. She retires to Nicaea, where, besides her other sor-

rows, she is exposed to the importunities of the profligate and thoroughly depraved Marcus Alpinus, whom our readers already know as the successor of Demetrius. About this time a new horrible persecution of the Christians commences at Nicaea. Larissa, accompanied by her old friend Heliodorus, leaves the place, and goes to Nicomedia, where she takes refuge in an hospital of Christian widows, situated in the outskirts of that city. In the eastern capital, however, equal cruelties await her brethren.—

CONSTANTINE TO CNEIUS FLORIANUS.

Nicomedia, February, 308.

"It is with a much troubled mind, my father, that I send you this letter. Still, this night a trusty messenger will clandestinely leave the harbour with it and bring it to Byzantium, whence it is to be forwarded in the usual way. The town is shut, and all in a hollow ferment. This morning suddenly and unexpectedly the blow has fallen which revenge and party-rage had long since secretly prepared. At daybreak strong divisions of the body-guard silently and mysteriously marched through the streets towards all the Christian churches. The fastened doors were violently burst in, the most sacred places broken open, torn out—vessels, writings, books, all thrown into one heap and burnt, and at last the churches themselves furiously destroyed and levelled to the ground. Terror and astonishment were the first effects of this unexpected event on the already afflicted Christians. But by degrees some took courage, and with inconsiderate zeal determined for their most sacred cause to resist superior force, or die on the ruins of their churches. One of such scenes caused others of a similar kind ; in a few hours the whole town was in a revolutionary agitation :—in all streets, near all the temples, the great struggle of Polytheism with Christianity was exhibited on a minor scale, everywhere cruelties, dead and wounded were to be seen. The more prudent kept themselves locked up in their houses—even of the heathen the better sort were not seen taking any share in the savage excesses of their party. The mob only raged against the mob, but therefore the more revollingly and atrociously.

The chief men among us expected

every moment to be brought to trial. I was, and am still prepared for every thing. It is more than probable that Galerius, whose violence bears the evident stamp of his savage mind, did not by these measures aim merely at the extirpation of a detested religion, but at the ruin of several individuals whom he feared.

Agathocles shared my suspicions and my anticipations. Imperious circumstances had several days ago determined him to confess his creed openly. His refusal to become instrumental against the Christians served the gloomy Galerius as a welcome pretext. In the name of the Augustus he was ordered to give up his office as a tribune. He obeyed quickly and readily. When this news was reported in the quarters of the soldiers, disturbance and clamour arose amongst his faithful men, who would not part with their beloved leader. With an impetuosity which still evinced the spirit of the old pretorians, they pressed into the imperial palace, and demanded the return of their chief. Weakness preposterously revoked what passion and revenge had inflicted in an equally preposterous manner. On their shields, with loud rejoicings, they carried their commander home to his dwelling. There he remained for some time unmolested. They did not venture to give him any charge of importance, for in their meanness they were afraid, lest he might abuse the power entrusted to him. But they surrounded him, as well as myself, from all sides with listeners and spies. We calmly bore our common fate, and kept ourselves quiet, especially this day, when caution became every prudent man. Towards the evening Agathocles left me, in order to reach his distant quarter before nightfall. He was accompanied by a single slave: mantle and cap concealed his dress and his rank, and a short sword was all his safety. On his way a confused noise and lamenting voices strike his ear. Acquainted with the scenes of to-day, he hastens towards the tumult, and finds a band of soldiers and a mob crying and shouting, gathered round the altar of a Pagan Deity, before a little temple, where they are in the act of forcing a poor woman with her child to eat of the flesh of a victim which a fanatic idol-priest forces upon them. The un-

happy woman constantly refuses. Now one of the barbarians tears the child away from her, and threatens to throw it into the sacrificial flames. The despair of the mother, the cries of the agonizing child pierce Agathocles' breast, and impel him to do what prudence could not approve of. He presses into the circle, and proclaims peace in the name of the Emperor. He represents to them, that the edict only requires the cessation of the Christian ceremonies, not the adoption of the pagan. When does a furious mob listen to the voice of reason?—They overpower his voice by clamour, and drag the woman by the hair to the altar. Then anger overcomes him: he tears the child from the soldier, returns it to the mother, and defends her and the boy against the aggression of the enraged people. But the multitude increases every moment. From the woman and the child their madness turns against the new object. With spears, swords, and all sorts of weapons, with which chance and wild rage arm ignorance, they press upon him. He leaves the unfortunate woman, whose preservation perhaps may cost him his life, to the slave who accompanies him. He would fain not desert his master, yet a severe order commands obedience, and they let him fly unmolested with the rescued woman. But Agathocles becomes the victim of their rage. Severely covered with wounds, he sinks down, and when his mantle is flung back, the nearest perceive with terror, that they have killed an officer of the body-guard. They make their escape; the frightened mob disperses—Agathocles is left alone, swimming in blood.—The slave had immediately hurried to the quarters of his master, and announced to the faithful soldiers the danger of their leader. They storm out,—but when they arrive at the spot, all is lonely, and with horror and grief they find a seeming corpse. They approach,—he is still breathing: with male arts their love endeavours to stop the blood of his many wounds, and some of the soldiers, secret Christians, determine to carry him to the best place which they know under such circumstances,—into the widows' house of the Christians, who in the neighbourhood of this town occupy themselves with works of charity, and amongst whom, in these days, many a sufferer has already found protection. The

guards at the gate let them pass, on being informed of their object, and now the slave hastens back to bring me the woful tidings. My name opens the closed town gates:—I fly to my friend. Pale, motionless, insensible, I find him in the hands of two women: the younger one, bathed in tears, had hardly retained sufficient presence of mind, to undertake the treatment of the wounded man. I never saw such emotion in a stranger. I stepped to Agathocles, I seized his hand, I called him by name: at last he opened his heavy eye, looked staring around him without recognising anything, and immediately closed it again. Now the agitation of the stranger seemed to increase still more: she trembled so violently that I advised her, rather to leave him, if the sight was perhaps too horrible to her. She looked glaring at him and wild at me: “For no price in the world—not for my salvation!” she answered passionately, with a trembling voice, and continued more busily her sad occupation. The surgeon came—an aged priest: he examined the wounds: with anxiety I expected his opinion. Still paler than the wounded man himself, and with a feverish trembling that shook her whole frame, the woman was waiting for his decision. At length he declared that the wounds, though dangerous, were not fatal. Here the stranger, with a cry of joy, sank down and fainted: they had to carry her away. I remained behind a while, and enquired after the stranger, whose conduct had struck me with surprise. Nothing of what I heard, was able to give me an explanation, or to lead me to any supposition. Agathocles did not recover so as to be able fully to collect his senses, and in this state I left him at last, not to endanger my own safety, and to write to you immediately the events of this remarkable day. What passes within my soul you may imagine; you know what the cause of my fellow-citizens, my future plans, and Agathocles, are to me!

The night is far advanced—the messenger waits. Farewell.”

THEOPHANIA TO JUNIA MARCELLA.

Micromedia, February 24th.

“As soon as I felt my heart somewhat calmed, I sat down to write to

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you, and to tell you, that it is impossible for me, with sufficient firmness to close my eyes against the fair prospects that open before me. Was it then not a mere unmeaning accident that from the shores of the Goths brought me hither—that just at this moment, destined me to be the nurse of the sick, and delivered the beloved friend into my care? He is a Christian. How can he give his hand to Calpurnia? How can he, who entertained such lofty ideas of the harmony of souls, love a girl that on the most important subject of man thinks so differently from him?—O Junia! what blissful consequences are hid in these questions! But as yet I must restrain my heart—as yet I dare not give myself up to them, and above all, Agathocles must not yet know who I am. However, he may feel for me, whatever may be his relation to Calpurnia, a precipitate discovery might endanger his life. As yet I must remain concealed; but time, I trust, and living near him, soon must solve my doubts, and then he shall by degrees divine who it was that wept and watched by his couch, or—I fly with my unextinguishable grief from him, from my country, from the world, and bury myself in deep solitude, on which thy friendship alone is sometimes to cast a beam of consolation.”

The 24th, evening.

“My doubts are solved—my fate is decided! Oh! it was foolish, it was presumptuous, even for a moment to give way to such unfounded hopes!

“Last night, when it was already growing dark, I ventured to enter his apartment. He looked at me kindly, and saluted me as his *mute benefactress*. I bowed without answering, and occupied myself at a table arranging his bandages. Just then a waiting woman of the house came to inform Agathocles, that one of his slaves was there wishing to speak to him. He bade him come in. Just God! who came?—A beautiful boy in a neat slave-dress entered. The light-brown hair floated in rich tresses around his white forehead and blooming cheeks. The charming form fitted nearer his bed. I recognised her—it was Calpurnia! Agathocles also, who before had looked upon her with surprise, guessed the

truth. He was alarmed visibly. 'Cal,' he exclaimed, but with inconceivable composure the frivolous girl interrupted him: 'Callias, yes your faithful Callias it is, who could not possibly hear of the danger of his master without convincing himself of it. With these words she stood by his bed. He took her hand. I saw him blushing and growing pale again,—I saw the glowing looks she cast upon him,—the happy intoxication with which his bright eye was gliding over the charming form and with rapture dwelt on the beautiful features before him. Then I heard him thanking her, with deeply affected voice, for her kindness, and the terror that first had chained me to the spot, melted into wild sorrow. A violent sobbing so overwhelmed me, that the happy couple, surprised, looked round at me. I fled. Oh! God! thus end my hopes!"

Two hours later.

"I had intended not to see him again—to enter his room no more. I would have adhered to my resolution, but Tabitha was busy with another sick person, when Heliodorus came to visit Agathocles in the evening, and thus I was obliged to go along with him to render some little assistance. . . . Our occupation was not yet finished, when the fine young man entered who on the previous evening had evinced so much sympathy for Agathocles.—The eyes of the patient flashed with joy. 'Constantine!' he exclaimed, and the stranger clung to his breast. Long they held each other embraced. That then was Constantine, the son of the occidental Cæsar, who once had saved Agathocles' life. Now I could explain his sympathy of last night. How endeared did he become to me by this love! How gladly would I have sunk to his feet, to thank him for the life of his friend! Thus, then, do I still love him! Thus, then, this flame will never become extinct! Thus, then, no levity, no grievance, is able to heal me! Oh I am weak even to contemptibility. I condemn myself for it; but I can—I cannot help it. Deeply with my existence, with the finest threads of my life, this love is intertwined,—only with them will it be severed. O do not be angry with me, Junia! I fly soon—soon to you!"

THEOPHANIA TO JUNIA MARCELLA.

Nicomedia, 20th February, 303.

"What awaits me! To what dreadful step will the rugged Heliodorus force me! I am to discover myself to Agathocles, now, under these circumstances, and without delay! If I refuse to do so, in a suitable manner,—he has threatened to go himself, and without regard to my feelings,—for what are love and delicacy to such austere virtue—to tell it straightforward. What is left to me?"

Some hours later.

"Like an angel sent from God, suddenly the thought has come to me, to address myself to the noble Constantine. He is Agathocles' friend; he cannot be wanting in that delicacy which the treatment of this relation requires. I shall write to him: my letter will contain my preservation in Trachene, my liberation by Heliodorus, my sojourn in Synthium, in Nicaea, and the reasons which hitherto have guided my actions. Constantine would not be so noble as fame and features proclaim him to be, if he had no feeling for my situation, no firm will to solve the painful relation between us, in such a manner as is best for his friend and for me. He knows his heart, he will be able to judge of the effect which this discovery must have upon him. Oh, if he—I shall presingly entreat him so—if he could arrange it so, that Agathocles himself would be satisfied never to see me again! It is a dreadful idea! I conceive its necessity, but still I tremble at it. I cannot yet embrace it entirely.—Never!"

Later,

"With the certainty that I am to see him no more, I have yesterday and to-day enjoyed the sole happiness left to me. To enter his room I dared no more, since eight days ago Calpurnia's visit drove me from it. Tabitha has undertaken the care of him: I, in return, wait upon her patients; but in the adjoining room I linger as long as I am able. There I hear him breathing, speaking, sighing,—ah! for whom? It is a painful enjoyment, but it is my sole, my last! Soon I shall be obliged to renounce even this! Then his voice

will waken no more a thousand sweet feelings and recollections in my breast,—then I shall have no more care to bestow upon him,—then all, all is lost! Oh, Junia!

Perhaps I shall follow this letter soon: by to-morrow my fate is decided! —I come quickly, quickly!”

THEOPHANIA TO JUNIA MARCELLA.

Nicomedia, 29th Febr. 306.

“Junia! Junia! I am happy, I am inexpressibly happy! Why can I not give wings to my letter, to let you this moment share my joy! I am happy, I am so entirely happy, that I fear nothing but the excess; for it is impossible that my bliss should maintain itself long in this strength and purity. Hear then the joyful tidings, and rejoice with me as heartily as hitherto you have heartily grieved with me.”

Here she proceeds to relate her interview with Constantine, to whom she has delivered the letter mentioned in her last communication to Junia Marcella. Early the following morning the prince visits Agathocles. The particulars of his interview, and the effect of his tidings upon the patient our readers may anticipate. Then the letter continues:

“I was awakened by Heliodorus’ voice, which sternly called to me: ‘Theophania, follow me! Agathocles desires to see you!’ I tottered, hardly was I able to obey him. Oh, what decision was I going to hear!

At the opened door I stood hesitating. Heliodorus drew me into the apartment. I know not what happened to me,—heaven and earth had vanished from my senses:—then a voice of most heartfelt love awakened me. ‘Larissa, my Larissa!’ cried Agathocles. I looked up, I saw him bent far forward, stretching his arms towards me, as if he would rush to meet me. ‘Larissa!’ he called once more. Now all was forgotten. I flew to his breast, I

knew nothing more of the world, I knew nothing but that I was loved! My joy was quickly changed into terror. Agathocles lay pallid, with his eyes closed, in my arms. I cried for help: then he raised his eye, and fixed a look upon me. Ah, Junia! all heaven was in this look! ‘You live,’ began he now after a while, ‘you live,—you are free, you are mine!’ — — —

It hardly will be necessary to add, that Agathocles then leads his beloved Larissa to the altar. With the marriage, ordinary writers would, as usual, have concluded the story; but Madame Pichler’s Agathocles is more than a *lover*, he is an *hero*, a Christian hero. The lofty ideas he and Constantine have conceived, to raise the Christian religion upon the tottering ruins of Polytheism, remain yet to be brought into action. Diocletian abdicates: Galerius is proclaimed successor to the Augustus. Meanwhile every thing has been secretly prepared by Constantine to raise his standard in the West. But spies betray his plans, he is overtaken in Chalcedon, brought back to Nicomedia, and cast into prison. His death is determined on: with him all the grand prospects of the Christians would have vanished, perhaps, for ever. Agathocles resolves to die for him. He bribes the guard, enters the prison, and prevails on the prince to fly, disguised in *his* dress. Galerius infuriated at Constantine’s escape, knows no mercy: Larissa’s husband falls a victim of his friendship for the preserver of his life and his faith, and a martyr for his religion. She retires with her children into solitude.

These extracts will, we trust, convince our readers, that Madame Pichler is an authoress above the common level of novelists; but having already occupied so much space with translations, we must, for the present, refrain from commenting any further upon her merits and works, and defer this to some future occasion.

HYMN TO EVENING.

Εἴσαο τὰς τὰς φῆλιν ἱερὰν.—SAPPHO.

Hail sweetest Eve! All pleasant things are thine ;
 The social meal, the spirit-stirring wine ;
 Th' unutter'd joy which thrills the mother's breast,
 As on it sinks her smiling babe to rest.
 All hail, sweet Eve! How grateful is thy close
 To him who toils—how sweet is *his* repose :
 So feels the peasant when the day is done,
 Greeting with silent hymn the setting sun.
 E'en storm-nurs'd seamen on their native main
 Bless in their hearts thy brief and gentle reign.
 In cities too, the industrious artizan
 Bound to one spot from morning's earliest dawn,
 Earns with more cheerfulness his scanty fee,
 Sweetening the long day's toil with thoughts of thee!
 With thoughts of thee, and of his own lov'd home,
 Whither Restraint, his demon, cannot come ;
 But where Affection's cup, full to the brim,
 And unexhausted ever, waits for him!
 All hail, sweet Eve! Where deserts outstretch'd lie
 Beneath the ardour of a cloudless sky,
 Droops the faint traveller in the mid-day blaze,
 And shrinks before the Sun's relentless gaze,
 And dreams of springs that from the sand-hills burst,
 And long—long draughts to slake his burning thirst :
 But oh, how leaps his very heart to see
 The lengthening shadow promise give of thee.
 All hail, sweet Eve! What joys fond lovers feel,
 When from the mocking crowd's rude gaze they steal
 To roam unseen thro' forests' twilight shade,
 Or by the unruffled stream, or loud cascade,
 To gaze in silence on thy silv'ry star,
 Which seems to smile upon them from afar,
 While drunk of heart they own Love's twin-born power—
 Deep feelings murmuring forth—sweet evening hour!

All hail, sweet Eve! There is an unmark'd grave,
 O'er which the dark-leav'd mourners sadly wave ;
 Tall weeds and o'er-fed grass grow heavily there,
 And you may hardly breathe the still dull air—
 That spot is dear to me as the warm sun—
 Oh! not a leaf but I have wept upon!
 No wild-flow'r of the spot, whose darksome hue
 Tells of the tainted ground, now drinks the dew,
 But lives within my heart for aye to be
 Water'd by tears of saddest memory!
 Sweet evening hour! I bless thy glad return,
 In secret o'er that narrow mound to mourn ;
 Far from the crowd—the vain, the cold, the gay,
 To bend me o'er that fondly-cherish'd clay,
 And in thy ear alone to pour—apart,
 The lone, sear'd hope of my forsaken heart!
 All hail, sweet Eve! Sweet Eve all hail again!
 The Sun is set—the Stars are met—Amen.

ADVENTURES IN SOUTH AMERICA.

NO. II.—THE DOLPHIN.

It was late one evening when, after spending the day ashore, I went down to the beach with the intention of going on board the *Dolphin*. I found Seyton before me, loitering along the strand, and waiting for a boat for which he had given orders in the morning. We were for some time together, owing to some unexpected delay in the arrival of the boat, and we spent our time in conversing on some information which had reached us that day, and which was of much importance to the service in which we were engaged. I was glad of this opportunity of conversing alone with Seyton, as it enabled me to draw from him an account of the manner in which he first got possession of the *Dolphin*, which was then lying at anchor within sight of the spot where we were walking. I had often heard allusions made to it, and was anxious to ascertain the particulars from Seyton himself, for though I had joined that sloop, which was under his command, and been a good deal with him, and had entered into all the amusements and usual pursuits, and had a part in some of the adventures of him and his companions, I yet never knew all the particulars of the manner in which he obtained that beautiful sloop, I was therefore well pleased when I prevailed on him to give me a detailed account of that adventure.

"Well," said he, "as it will illustrate the kind of roving and reckless life we have been leading, it may perhaps have some little interest for you who have so lately joined us, and are yet unacquainted with our habits. We had been at anchor for some weeks a few miles from Santara, and were obliged to have recourse to every kind of amusement, hitherto known or unknown, that we could possibly command to lessen and enliven the dull monotony of a ship at anchor, under a vertical

sun, for, though we were in almost daffy expectation of the arrival of our friends, for we were then proposing to attack Alanzos, and though we were on that account in a state of some excitement at the prospect of some active work, yet our time on board was on the whole a very dull and heavy concern. We used therefore almost every day to make up a party and go ashore to wander among the woods, or shoot the little game that we could find there, and this, as having something of variety in it, was preferable to the stupid tedium of lounging about the deck. On one of these occasions our party was very numerous, as we proposed to visit a very beautiful waterfall at some distance in the woods, and Mrs. B., of whom you have often heard among us, accompanied us; she had obtained the consent of her husband, Captain B., and took possession of my arm as her selected guardian on the occasion; as I always felt quite conscious that her society heightened the enjoyment I experienced in such wild wanderings, I felt much sincere pleasure in finding myself visiting with her the very beautiful and romantic scene which was the object of our ramble. Nothing very unusual occurred during our ramble, which occupied the greater portion of the day, till, after being much gratified and afterwards much wearied, we returned to the beach, where we expected to find our boats in readiness to take us on board our ship, for we had desired them to come for us before sunset. As the evening gun had already been fired and it was now dusk, we were a good deal disappointed at finding that the boats had not yet arrived, and as we waited on the beach and looked out to seaward for them, we grew somewhat anxious for their arrival, feeling that it would be very far from pleasant to be obliged to spend our

night in the woods of that wild and lonely place. While we were in this state of suspense night came rapidly on and still no boats arrived. Our party soon divided into several smaller groups and wandered along the beach, to while away the time as they best might, and in this state some hours passed away and still no boats arrived. It was now so late that it was thought prudent to make some preparation for remaining the night there, as it now appeared to be no very improbable event, and as we recollected having passed by a small Indian hut about a quarter of a mile in the wood, it was suggested by Mrs. B. that we should take shelter in it till morning, or at least till our boats should arrive; we immediately acted on this suggestion, and were not long in finding the hut, which was inhabited by only two aged and very feeble old men. We stated our circumstances and were received with evident kindness; they immediately made a large fire in the centre of the hut, which, as the night was cold, was very acceptable, and they then brought a thick mat and kindly gave it to me for Mrs. B. to lie down on. I placed it in a corner, and though at first she was a little fearful, yet her timidity was soon removed by my promising to keep strict watch and ward over her in case she should fall asleep, she then lay down and was almost immediately asleep, for she was much wearied with the length of the day's rambling. The rest of our party seated themselves round the fire or stretched themselves at full length along the floor, and many of them were soon asleep, while Calcraft and myself agreed, in compliance with the wishes of Mrs. B. to act as sentinels on the occasion, we therefore paraded before the hut for a long time, occasionally strolling towards the beach, to ascertain whether our boats had arrived. In this state we spent above an hour, and having seen how peaceably all matters were proceeding outside the hut, we proposed to have a look at the inside.

"The appearance of the interior of the hut was singular at that moment. We had left a large wood-fire blazing strongly and brightly on the floor, so as to fully illuminate the entire apartment; it had now almost wholly burned out, and very little remained except the large and glowing pieces of charcoal which were still red, but had

ceased to emit any flame; they threw around them on every object a deep red colouring that gave a very striking appearance to the persons who surrounded it. We had left our friends all awake and conversing on various subjects, when we first left them to look out during the night, and we now found them, without a single exception, either sleeping or dosing in some one position or another; some were still sitting, others were in a reclining posture, while the greater portion were stretched at full length on the floor, and as the red light of the glowing wood fell on their faces and persons, it had a very peculiar effect; indeed, the large mustachoes of some, and the glittering uniform of others, the plain and unadorned sailor's dress of a few, and the belts, and swords, and pistols, and fowling-pieces of more, when shone on by that peculiar light, gave them the appearance of a sleeping banditti, rather than a party of gentlemen, so that Calcraft and myself felt considerably amused as we entered the hut. It was no part of the object of our visit to speak to any of them, and we therefore were not disposed to awake or disturb them, and so were returning again to the open air, when I wished—it was a thought that just crossed my mind—to see whether my friend, Mrs. B., was comfortable on her little Indian mat; so I returned, and stepping towards the corner where she lay, stumbled over one of our young men, who was stretched at full length exactly in my way, and was not visible to me in the feeble light; I fell flat on my face, and was some moments before I regained my footing; in the mean time he started up, and springing on his feet, proved to be the coarse and savage Johnston: he had been dreaming of an attack, and being thus roused, cursed and swore, as usual, in his furious fashion; the accident had well-nigh proved a fatal one for me, for he was in a towering passion, and having drawn his sword, was cutting me down before I had time to draw and defend myself, when Calcraft, who was always as quick as lightning wherever swords were seen, saw my danger, and springing forward, received on his own weapon, the blow that was aimed at me. All this was the work of a moment; and before another instant pas-

sed, our whole party was awakened and every sword was unsheathed—the confusion and danger were dreadful, for the light was scarcely sufficient to enable us to identify each other, and they, suddenly wakened from their sleep by the clash of weapons, imagined they had been attacked, and prepared to defend themselves. I was much angered at Johnston having struck at me, and, without giving myself time to reflect, I sprung on him, and would have buried my dirk to the very hilt in him, when Mrs. B., who was the first to perceive that it was all a mistake, rushed between us. We were all of us in the habit of paying her a most chivalrous respect, we instantly lowered our weapons, and a moment was sufficient to explain the mistake, which was so near proving dangerous to some of us: in a minute we all shook hands, laughed at ourselves, and at one another, and then talked about our boats which had not yet arrived.

“After a short time Calcraft and I again left them, and were talking over what had just passed as we strolled towards the beach; we had not proceeded far when we heard footsteps behind us, and on turning round Mrs. B., in an instant, was at my side, and reproved me in her gentle way for leaving her. The influence that that lovely woman always possessed over me, arose altogether from the circumstances in which we were fortuitously placed; during our long and tedious voyage, we were much together, owing to her gentle disposition being unable to consort itself to the somewhat rude and boisterous manners of our companions; and, unfortunately, her husband, Captain B—— was a man who, notwithstanding the exquisite polish of his manners, was in no other particular suited to the companion of this affectionate, confiding and romantic woman. She was fond of reading, and he was as fond of gambling; and so, while he wasted his days with those suited to his taste, she used to apply to me for my books, and before long, arising from some points of similarity in our taste, we read and conversed much, perhaps too much, together; at all events, she soon acquired a great influence over me, and as she was not long in discovering it, she, in the fashion of all womankind, not unfre-

quently excited it. On the present occasion she was afraid that my feelings had been too much excited by what had just occurred, and being anxious to disarm my resentment, lest it should lead to any personal rencontre with Johnston, whom she knew I disliked, was resolved not to let me leave her till she felt satisfied that all unpleasant feelings had passed from my mind; there was no need of this, for I really viewed the affair in its true light, namely, as a very natural mistake in a man suddenly awakened under such circumstances; so, after a few kind sentiments on her part, and a few sincere promises on mine, we talked on some other matters, in which we both felt a very warm interest. Calcraft had walked on before us in order to let us speak without the constraint of his presence; and when Mrs. B. and I arrived at the beach we observed him looking out to seaward, and seemingly listening to something with breathless attention; on joining him he asked us to listen, for he thought he had heard voices from the sea; we paused, and listened, and after some time distinctly heard them like the short and quick direction given for the management of a ship, but observing that the sounds came from a point precisely opposite to that in which we expected our boats, we agreed that it must be some vessel making for the harbour, or perhaps one of those pirates which we heard were occasionally seen along these coasts. We had scarcely formed this opinion, when Mrs. B., whose sight was very quick, said eagerly that she saw a ship approaching us rapidly along the shore; in a few minutes it neared us so quickly and closely, that we thought it prudent to fall back and conceal ourselves among the brushwood that grew almost to the water's edge. We were well pleased afterwards that we had thus concealed ourselves, for she passed so very close along the shore that she could have distinctly seen us even in the darkness had we remained where we were; and as her appearance was somewhat suspicious, we felt pleasant at her having passed us unobserved: she was a sloop of war in miniature, and lay very deep in the water—and, as she shot past us and was out of sight, in a minute, we were all struck with the

quickness of her sailing, and remarked to one another that she seemed well suited for the pirate life to which our conjectures assigned her.

"It was some time after this, that our boats arrived, and as it was now midnight instead of sunset, I reproved the boatmen for the delay. They excused themselves however, at once, by stating that they had been detained at the wharf, and not allowed to put off, by the order of the government at Santara, and that the moment they were permitted, they came away. After we were all well seated in the boats, and were pulling towards the *Sylph*, the whole affair was explained, for the sailors informed us, that shortly after sunset, several government boats, well-manned, had left the wharf on some secret expedition, and that after some hours, they returned with a famous pirate sloop, which they had suddenly boarded, and captured without firing a shot—Calcraft mentioned what we had seen, and shortly afterwards we were on board the *Sylph*. Such was the first I ever saw or heard of the *Dolphin*.

"Some days afterwards I was led by an affair, which was altogether of a personal nature, and which I shall not mention, as it has no connexion with this adventure, to go in one of our boats to Santara.—The affair was of such a nature that I was unwilling any one should be with me, and so I left my usual companions behind me: the distance was about five miles, and as we neared the villages, we were obliged to pass through a number of merchantmen and small craft that lay at anchor in the little bay or harbour. I was steering our boat, or rather I was seated with the intention of steering her, when my thoughts were so much occupied with my affairs, that I really forgot my steering, until I was called to by my boatmen, and reminded that I was running quite away from the landing place. I immediately perceived that I had run outside, instead of inside the shipping in the harbour, so I at once set the boat's head aright, and steered directly for the wharf where we designed to land—in doing this, it so chanced that it was necessary to pass alongside of the little pirate sloop, that had been captured a few nights before, and was laying there with a guard of soldiers on board, and as we pulled by her, we could not avoid praising her beautiful

form, so admirably adapted for sailing—one of my men remarked with a laugh, that she was just the vessel he would like to have of his own, and another swore, with a tremendous oath that if she was his property, he would soon turn pirate himself, I merely added, that it must be a fast sailer that could run her down, if she was ably managed; "I wish your honor had her," said Jack Somers, and the wish was soon repeated by the other boatmen, and I said by way of reply, "If I had her, she would not be long laying asleep there, my lads," to which Jack rejoined, with his usual oath, "if you had, Captain, she had never been taken by these black land-lubbers—blow me, if you would not sink her before they should touch her—you'd have given them plenty of canister and grape—you'd have pistolled every soul of them as fast as they came on deck"—this led to a conversation among my men, while they pulled their oars, about her powers of sailing, about the best mode of attacking or defending her, and then on the various accounts they had heard of the mode in which she was captured—we soon reached the wharf, and I landed.

"I designed remaining ashore that night, and so dined with a merchant who resided there, and with whom I was on what might be called in such a place, intimate terms: he had commenced life as the agent of a wealthy Spanish house at Cadiz, but, having married a native who possessed some fortune, and many personal attractions, he set up for himself, and as he had acquired a considerable income by trade, he was esteemed at Santara as a man of much affluence and respectability; before I left him and his amiable family for the night, he told me that he expected a number of young people, indeed as many as the place afforded, to a kind of evening party, in a few days, and commissioned me to invite all our officers on the occasion. I knew this would be a very acceptable message to my companions, who were very fond of these parties, as they made them acquainted with the young native girls, many of whom were very beautiful, so I promised at once for their attendance, and retired. I did not expect my boat next day till late, and so, having some idle hours on my hands, I strolled along the banks of the Rio

Maura. I seated myself at a pleasant spot, and began to muse on the past and the future—the scene was very beautiful, the river was somewhat confined at the place, and rolled on very rapidly, the woods were very luxuriant along both banks, and the perfume of the verbina was delicious: on the opposite bank, a short way down the stream, I observed an Indian hut, and just as my eye was resting on it, I saw, to my no small surprise, young George Sampson, our surgeon, coming out of it, he soon perceived me, with as much surprise as my own, and getting into a little canoe belonging to the people of the hut, which was in the stream fastened to the bank, he immediately paddled her over and joined me.

"After mutual greetings, for we had not met for some days, indeed from the day of our visit to the waterfall, we seated ourselves on the bank of the river. We were completely embowered in rich and beautifully blossoming shrubs; along the edge of the water was a profusion of water-plants, the flowers of which bore every colour of the rainbow, as they dipped their heads in the stream, or waved them to and fro in the current; the opposite bank was lined with the richest and thickest foliage of the natural woods, and as the river took a bend at the spot where we were sitting, we had a view up the stream for some distance—it was altogether a very beautiful spot, and had the appearance, and indeed the reality of perfect solitude, so that we felt disposed, by the influence such scenery often has on us, to speak to each other in the most unrestrained way. After a good deal of bantering, and laughing over the circumstances which brought us both to Santara at that time, we talked a good deal also about what had occurred in the hut on the evening of our visit to the waterfalls, this led us to speak of the pirate which Calcraft and Mrs. B——, and myself, had seen the same evening; and Sampson, after a short pause in which he seemed to be thinking very intently on something, turned to me and asked, "have you seen her since she came into harbour?" I answered, "Yes—I ran my boat alongside of her yesterday." Upon which he asked, "but were you aboard of her?" I told him I had not gone aboard, and then mentioned the circumstances under which I ran along-

side of her. "I wish," he added with great earnestness, "I wish you had gone on board and seen her—she is a beautiful thing!" I said, that I had remarked as we passed her, that she seemed made for fast-sailing, and was so low on the water that it would be no easy matter for a shot to hull her, and that she seemed altogether a very neat and well-trimmed thing of her size, but that I had not examined her with any particular attention, as my mind was otherwise occupied at the time.—George Sampson then told me that he had been on board, and that he had never seen any thing like her, that he had learned that she was built at Baltimore during the war, as a privateer, and was famous for her many captures, that she was afterwards sold, at the peace, to a freeman of colour, who had been a mate on board a merchantman; this negro, who had obtained the means of purchasing her through some unknown channel, very soon repaid himself by the most extensive and desperate piracies, among the West Indian islands, and along the coasts of the gulf, and was at last surprised and captured, as already stated, in the harbour of Santara, he concluded his account of her by saying with much earnestness, "Seyton, I wish you had her!" The expression of his countenance and his manner of speaking, struck me, and the thought flashed across my mind that he wished me to seize her and cut her out; I merely said, however, "I wish I had—but we have no means to purchase her—the thing is impossible." Sampson did not perceive that I saw what he was leading to, and so he added plainly, "but if you have not the means to obtain her by purchase, you have the means of obtaining her by force; and who cares for the resentment of the people here, when we are far away on the waves?" To this I made no answer—for, in truth, it was the sentiment which was passing through my mind at the moment—so he continued, "well, what say you?—there is no man in our company can undertake the enterprise but yourself, and if you will be the leader, you know there is not a man who will not follow you." After a pause, during which I reflected on the proposal, I said, "I have no doubt whatever as to our being able to cut her out—we have done bolder

things ; but the difficulty in my mind is, whether it would be worth while to hazard some lives, and to lose the friendship of the people of Santara for her." He said very fairly, that the best way of ascertaining that would be myself going on board and examining her ; "for," added he, "in all our voyaging I have never met the ship that would answer *you* so well ;" in saying it would answer *me* so well, he alluded to a conversation that had passed some time among several of the most enterprising of our party, in which a wish was expressed that we should have a small vessel to ourselves under my command, and he now thought that this little pirate would answer our views. I told him I would think about it, and promised to come ashore next day and bring Calcraft with me, so as to have further conversation on it, and at all events that I would visit it so as to be able to form an opinion on its suitability.

"On my return that afternoon to the *Sylph*, I mentioned to Calcraft all that had passed between Sampson and myself, and we agreed to go ashore the next day and have another conference with him on the subject ; accordingly we landed at Santara, and found him at his favourite place of resort about noon—in a very few minutes we all three were quietly seated in our boat, and steering for the *Dolphin*. We found her to be a compact and beautiful vessel—rather small for our purpose, but carrying twelve guns ; there were arms of every kind in profusion, with more than an adequate supply of ammunition ; and the more closely we inspected her, the more were we disposed to acknowledge her to have been admirably adapted for piratical purposes—such a circumstance was not likely to make her less useful to us. She had some pirated merchandise and other property on board, but they were of small value, as the money and more precious articles had been removed and landed for safety, and a guard of ten soldiers were placed on board for her security. On leaving her, we rowed direct for the *Sylph*, and after consulting one or two others, it was resolved that we should cut out the *Dolphin*, and as I was to have the conduct of the enterprize in all things, I determined to try it on

the night appointed for our meeting at the merchant's evening party.

"At last the moment arrived when our final arrangements were to be made. Our officers appeared on deck in their fullest and gayest uniforms, and some of them had already pushed off for the merchant's house at Santara, the gig was waiting alongside for Calcraft and Sampson and myself. Thus there were ten of us who designed attending the party, and of these there were only five who knew anything of the adventure that awaited us. I then called for Jack Somers, and gave my orders that two boats, well manned and armed should be sent ashore before midnight, and that they should wait for me at a certain place, which I described ; it was a spot with which the men were familiar, as they had more than once before been concealed there, by the high rocks that jutted out into the water, from the view of the guards upon the wharf. Jack Somers at once guessed that there was some adventure in preparation, and asked whether he should be particular in the selection of the men ? I told him that I should require the best men in the ship, and then charged him to say nothing on the subject until the last moment. I stepped into the gig and made for Santara.

"It was rather late when we arrived. Our seven officers who had preceded us, had arrived a good while before, and as they had informed our hospitable friends that we were coming, the dancing was delayed till we arrived. We found the whole company already assembled, and the apartment presented on the whole a very gay appearance, all our young men entered with all their usual gaiety and life into the spirit of the evening. I took myself but little interest in it, as my mind was otherwise occupied, I felt anxious, indeed much more so than usual, for the result of the adventure which was to follow it, and I felt relieved when the hour for taking leave of our friends had arrived. After our gay officers had disposed of their supply of complements, gentle whispers, promises, and farewells, we retired.

"We immediately communicated the nature of our proposed adventure to those of our party who had not before been apprised of it, and the joyous spirit in which they received it, made us somewhat proud of our enterprize,

so we proceeded at once to the place appointed for the boats to meet us. This was found to be no very easy task, as it was some distance along a rocky beach and the night was one of the darkest I had ever known in the tropics. The darkness, however, though very inconvenient to us at the moment, proved in the event to be of the utmost service, indeed we might have failed without it. On reaching the appointed spot we found Jack Somers and his two boats before us; he had twelve men for each boat, well armed with cutlasses and pistols, and all in high spirits, anxious to learn the nature of the enterprise for which they were assembled. When I told them that we designed to cut out the *Dolphin*, they could scarcely be restrained from showing their delight in a manner so loud as to expose them to observation from the guard-house on the wharf; so seating themselves in their boats, they waited in the utmost impatience and eagerness for us to step in and give the word to push off. They were obliged, however, to wait for some time while we held a kind of council of war on the occasion. I had resolved that only four officers should go, two in each boat, and that the others should go back to the wharf and return in their own boat, which was waiting for them, to the *Sylph*; they were there to make known our enterprise, and have every thing in readiness for sailing that night. As I had to select those who were to accompany me out of the ten, who were all equally anxious, though not all equally prepared, I gave one boat to Calcraft and put Walker under him, and taking the other boat myself, took poor Falkland with me; Sampson pressed me hard to take him, claiming it as having been the first proposer of the adventure, but we all agreed that as our only surgeon, we could not permit him to join us. As it was known that there were ten soldiers on board the *Dolphin*, it was suggested that we would lose some lives before we would succeed unless we could surprise them; but I told them I had anticipated that, and had made an arrangement that I thought likely to secure a surprise. I had desired two of our most convivial and cunning sailors—men whom I knew I could depend on, to visit her in the morning and make an acquaintance with the soldiers of the guard, and

afterwards to go ashore till evening, they were then, after dark, to row towards her again, and manage, by some pretence or another to get on board for the night, taking care to make themselves acceptable to the soldiers by a plentiful supply of rum, by which they could regale them and keep them below, amusing them while we could approach the vessel and surprise her. I was pretty confident of the success of these two men and felt convinced that we would find very few of the soldiers on the deck at our arrival, so, after heartily shaking hands with our brother officers, and saying some honest and friendly things to each other we parted, and after a moment's examination of our pistols, Calcraft and I took to our respective boats, when every thing was in readiness, gave the word, and pulled rapidly from the shore.

“As we neared the *Dolphin* we observed light in her after-cabin, from which I augured favourably, supposing that our two sailors were there merry-making with the soldiers of the guard; the result proved that my augury was correct. As not a sound was heard from our boats except the plashing of our oars, which we took care to muffle, we had neared her very closely before we were observed in the deep darkness of the night, and, when at last we were challenged in the usual way, we made no answer, but with a few long and steady strokes of our oars shot alongside of her, Calcraft's boat running on her starboard, while mine ran under her larboard sides. In an instant every man was in the chains, and a fine young fellow named Rogers, who was foremost, received a desperate thrust of a bayonet through the throat from the sentinel on duty; the poor fellow dropped, and striking against the edge of the boat, fell over into the water, and we never saw him afterwards; at the same moment that wary Scotchman, Kennedy, who was with him in the chains, while he held on by one hand, made a tremendous blow with his cutlass at the soldier, the weapon cut through the unfortunate devil's cap, and literally chopped off nearly half his face, he was totally disabled, and fell for dead upon the deck. By this time another of the soldiers had sprung forward to assist his comrade and made a desperate lunge at Falkland, who had just leaped upon the deck, but Falk-

hand was too cool and watchful at such work to be easily disposed of, and so turning aside the bayonet with his sword, shot him instantly through the head with a pistol which he held in his other hand. All this was the work of an instant, and in the next we were all on board of her. Calcraft and his men had met with no opposition, and so were on deck, if possible, before us, for though there were two other soldiers there, yet the lubbers had negligently laid their arms aside and could not seize them quick enough to resist us: we of course secured them and sprung to the gangway to secure the remaining six, who, as we expected, were drinking and carousing below. This was not so easy a matter as we anticipated, for, they were aroused by the noise upon deck and the report of Falkland's pistol; they seized their muskets and rushed up the gangway as our men were preparing to enter, being elated with the spirits they were drinking, and not knowing our superior numbers, they seemed resolved to defend their charge, and as their bayonets were fixed they were certainly a dangerous enemy; several of our men, who had only cutlasses in their hands, were wounded in an instant by them, and it was not till two of them were shot and another desperately wounded by a sabre-cut that the others surrendered. Thus after a struggle which certainly did not continue above three minutes, we obtained possession of the *Dolphin*, with one man killed and several wounded slightly. We at once flung the three black soldiers whom we had killed overboard, and on examining the other two, who were wounded, we found them in so desperate a state that we slung them after them over the ship's side; we placed the remainder of them under a guard below.

"The most difficult part of our enterprise yet remained, namely, the bringing our prize out of harbour. Our pistols had been heard at the guard-house on the wharf, and we could see some lights and a good deal of activity going on there, so that we felt that there was some chance of being further opposed before we could fairly accomplish our wishes. This was a source of some uneasiness to us, as we found the utmost difficulty in getting her sails set and saw it would occupy some time before we could accomplish it. There were too few of us to effect this and set everything else in order within any reasonable time, so that if the guard on shore had been expeditious we would have been unable to secure her without at least another fight for her; but as fortune ever favours the bold, our opponents were somewhat slow and cautious in their movements, so that they allowed us a considerable time for our work; we of course were not tardy under such circumstances, and by great exertions on the part of every hand on board, we at last succeeded in getting all matters to rights, made our boats fast, cut her cable, shook out her sails, and with a very light but favourable breeze stood out to sea. As we passed the *Sylph*, our cheers were answered from her deck in the most joyous fashion, our friends on board her were all prepared, heaved anchor, and followed us immediately. So ended the adventure of the *Dolphin*."

Such was the account that Seyton himself gave me of the manner in which he got possession of the very beautiful sloop which he then commanded, and to which I myself belonged at this time. Our boat shortly afterwards arrived, and we were soon on board.

RENÉ

ANCIENT WHIGS AND MODERN TORIES.

Among the various objects of scientific enquiry, which attract and engage the attention of persons disposed to observe the history of the human mind, as displayed in the conduct and opinions of individuals and nations in different ages, few, perhaps, are more interesting in a scientific, or instructive in a moral sense, than the biography of political parties. It will readily be admitted, alike by the historian and the linguist that, mutable as are all the inventions of our species, none are more liable to change than the signification of words. The reason of this fact is obvious, inasmuch as, the ideas of men necessarily altering with the variations of circumstances and civilization, and these changes being, when applied to large bodies of men, gradual, and frequently imperceptible, the words invented to express them, continue to be used long after the ideas, of which they are the signs, have suffered the most important alterations. It must also be remembered, that the mental change in their signification, having been involuntarily produced by circumstances affecting the community at large, requires no expressed consent of or notification to, the individuals composing it; while the verbal signs of those ideas, like the circulating medium of coin, must remain the same in appearance, unless publicly and expressly altered, although their intrinsic value may, and must, vary with the circumstances of society. It is however obvious, that this mutability must apply with more or less force, as the ideas which those words are intended to signify, are more or less abstract. It is also evident that those words of the latter class will possess this mutable character in the greatest degree, the ideas expressed by which, most interest the passions, and designate the opinions of large portions of mankind. It therefore follows, that this charge of mutability applies in an eminent degree, to the signification of the names assumed by, or given to, political and religious parties. Of these, however, the latter

are more fixed in their signification, as the points of difference are referred in general to a fixed and written standard, the interpretation of which forms the essential difference of the party; while the objects about which the former contend, are chiefly temporary measures, or abstract principles. The names of political parties are of two classes: the one comprising those assumed by the leaders or members of a party, as an honourable distinction, the other those given by the opposite party or society at large, as epithets of reproach or contempt. One of the strongest proofs of the mutability of the signification of these words, is the fact that it frequently occurs, that the name given to a party by its enemies as a token of contempt, becomes that, of which the members themselves are most proud; and still more frequently that that chosen as a badge of honour by the party, degenerates into a public epithet of scorn. The names of parties may also be distinguished according to the sources whence they are derived; from the name of a leader; a place of meeting; an historical event; or an accidental circumstance; a leading principle, or a peculiar badge of distinction. It is not requisite to our present subject to trace the sources whence these appellations are derived, or the degrees of mutability to which they are subject: it is of more consequence to ascertain what are the component parts of that complex idea, signified by the name of a party, and thus to investigate how the principles and actions of political parties are frequently so inconsistent, and even opposite at different periods, while their distinguishing appellations continue the same.

The simplest method to ascertain what this idea is, will be, in the first place, to establish what it is not. A party appellation then does not denote an assemblage of a certain number of given individuals; as in this case it would not last above the period of one generation, if so long. It does not imply

a body of men elected in any particular manner, the deficiencies in which are supplied by any stated rule of admission or succession; for this is the distinguishing characteristic of a club. It does *not* signify the followers of a particular leader, or the frequenters of a particular place; as these frequently change in the history of every party; as a leader falls away, or a place of rendezvous becomes inconvenient. It cannot mean the persons wearing a particular badge, or celebrating a particular event or circumstance: both these, it is obvious, might be done by persons of the most opposite public principles, and for the attainment of the most opposite public designs; and yet such a proceeding would not render these persons members of the same political party. A political party may then, perhaps, be correctly defined as "a body of men acting on certain fixed political principles, or for the attainment of certain fixed political ends." The question, therefore, is by what course of proceeding, on the part of themselves or others, can any body of men cease to be justly designated by a given party appellation? Here there is an important distinction to be observed between the two classes last mentioned: as a body of men acting together for the attainment of certain fixed ends must cease to deserve the appellation of their party, any where but in the pages of the historian, as soon as those ends are attained for which they were originally associated. This class may, therefore, cease to be a party either by their own action, or that of others. With those united for the support of certain principles the case is otherwise. No change of time or circumstance can fully annihilate a party of this class; as, inasmuch as principles are in themselves not liable to alteration or decay, whatever persons at any period support those principles are virtually members of the same party; although, by incidental circumstances preventing the necessity of publicly avowing these principles, there may have existed for many years, or even ages, no party publicly associated for their support. It is obvious that a party of this class loses its personal identity, when it deserts the principles for the support of which it was first formed.

As the circumstances of society,

however, are the objects on which the influence of these principles is to be exerted, and by which the motives and opinions of their supporters are to be proved, and these circumstances are suffering continual change; it is frequently difficult to ascertain whether a particular class of persons continue to act on the same principles, the support of which they at first professed as their object. Numerous instances might therefore be adduced where the names of parties have continued to be applied to classes of men who have not merely varied from the original principles of their party, but are in reality acting on principles directly opposite. This is more easily accounted for when we recollect, that while the conduct of men is the criterion of their principles, yet the same conduct under circumstances of an opposite character cannot proceed from the same principles. To this is to be attributed the fact that the names of two political parties may be frequently observed to have been transmitted in a species of traditional descent to two classes of men, who have, not merely altered, but actually exchanged, their principles of action. It is however, obvious, that this is most likely to take place in parties which have lasted for a considerable length of time.

Of the mutable character of the signification of the names of political parties, a remarkable illustration is afforded by the history of the two great classes into which, with few exceptions the politicians of this kingdom have, for the last century and a half, been divided. The original derivation of the appellations of Whig and Tory, gives an example of the fact noticed above, that epithets given as tokens of contempt, frequently are adopted, and even gloried in, by those whom they were originally designed to annoy. Both these far-famed appellations were at first conferred, each by the opposite party, as tokens of reproach. Every one acquainted with history, is aware that they were first used about the year 1680. The parties were first denominated "Petitioners," and "Abhorers," so called, because the one party, dreading the existence of a Popish plot, directed and patronized by the Duke of York, afterwards the faithless and priest-ridden James the Second, and disliking the unconstitu-

tional policy of the house of Stuart, then particularly exhibited in the refusals of Charles the Second to convene parliament, presented "petitions," to request his majesty to call a parliament, in order to take into consideration the dangers threatened to the state by the increase of Popery, and the favour apparently shown to it by his majesty's ministers and the Duke of York. These petitions were exceedingly *disagreeable* to the unprincipled Charles the Second and his brother. The only method, however, by which they could be met, was by exciting a "counter-irritation" on the part of the Popish community. All such, therefore, as favoured the interests of the Duke and his party, sent in addresses expressing their "abhorrence" of the "factious opposition" given to his majesty's ministers, and the bigotted zeal of the petitioners, whom, on account of their vehement dislike to be ruled by a Popish government or on Popish principles, they denominated *Whigs*, a name taken from a sect of Scotch Presbyterians of, it was supposed, particularly bigotted character. The Whigs retorted this insult in denominating the Abhorrrers by the name of Tories, affixed to the Popish banditti in Ireland, with whom they were said to be in league, and whom they certainly patronised and instigated to their multifarious defiance of the laws. It is then obvious, that both these parties were associated for the support of certain fixed principles, and, therefore, whatever persons at any future period came publicly forward for the defence of these principles are virtually members of the same party.

The principles, then, of these parties were originally as follows:—the family of Stuart believed, that the right of sovereignty being conferred by heaven, they were answerable to no earthly power for the use they made of it; and that the municipal laws of every country being made by the people, could no farther bind the sovereign than might suit his will and convenience; and that, although on several occasions the kings of England had, either by voluntary generosity, or in order to soothe the irritated people, granted charters, and consented to laws limiting their own power, these could only bind themselves so long as the motive lasted

which induced them to grant them, and could in no case bind their successors, but were to be regarded as usurpations of that unlimited right of sovereignty which was naturally inherent in the monarch. The despotic tenets of the Church of Rome being in perfect unison with these principles, the members of that sect were naturally the favorites of the House of Stuart, while the principles and policy of Rome, concurring with the idea of the unlimited right of kings, induced this family to consider all promises made to their people as only valid, while the keeping of them was compulsory. These principles will be found to have actuated, in a greater or less degree, even the best members of that family. The profligate and unprincipled character, however, of Charles the Second rendered him particularly attached to a system of government, which secured him from responsibility, and to a church which undertook for the recompence of a small sum of money to admit the most depraved and polluted sinner to the society of angels, and the especial favour of the Almighty. Charles the Second was thus rendered, perhaps, the most faithless monarch of that faithless house. The repeated experience of this fact necessarily rendered the Protestant portion of his subjects perpetually jealous of his designs; while the avowed attachment of the Heir presumptive to the tenets of the Church of Rome, as well as his cold, dark, and bigotted character, afforded the strongest grounds of alarm to those who knew, that that church not only directs her whole efforts to the extinction of every other system of religion, and for the attainment of that end, holds it lawful to employ every species of cruelty, and every variety of perjury and fraud, on the principle that the end will justify the means; but that for this purpose she puts on at one time, the appearance of suffering and persecuted innocence, with as much ease as she assumes at another the bloody and relentless character of the Inquisition in Spain, the Marian persecution in England, or the exterminating war against the Vaudois in Switzerland; the Sicilian vespers, or the St. Bartholomew's massacre. This portion of his subjects were therefore anxious to secure the regular meeting of parliaments, the preservation of the Protestant reli-

gion, and the supreme authority of the laws. The Tory party, on the other hand, were composed of four classes; the English Papists, naturally attached to the house of Stuart, from approbation of its measures; the Irish Papists, who were encouraged by the policy of that house; the violent Dissenters, who from a blind hatred to the Church of England, or to whatever was the Established Religion, were willing even to abet the designs of a despotic Monarch, or a hostile and exterminating superstition; and those unprincipled men, who wished, by means of these heterogeneous but powerful materials, to raise themselves to that influence in the councils of the sovereign, and the administration of affairs, which they were conscious they could have no hopes of attaining by personal character or talent. A few may also be added to this number, who, having experienced the horrors of a democracy, were willing to make any sacrifice to support the power of a sovereign; from the mistaken supposition, that the best method to avoid the multifarious abuses which result from committing the reins of government to the hands of the lowest, most ignorant, and most unfeeling and unprincipled portion of the community, was to encourage the monarch in the exercise of despotic authority.

We have said that this supposition was mistaken, because the extremes of despotism and democracy are so similar, and have such a natural tendency to produce each other, that to aid and promote the former, in reality, paves the way to the latter, and vice versa. The principles of this party were therefore the opposite of those supported by the Whigs. In this respect, however, an important distinction is to be observed. The objects of the Whig party being, to preserve the constitution unaltered, to protect the Protestant religion, and in every way, to resist innovation either in church or state; their principles were open, avowed, and unalterable. Those of the Tories, on the other hand, being the introduction of a false religion, and an unconstitutional form of government; their principles were kept concealed, while they, professing to be united merely for the attainment of particular ends, or the support of particular measures, were obliged, the mo-

ment these ends or measures were attained, to set forth new objects as the motives of their exertions, while at the same time they avowed principles of a comparatively harmless character, in order to conceal their real views. The objects of the Tory party at that period, being in perfect accordance with the views of the House of Stuart, rendered this task more easy. The Tories therefore, professed as the great principles of their party, that the authority of the Sovereign was not controlled by any other, that all opposition given to the proceedings of his Majesty's ministers was faction, and that those who ventured to express their fears for the safety of the constitution were bigotted and illiberal alarmists; while the Crown, thus supported and influenced, made use of the authority so derived, to forward all the views of the Popish and revolutionary party.

The great difficulty to be encountered in tracing the history of these celebrated parties, results from the fact, that while the principles of the Whigs were essentially conservative, and those of the Tories revolutionary, the circumstances of the period made them appear the reverse; inasmuch as the policy of the House of Stuart drove the Whigs into opposition, and rendered the Tories the ministerial party. At a short interval of time subsequent to this period we shall see the circumstances reversed, when the conservative principles of the House of Orange enabled the Whigs to appear in their natural capacity, as the supporters of constitutional monarchy, and the Protestant religion. The principles of the Whig party, it is obvious, were such as might be consistently supported, either as an opposition, or a ministerial party; which side they might assume must depend on the character of the sovereign. Those of the Tories, on the other hand, having been adopted when the Crown itself was disposed to favour innovation, were, for the time, highly monarchical. It was therefore difficult for this party to change these monarchical principles with any appearance of consistency, when the policy of the House of Orange directly opposed their views. This difficulty, however, was surmounted by making a pretence of loyalty to the exiled House of Stuart, which served to disguise their revolutionary

attempts to overthrow the constitution in church and state. Under colour, therefore, of this specious loyalty, they continued to direct their efforts against the Princes of the House of Hanover, until the period of the French revolution. During this interval, the claims of the House of Stuart became every day less thought of, until about the period last mentioned, they had ceased to be regarded even as sufficient to give name to a party. But during this whole time, the Tory party, as they were originally called, and as, for the sake of clearness, we shall, for the present, continue to call them, were acting in opposition to the government, while, although at first they were *professedly* the friends of Monarchy in the persons of the House of Stuart, yet as this pretext became gradually neglected, men observed rather the positive and real object of their attack, the existing Monarchy, than the *theoretical* and in fact *ideal* object of their defence, which had now ceased to be even a name. Thus it happened, that the same party, which, in the reign of the prodigal and absolute Charles, were the supporters of despotism, became, under the benign and constitutional government of George the Third, the bitterest foes of Monarchy, and the avowed patrons of republicanism. It is evident that, during this period, the principles of the Whig party were in accordance with those of the Crown; and as these principles were for a century supported by a series of constitutional reigns, there was comparatively little occasion for the association of a political party in their defence. To this is to be attributed the fact, which will be in the course of this article, we trust, fully established, that when the doctrines and principles ushered forth by the French revolution called forward both parties to the defence of their principles; the Tories assumed the more memorable appellation of their opponents to conceal the same principles which they had formerly supported under the opposite designation. The only difference in the principles of this party in the latter part of their history has been, that, the phantom loyalty to the House of Stuart having vanished, they substituted republicanism in its stead, united with the same hostility to the *Raigning Family, the Established Religion, and the National Constitution*

which had distinguished the early part of their career.

It may, however, be naturally inquired—why did the Whig party permit their opponents to assume the name of their party? and further—how were they so blinded as to voluntarily take that obnoxious designation of Tories? In order to the explanation of this, it must be remembered, that, the principles of the Whig party being Conservative, the party falls into the background during a constitutional reign, as its exertions are then unnecessary. Whenever, therefore, a Whig party really comes forward in an active capacity, it must be in opposition to the Crown, or to the Ministry then in power. The Tory party, again, having for a considerable period dropped that appellation to assume the name of Jacobites; when both returned in full strength to the contest, it was supposed that opposition to the Crown was the characteristic of Whig, and adhering to it, that of Tory, principle. Thus, the old Whigs having begun to act in opposition to the Crown, and the original Tories having professed the support of the doctrine of Divine right and passive obedience, in order to strengthen the claims of the House of Stuart, which formed their pretext for attacking the Crown; the two parties which rose to such a height at the time of the French revolution took those as the standard principles of the parties aforesaid; and the friends of revolution and republicanism denominated themselves Whigs, while the supporters of Monarchy were designated as Tories. But it may be asked, were there none who perceived the true state of things? and who were sufficiently acquainted with history to see that these appellations should be reversed, as the principles held by these were in reality the opposite of those which their names would lead an historian to suppose; there were persons; and among them was numbered one of the most distinguished orators and most constitutional statesmen who ever adorned the British House of Commons.

To such of our readers as may not have already read Mr. Burke's "Appeal from the modern to the old Whigs," we strongly recommend its careful perusal, as they will find there the clearest statement of the true religious and

constitutional principles of the real Whig party. To those who have read that work it were needless to say that it is, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of close argument, commanding eloquence, bitter satire, and pointed irony to be found in the pages of ancient or modern literature. We shall now proceed to prove the assertion, that the principles of the old Whigs were essentially Conservative, and were in fact precisely the same as those of the modern Tories. We have already, we trust, shewn how, by the change of circumstances, and of the character and policy of the Crown, together with the apparent cessation of a Whig party in this State, the old Tory party were induced in later times to take the appellation of Whigs, in order to conceal under that name the same Popish or revolutionary designs which they had formerly supported under its opposite.

There are four important epochs in the history of the Whig party, the principles displayed at which shall be adduced as the proofs of our assertion. The first, in the year 1689, when the party first took its rise; the second, in 1688, when its principles were first called forward in the great political struggle which took place at the revolution; the third, in the year 1710, when the House of Commons impeached Dr. Sachevenell for uttering unconstitutional principles in two sermons preached and published by him; which occasion was employed by the Whig party in the House of Commons to declare their sentiments, which were confirmed by the sentence, in the House of Lords, to have been the true sentiments of that party at the time of the revolution, when by the agency of that party the Prince of Orange was placed on the Throne of Great Britain. The fourth epoch in the history of this party was when, under the name of Tories, they defended the Constitution in Church and State against the infidel and republican doctrines sent forth by the French revolution. Posterity will perhaps add another era to the list, when, under the name which most truly and justly designates the real principles of their party, they formed the great "Conservative" body of the British Nation; to whom we at present owe the preservation of this Constitution and Empire from total and imme-

diata destruction; and to whom, under the blessing of Providence, we trust posterity will owe their religion, their property, and their very existence as a nation.

What were the principles of the Whig party at the first of these periods we have, we trust, already shewn with sufficient clearness, in that part of this article which treated of the origin of this party. If our readers wish to examine this part of its history farther, we must refer them to the annals of the period, where they will obtain the fullest information which they can desire: but let it be remembered that, in order to judge fairly of the principles of this party, it will be necessary not to take the character given of them by any historian; for inasmuch as the whole educated population of this Empire has been, and is, to a greater or less degree, actuated by the principles of the one party or the other, it were perhaps impossible to find any historian perfectly free from prejudices on this subject; but to observe carefully what were the religious and political views and measures of that Government to which they were opposed, and the method they made use of to display this opposition. In endeavouring to shew what were the principles of the Whig party at the periods of 1688 and 1710, our task will extend little farther than to extract some passages from those portions of Mr. Burke's Appeal which bear most directly on our subject; and as this appeal was written at the period of the French revolution and with the view of comparing the real principles of the old Whigs with those of the *soi-disant* Whigs of the day, it will be unnecessary for us to dwell at length upon the later periods of the history of this party.

We feel that it were almost an insult to our readers to offer any apology for directing their attention to the opinions of a man who, at a period when the most brilliant talents, the most powerful eloquence, and most refined wit, were all submerged in the unhallowed blaze of republicanism and infidelity; when Fox, and Sheridan, and Canning were blinded by a phantom too gross to deceive for any length of time even the butchers and the fishwomen of France; yet stood forth the only man of that party who had wisdom to see, or courage to proclaim, the absurd inconsistencies,

and the destructive effects, of the principles; if such they can be called, by which so large a portion of Europe was at the period possessed. Our readers are, no doubt aware that this essay was written by Mr. Burke in the name of a third person, and in consequence of the so-called Whig party in the House of Commons having refused him a hearing, when he attempted to lay before them the destructive consequences of the course they were pursuing.

The first extract we shall lay before our readers will tend to explain that apparent inconsistency of the true Whig party in taking up at different periods, the defence of opposite parts of the constitution, which induced their enemies to assume the name of Whigs, on the pretence that they were adhering to the principles which the others had deserted. It is as follows:—"He who thinks that the British Constitution ought to consist of the three members, of three very different natures, of which it does actually consist, and thinks it his duty to preserve each of those members in its proper place, and with its proper proportion of power, must, as each shall happen to be attacked, vindicate the three several parts on the several principles peculiarly belonging to them. He cannot assert the democratic part on the principles on which monarchy is supported; nor can he support monarchy on the principles of democracy; nor can he maintain aristocracy on the grounds of the one, or of the other, or of both. All these he must support on grounds that are totally different, though practically they may be, and happily with us they are, brought into one harmonious body."

We shall now proceed to quote some passages from the trial of Dr. Sacheverell, which will show what were the principles of the Whig party in the years 1688 and 1710, and then adduce extracts from the printed and published works of the Whigs, as they called themselves, of the period of the French revolution, which were approved and recognised by all the *soi-disant* Whig societies of Great Britain, as the true statement of their principles. It will be sufficient, we think, to lay the passages alluded to before our readers, to prove our assertion, that the principles of the old Whigs were the same as the modern Tory and Conservative party, and the precise opposite of those

avowed and acted on by the modern Whigs; for let it be remembered, that many of the leaders of the present existing party in the kingdom were *actually members* of those societies, above alluded to. For each of our readers as may not be aware of the importance and weight of the opinions delivered on the occasion of the memorable trial above mentioned, we shall extract the following statement from Mr. Burke. "It rarely happens to a party to have the opportunity of a clear, authentic, recorded declaration of their political tenets upon the subject of a great constitutional event like that of the revolution. The Whigs had that opportunity, or, to speak more properly, they made it. The impeachment of Dr. Sacheverell was undertaken by a Whig Ministry and a Whig House of Commons, and carried on before a prevalent and steady Majority of Whig Peers. It was carried on for the express purpose of stating the true grounds and principles of the revolution—what the commons called their *foundation*. It was carried on for the purpose of condemning the principles on which the revolution was first opposed, and afterwards calumniated, in order by a judicial sentence of the highest authority to confirm and fix Whig principles, as they had operated both in the resistance to King James, and in the subsequent settlement; and to fix them in the extent and with the limitations with which it was meant they should be understood by posterity."—"In this proceeding the Whig principles applied to the revolution and settlement are to be found, or they are to be found nowhere." We shall now proceed following very nearly the time pointed out Mr. Burke (we cannot surely have a better guide) to state, in their own words, the opinions and principles of the great Whig leaders of that period, with respect to the right of subjects to make innovations in the constitution. We shall begin with a statement of the condition of affairs previous to the revolution, made by Sir Joseph Jekyll, whom Mr. Burke describes as "the very standard of Whig principles in his age." "The whole tenor of the administration then in being, was agreed by all to be a *total departure from the constitution*. The nation was at time united in that opinion, all but the criminal part of it.

And as the nation joined in the judgment of their disease, so they did in the remedy; they saw there was no remedy left but the last; and when that remedy took place, the whole frame of the government was restored entire and unhurt."—"No one part of the constitution was altered, or suffered the least damage; but on the contrary, the whole received new life and vigour." The next extract contains the opinions of the Whig party as stated by Mr. Lechmere (one of the managers,) relative to the nature of the British constitution: "The laws are the common measure of the power of the crown, and of the obedience of the subject; and if the executive part, endeavours the subversion and total destruction of the government, the original contract is thereby broken, and the right of allegiance ceases; that part of the government, thus fundamentally injured, hath a right to *save or secure* that constitution in which it hath an original interest."—"The right of the people to self-defence and preservation of their liberties, by resistance, as their last remedy, is the result of a case of necessity only, by which the original contract between king and people is broken."

We shall now adduce the statement of the principles of the revolution given by General Stanhope, another of the managers for the House of Commons on that occasion: "The constitution of England is founded upon compact; and the subjects of this kingdom have, in their several public capacities, a legal title to what are their rights by law, as a prince to the possession of his crown. Your Lordships, and most that hear me, are witnesses, and must remember the necessities of those times which brought about the revolution: that no other remedy was left to preserve our religion and liberties; that resistance was necessary, and consequently just." In order fully to contrast the principles of these ancient Whigs with those of the moderns, which we shall presently bring forward, it is necessary to adduce a few more passages, which shew the view taken by the former, of the legality of resistance. The first we shall quote is from the speech of Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Walpole. "Resistance is nowhere enacted to be legal, but subjected by all the laws now in

being, to the greatest penalties. It is what is not, cannot, nor ought ever to be, described or affirmed in any positive law to be excusable; when, and upon what *never-to-be-effected* occasions, it may be exercised, no man can foresee; and it *ought never to be thought of, but when an utter subversion of the law of the realm threatens the whole frame of our constitution, and no redress can otherwise be hoped for.*"

The next passage is from a speech of Sir Joseph Jekyll on the same occasion. "We have insisted that in no case can resistance be lawful, but in case of extreme necessity, and where the constitution cannot be otherwise preserved, and such necessity ought to be plain and obvious to the sense and judgment of the whole nation." We shall but quote a few passages which display the loyal principles of the ancient Whigs, and then proceed to state the doctrines of the modern party which calls itself by that name. Sir Robert Eyre spoke as follows: "The resistance at the revolution, which was founded on unavoidable necessity, could be no defence to a man that was attacked for asserting that the people might cancel their allegiance at pleasure, or dethrone and murder their sovereign by a judiciary sentence. For it never can be inferred from the lawfulness of resistance, at a time when a total subversion of the government both in church and state was intended, that a people may take up arms, and call their sovereign to account at pleasure." Sir Joseph Jekyll considered it as so absolutely the duty of the people to support the crown, that he places the restoration and revolution on exactly the same footing, as follows:—"In both of these great events were the regal power, and the rights of the people recovered, and it is hard to say in which the people have the greatest interest; for the commons are sensible that there is not one legal power belonging to the crown, but they have an interest in it." The last extract we shall make on this part of our subject, is from a speech of Sir John Holland, on the same occasion. "The commons would not be understood, as if they were pleading for a licentious resistance, as if subjects were left to their good will and pleasure, when to obey, and when to resist. No, my Lords, they know they are obliged by all the

ties of social creatures and Christians, for wrath and conscience sake, to submit to their sovereign. The commons do not abet humourous factious arms, they aver them to be rebellious. But yet they maintain, that that resistance at the revolution, which was so necessary, was lawful and just from that necessity.—It is with this view of necessity only, absolute necessity of preserving our laws, liberties and religion, it is with this limitation that we desire to be understood, when any of us speak of resistance in general.”

Such were the loyal, the conservative, the constitutional, the *Protestant*, principles of the ancient Whigs. We trust that we have sufficiently proved, that during the three first epochs of the history of this celebrated party, their principles continued precisely the same, and that their conduct under different, and sometimes opposite, circumstances, was steadily and consistently guided by the same great principles of the conservation of the *Protestant religion*, the authority of the laws, and the regular meeting of parliaments. We shall now see what were, and are, the principles, if such they can be called, of that class of persons, who unjustly usurped the honorable designation of Whigs to conceal their systematic attempts at innovation in the state, and to forward their designs of substituting republicanism or democracy for monarchy, and popery or infidelity for the *Protestant religion*. For this purpose we shall first take the statement of these opinions, given by Mr. Burke, and then some of the passages taken from their authenticated and eulogized publications of the period, which were avowed by the various societies of *soi disant* Whigs in Great Britain to be the real and essential principles of these societies. Let it be remembered, that all the great leaders of the Whig party were patrons, and many of them members, and many of the leaders (great indeed we cannot call them) of the present day were actually enrolled members of these societies, and of the corresponding ones in France. Mr. Burke states these doctrines as follows:—“These new Whigs hold, that the sovereignty, whether exercised by one or many, did not only originate from the people (a position not denied, nor worth denying, or assenting to,) but that, in the people the same sove-

reignty, constantly, unalienably, resides; that the people may lawfully depose kings, not only for misconduct, but without any misconduct at all; that they may set up any new fashion of government for themselves, or continue without any government at their pleasure; that the people are essentially their own rule, and their own will the measure of their conduct; that the tenure of magistracy is not a proper subject of contract; because magistrates have duties but no rights; and that if a contract *de facto* is made with them in one age, allowing that it binds at all, it only binds those who are immediately concerned in it, but does not pass to posterity.”

We shall proceed to adduce some passages from the works above-mentioned:—“Though the British constitution is much talked about, no such thing as a constitution exists, nor ever did exist; and consequently the people have a constitution yet to form; since William the Conqueror, the country has never yet regenerated itself, and is therefore without a constitution. Every thing in the English government is the reverse of what it ought to be, and what it is said to be in England; the portion of liberty enjoyed in England is just enough to enslave a country more productively than by despotism. Whether we view aristocracy before, or behind, or sideways, or anyway else, domestically or publicly, it is still a monster. It is kept up by family tyranny and injustice. There is a natural unfitness in aristocracy to be legislators for a nation. Their ideas of distributive justice are corrupted at the very source; they begin life by trampling on all their younger brothers and sisters, and relatives of every kind; and are taught and educated so to do. The idea of an hereditary legislator is as absurd as an hereditary mathematician. A body holding themselves unaccountable to any body ought to be trusted by no body. It is continuing the uncivilized principles of governments founded on conquest, and the base idea of man having a property in man, and governing him by a personal right. Aristocracy has a tendency to degenerate the human species. It is a law against every law of nature, and nature itself calls for its destruction. Establish family justice and aristocracy

falls. By the aristocratical law of primogeniture, in a family of six children, five are exposed. Aristocracy has but one child. The rest are begotten to be devoured. They are thrown to the cannibal for prey, and the natural parent prepares the unnatural repast." So far for the opinions of the modern Whigs on the subject of the British Constitution, of aristocracy, &c. Let us proceed to see what are the doctrines of this class with respect to the House of Commons, and the rights of corporations. "It (the House of Commons) does not arise out of the inherent rights of the people. "When the people of England come to reflect upon them (the corporations) they will like France, annihilate those badges of oppression, those traces of a conquered nation." In a late session we have seen, in the passing of the Reform Bill, the effects of these principles carried into practice.

We shall now proceed to the opinions of these men on the subject of monarchy. "When we survey the wretched condition of man under the monarchical and hereditary systems of government, dragged from his home by one power, or driven by another, and impoverished by taxes more than by enemies, it becomes evident that those systems are bad, and that a general revolution in the principle and construction of governments is necessary. What is government more than the management of the affairs of a nation? It is not, and from its nature cannot be, the property of any particular man or family, but of the whole community, at whose expense it is supported; and though by force or contrivance it has been usurped into an inheritance, the usurpation cannot alter the right of things. Sovereignty, as a right, appertains to the nation only, and not to any individual; and a nation has at all times an inherent, indefeasible right to abolish any form of government it finds inconvenient, and establish such as accords with its interest, disposition, and happiness. The romantic and barbarous distinction of men into kings and subjects, though it may suit the condition of courtiers, cannot that of citizens; and is exploded by the principle on which governments are now founded. Every citizen is a member of the sovereignty, and, as such, can acknowledge no personal subjec-

tion; and his obedience can be only to the laws."

We shall not offend our readers by quoting any more of this composition of impiety, obscurity, falsehood, and absurdity, further than to show the sentiments of these men with respect to that revolution which the ancient Whigs regarded as a more glorious event than Cressy, Agincourt, or Poitiers. "It is somewhat extraordinary, that the offence for which James II. was expelled—that of setting up power by assumption, should be reacted under another shape and form, by the parliament that expelled him. It shows that the rights of man were but imperfectly understood at the revolution; for certain it is, that the right which that parliament set up by assumption (for by delegation it had it not, and could not have it, because none could give it) over the persons and freedom of posterity for ever, was of the same tyrannical, unfounded kind which James attempted to set up over the parliament and the nation, and for which he was expelled. The only difference is, (for in principle they differ not) that the one was an usurper over the living, and the other over the unborn; and as the one has no better authority to stand upon than the other, both of them must be equally null and void, and of no effect. As the estimation of all things is by comparison, the revolution of 1688, however from circumstances it may have been exalted beyond its value, will find its level. It is already on the wane; eclipsed by the enlarging orb of reason." Some of our readers may feel disposed to think that these doctrines are so much worse than those avowed by the present race of *soi-disant* Whigs, that some other change must have taken place since the period of the French revolution, and that although it is clear that the principles of the present Whigs are totally different from and even opposite to, those of the ancient, yet they are not nearly so dangerous as those last quoted doctrines of the Whigs of the French revolution. To this we reply, we would gladly believe this statement if we could. We would gladly believe it, because they are *men*, and therefore entitled to the most charitable interpretation that can *justly* be put on their conduct; because they are *ministers*, and we could willingly hope, if permitted to do so, that

their objects are not so mischievous as their power is extensive; but when we attempt to persuade ourselves that such is the case, we are appalled by the recollection that these very men were active agents in those very blasphemous and treasonable associations whose opinions we have stated above: that the Tories of the reign of Charles II., their legitimate progenitors, did not, *while they were in office*, think it necessary to avow the principles on which they acted; and that the reason that the present Whigs confine themselves to practice, is because it is now only necessary for them, as it is the only office of which they are capable, to follow that track, and steer by that chart, which was laid down for them by the equally unprincipled, but infinitely more talented, individuals, in whose schools of democracy, infidelity, murder and blasphemy they were nurtured and educated. The theories of a party are produced when it is at rest, the projects are displayed when it is in action. But even if we suppose, as is indeed certainly the case, that the present leaders of the Whig party are incapable of pursuing such courses, if they perceived the full extent to which they must lead; we can derive no hope from this belief; this was equally the case at the period of the French revolution; and is, in fact, always the case to a greater or less extent, in every revolution; and as the convulsion hastens to its crisis the leaders become hourly less capable of perceiving the drift of the torrent, as they become more busily occupied in practical details and less at leisure for theoretical calculations.

We shall quote the opinion of Mr. Burke on this subject, as follows:—“As to leaders in parties, nothing is more common than to see them *blindly led*; the world is governed by *go-betweens*. These *go-betweens* influence the persons with whom they carry on the intercourse, by stating their own sense to each of them as the sense of the other; and thus they reciprocally master both sides. It is first buzzed about the ears of leaders that their friends without doors are very eager for some measure or very warm about some opinion; that you must not be too rigid with them—they are useful persons, and zealous in the cause.—They may be a little wrong, but the spirit of liberty must not be

damped; and by the influence you obtain from some degree of concurrence with them at present, you may be enabled to set them right hereafter. Thus the leaders are at first drawn to a connivance with sentiments and proceedings often totally different from their serious and deliberate notions. *But their acquiescence answers every purpose.*”

The truth of this statement has been exemplified in the conduct of the present ministry with respect to the Kildare-place Education Society. The Popish priesthood being naturally and professionally hostile to, and apprehensive of, all education, from the consciousness that it must destroy their power over their flock, detested and dreaded this society, and why? *because it was loved by the people.* They therefore represented to the ministry that this society was very unpopular; while they threatened their flocks with all the terrors of the church if they continued to send their children to its schools. It might have been supposed, that men imagining themselves qualified to be advisers of the Crown, would have had the common sense to have seen through the motives of the Popish priesthood in making this statement; to have perceived that the hostility of the Popish clergy *could not* have proceeded from the *dislike* of their flocks to this system; *but from the reverse*; and to have replied, “Gentlemen, we are not surprised that the Kildare-street Society does not please you; but you must excuse us if we do not consider *that* as any proof that it does not please *your people*, or in consequence that it does not, *to the fullest extent*, answer the purpose for which it was designed. On the other hand, we conceive, that *no system could* receive *your* approbation, which really tended to educate the lower orders of the Roman Catholic peasantry. It is not our purpose to lend our exertions to assist you in perpetuating popery in Ireland; our desire is, to afford such a system of education to the peasantry as will enlighten and cultivate their minds, without offending their prejudices, you must therefore pardon us, if we consider your hostility to this society *as the strongest proof that it is acceptable to the peasantry, and productive to the fullest extent of the advantages for which it was designed.*” Such would have appeared to any man unacquaint-

ed with the *clearsighted, judicious, and enlightened* policy of the present ministry, to have been the natural reply to such attacks of the Popish clergy. But far otherwise was the conduct of the government. They conceived that as there were but two religions in Ireland, there could be but two parties: they forgot that from the nature of the Romish church, *there were, on the subject of education, three parties in Ireland*; the Protestant population; the Romanist population; and the *Popish clergy*; of which the two first, that is, *the whole population of the kingdom*, were anxious for education, and attached to the *Kildare-place society*, while the third party were, and must be, hostile to all education in general, and especially apprehensive of that society, because it was particularly acceptable to their flocks.

It is commonly said, however, that, * the great body of the landed proprietors must be roused at last. It is impossible that they can consent to any measure which would tend ultimately to deprive them of their estates; and when they take the alarm, all will be easily settled." We covet not the character of "*parrus sanus*," but we dread nothing so much as a *hollow and deceitful security*. To this ground of confidence, then, we reply in the words of the same wise and almost prophetic author; * I know too, that besides this vain, contradictory, and self-destructive security, which some men derive from the habitual attachment of the people to this constitution, whilst they suffer it with a sort of sportive acquiescence to be brought into contempt before their faces, they have other grounds for removing all apprehension from their minds. They are of opinion, that there are too many men of great hereditary estates and influence in the kingdom to suffer the establishment of the levelling system which has taken place in France. This is very true, if in order to guide the power which now attends their property, these men possess the wisdom which is involved in early fear. But if, through a *supine security*, to which such fortunes are peculiarly liable, they neglect the use of their influence in the season of their power, on the first derangement of society, the nerves of their strength will be cut, their estates, instead of being the means of their security, will become the very causes of their

danger. Instead of bestowing influence they will excite rapacity—they will be looked to as a prey. Such will be the impotent condition of those men of great hereditary estates, who indeed dislike the designs that are carried on, but whose dislike is rather that of spectators, than of parties that may be concerned in the catastrophe of the piece. But riches do not in all cases secure even an inert and passive resistance. There are always, in that description, men whose fortunes, when their minds are once vitiated by passion or evil principle, are by no means a security from their actually taking their part against the public tranquillity.

We see to what low and depicable passions of all kinds, many men in that class are ready to sacrifice the patrimonial estates, which might be perpetuated in their families with splendour, and with the fame of hereditary benefactors to mankind from generation to generation. Do we not see how lightly people treat their fortunes when under the influence of the passion of gaming? The game of ambition or resentment will be played by many of the rich and great, as desperately, and with as much blindness to the consequences, as any other game. Was he a man of no rank or fortune who first set on foot the disturbances which have ruined France? Passion blinded him to the consequences so far as they concerned himself; and as to the consequences with regard to others, they were no part of his consideration; nor ever will be with those who bear any resemblance to that virtuous patriot and lover of the rights of man.

We trust we have sufficiently proved how little claim, the modern Whigs, as they call themselves, or Tories, as they ought to be called, possess, to be considered as members of the same party, with those consistent, loyal, Protestant, and constitutional men, who brought about, and conducted to its happy termination the celebrated revolution of 1688. But we cannot dismiss this subject without calling the attention of our readers to some coincidences which attract the notice of those who compare the period of the French revolution with the present state of affairs.

The Whigs of this day profess toleration to all sorts of religion; they disclaim the slightest preference to the true over the false; and assert that all

religions should be placed upon a level that is, in other words, they raise the false at the expense of the true, in order that when by its agency they have destroyed the latter, they may cast aside the former without hesitation or reserve. But we shall see these very men, and the character of that liberality, which is *generous of others' rights, and tolerant of others' wrongs*, described by Mr. Burke as accurately as if he had lived to see the Church of Ireland delivered bound by a Whig ministry into the hands of a gang of blood-thirsty, cowardly, and merciless traitors; and its meek, pious, and benevolent pastors butchered in cold blood by the very wretches whom they had devoted their labours to humanise, and their properties to support and relieve. "That which the assembly calling itself national, held out as a large and liberal toleration, is, in reality, a cruel and insidious persecution; infinitely more bitter than any which had been heard of within this century,—it had a feature in it worse than the old persecutions. The old persecutors acted, or pretended to act, from zeal towards some system of piety and virtue, they gave strong preference to their own; and if they drove people from one religion, they provided for them another, in which men might take refuge and expect consolation. Their new persecution is not against a variety in conscience, but against all conscience. It professes contempt towards its object: and whilst it treats all religion with scorn, is not so much as neutral about the modes. *It unites the opposite evils of intolerance and indifference.*"

The friends of the modern Whigs may adduce one palliation for their misconduct. They may say, that they err through ignorance. Ignorance is a melancholy excuse for a statesman; if it were an excuse, however, the present Whig party would be, perhaps, the most blameless class of men who have ever adorned the ministerial benches. But ignorance cannot excuse, when that ignorance is voluntary. We shall see what Mr. Burke considers the right source whence statesmen should derive information;—speaking of himself he says, "That author makes what the ancients call *'mos maiorum'*," not indeed his sole, but certainly his principal rule of policy, to guide his judgment in whatever re-

gards our laws. Uniformity and analogy can be preserved in them by this process *only*. That point being fixed, and laying fast hold of a strong bottom, our speculations may swing in any direction without public detriment, because they will ride with sure anchorage."

In the course of this article we have endeavoured to prove, and we trust with success, the fact, that the principles of the ancient Whigs, were essentially conservative, and that those of the ancient Tories are the same with modern Whigs, on whom it is an act of injustice, alike to ourselves and our forefathers, to bestow that honorable name. We have likewise endeavoured to show the reasons why, and the means by which these appellations came to be conferred on persons holding the opposite principles from those upon whom they were originally bestowed. We shall now conclude our task in the warning language of that great man, whose opinions, delivered in order to stem the torrent of revolution and infidelity in his own age, are the best guide to direct our efforts against that which now threatens to annihilate every thing which we value, for which our fathers hazarded their fortunes and their lives. "I have stated the calamities which have fallen upon a great prince and nation, because they were not alarmed at the approach of danger, and because, *what commonly happens to men surprised, they lost all resource when they were caught in it*. When I speak of danger, I certainly mean to address myself to those who consider the prevalence of the new Whig doctrines as an evil. The Whigs of this day have before them, in this appeal, their constitutional ancestors. They have the doctors of the modern school. They will choose for themselves. The author of these reflections has chosen for himself. If a new order is coming on, and all the political opinions must pass away like dreams, which our ancestors have worshipped as revelations, he would rather be the last, (as certainly he is the least) of that race of men, than the first and greatest of those *who have come to themselves Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the Constitution.*"

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

CHAPTER VII.

“————— O traitors ! murderers !—
 They that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,
 Did not offend nor were not worthy blame,
 If this foul deed were by to equal it,
 He was a man—————”

3rd Part Henry VI.

The passions of democracy when not corrected and softened by the chivalric spirit of monarchy, are, in politics, what the physical wants are to the primitive savage, fierce, ravenous, and sanguinary, stopping at nothing to satisfy them. The cutter which Van Happerty chanced to fall in with, and partially chased, conveyed to one of the Parliamentary squadrons intelligence of a Dutch ship of war being in the channel, and we shall see what followed. De Ruyter having discharged his trust, in landing the Queen and the warlike stores, &c. departed with his ships for Holland, and fortunately escaped coming in contact with the English squadron, which, instructed by the cutter, already mentioned, was making for that part of the coast. It was earliest dawn on the morning after the departure of the Dutch commodore, when a sail was seen in the offing, and unfortunately perceived by the round-head cullion Crabtree, whom our readers we presume have not forgotten. From the experience derived by his residence on the coast he was assured of her being British, and he lost not a moment in taking boat and making for the vessel—his information directed the base and sanguinary attack which we have to relate. The ship of war having neared the shore as close as she could, opened a fire, aimed at Smallcraft's house, and the Queen was buried in profound sleep, when the cannonade aroused her to all the horrors of her situation. Fortunately De Lacy had been up some time, and in the Marquess of Winchester's room. Both rushed with little ceremony into the royal apartment, and after brief prepa-

ration, they were bearing their perilled sovereign hastily away, when a cross-bar shot, passing directly through the room, nearly smothered them in dust and splinters, but luckily, ranged too high to be fatal in its effects. This danger escaped, they were rapidly descending the stairs, when Henrietta, recollecting the Lady Eleanor, screamed her apprehension and anxiety for her beautiful and attached favourite. Leaving his royal mistress in the care of the marquess, De Lacy flew to rescue the adored mistress of his heart, or perish along with her. She had been lodged in the room immediately over that of the Queen; and just as the fair Eleanor's lover had reached the door, a stack of chimnies, built in the ponderous fashion of the times, came thundering down, dividing the house nearly in two. We shall not detail the means by which, with the assistance of the good Abbé, O'Reilly, De Lacy was enabled to bear Lady Eleanor, by this time insensible with terror, outside the house, which every moment threatened to fall upon them. It was perceived that the direction of the cannonade was changed somewhat, but still ploughing up the ground along the left of the quay, so as to render the attempt to pass that way certain destruction. They were turning to look for the means of escape in another quarter, when a loud halloo caught their ear; and De Lacy perceived Oakshaft, the pilot, alone in a small boat, directly under the pier: “We have a chance,” cried he—“our only chance to get back across the creek undiscovered—I got over well enough.” There was no time for deliberation:

they got, as speedily as possible, into the boat, placing the Lady on its flooring. "How came you here?" asked De Lacy, "and know you any thing of the Queen?" "I do not," answered the honest pilot, "it was Smallercraft sent me—it was lucky he thought on it—I should not—he is gone across the creek higher up, to seek after the Queen." De Lacy seized an oar, and they pulled for life or death, the shots passing every moment over their heads; nor was the desperate attempt made unobserved. A boat pushed off from the nearest vessel full of men, and rapidly gained upon them; they had got three parts of the way across, and the chase was almost upon them; so much so, that some of the men in the ship's boat were about to fire upon them, but were prevented by the officer who steered, and wished, with hostile purpose to obtain information from his prisoners, whom he considered himself on the point of capturing. Our poor fugitives were, by this time, fairly overhauled, and the bow-oarsman had seized his boat-hook and grappled them, when De Lacy, starting with the frenzy of desperation, dealt the grappler on the instant, such a blow across the arms with his oar, as not only compelled him to loose his hold, but staggered him so, that he lost his balance, and fell over board. This threw them a little a-head, and the man of war's crew irritated, threw down their oars, seized their arms, and gave their fire irregularly, in the act of which, as they all rushed to one side, the boat capsized, and all were precipitated into the tide. "Pull for life and death!" exclaimed our gallant Colonel, laying his hand on his left arm, where he felt he was wounded. "For death, master," said Oakstaff undauntedly, "my yarn is spun!" And De Lacy now perceived, that though he continued his exertions, the blood was pouring from his side in an uninterrupted stream. Short time was allowed for sympathy with the living; the dead claimed his strong, but, alas! unavailing feelings. The lion-hearted pilot tumbled from his seat, and, with a few convulsive groans, expired.

The boat by this catastrophe drifted her own way before De Lacy could get to the oars, and he, perceiving that the current tended strongly towards

the other side, took but one oar, and, saving his wounded arm, pulled as well as he was able with the other, which kept the boat slowly progressing up the creek. The firing from the ships had evidently slackened. Lady Eleanor and the good Father had escaped unhurt; and the boat being now upon the shore De Lacy prepared to land. He ascended the muddy side of the creek with some difficulty, and perceived, under shelter of a high bank, a crowd, which being clearly out of the range of fire, made him hope that the Queen had there found safe refuge, while on one side were several detachments of horse, evidently placed to command the upper part of the creek. Raising his voice and waving his hat he soon obtained assistance from the nearest of these parties, and in a few moments had the inexpressible satisfaction of placing Lady Eleanor, unharmed, except labouring under the terrors of the dreadful scene she had gone through, in the arms of her father, who, with a countenance that evinced what he had suffered, was standing beside a baggage waggon, where, stretched upon a truss of straw, and covered with horsemen's cloaks, lay the Queen of England.

Finding that his murderous attack had failed of its full intent, Batten, the thus infamous vice-admiral of the parliamentary fleet withdrew his squadron and put to sea, having effected nothing more than the demolition of Smallercraft's house, some adjoining tenements, and the slaughter of a few unfortunate individuals of little note, except the young and gallant Pomeroy, who, as he was assisting the Queen along the quay, was struck by a splinter which a cannon shot separated from the quay wall, and cut nearly in twain; the loyal blood of this youthful and ill-fated cavalier sprinkling the person of his royal mistress, and giving to her a frightful augury of the yet dearer blood which she was doomed to mourn. The danger over, the Queen rallied, and was enabled, with her small personal retinue, and military escorte, to proceed forthwith to Kilham, eight miles distant, the mansion of the loyal and determined Bunckley, where her security was further ensured by a re-inforcement to her guard of three hundred foot under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Webb. Here the Queen was allowed to take that repose which the unmanly

and brutal malice of her foes had so cruelly disturbed at Burlington. De Lacy had medicaments applied to his wounded arm with effect, and Lady Eleanor recovered from her fright.

While at Kilham, which was but for a brief period of rest, the lovers found opportunities of communion which more and more developed their mutual affection and increased their confidence; yet to both would the sweet dreams of love be rendered uneasy by occasional apprehension of difficulties to their union. If De Lacy was not titled, his birth was unexceptionable, and his blood of the purest and oldest in a country more than commonly tenacious of antient and unmixed lineage—yet he knew the Marquess of Winchester to be proud and ambitious to a high degree, even in comparison with his compeers. Still as love is wont to clothe its views in the brightest tints, his hopes derived strength from the probable honours and fortune to spring from his royal mistress's favour. Lady Eleanor loved, as woman ever loves, and feared like woman too. The stern opposition of her haughty father, and the dread of his known partiality for a certain Sir Edward Ashley, together with the recollection of some scenes which had occurred previous to her accompanying the Queen to Holland would intrude themselves, however unwelcome or unbidden; but she dashed aside the visionary ills with the fervid elasticity of youthful hope, and placed in opposition to them the more matter-of-fact influence of her father's gratitude for life preserved, De Lacy's merits, and the Queen's known partiality for him. Minds nourished with such food soon restored their corporeal convalescence, and on the fifth day it was arranged that the whole party should proceed on their way to York.

We might, through the art of spinning, make much of the Queen's journey to York, but as there sometimes occur exceptions to the best established adages, and our readers might not, in the present instance, consider "the longest way round the shortest way home," we shall content us with saying that her Majesty reached York, the head quarters of the Earl of Newcastle, without interruption, the country being prevalently in the hands of the royalists. After the arrangements at York, by which the King's force there was

strengthened by the supplies obtained by the Queen, her Majesty and suite urged their way to Oxford, where the King then was. The heart-cheering intelligence of the defeat of the Parliamentarians under Sir William Waller, at Lansdown, by the Cornish royalist army, commanded in chief by the Marquess of Hertford, reached the Queen at Leicester. This victory, however brilliant, was clouded by the death of the gallant Sir Beville Greenville, and the loss of Sir Ralph Hopton's services, who had been so dreadfully wounded as to remain, though still alive, totally insensible. With their ammunition nearly exhausted, and in want of reinforcements of every kind, the Cornish army had pushed forward in order to effect a communication with the King, at Oxford, and in furtherance of that object had reached the straggling town of Devizes. In a large bedroom of the principal inn of that place lay Sir Ralph Hopton, exhibiting such an appalling object of human suffering as is hardly to be conceived and impossible to describe. He had been blown up by the explosion of an ammunition waggon on the morning after the battle, and literally flayed from head to foot, but being obviously not dead, he had been brought forward to this distance, from whence the surgeons had given their opinion that he could not possibly be removed. He was swathed in oiled linen, and as the weather was intensely hot, it being the 5th day of June, he was laid upon the bed, with no other covering, the face being occasionally exposed to view, as an attendant removed a cooling application, which was renewed from time to time. On this ghastly object, which more resembled a putrifying corpse than any thing living, a tall dignified personage, rather advanced in years, was alternately gazing with an expression of the most acute feeling, or turning away in anguish, as the intolerable agony of his endurance, wrung a low moan from the gallant sufferer, affording the only sign he gave of existence. At the other end of the room, and looking out of an open window, as if anxiously seeking some particular object, stood a thin tall man, completely armed, apparently about twenty-five years old, but whose foreign aspect and dark stern countenance, made him appear considerably

oldest. "I wish to heaven Marlborough were come," said the Marquess of Hertford—"does your Royal Highness perceive any sign of him?" "I do not," replied Prince Maurice, turning from the window, and shuddering as he spoke, having caught a glimpse of the unearthly countenance of his suffering companion in arms—"would it not be well to send to him again?" As he spoke, the Earl of Marlborough, with the aid of a stick, limped into the room—"How does our poor friend?" said he to the Marquess—"how has he passed the night?" "In torture unutterable I fear," replied the Marquess, "but the surgeons are of opinion that he can hear; I should have best consulted my own inclination, and your necessary aid, my gallant friend, by calling our little council at your quarters, but that I wished that the gallant and powerful spirit of the poor sufferer (glancing at Sir Ralph) should be present, mangled as he is, for I feel assured, that he will, some way or other, find means to express his valuable opinion." A louder moan than they had yet heard from the sufferer, seemed to indicate, that he understood them. Having spoken a few words to an orderly soldier, who was standing beneath the window, Prince Maurice and the Earl took their seats at a table, and the Marquess said, "I have sent for you, my gallant friend, to obtain your aid in deciding upon the least evil, which our untoward circumstances impose upon us, and to be present at the examination of a person, whom his Royal Highness's usual penetration and activity has caused to be secured, and whom we strongly suspect to be one of Waller's spies. The door opened, and a tall, lank, sunburnt man, about forty, in the garb of a tradesman, but of the true round-head fashion, was brought in, his hands tied behind him, and his sword in possession of the orderly, who had custody of him. He slightly cast his eyes around, and on perceiving the dreadful object on the bed, his countenance underwent some change, and turning to the orderly he said, "Wherefore, thou wild heathen, hast thou brought me unto the chamber of death?" "Peace, scoundrel!" cried Prince Maurice, "and wait until you are spoken to." "Scoundrel am I none, thou lion's whelp, nor do I fear thy roaring," an-

swered the prisoner resolutely. The Prince clasped the hilt of his sword with an expression of violent anger, while the Marquess cast a look of surprise to the Earl at the intimate knowledge of them which the man seemed to possess. "What is your name?" demanded the Marquess. "Why seekest thou to know?" replied the man. "What are you then?" said the Earl of Marlborough. "A man even as thou art, and God made me," was the reply. Prince Maurice started up, and seizing him violently by the collar, cried, "Who think you, hypocritical cur, is to be thus baffled! if you hesitate to answer another question, by the blood of my ancestors, I will divorce your canting soul from your vile carcase on the spot!" The man, almost strangled, made no reply; and the Marquess, requesting the Prince to consider him beneath his notice, said, "Since you will not give your name, what business brought you to this place at the present moment; you are not a native of it?" "How knowest thou that?" replied the man—"and as thou dost, what seekest thou at my hands? May not a man sojourn for a night in the tent of the stranger, but he must be thus bound and imprisoned? but so was Paul, but the Lord set him free." "There is good reason for your detention," said the Prince, "though you are precisely known; you have been seen with the rebel army;—answer me this question, were you not at Lansdown?" "Thou hast said it," was the reply. "Away with him, my Lord, away with him," said the Prince, "let us see if we cannot find means to extract an answer from the dog." "We will try him, with your Highness's favour, a little longer, answered the Marquess, "I should be sorry if his obstinacy compelled us to have recourse to severity; if it does, he will have only himself to thank. Was it in the pursuit of any trade or business that you came hither?" "Verily was it," replied the prisoner. "What business could take you from one ale-house to another without any one exception, asking all manner of questions of our people through the whole of the night?" demanded the Prince. "I will answer thee that question," replied the prisoner, "as it absolveth me from that which thou would'st impute to me;

know, then, that to support the creature-wants, which the infirmity of our fallen nature imposeth on the flesh, I do traffic in malt, in the pursuit of which calling it is my hap to be thrown in the way of publicans and sinners." "From what part of the country did you come?" asked the Earl of Marlborough. "If, peradventure, thou should'st pass through the town of Kingsclere, in Southampton, thou might'st, if it behoveth thee to enquire, be directed to the Solas Rabishaw." "Solas Rabishaw—is that your name?" said the Prince, "Thou hast ears to hear, yet hear not," replied Solas, "I have spoken." Sir Marmaduke Estcourt, the governor of Devizes Castle, here sent up his name, requesting an immediate interview with the Marquess. "Know you ought of this man, Sir Marmaduke?" asked the Marquess as he entered, "his conduct has excited strange suspicion—he calls himself Solas Rabishaw, a malster at Kingsclere." "I know not his person," said Sir Marmaduke, "but if he be Solas Rabishaw, a more mischievous or determined traitor disgraces not English ground. He has been one of the most active agents in disseminating the poison of discontent, and withal so artful, and audacious in factious falsehoods, as occasion may serve, that when most urging the commonalty to rebellion, I should not wonder if he were to seek to make you believe that he is only on a mission of pacification; and the news of which I am unfortunately the bearer, convinces me that he is now here on some errand of Waller's." A grim smile passed over Rabishaw's features, as Sir Marmaduke spoke these words. "What does the hell-dog scowl at?" cried Prince Maurice. "He had better be removed," said Sir Marmaduke, significantly. "Even as thou wilt," said Rabishaw, turning to the Prince, "but I will now unfold that which thou seekest to learn, but what thou would'st not hear, for know, O! seed of Ahab, that the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and hath delivered thee into the power of thine enemies; even as Jehu, the son of Nimshi, cometh our captain in the might of the Lord, to destroy thee." Prince Maurice, unable to contain himself, drew his sword, and would have instantly deprived him of any further power of

prophecy, but he was prevented by those present. "I dread thee not," said Solas, "for thou shalt not smite them whom thou hast taken captive; long have I sought the Lord, and I have found—yea, am I now overshadowed by his presence." "You shall have speedily a sure pass-port to it," replied the Prince, "for I swear, that the moment I quit this room, I will, in person, superintend your departure thither; take him away, and see he be carefully guarded—my good Lords, your pardon—this screech owl has overpowered my self-command—now Sir Governor your news?" "I am sorry to say, your Highness," replied Sir Marmaduke, "that the screech-owl has, I fear, too truly foreboded: Sir William Waller has retreated so actively, and been so ably and speedily reinforced by Lord Essex, that the van-guard of his amply recruited army is now within three miles of us, and has halted just below Roundway-down." "Then, I fear," said the Marquess, "our fate is inevitable." "As to our fate," said Prince Maurice, "it is of little consequence, but the loss of this army, as it were in the very zenith of victory"—"May yet be mitigated, if not prevented," said the Earl of Marlborough; "is there any chance, think you, Sir Marmaduke, of your despatch reaching Oxford?" "None, unfortunately," replied the Governor. It was here proposed by the Earl of Marlborough, that the horse, led by the Marquess and the Prince, should force their way through the enemy at night, while the foot would seek to gain time, by treaty, or any other means, until re-inforcements could arrive. Prince Maurice proposed that the foot should endeavour to get into Marlborough,—“And leave our gallant comrade,” pointing to Sir Ralph Hopton, “to certain destruction.” Said the Marquess, “I hold his life of such value, that did I not think there was a possibility of redeeming the whole, I would not move an inch.” To the horrible astonishment of the whole conclave, the wounded man raised himself and placed his muffled hands together in an attitude of supplication, but, though he attempted to speak he was unable to produce any intelligible articulation, and fell back on the bed. Well did they interpret from their in-

imate knowledge of the heroic sufferer, that this affecting appeal was made from no selfish feeling, but to signify his wish, that could the service be advanced, his fate was not to be considered. Having agreed upon the Earl's proposition, measures were adopted accordingly, and the small council broke up.

True to his oath, Prince Maurice proceeded to the prison where Solas Rabishaw had been confined—but

although, for the greater safety, the key had been transferred from the gaoler to the petty officer who had charge of prisoner, and neither bar, bolt, or lock was sprung or forced, the Parliamentarian was not to be found! The rage and disappointment of the Prince was great, and but that the approaching crisis called for the prompt concert and united strength of all, it had gone hard with the apparently negligent guard.

CHAPTER VIII.

“————— Thy story quickly—”

“Gracious, my Lord,

“I shall report that what I saw.”

MACBETH.

The plan agreed on was, that the horse should march at midnight, under the command of the Prince and Marquess through separate and by-lanes, upon the hamlet of Bremilham, which lay about three miles off the high road to the left, and endeavour there to form a junction, or, should circumstances occur to prevent this, the village of Winterbourne Bassett, five miles further on and also off the high road, was appointed as the rendezvous, and where, whichever party arrived first, was to halt for half an hour, and then proceed to Farringdon. The landlord of the inn acted as guide to the Marquess's division, while his hostler, a raw Wiltshire lad, but well acquainted with the country, was selected to point out the way to the party commanded by the Prince. As the men were falling in on the green, Prince Maurice observed that the guide led another strong horse on which an old woman, wrapped up in a large cloak and hood, was seated, and seemingly fastened on. “What live lumber have you there, you impudent varlet?” demanded the Prince. “A bee nought but a wauld aunt o' moine,” replied the guide, in the true Wiltshire dialect, “a do woant to get whoam to Winterbourne, and a be mor-

tal glad, in thick audacious toime to go wi' the zoldier volk.” “The devil take you both,” said the Prince, “who think you is to be hindered by an old hag like this?” “A 'll noa inder e a grain —doan't e vear that your Oighness; a be a neation good oos, all car un well i'll warnt un.” “If we meet any opposition on the road the old witch must shift for herself.” “A 'll do that,” replied the guide, “thank your Oighness, a'll zeek no moar veavor or thick; a moy sheak the wauld boans an un vor zartain, but a mun put up wi' that.” They commenced their march, and had proceeded about two miles, when the lane branched off right and left, and the Prince perceiving that the guide took the right, cried out, “that cannot be the way to Bramilham.” “Ees, ees a bee,” replied the guide, “you do go by vearmer Miller's barton away vor Melksham, theas be the woy your Oighness.” The branch they had taken led decidedly to the right, and having gone more than half a mile further, they came under a high wall which was upon the down to their right, about a hundred yards distant, and just close by was a large sheep-fold, which, as usual in that country, had a gate at each corner. The Prince, convinced that

they were wrong or misled, was about to insist on retracing their steps, when, as they came to the sheep-fold the guide and the old woman suddenly dashed into it, the gates being open, at full speed, and disappeared through the opposite side. Prince Maurice fired his petronel after them at random, and instantly a volley was returned from behind the wall, which luckily took little effect. With more courage than prudence the Prince charged up the sheep-fold, calling on some of the foremost men to follow, and, as he got out on the open down perceived the old woman at a little distance: he was proceeding, in the heat of the moment, to visit the sin of her nephew upon her, when throwing off the cloak that enveloped her, Solas Rabishaw, assuming a manly seat on the horse which bore him, and drawing a long whinyard, cried out, "said I not, false worshipper of Baal, that the finger of the Mighty was upon thee, yea as at the pit of the shearing-house, art thou delivered into our hand." They attacked each other with mutual fury, and the cavaliers dashing through the sheep-fold, while the ambush advanced from under the wall to meet them, the skirmish became general, and in the clash of arms the Prince and his plebeian antagonist were separated. Retreating a little and rallying and collecting his party, Maurice, by a vigorous and courageous effort cut his way through the enemy, and, with little loss, regained the lane and entered on the branch which at first they should have pursued, and with horses scarcely able to lift their legs, they got into Oxford at 9 o'clock in the afternoon of the 5th.

In the mean time, the Queen proceeded towards Keinton-field, below Edge-hill, where it was appointed that she should meet the King on the 12th. — With a heart palpitating at one moment, at her approaching interview with her royal consort, or depressed with apprehension, lest any unforeseen circumstances might arise to prevent their meeting, Henrietta reached the appointed spot. The army was halted on the spacious plain between the town of Edge-hill, adjoining the spot where the battle had taken place the year before. As an officer who had been present was giving the Queen what information she required, cries of "the King! the King!" ran through the

army, and a body of horse was seen winding down the hill on the road from Banbury—the eager and keen vision of faithful and expectant love was not slow to discern its all-absorbing object. — "Praise be to God's mercy, it is the King! It is himself!" exclaimed the Queen, and urging her horse forward at his speed, she advanced to meet the sovereign more of her heart than even of her political allegiance. Reflections here occur of the constitution of human nature, and the influence of habits and opinions which controul its best propensities, but we forego the observations which they suggest; we know, that in this our day, the vile and vicious usurpation of political expediency over conscientious and honourable principle, has fatally prevailed, but it has been between the rulers and the ruled, not between the hearts which would have been the same, whether of the sovereign or the subject. Charles made a similar movement with that of the Queen, and hastily alighting from his horse which he let loose in his agitation, he received his beloved Henrietta in his arms, as she almost threw herself into them, and for the moment the cares of suffering and perilled royalty were forgotten in the intoxicating extacy of re-united hearts. The army took the road to Banbury, the castle of which town had been strongly fortified and garrisoned, and there the royal party were to be accommodated for the night. They were met at the gate by Colonel Fielding, the governor, whose countenance augured some sinister event,—an intercepted despatch addressed by Sir W. Waller, to the Speaker of the House of Commons, explained to his Majesty what the governor's clouded brow had indicated.

"Honorable Sir, and esteemed friend,—Let this suffice for the present—I have done my work, and will on the morrow send thee official notification of the number, names, and rank of my prisoners—

Thine under pressure of time,
WM. WALLER."

Dated from the hill of Roundway-down
by the Devizes, 8, A.M., 6th June,
—1643.—

The King, with pallid countenance, and quivering lip, handed the paper to

the Queen, crying out, "Bitter are thy chastisements dread Being, but who shall dare to dispute thy high behest—be it even as thou wilt"—With heavy hearts and clouded brows, the next morning saw them setting out for Oxford; the anguish of the Queen's feelings, rendering her almost incapable of the exertion. Here then, was the end of all her labours—thus was her reunion with the King marked, as if providence had chosen the very hour to chasten the exultation of joy and hope. They moved with great caution, apprehending an attack from Essex, and passing through Deddington, halted at Hop-crofts-holt for the horses and men to refresh. While thus employed, the advanced picquet, which had been stationed on the road to Oxford, fell back and reported that a small party of horse was rapidly approaching. In spite of the Queen's entreaties, King Charles went in person to reconnoitre, and in a short time the cry of "Friends! Friends!" brought the Queen to the spot. About fifty horsemen advanced at a round pace, and Sir Everard Ashley, (a special favourite of Charles) whose elegant buff coat was soiled with blood and dust, rode up. "Thank God for this!" said the King—"this is some alleviation—but why are you here?" "I was anxious that no one should forestall my intelligence," answered the favourite gaily. "It is a proof of your consideration," replied the King, imagining that his intention was to soften the unpleasant news—"you bear misfortunes gaily"—"Heaven send such every day," replied Sir Everard, who thought the allusion was to his being wounded, "but this is none of my blood"—"You have had hard work of it," observed Charles, "but even the consideration of your own safety should not, methinks, overbalance so disastrous —" "Gracious my Liege," said Sir Everard, "a more decided defeat—" "We know it," interrupted the King, as if dreading so hear the details, and

he handed Sir Everard the intercepted despatch—" 'Tis a forgery" exclaimed the favourite—"or stay—let me see the date"—"Is it possible!" cried the agitated monarch in an agony of mingled hope and fear—"Speak, Ashley, and relieve us from this insupportable suspense." "I will tell you what I witnessed gracious Sire, as quickly as I can—no less than the total destruction—the annihilation of Waller's army." The King seized the Queen's hands in his, and raising them in an attitude of adoration, said, "In the bitterness of our anguish, we did not question thy righteous decrees—in the hour of distress we still placed our hope in thy justice and mercy, and signally, O Lord! hast thou delivered us!" Then turning to Sir Everard Ashley, "How and where befel this glorious day?" "At Roundway-down, two miles from the Devezes; the party sent to re-inforce the Lord Marlborough, and with which I volunteered, reached the small hamlet of Bremilham about eight o'clock in the morning undiscovered, and contrived to communicate with the Earl, who had come to the determination of surrendering within an hour if not re-inforced"—"This accounts for the despatch," said the King. "The supply of ammunition, continued Sir Everard, "which we brought, determined us to fight it out, and conquer or fall—and we did conquer—Our first charge was so irresistible, that it bore down all before it, and threw the infantry into such irrecoverable disorder, as eventually lost them the day; the cavalry held us stoutly for some time—to do the prick-eared chiefs justice, they were in no hurry to turn their backs." Intoxicated in no small degree with the feelings which this sudden transition of fortune gave birth to, the royal army entered Oxford in the evening, amidst the stunning congratulations, and multifarious rejoicings of its then motley inhabitants.

CHAPTER IX.

A Lady's verily is
As potent as a Lord's.

Winter's Tale.

It here becomes necessary to acquaint the reader that, in order to adapt this tale to the character of a periodical publication, we give but a very brief abstract of the original manuscript, which, when published in its full and collective form, will, no doubt, make one of the most delectable novels of which this novel-writing age can boast.

Agreeably to our plan of compression we have omitted in its place an episode, short reference to which is necessary to the right understanding of the matter and the conclusion to which we are progressing. On the demise of his father, Sir Everard Ashley became the Ward of the Marquis of Winchester, and might be said to have been brought up with Lady Eleanor Paulet. The young Knight's ample possessions and his favour with the King rendered him in the eyes of the Marquess a desirable son-in-law, and he had, as a common saying goes, not only "his own consent" to the match, but that of Sir Everard Ashley also. The haughty noble never reckoned on the contingency of his daughter's dissent.—Ashley was handsome and vain, and his morals more suited to the Court of the Second than the First Charles. In affairs of the heart he was a practised spoiler, and generally too successful not to be confident of victory. In the progress of the Queen to Oxford, she rested for a few days at Morton-house, near Alfreton, in Derbyshire, the mansion of Sir Thomas Lester. In the fond visions of paternal solicitude, the good Knight cherished the hope of the union of his only child Matilda, with her cousin Henry Lester, who tenderly loved her whom he was taught to look upon as his future wife, and was every way worthy of a reciprocal affection; but "the spoiler—the cruel spoiler"

came, and to the indulgence of a base and wicked passion, overturned the hopes of parent, child, and lover. Sir Everard Ashley saw the ill-fated Matilda, and wooed and secretly won her to dishonour and to ruin. During the stay of the Royal party at Morton-house Lady Eleanor, attained to a confidence betrayed by female jealousy, and learned that the chosen of her father was a villain.—We now pursue our main story.

The distinguished part which Sir Everard had borne in the recent brilliant affair at Roundway, and the increased favour of the sovereign in consequence, led the Marquess of Winchester the more earnestly to forward the long projected union which he had cherished in his mind, and he never dreamt that his daughter's affections could resist the hero of the hour, whom he had destined for her husband. Parents are apt, as well as kings, to find, that prerogative may be strained to a fatal extension. The Marquess brought the submissive duty as he would call it, of his daughter to the test; he communicated to her his wishes—enforced to a command; an interview took place between the Lady Eleanor and the vainly supposed conqueror of all hearts, Sir Everard Ashley. She cast against the profligate's pretensions the name of the betrayed Matilda Lester, and rejected his addresses with all the scorn which could be expressed in courtly language, and all the decision which virtue, leaving pre-engaged affection out of the question, should oppose to vice. We omit the detail of the spirited and interesting scene which took place on the occasion. It would not be easy to describe the enraged feelings of the Marquess on learning the issue of his

air-built hopes—if we could suppose the proud nobleman descending from his buckram dignity to a point of com-

parison with Colonel Oldboy in the opera, we might appropriate to him the words and sentiment of the song—

“ If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No comfort you have, tho' you've buried your wife,
At twenty she mocks at the duty you've taught her—
O! what a plague is an obstinate daughter.”

The real mockery, however, is against nature, when worldly views would controul her laws, and reckon alike on the affections of the heart and the convictions of the mind, but as commonplace sacrifices to conventional arrangements. The Marquess of Winchester was not without having had some misgivings respecting Colonel De Lacy, and this only urged him to a more despotic exercise of a father's power. He had previously obtained permission to proceed to his mansion of Basing-house, at this time a garrison to the king's service, and he fixed for the following morning for his departure, to be accompanied by his daughter, to

whom he announced, that she should be less his child than his prisoner, until her affections should conform to his will. All women, God bless them! are more or less match-makers, from the cottage dame to her whose plotting head is encircled with a diadem. Love can assume no disguise to screen it from a woman's eye, its feelings cannot escape the sympathy of woman's heart; she is, at once, the theory and practice of all that is safely or dangerously, happily, or miserably, the issue of human action, springing from the tenderness and devotedness of human passion.

W O M A N.

O! woman precious gift of heav'n
The best as 'twas the latest giv'n;
Fair type of the Creator's love,
Bright earnest of the bliss above!
Sweet'ning all the ills that wait
On man's probationary state;
Making our joys more joyful still,
And less'ning every human ill;
Young virtue's earthly spring and nurse,
Making man better, never worse;
And, as atoning Eve's offence,
For Eden's loss a recompence,
She strews with flow'rs our path of pain
'Till we our Paradise regain;
The first to glad our earthly doom—
The last found weeping o'er our tomb!

Henrietta, whose own heart was filled with that passion legitimately so strange to royal unions, had early perceived the attachment mutual to Lady Eleanor and Colonel De Lacy, and felt pleased at its progress, and had even reconciled the Marchioness of Winchester, whose pride was not less than that of her Lord, to a match upon which, the royal fortunes being prosperous, she could confer wealth and distinction. On learning the Marquess's determination of proceeding with her fair prisoner to Basing-house,

she managed a farewell meeting between the lovers, in which pledges of unalterable constancy sealed the compact of their hearts, and wound up the lady's spirits to the trial before her,—At 4 o'clock in the morning, the Marquess and his daughter commenced their journey, accompanied by a respectable re-inforcement for the garrison of Basing, and Sir J. Bunckley, who, having been appointed to the command of Greenland-house, was of the party as far as Wallingford. As they were crossing the Thames at a

ford about eight miles from Oxford, Lady Eleanor's horse got a little out of the direct track, and Smallcraft, who was in Bunckley's train a volunteer, pressing up to her assistance, slid a small packet into her hand, and then quickly fell back into his place. As soon as she was alone at Aldermaston, where they halted for the night, she was overjoyed to find that the packet contained a strong, but hastily executed likeness of "her heart's dear lord," and on the back was written, "I am blessed with your's!"—she recollected that at the Queen's desire, she had sat to an eminent artist at the Hague, the celebrated Gerard Dow.

Three months had nearly passed unmarked by any great event, except the siege of Gloucester, which the King had undertaken in person, committing the Government of Oxford to Sir Everard Ashley. The base and profligate in mind are incapable of a pure and chivalrous love; grossness and selfishness are, with such, ever ascendant, and the refinement and devotedness which impart to the tender passion the elevation, enthusiasm, and if necessary, the martyrdom of religion never enobles the heart that refers every thing to self. It is the same way with the evil councillor and statesman, whose ambition is limited to his own aggrandisement, and, a stranger to the exalted principle which never separates the love of power from that of country, would sacrifice King and people to his tenacity of place. Unfortunately there are not wanting in our own days subjects for the parallel. Ashley had three times visited Basing-house after the return of the Marquess and his daughter, but his detested suit, was received by the latter with such marked contempt for himself and character, that offended vanity converted his mis-called love into hate, the demonstration of which we shall see presently. The Marquess of Winchester had strengthened his mansion fortress, and deemed himself secure, but the Parliament duly regarding the value of the position to the King's interests, determined on its reduction. Onslow and Jervis were superseeded in their joint command of the army in that quarter by Colonel Joshua Norton, a man of fortune and influence in that part of the country. He commenced the siege of Basing with vigour and threw up works in the park, which

bid fair, in a short time, completely to command the defences of the house. The Marquess soon found that he had been too confident, and the most poignant apprehensions were excited, not for his own fate or the preservation of his ancestral residence, but for the safety of his beloved child. His situation becoming every moment more critical, he at length, although reluctantly, resolved on applying for succour from Oxford. Accordingly, on Monday morning, the 12th of September, the Marchioness of Winchester's household in Oxford were aroused by the arrival of an express. What were that Lady's feelings we leave to our readers' conception, on perusing the following letter:—

"If you would save the life of your child, or preserve her from falling into the hands of an enemy whose cruelty might inflict worse than death, lose not a moment in exerting your influence to obtain a party which may assist to her escape, if not sufficient to reinforce me or raise the siege with which I am sore and closely beset. I cannot spare a man from this, and am determined to perish in maintaining the trust reposed in me by my Sovereign. From the son of my adoption—from the hero of Roundway I trust, under Providence, for my child's rescue from this imminent peril.

"Thine in anguish,

"WINCHESTER.

"Dated at the House at
Basing, Sept. 11th,
midnight, 1643."

The Marchioness hurried on her apparel, and almost frantic with distress, proceeded to the lodgings of Sir Edward Hyde, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who at her instance summoned a private council at his apartments. In about half an hour the Lords Hertford and Southampton, Sir Everard Ashley, and Colonel De Lacy attended. "Read that, brother," said the Marchioness, handing the letter to the Marquess of Hertford. He read it, and without uttering a word, handed it to Lord Southampton, and thus silently it went the round of the small council. "What is to be done?" demanded the Marquess, with breathless impatience, as De Lacy returned the letter to the Marquess who presided.

All eyes were turned on Sir Everard, as being governor of the city. "I perceive," said he, with an apathy of manner ill-suited to the occasion, "that I am called upon to give my opinion on this lamentable business; the duty which I have to perform is painful, but is also imperative—the case is beyond hope or remedy." "God of mercy!" exclaimed the Marchioness, "do I hear aright?—and is it you, then, who would crush the efforts to save our devoted house—you, whom it has nurtured, to inflict a deadly sting—you, the bosom friend—the elected son of its unfortunate representative!" "I have said, that a painful duty is imposed on me—the vital trust," said Sir Everard, "of maintaining this city—perhaps the last hold of the king, a single soldier therefore cannot be spared from its defence." "Colonel Webb's force is at our disposal," said the Marquess of Hertford, "but we have not a single horseman." "Nor, pardon me, shall you, my Lord," replied the knight; "I will do my duty, let what will be thought of it." De Lacy, who had not yet spoken, addressing himself to the Marquess of Hertford, said, "Your Lordship mentioned, that Colonel Webb's force is at your disposal. I know him well—have served with him, and a better soldier does not exist. If we could muster some volunteer horse, and that the queen permits, I will join, either in command, or as a volunteer, and, with the aid of heaven, will bring a rescue or lose my life." The Marchioness arose, threw herself on De Lacy's shoulder and wept aloud. "Aye," said Ashley, with a sneer that marked the malignity of his heart, "aye, Colonel De Lacy, no doubt, will storm the garden of the Hesperides; but the days of enchantment and romance are at an end, and Lady Eleanor Paulet's doughty Orlando will find no winged horse to assist him; and as to the four-legged ones under my command, once and for all, not one of them shall stir." De Lacy looked with cool contempt on the wretch, while the indignant Marchioness, aroused beyond all self-control, lifted her hand and struck the false loon on the face; he started up, his countenance distorted with passion, and quitted the room. "Out upon him, poltroon!" said the Lady to the astonished conclave. The law of

courtly manners and the gentle character of her sex were violated, but the Marchioness found her vindication in the law of nature; and the noble hearts that witnessed her provocation confessed, that the offence of the woman was justified by the feelings of the mother.

The result of the deliberation was that the noble friends of the Marchioness, then present, should arm and mount their retainers as well as they could, and these, together with a number of gallant and loyal young spirits of the University, who volunteered their services even at the hazard of incurring the penalties of College discipline, formed a band of two hundred horsemen, well mounted, and by no means indifferently armed. Colonel Webb's force amounted to one hundred foot. To these the Queen added her Dutch guard, consisting of ten men, brave and steady soldiers.

Among the University volunteers Henry Lester, the lover of his cousin Matilda, of Morton-house, and two young and gallant spirits, Courtney and Trevannion, were foremost. When the force was paraded, scarfs of white linen, to be worn on the left arm, were distributed to all, officers and privates, to distinguish them to their friends at Basing, as well as to each other, the attack on the enemy for the relief of the Marquess of Winchester being intended to take place in the night. The Marchioness confided to De Lacy's ingenuity and discretion how to convey to Basing-house the following brief note, communicating the movement about to take place, that the beleaguered garrison might be prepared to give its co-operation.

"Your friends have hastily collected what succour they could, which will leave this at midnight; as, from the smallness of the force, a night attack has been resolved on, each man is distinguished by a white scarf on his left arm: adopt the like precaution. The pass-word is "*Love and Loyalty!*" That Heaven may work your deliverance, prays your

"AUGUSTA.

"Oxford, Sept. 12th,
5 o'clock, P.M. 1843."

The troops were then marched off to the quarters assigned to them, the

officers having received orders to rendezvous their respective commands, outside the Magdalen-bridge Gate at eleven o'clock. De Lacy and Webb proceeded to make their final arrangements when they perceived the advance of three armed horsemen, and on their nearer approach De Lacy recognised Tobias Smallcraft, attended by two dragoons. "An express from Greenland—eh, Smallcraft?" said the Colonel. "No, honoured Sir," replied Smallcraft, "My young master finding it impossible to hold the place much longer, has stolen a march, and luckily got clear away. I am come to provide quarters for the men." "Where did you leave Buncley, and what force has he?" eagerly asked De Lacy. "At Wallingford," replied Tobias, "we are two hundred foot and fifty horse." "Praised be its mercy! I see the hand of Heaven in this," ejaculated our hero. "You must return with all speed to Sir John." He then took out his tablets, and wrote with his pencil the following:—

"Dear Buncley,

"The Marquess is reduced to the last extremity at Basing—Lady Eleanor is there. I march to-night with scanty means to attempt their relief. Retrace your steps. There is a large wood exactly midway between Cholsey and Aston-Tirrol on the right of the lane which connects those villages, and four miles from Wallingford. Halt there and wait my coming. I expect to reach it about four o'clock in the morning.

"Your's,

"O. DE LACY.

"From Magdalen Gate,
Oxford, Sept. 12th,
6 P.M., 1643."

"This is most fortunate," said Colonel Webb; "had Buncley's force once entered Oxford, Ashley would not have permitted him to join us."—"The prospect brightens!" answered the soldier and the lover, "Fortune befriend me this once, and I will cry quits with you for life." On reaching his apartments, how great was his surprise to find Father Denis habited in travelling order. "You are full late my son," said the priest, "it is half-past ten—" I should nevertheless have taken my leave of you," said De Lacy,

affectionately grasping the hand of the old man, and his voice nearly faltered when he added—"It may be the will of heaven that I shall never see you again—if I fall in the service of Love and Loyalty, to maintain which my life is alone of value—you will find all my family deeds, and my will in yonder box—they convey to you the mansion and lands of my fathers, if you shall ever be permitted to return to that once happy seat of innocent enjoyment and ancient hospitality, from which a fierce and bloody bigotry has driven us—I know you will uphold the charity of our house, and forgive, and try to undeceive and reform my deluded tenantry." Here the subduing recollections and feeling which the love of home awakens in every human heart, softened the brave soldier even to tears. His voice became tremulous and scarcely audible, and he bowed his head on the old man's shoulder, who strained with energy the object of his early cares and latest affection to his own labouring breast. "My son, we shall not part but in death—whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge—be it in the grave of battle or of peace—where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried."—"What!" said De Lacy, "you my dear old friend, go on such a perilous expedition—I will not permit it."—"You must," replied the priest, "a higher impulse than even my love for you leads me to the field of strife—most of those who compose the small band you command are of my persuasion,—I cannot say of your's—are they, in their last moments to want the consolations of religion,—yourself, too, child of my heart! may fall, and in such a moment should I be absent?—might you not have some bequest of this world suddenly thought of, which, if destined, withered tree that I am, to survive your manly bloom, I could execute, and O'Brien De Lacy, altered though I know your religious opinions to be, would you refuse at my hands, the office of the Christian priest?"—"My kind, my parental friend," said De Lacy, taking the reverend old man's hand, "that is not Christian which is not of the gospel—the office of the priest cannot be efficacious, separated from the letter and the spirit of the written word of God." "And how came you to know," replied Pa-

ther Denis, with a little of his constitutional warmth, that my christianity is not that of the Bible?" "Is it not," almost whispered De Lacy, as if he feared to wound the old man's feelings and therefore wished not to be heard—"Is it not that of the monks of Multifernam?"—"God forbid!" energetically exclaimed Father Denis—"It is that of the early fathers, whom we still refer to as authorities—It is that of my church before its earthly head usurped the power and attributes of God; and before those corruptions which I lament but cannot remove, broke the unity and peace of the christian world; I inwardly reject what has revolted you, and perhaps it is my sin, that I do not openly disavow what I secretly condemn. Fear not, my son, that if the calamitous duty should devolve upon these old hands to close your eyes, and direct your last thoughts to the throne of divine grace—fear not that I would offend your convictions, or rob you of one moment of the time then so precious, by any idle ceremonies—fear not that I would place before your fading eyes any image, the work of man, but direct your flitting contemplations to Him who sitteth at the right hand of the Father, even the Mediator Christ Jesus."—"My father, now more than ever," said De Lacy in a subdued and tender tone, "we are not separated in belief, and shall not in person; we will, since you wish it, go together, to life or death."

Thus ended a controversial colloquy more in the spirit of christian love than those which, in general, mark the theological discussions of the present times. The point of the priest accompanying the expedition being thus settled, De Lacy told his reverend com-

panion that he must relinquish his mule, upon which he commonly rode, and take the Colonel's large pie-bald Hungarian horse, an animal singularly bred "to meet the bristling front of war."—"I fear me," said the old man, "I shall not be able to manage him"—"A child may ride him," said De Lacy, and bear in mind, that on an emergency, if ever horse claimed to his kind the concession of rationality, he will do so to save your life."

At the appointed time the troops were at the place of rendezvous, and at midnight, they marched amidst the prayers and good-wishes of all save Sir Everard Ashley, who condemned the expedition as the blustering attempt of a love-sick coxcomb, which would inevitably end in defeat and shame. It is thus that the base and cowardly are ever sceptical to what may be achieved by the noble and the brave—prudence and courage contemplate danger only to subdue it—difficulties vanish before perseverance, and, whether in the case of an individual or a people, the end that is virtuous and just, should never be considered as unattainable.—O! may the protestants of Ireland, in the day of proof, too surely advancing, gloriously and loyally, illustrate the truth of our position.

Avoiding the high road, De Lacy and his small force kept by the lanes to Nuncham Courtney, and crossing the Thames at a ford two miles above Wallingford, held on their route to the left of that place, and at 5 o'clock, reached the wood between Cholsey and Aston-Tirrold, where De Lacy had the satisfaction of effecting his junction with Buncley, whose spirit was alive to the objects of the expedition, and his purpose fixed to aid their accomplishment at every hazard.

LIFE OF A SAILOR.

The navy has long been a subject for the pens of authors, many of whom have in their time been clothed in the honorable blue; and strange to say, we hardly ever met a book written by a sailor which was not excellent in its kind. Now in our opinion, the man who from the circumscribed sphere of a ship can draw pleasure and information is entitled to more applause than he who, with the wide stage of the land, its vales and hills, sunshine tints and autumnal glows, merely brings forth one of that style of works called fashionable novels. He is more worthy of praise, in the exact ratio in which he overcomes the natural difficulty and barrenness of his subject. Smollett was one of the first who presented his hero on the deck of a man-of-war: but how widely different from the gentlemanly demeanour of *our* officers appears the low life, and noisy vulgarity of the days of Carthage's siege. The track thus marked out has since become a very high-way to literary fame, or rather a turnpike, for those who travel that road have many a toll of one pound eleven shillings and sixpence to pay. *N'importe*, never was money better laid out than in the present case; and we little care if three such volumes come before us to-morrow, and every day, for we had great delight in studying the anecdotes here given us, rich, racy, and genuine.

Since the days of Smollett we have had many a writer on such subjects, in the shape of novels, under all sorts of names, where the heroes are half sea half land—blue coated, biped amphibious hanimals; then we have Red Rovers, and Water Witches, and Pilots, and all the train of Cooper's sea-dipt pen; then have we Basil Hall, in six volumes, and we hope six more in the press, and men-of-war-men innumerable. In fine, as a stop to this row of authors comes Captain Chamler, and his "Life of a Sailor," for which every body ought to judge for themselves. It has no long talk, as some have—no

feeling scenes with runaway actresses, or smuggling anecdotes, as others are adorned with: open where you will, you find information, amusement, advice, or devilment of some sort or other, on sea or land; and what the deuce do you want more in a three volume "Life?" Now the fact is, that the author of the work before us could no more write a stupid volume than he could fly; and if he would only allow his name to go forth to the public we would stake a quarterly subscribers' list to a fathom of wet rope that he would double his sale, at least in the "bonny North," where his name is cherished as connected with good humour, fun, and frolic. We have a great mind to unfold a tale or two, by way of appendix, of deeds done in darkness, and such things as would make a delightful second series. Perhaps the hint may not be thrown away on the gallant Author; we hope to see shortly the same announced in our advertising sheet. They are queer people in that same North; they nearly ruined poor Basil Hall, and Chamler was none the clearer for the bright claret and brighter eyes. Well, well, peace be with those days, the Arab and her Tulips are scattered far away. We are most happy now to recognise a friend in such garb as we may salute him in, even with many an hundred of miles 'twixt us and him. But we bethink us that we have become sponsors for our "Sailor's" fame, and we must hasten to let our darling speak for himself. "List ye landmen all to me,"—first, on a topic all-interesting to shore or sea-going people—the use of the cat on board ship. We own that we are convinced of the necessity of its use, and so we think will all who read this extract, and read without prejudice; it contains cool, clear, and well-written argument, and is by no means an unfair or partial specimen of the sober, argumentative parts of these volumes. Having feelingly described the infliction of two dozen lashes, being the

lenient punishment awarded by the Captain to the coxswain, through whose negligence the life of one of the crew was lost, our author proceeds in the following just remarks, to uphold the system of punishment now used in the navy:—

“The subject of naval punishment has for some years past, occupied a considerable portion of the public press. We have been assailed as cruel and wanton tyrants, men without feeling and without shame. As one of the complimented mass, I shall here place before the public my opinion, and with mine the opinions of a great body of our profession, of the positive necessity of corporal punishment in the navy.

“In the first place, I start by assuming that sailors are, from their habits and modes of life, different in almost every respect of feeling and judgment from their fraternity on shore. They are brought up with the “articles of war” as their code of law, and an idea that there is no sovereign disposer of punishments but the Captain.—Their life is one dull monotony; it never varies except when an action interferes to amuse the ship’s company, and consequently they are the children of habit—of inveterate habit. From their earliest entrance in the navy, the punishment directed to be inflicted is the same. They have been accustomed to the sight; nor is it considered, except amongst the aristocracy, by common sailors any disgrace to be flogged. On the contrary, I have known seamen purposely offend, merely, as they said, to feel the pulse of the new Captain. If the new Captain begins, as Lord Collingwood began, by very severe punishment, in all probability he will not be called on to perform the very unpleasant ceremony again, and then his biographers will have to record, what a very humane man he was, and how little occasion there is for corporal punishment in the navy. We have various modes of punishment in the navy; first and foremost is the “black list.” This list is composed of those who having been guilty of some minor offences—some trivial neglect of duty, are not placed in “the report” to be flogged, but are placed in the black list of the First Lieutenant. The ingenuity of officers to punish in this manner, rather than resort to the cat, has been most amply exemplified of

late years. I knew of one Captain who made the black list men, when the duty was done for the day, carry their hammocks on their shoulders, with a musket lashed thereon, up and down the quarter deck, at every six feet placing a rope about three feet from the deck, and making these poor devils, who followed each other like sheep, step over each rope. The exertion required, and consequent fatigue experienced is beyond all calculation. Other more humane men have had the iron pins about a ship polished to a brightness which might excite the envy of a whitesmith. Others water the grog and make the poor devils drink it at the tub, and then remain aft on the quarter deck, to be stared at by the ship’s company; and some never let the black-list men rest at all, for they make them work on deck when it may be their watch below. As I said before ingenuity has been expended, and yet the cat is obliged to be used. In any ships where the black-list is much in vogue, rely upon it the cat is more frequently required than in that ship where the smallest breach of orders is promptly and severely punished.

“Now for the punishment itself. Dr. Granville in his work on Russia, unblushingly avers, that the *knout* is not one jot worse than the cat-o-nine-tails! Bravo, Dr. Granville! In the *Anecdotes of Russia*, published in 1829, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, I particularly referred to the punishment of the knout, to contradict the very objectionable assertion of Dr. Granville, for how a surgeon in the navy could make such a statement is beyond imagination: but it is unquestionably owing to such misstatements that the public are misled. The Russian executioner will ensure the death of his victim in nine lashes. I have known a man faint before he was seized up; but although I have seen four hundred lashes applied, and at each dozen a fresh boatswain’s mate, yet I never knew a man to die of the punishment in my life. I speak of this merely to mention, that naval punishments, although unquestionably severe, and by no means pleasant either to order or to receive, are not of that dreadful, merciless, flagitious order so frequently asserted. The object of Dr. Granville must have been popularity, hinting by his remark, that we are as much bar-

barous as the Russians, and that all the tyranny of that despotic government we might find at home without much trouble. I refer my readers to his book : as I have waded through it once I cannot be rash enough to incur the infliction again. I am a strong advocate for the abolition of flogging in the army. On shore we have gaols and treadmills, and one or two men would not throw much extra duty on the rest of the regiment. On board ship one man confined in irons, or in any other mode makes the duty fall heavy on his watch-mates ; and a main-top-man in a squally night is rather too valuable an acquisition to remain below. When two or three men are taken from one part of the ship the whole station-list must be altered, in order to ensure the proper manœuvring of the vessel. This is not all ; a skulker on board would be glad of the confinement, and while the crew were reefing top-sails on a squally night, the merciless rain drenching them as they cling to the yard, the confined man would be comfortably sleeping through the breeze, or quietly congratulating himself that he should not be disturbed. "Stop their grog," says a would-be Captain. Very true, you may stop a man's grog, but you must pay him for it ; a man, too, whose grog is stopped always gets twice his allowance from others, for Jack is a liberal fellow, and every one contributes to pour some of the stream of "a sailor's joy" down the throat of his ship-mate. "Make it so weak," cries another, "that he would rather not drink it." Very good : but nine times out of ten where is the water to come from ? In small vessels the men are on an allowance of water from the day they sail to the day they arrive, and when men are on an allowance, the extra water would be a favour rather than a punishment. But to tell the plain truth, you must have a severe check hanging in *terrorem* over a ship's company. Only withdraw the fear of the cat, and mark the result. The Captain must lecture for, and hope better conduct in future : sailors care no more for words than a dog does for his grandfather. The ship will soon become slow in her movements, and a disgrace to the squadron. The fear being withdrawn, the First Lieutenant will not be properly supported ; he may relax his complaints ; the men find the bridle

loose, and away goes discipline. Next follows loss of masts, lives, wrecks, fires, sickness, for cleanliness and discipline go hand in hand : then comes the wonder how all these misfortunes could have occurred, which we seldom heard of before ; and then comes the truth limping in at the end of the tragedy—that for want of the power of punishment, the British Navy had dwindled down to the level of a merchant ship, and that all the glory which discipline had upheld is for ever floated away. Why now, a boy—a little pick-pocket boy cannot be punished without all hands attended the flagellation, and thus the list is swelled to more than the ordinary number, for formerly the First Lieutenant acted the schoolmaster, and whipped the idle and riotous. Now, forsooth, a little urchin, who at school would have been flagellated without mercy, has the honour of a full attendance to witness his disgrace, and has his name inserted in the log and in the quarterly returns. Surely this is preposterously absurd.

"I would submit to any reasonable man, who has been, and has commanded, and who may have paid common attention to the character of English sailors, if the better part of the crew would not rather have the cat hanging in *terrorem* over the ships company, and know that the idle, the skulking, the thief, the drunkard, will be certainly punished, if they neglect their duty ; —unquestionably the good seaman would prefer the continuance of the punishment, to witnessing the distressing scenes of the black list, or the long row of culprits, with one leg each in the bilboes.—The discipline of our navy has been the pride of England, and the wonder of the world. The fleets of other nations have been swept from the ocean, and the flag of Britain has been upheld in the furthest quarter of the globe. Surely discipline must have been a great auxiliary or this glory would not have been attained. Why, during the war, did an English frigate unhesitatingly attack a French frigate of far superior force whenever they met ? Because the confidence of the captain was in the discipline of his crew, and that discipline cannot be upheld without some greater punishment, than watering a man's grog, polishing a pin, or having the black list men like a pack of flamingoes, to stand on one leg,

or stride over a rope. While our naval discipline has risen above other nations, while we can uphold the honour and glory of the flag, leave us the power, we do not want the necessity of punishment. Interfere by all means to bring wanton cruelty, or heartless tyranny to its merited censure and disgrace. No one could advocate the abuse of the power of punishment possessing the feelings and courage of a man. Interfere thus far—no further; for rely upon it, the service would be materially injured, if the law was abrogated. If any of the advocates for the abolition of corporal punishment in the navy, had witnessed the dreadful effects on board ship, arising from the grossest neglect of duty, or from the meddling interference of the senseless drunkard—Had they been rescued by the accidental passing of another ship, as was the case with the Kent East Indiaman, when the crew and passengers stood on the very brink of destruction, almost without hope of assistance, they would be inclined to alter their opinions about “treating seamen like boys,” or the twopenny trash “of using them like horses”—Compare the loss of the *Alceste* with the wreck of the French frigate *Medusa*—the one, the beauty of discipline—the other, the confusion of a mob. Read with what patient resignation, the crew of the former submitted to the dictates of Maxwell and his officers,—see the example that was set by all the officers down to the smallest midshipman, and dwell with pleasure on their release.—After perusing all their sufferings and all their obedience, then cast your eyes over the horrid picture of the loss of the *Medusa*, the drunken hope of the undisciplined crew, their heartless murders, and their dreadful sufferings, and then ask yourself, what caused the quiet submission of the one, or the barbarous brutality of the other. It is some comfort in the tropical climates, when squalls come suddenly and awfully strong, to know that in two minutes every sail may be reduced, and thus the chance of accident diminished.—It is equally disgusting to be on board a ship where half the men skulk below—where the masts are carried away, the sails split, or the crew kept on deck for hours. I remember in one very undisciplined ship in which I happened to be a passenger, that a man

fell overboard. The confusion which ensued baffled all description, the consequence was, that the stern boat was lowered when the ship had too much way, and three men (as the boat swamped) drifted away astern. The foremost tackle of the larboard quarter boat was let go by the run, and two men more were thrown overboard, a similar accident very nearly occurred with the starboard quarter boat, which was however ultimately repaired, and instead of only losing one man, we lost three. Discipline, discipline alone has upheld our navy, and discipline we must have—why, what captain can forget the time when the gaols vomited their contents on board the men-of-war? Were these pickpockets, drunkards, vagabonds of the lowest order, to be ruled with a feather, or soothed with soft accents? could it be imagined that those who had defied the strong arm of the law should come like good little children, tractable and obedient at once?—No! those who ought to have been flogged in the gaols, were flogged elsewhere; and by a constant vigilance on every action of these vermin, we reformed their characters, and turned them to useful servants of the state, from bold but cruel violators of the law.—Reader, you may go to the end of these volumes without being pestered with one word more on the above disgusting subject.”

The above is not, we think, a bad specimen of the graver parts of this work, and there is enough of such, without deteriorating into needless details or dull tedious remarks on subjects as interesting to a mere landman as the Reform Bill was to the man in the moon. Our only lamentations, at least the only ones we shall utter, are; first, that we have so little of descriptions of scenery, for we are sure, although our sailor is so modest that he distrusts his own powers,—that this difficult branch of writing could have been well done. Our second lament is, that the style of the general run of the sentences has not been more carefully polished, we meet some, where the sense is so confused as to be sometimes difficult to find out. There is a looseness too, which is deserving of censure—Now in his spirited scenes, he goes on right well, each sentence partakes of the sailor-like “Aye, aye, Sir” sort of brevity, and in these parts,

it reads well and nervously ; but where the excitement fails, the pen lags, the words are no longer the language of feeling or the heart, and we get on into the inaccuracies we complain of. We have little toleration for this, as it is evident that the "Sailor" can write admirably well when he chooses, and it is not treating the public well to send any work before them, which has not been polished and re-polished by the author to his own satisfaction. Enough of this, we have seldom been more interested, and when that is the case, we feel satisfied that the book so interesting us, can be no mediocre performance. But how is it that when our "Sailor" has been in such scenery as Lough Swilly, that his pen does not flow in raptures on the theme? To those who have seen this magnificent bay, we need offer little remark, but to those who have not been so happy, we will say that it is a sin, if in these days of steam boats and stage coaches, they should be within thirty miles, at the Causeway, and not have beheld this little known, but really superb basin.— Yet not in every time, at every season, shall you see all its beauties. Oh! we would that we were cicerone to the next party to lead them to the smooth level sands, where every tiny wave, rolled at our feet, is crested in the pale moon-beams with a silver glory, and when no sound is heard to break the solemn stillness of the hour, save the shrill pipe of the curlew, as wheeling around your head, he cries, or the low hissing of the ripples on the sandy plain all around you. Then, then you may see some part of our lovely Lough. Or come with us at fall of day, and standing on that rock, hundreds of feet above the sea, look abroad towards the west. Purple, and gold, and crimson, that would put to shame the hue of the flamingo wing, tinting the heathy hills, with no mortal glory, and sending a flood of yellow light across the waters, as though it were a golden bridge fit for the feet of Houris to the gate of Paradise—it is dangerous to look at that glorious stream, we will throw ourselves in to a certainty, for we are bewitched, and think we could trip along that way, as though the chains of Menai were underneath. "Away, away to the mountain's brow" at the break of day, when the dews, and damps, and clouds of night are vanishing

before the dawn like man's ill temper, upon the blandishments of lovely woman. See the first pink rays of day steal up behind that huge dark mountain, shooting to the zenith as the last of guardian angels, winging his way from mortal cares, to render an account of his nightly watch. Look how that hue of rose is deepening, creeping up the sky like the virgin blush, that mantled *her* bosom, when maddened, we spoke THE WORDS. If we were not Christians, we would be Persians, and falling low on our knees, would worship that glorious luminary.

We will not bring you, ladies, out any more, but the scenes we have met in that enchanted lake we will tell you : you could but ill brook the thunder-dash, or that when wet with the spray of the sea-borne billows, and salt in your skin, as a preserved chine, the brine should be washed from your cloak by the pours from heaven. We have been rocked in idle motion on the bosom of that lake, when the heat was such that the fishes beginning to—oh! that's not original—and the gulls were as hot and out of breath with a minute's fly, as though they had flown a score of leagues, scenting their prey. To our fancy, (to be sure, it's rather peculiar ;) the beauty of mountain and lough is tenfold, when all are shaded in the ominous glare of the thunder cloud, and when the deep blue of the distant mountains is lost in the awful black and indigo of the cloud bank behind them, and when even the close hills at hand, are in their outline imperceptible, save when that horrid copper hue is shining, as though the mouth of Pandemonium were concealed behind that range. Hark! a peal—not one of your distant hollow booms, but a sharp brattle, as if Satan and his legions were rifle shooting by millions in the air. We saw no flash—but there—zig-zag—blue—red—white—we would not have missed that for hundreds ; then in the intervals of heaven's artillery, you hear the distant bellow of the ocean, lamenting for its coming trouble, and grieving for the storm, which will uprouse it from its placid calm. We shall have a stiff nor'wester to-night, and down we shall come and enjoy a scene worth ten thousand rippling moon-shining strands ; come, boys, pull ashore, and just in time too ; look sea-ward, the face of the waters,

but this moment "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," is now as white as the driven snow. Put out your tongue and taste that mist—is it rain?—No, no—salt, salt. Hold on your hats, and get under yon rock, or you will be driven from your mooring like—pooh! here it comes, a regular white squall, foaming and tearing, fazing, turning up the sea like a fallow field ridged with snow, and cutting the heads off the innocent waves like another Nero. We may go home, for there is a lull now, which will last an hour or so, and then we shall have it blowing great guns and small arms. Aye, come now and see the storm, this way, boys—up this cliff, where you will have no company but the gulls and the seals, whistling and piping, as much as to say, "rather too much of a good thing all this breezing." Heaven help the sea craft to-night—many an anxious wife and mother is on the beach of that little fishing village, piercing the awful darkness, and straining for a glimpse into the envious fog and mist. On such a night as this was the *Saladana* lost—went down at the mouth of the lough, with Paekensham and his hundred in her—all, all lost; poor fellow, it was a melancholy Christmas feast for him, when within a league of such mooring as would have enabled him to laugh at a tornado; when the house was almost in hearing of a gun, where he knew a hospitable welcome awaited him, a strike!—a cry!—and all silent for ever. How often have we sailed over her rotting timbers, and would think we saw the grinning skulls laughing at us through the rents;—peace with be them—they were brave, and they are gone; but they have a brave man's monument, more lasting than brass—the love, respect, and sorrow of their fellow-countrymen.

Hilloah! where the deuce is Chalmier? Make all sail and come up—here goes for extract the second—pity we cannot put in the whole volume.

"The *Maggie*, a small schooner, under the command of Lieutenant Smith, an active intelligent officer, was ordered to cruise between the Colorado, a schoal at the western extremity of the Island of Cuba and the Havannah, in order to intercept a piratical vessel, which had committed innumerable depredations both on shore and sea, and which every trader had seen, but none

could accurately describe. It was a service of the utmost importance, inasmuch as the existence of this vessel rendered higher insurances requisite; the merchant vessels dared not to sail without a convoy, and the men-of-war were otherwise in great request in every part of Columbia and Mexico to protect the merchant from the rapacity of the different governments, or the constant revolution which threw the weak on the power of the strongest without a chance of resistance.

"The *Maggie* proceeded to her destination, and there remained, in hopes of capturing the marauder. It was one evening when the sea-breeze had lulled and the calm in being, which occurs before the land-breeze commences, that the schooner lay upon the silent waters without a motion, with her head towards the shore, and about eight miles distant from Colorado. Smith, who had swept the horizon with his glass from the mast-head of his charge, until the twilight had died into darkness, was in his cabin, the mate on deck, the crew talking over past scenes and occurrences, every thing apparently in the most perfect security, when an event occurred, which I well know I cannot paint in the glowing colours the heart-rending tale deserves.

"It is requisite here to mention, that the schooner had her fore-top-sail set, the yard being braced for the starboard tack; the foresail was in the brails, and the jib, and boom mainsail, the latter with the tack triced up, hanging up and down in the calm. On the larboard-bow a small black cloud had hung over the land; and in tropical climates, almost invariably, the clouds settling on the hills is the sign of the land-breeze being about to commence. Perhaps, many of my readers have not been in these climates, when the blessings of the cool night-breeze must be felt to be appreciated; generally speaking, the land-wind comes on in light flaws until it settles in its strength, which is rarely sufficient to drive a frigate at the rate of five knots an hour. The cloud, which at first seemed only of small dimensions, gradually increased; and the moon, which was shining brightly just over the vapour, perhaps, made it appear darker than it really was. The mate looked at the gathering blackness without ap-

prehesion, although some foreboding of approaching mischief seemed to render him unquiet and uneasy. "Mr. Smith," said the mate, looking down the hatchway, "I think the land-wind is coming off rather strong, Sir, the clouds look very dark," "Very well," replied Smith, "keep a sharp look out, I shall be on deck myself in a moment." It is proper for the historian of all misfortunes to show how, by cautious attention, such misfortunes might have been guarded against. When the mate observed the increasing blackness and density of the cloud, he ought to have braced the fore-yard round, and thus to have prevented the schooner being taken *aback*; for there are no vessels so ticklish (as we call it) as schooners, and no yards so difficult to manage in a squall as the long overgrown yard of a schooner's fore-top-sail, or square-sail. Had this slight manœuvre been executed, the horrible consequences which ensued might have been obviated; at any rate, the men ought to have been kept in readiness, the fore-top-sail should have been furled or lowered, and preparations ought to have been made. It is a singular fact, that the crew, who had been engaged in relating all kinds of wonderful events about five minutes before the catastrophe occurred, became awfully silent—not a word escaped them—there seemed a preparatory stillness for death itself, or a respectful fear at its approach. A squall of wind which must have been fearfully strong, seemed to burst from the cloud alongside the schooner; it reached her before the mate could call the watch into activity. The vessel was taken *aback*; and Mr. Smith, as he put his foot on the last step of the ladder, found his schooner upset, and scarcely time had he to reach the deck before she sunk to rise no more. The crew, amounting in all to twenty-four, happened luckily to be on deck, with the exception of two, who were drowned in the schooner, and in one minute they found themselves struggling in the water—their home, their ship, and some of their companions lost for ever. The wild cry for assistance from some, of surprise from others, and fear from all, seemed to drown the wind; for, as if sent by Providence to effect this single event, no sooner had the schooner sunk, than the wind entirely

ceased, and a calm came on, and the bright rays of the moon fell on the wet faces of the struggling crew. Most fortunately, as some would think, but, in reality, the most painfully unfortunate from what followed, the boat on the booms of the schooner floated clear of the sinking vessel, and seemed prepared for their salvation; the fore-yard-arm had somehow got fixed on the gunwale, and as the schooner sunk, it naturally held the boat, until she was nearly upset and half full of water; when the yard got disentangled, the schooner sunk and the boat floated. The only ark of their safety was amply large enough to have saved the twenty-two men who instantly swam to her; and such was the impetuosity occasioned by their fright, that prudence was overlooked; and in the hurried exertion of eight or ten endeavouring to scramble in, all on one side, the half-filled boat heeled below her gunwale in the water, and rolled over and over; some got across her keel, the others held on by her, and all were saved from drowning. Mr. Smith, who appeared to have been a man of most consummate command and coolness, began to reason with his crew on the impossibility of their being saved, if they continued in their present position, for those who were on the keel would shortly roll off, and exertion and fatigue would soon force the others to relinquish their holds, or urge them to endeavour forcibly to dislodge the possessors from their quiet seat. He pointed out the necessity of righting the boat, of allowing only two men to get in to bale her out, whilst the others, supported by the gunwales, which they kept upright, might remain in the water until the boat was in such a condition as to receive two more, and thus, by degrees, to ship the whole crew in security. Even in this moment of peril, the discipline of the navy assumed its command: at the order from the lieutenant, for the men on the keel to relinquish their position, they instantly obeyed, the boat was turned over, and once more the expedient was tried, but quite in vain; for no sooner had two men begun to bale with a couple of hats, and the safety of the crew to appear within the bounds of probability, than one man declared he saw the fin of a shark. No language

can convey the panic which seized the struggling seamen : a shark is at all times an object of horror to a sailor ; and those who have seen the destructive jaws of these voracious fish, and their immense and almost incredible power, their love of blood, and their bold daring to obtain it, alone can form an idea of the sensations produced to a swimmer by the cry of " a shark ! a shark ! Every man now struggled to obtain a moment's safety ; well they knew, that one drop of blood would have been scented by the everlasting pilot-fish, the jackalls of the shark ; and that then destruction was inevitable, if only one of these monsters should discover the rich feast, or be led to its food by the little rapid hunter of its prey. All discipline was now unavailing, the boat again turned keel up ; one man only gained his security to be pushed from it by others, and thus their strength began to fail from long-continued exertion. As however the enemy so much dreaded did not make its appearance, Smith once more urged them to endeavour to save themselves by the only means left, that of the boat ; but as he knew that he would only increase their alarm by endeavouring to persuade them that sharks did not abound in those parts, he used the wisest plan of desiring those who held on by the gunwale to keep splashing in the water with their legs, in order to frighten the monsters at which they were so alarmed. Once more had hope begun to dawn ; the boat was clear to the thwarts, and four men were in her hard at work : a little forbearance and a little obedience and they were safe. At this moment when those in the water urged their comrades in the boat to continue baling with unremitted exertion, a noise was heard close to them, and about fifteen sharks came right in amongst them. The panic was ten times more dreadful than before ; the boat was again upset by the simultaneous endeavour to escape the danger, and the twentytwo sailors were again devoted to destruction. At first the sharks did not seem inclined to seize their prey, but swam in amongst the men, playing in the water, sometimes leaping about and rubbing against their victims. This was of short duration. A loud shriek from one of the men announced his sudden pain ; a shark had seized him by the

leg, and severed it entirely from the body. No sooner had the blood been tasted than the dreaded attack took place. Another and another shriek proclaimed the loss of limbs : some were torn from the boat, to which they vainly endeavoured to cling—some, it is supposed, sunk from fear alone—all were in dreadful panic. Mr. Smith even now, when of all horrible deaths the most horrible seemed to await him, gave his orders with clearness and coolness, and to the everlasting honour of the poor departed crew be it known, they were obeyed. Again the boat was righted, and again two men were in her. Incredible as it may appear, still however it is true, that the voice of the officer was heard amidst the danger ; and the survivors actually, as before, clung to the gunwale and kept the boat upright. Mr. Smith himself held on by the stern, and cheered and applauded his men. The sharks had tasted the blood, and were not to be driven from their feast ; in one short moment, when Mr. Smith ceased splashing, as he looked into the boat to watch the progress, a shark seized both his legs and bit them off just above the knees. Human nature was not strong enough to bear this immense pain without a groan, but Smith endeavoured to conceal the misfortune ; nature, true to herself, resisted the attempt, and the groan was deep and audible. The crew had long respected their gallant commander ; they knew his worth and his courage ; on hearing him express his pain and seeing him relinquish his hold to sink, two of the men grasped their dying officer, and placed him in the stern sheets. Even now, in almost insupportable agony, that gallant fellow forgot his own sufferings, and thought only on rescuing the remaining few from the untimely grave which awaited them. He told them again of their only hope, deplored their perilous state, and concluded with these words—" If any of you survive this fatal night and return to Jamaica, tell the Admiral (Sir Laurence Halsted,) that I was in search of the pirate when this lamentable occurrence took place ; tell him I hope I have always done my duty, and that I—" Here the endeavour of some of the men to get into the boat gave her a heel on one side, the men, who were supporting poor Smith relinquished him

for a moment, and he rolled overboard and was drowned. His last bubbling cry was soon lost in the shrieks of his former companions—he sunk to rise no more. Could he have been saved, his life would have been irksome, and but for the time which even the best desire to make atonement for the sins and errors of early life—to offer their contrite prayers to the Throne of Grace—to implore that salvation we all hope for, and none, of themselves, can claim—he had better have died as he did, than live to be dependent on others; to hear the peevish complaint of his attendants, or to sigh for pleasures he could never enjoy, or for comforts he could never attain. With him died every hope; all but two of the crew gave way to loud execrations and cursings. Some, who had not been so seriously injured by the monsters of the deep, endeavoured to get upon the keel of the boat, which was again upset; but worn out with excessive fatigue, and smarting under the keen pain, they gave up the chance of safety and were either eaten immediately by the sharks, or courting death, which appeared inevitable, they threw themselves from their only support, and were drowned. At eight o'clock in the evening the *Maggie* was upset; it was calculated by the two survivors that their companions had all died by nine. The sharks seemed satisfied for the moment, and they with gallant hearts resolved to profit by the precious time in order to save themselves: they righted the boat, and one getting in over the bows and the other over the stern, they found themselves, although nearly exhausted, yet alive and in comparative security. They began the work of baling, and soon lightened the boat sufficiently not to be easily upset, when both sat down to rest. The return of the sharks was the signal of their return to labour. The voracious monsters endeavoured to upset the boat; they swam by its side in seeming anxiety for their prey, but after waiting for some time, they separated. The two rescued seamen found themselves free from their inveterate enemies, and by the blessing of God, saved. Tired as they were, they continued their labour until the boat was nearly dry, when both lay down to rest, the one forward, the other aft. So completely had fear operated on their minds, that

they did not dare to move, dreading that an incautious step might again have capsized the boat. They soon, in spite of the horrors they had witnessed fell into a sound sleep, and day had dawned before they awoke to horrible reflections, and apparently worse dangers. * * * " 'Tis a bad business this, Tom," said the man in the bow. "A very bad business, indeed; I think I am sorry I was not eaten with the rest of the poor fellows, and then I should never have known the misery of this moment." "I have been," replied Jack, "in many a heavy squall before now, but I never felt such a gale as this.—No hope, Tom, no hope! here we are doomed to die of thirst and hunger,—nothing to eat Tom, you know!" The word "nothing" was repeated by Tom, who afterwards continued the conversation. "Well boy, many's the ship that passes through the Gulf of Florida, and which must come nearly within hail of us, so that if we live, or one of us can but live a little—and I dare say we can find food for one,—why then, you know, the whole of the story will be told, and that will be something." "Food for one," echoed the other, and advanced a little towards his only companion with a look of savage determination. Both understood the allusion, there was no doubt but that they could have outlived that day without resorting to the last resource, but they stood afraid of each other. Both had knives, for sailors always carry these instruments suspended round the neck, by a strong white line which they call a lanyard. Although not driven to the dreadful alternative, they anticipated the worst results; they knew they could not both long survive the awful situation in which they were placed. If no ship passed them within four and twenty hours, it was evident that one must be murdered to save the other. In all times of tribulation and danger, men turn their thoughts to God, and solicit that support, for which when in health and security, they had omitted to pray. There is a delightful calm which generally comes over the mind of the most hardened, after they have been induced to pray for support and forgiveness; and few there are who, having once experienced the consolations of religion, totally abandon it afterwards. In the situation in which these two men were placed, they had

not even the comfort of employment ; for they had nothing to employ themselves upon ; all they could do was, or could be done in a second—namely, when the sea breeze came on, to set up a thwart upright with a jacket upon it, in the bows of the boat, and scud before the wind, in which case, if they could exist four or five days, they might reach the western shore of the Gulf of Mexico. * * * * *

It was now about half-past six in the morning, the sun was beginning to prove his burning power, the sea was as smooth as a looking-glass, and saving now and then the slight cat's paw of air which ruffled the face of the waters for a few yards, all was calm and hushed—in vain they strained their eyes, in vain they turned from side to side to escape the burning rays of the sun, they could not sleep, for now anxiety and fear kept both vigilant and on their guard : they dared not to court sleep, for that might have been the last of mortal repose.—Once they nearly quarrelled, but fortunately the better feelings of humanity overcame the bitterness of despair. The foremost man had long complained of thirst, and had frequently dipped his hand into the water, and sucked the fluid ; this was hastily done for all the horrors of the night were still before them, and not unfrequently the sharp fin of a shark was seen not very far from the boat. In the midst of the excruciating torments of thirst, heightened by the salt water, and the irritable temper of the bow-man, as he stamped his impatient foot against the bottom boards, and tore his hair with unfeeling indifference, he suddenly stopped the expression of his rage, and called out, " By G——there is a sail!"—the extravagance of joy was now equal to the former despair, they jumped into each others arms, they laughed and cried together.—It was a sail, a brig which had a light breeze aloft and was steering exactly in their direction. Every means of making a signal were resorted to, one stood on the thwart, and threw his jacket in the air, whilst the other, although the stranger was miles distant, endeavoured to hail her—sometimes they hailed together, in order to raise a louder sound, and occasionally both stood up to make some signal. Their eyes were never off the brig, they thought no longer of the burning sun, or of hunger or thirst, de-

liverance was at hand, at least so they flattered themselves, and no time of greatest joy could have beat the excitement and gratification of that moment, whilst they stood watching in silence the approach of the brig, which slowly made her way through the water. At that very moment that they were assuring each other that they were seen, and that the vessel was purposely steered on the course she was keeping, to reach them—the whole fabric of hope was destroyed in a second ; the brig kept away about three points, and began to make more sail. Then was it an awful moment, their countenances saddened as they looked at each other, for in vain they hailed, in vain they threw up their jackets in the air,—it was evident that they had never been seen, and that the brig was steering her proper course. Both now attempted to break adrift one of the fixed thwarts, the loose ones had been lost during the night, and although, as all may fancy, every muscle was exerted, and all the strength nature had given them pushed to the uttermost, yet were they insufficient in power to succeed. Their object was to use two of these thwarts as paddles, and to edge down at an angle from the course of the brig, so that they would, if they did not reach her, at any rate pass so near, as to be certain of being seen. This last was a sad disappointment, but sailor-like they would not despair, while hope was in sight, they endeavoured by heeling the boat on one side, to propel her by their hands, but they were soon worn out with fatigue, and obliged to relinquish the attempt, for independently of the impossibility of success in such an undertaking, they lost the better opportunity of being seen from the vessel.

" It was after a long deep sigh from the man in the stern sheets, and after wiping away a stream of tears, as he looked at the vessel, then about two miles and a half distant, that he broke out into a loud lamentation on the utter hopelessness of their condition if they were not seen. In vain they declared that the brig had purposely altered her course to avoid them.—In vain they pointed to a man going aloft, whom they could distinctly see,—and in vain they waved their jackets, and assisted the signal with speech—the time was slipping away, and if once they got abaft the beam of the brig, every se-

cond would lessen the chance of being seen ; besides, the sea breeze might come down, and then she would be far away, and beyond all hope in a quarter of an hour. Now was it that the man who had been so loudly lamenting his fate seemed suddenly inspired with fresh hope and courage ; he looked attentively at the brig, then at his companion, and said, " By heaven I'll do it, or we are lost ! " " Do what ? " said his shipmate. " Though," said the first man, " it is no trifle to do, after what we have seen and known ; yet I will try, for if she passes us what can we do ? I tell you Jack, I'll swim to her ; if I get safe to her you are saved ; if not, why I shall die without perhaps adding murder to my crimes. " " What ! jump overboard and leave me all alone," replied his companion, " look, look at that shark which has followed us all night, why it's only waiting for you to get into the water to swallow you as it did perhaps half our messmates. No, no ; do wait, perhaps another vessel may come ; besides, I cannot swim half the distance, and I should be afraid to remain behind. Think, Tom, only think of the sharks, and of last night. " This appeal staggered the determination of the gallant fellow. There, about twenty yards from the boat, was the fin of a shark, and now and then another and another might be seen. He looked at his enemies and then at himself. Certain death awaited him in the boat, perhaps heightened by crime ; a chance of death awaited him in the sea, but there was hope to buoy him up. The time was flying, the breeze had begun to freshen a little ; the brig was fast advancing, and hope was every minute growing less. " Well," said he, " Jack, it comes to this, you see that if we wait we must die—if I get to the brig we must be saved. If the sharks—God Almighty protect me," said he, shuddering as he mentioned the word—" should take me, and you live to get back again, you know where to remember me. I say Jack, it is no use being frightened to death ; come, give us your hand, my last companion. I'll do it if it is to be done. Good bye. Now if you see those devils in chase of me, splash or make some noise to frighten them, but don't tell me that you see them coming ; another shake of the hand ; God bless you, Jack—

keep your eye on me, and make signals to the brig. There," said he, putting his knife down, " that *might* be of use to you, and here's my toggery, if I'm taken it's none the better for last night's swim," then falling on his knees and saying, " God protect me," he jumped overboard with as much calmness, as if he had been bathing in security. No sooner had he begun to strike out in the direction he intended, than his companion turned towards the sharks ; the fins had disappeared, and it was evident that they had heard the splash and would soon follow their prey. It is hard to say who suffered the most anxiety. The one left in the boat cheered his companion, looked at the brig, and kept waving his jacket, then turned to watch the sharks—his horror may be imagined when he saw three of these terrific monsters swim past the boat, exactly in the direction of his companion ; he splashed his jacket in the water to scare them away, but they seemed quite aware of the impotency of the attack, and lazily pursued their course. The man swam well and strongly ; there was no doubt he would pass within hail of the brig, provided the sharks did not interfere, and he knowing that they would not be long in following him, kept kicking the water and splashing as he swam. * * * * It was not, however, until a great distance had been accomplished that the swimmer became apprised of his immediate danger, and saw by his side one of the terrific creatures. Still, however, he swam bravely and kicked ; his mind was made up for the worst, and he had little hope of success. In the mean time the breeze had gradually freshened, and the brig passed with greater velocity through the water, every stitch of canvass was spread. To the poor swimmer the sails seemed bursting with the breeze, and as he used his utmost endeavours to propel himself, so as to cut off the vessel, the spray appeared to flash off from the bow, and the brig to fly through the sea. He was now close enough to hope his voice might be heard, but he hailed and hailed in vain. Not a soul was to be seen on deck, and the man who steered was too intent upon his avocation to listen to the voice of mercy. The brig passed, and the swimmer was every second getting further and further in the distance ; every hope was

gone—not a ray of that bright divinity remained. The fatigue had nearly exhausted him, and the sharks only waited the first quiet moment to swallow their victim. It was in vain he thought of returning to the boat, for he could never have reached her, and his companion had no means of assisting him. In the act of offering up his last prayer ere he made up his mind to float and be eaten, he saw a man look over the quarter of the brig; he raised both his hands, he jumped himself up in the water, and by the singularity of his motions, fortunately attracted notice. A telescope soon made clear the object. The brig was hove to, and a boat sent and the man saved. The attention of the crew was then awakened to the *Maggie's* boat; she was soon alongside, and thus through the exertions of as gallant a fellow as ever breathed, both were rescued from their perilous situation."

The following may be interesting as it refers to a well-known feat of our great and noble poet. We have heard so many and conflicting accounts of Lord Byron having swam across the Hellespont, that we were sore puzzled to sift the truth from the falsehood.—Our Sailor has given an accurate account of this strange performance, and as it comes from an eye-witness, we may hope that at last we have come at "the truth, the whole truth," and what is more important, "nothing but the truth"

Enter the Sailor.

"It was about two in the afternoon, when we arrived at the place (Abydos) famous in poetry for Leander's love and folly. The English consul, at whose house we stopped to refresh man and horse, was an Italian Jew, married to a Greek woman, the progeny being about as mixed a breed as a turn-spit dog. He was the dirtiest consul I ever knew, and might have done excellently for consul-general in Hayti. The vermin, which even a Maltese woman dislodges from her child, crawled in careless security over his collar; we were glad enough to escape their contact, and although it is due to this dirty fellow to mention his hospitality, yet I should be sorry enough to be condemned to accept either his arm or his house. We took boat and repaired to Sestos, the strong fortification on the European side. It

blew fresh, and the constant rains and Easterly wind rendered the current stronger and the water colder than usual. I could not comprehend for what possible amusement we had crossed the Dardanelles, except it might have been to have visited a part of Europe and Asia, in a quarter of an hour. The sea-view of Abydos was not a likely reason, and we knew well enough that the jealous Turks, who had refused us admission into the fortress on the Asiatic side, would be just about as uncivil on the European shore. Whilst I was ruminating on the useless excursion, I saw Lord Byron in a state of nudity, rubbing himself over with oil, and taking to the water like a duck; his clothes were brought into the boat, and we were desired to keep near him, but not so near as to molest him. This was his first attempt at imitating Leander, of which he has made some remarks in the note to the lines, written on crossing the Hellespont. He complained instantly on plunging in of the coldness of the water, and he by no means relished the rippling which was caused by an eddy, not far from where he started. He swam well—decidedly well—the current was strong, the water cold, the wind high, and the waves unpleasant; these were fearful odds to contend against, and when he arrived about half-way across, he gave up the attempt, and was handed into the boat and dressed; he did not appear the least fatigued, but looked as cold as charity and white as snow; he was cruelly mortified at the failure, and did not speak one word until he arrived on shore; his look was that of an angry disappointed girl, and his upper lip curled like that of a passionate woman. I see it now as if it were but yesterday." After this failure he takes coffee and pipes on shore—not forgetting a caulker or two, and the second trial went forward as follows:—"The next day was calm and warm, we had not a breath of wind, 'and ocean slumbered like an unweaned child.' Lord Byron was up early, and made arrangements for his second and more successful attempt at swimming the Hellespont. Mr. Ekenhead proposed to dispute the honour, and both gentlemen left the ship about nine o'clock and landed on the European side. Above Sestos there is a narrow

point of land, which jets into the Dardanelles, and below Abydos there is a similar formation of coast, the point of the sandy bay on the Asiatic side, projecting some distance. From point to point, that is, if they were opposite each other, the distance would be about a mile—certainly not more; but as the current is rapid, and it is impossible to swim directly across, the distance actually passed over would be between four or five miles. Mr. Ekenhead took the lead, and kept it the whole way; he was much the best swimmer of the two, and by far the more powerful man; he accomplished his task, according to Lord Byron, in an hour and five minutes; I timed him at an hour and ten minutes, and his Lordship at an hour and a quarter; both were fresh and free from fatigue, especially Ekenhead, who did not leave the water until Lord Byron arrived. As the distance has been much exaggerated, our great enemy, time, may be the best way of computing it. It is a well-known fact, that it must be a strong swimmer to accomplish a mile an hour. I have often seen it tried, and tried it myself. A mile an hour is a very fair estimation; and therefore making allowances for the time lost in floating, of which resource both availed themselves, the distance actually swum may be safely called a mile and no more—this is no very Herculean task. We quite agree with our Sailor, that the one mile is very poor way indeed, but he says a few sentences before, that the probable distance to be gone over would be about *four* miles or so on account of the current, which at the above rate would require four hours, the swimming heroes were only one hour in the water; and this with the before-mentioned sentence, seems to create a serious difficulty. We say *seems*, for we are sure, that the thing is but a mistake. Our last extract shall be one of a "tale on land," as our others have been "of flood." We are told of a precious pair of officers, but our sailor is not one of them, who commit the sacrilegious felony of stealing a brace of nuns; the scene of this awful affair is in St. Michael's in the Western Islands, and the first introduction of the amorous seamen to their run-away *caras*, is their being turned into a plate-warmer sort of a machine, and thus smuggled into the interior of

the convent "there they found two lovely creatures, with eyes like antelopes, and equally graceful in shape and step." The Captain being one of those gentlemen who always consider a convent a very improper place to be allowed to exist, and caring no more about the Lady Abbess than he did for a Capuchin Friar, availed himself of the favourable moment, and seized the hand of the youngest. She shrunk like a sensitive plant—a very proper emblem of the lady, her eyes expressing rather a feeling of pleasure than disgust, which was not lost upon the Captain. The companion stood at some distance watching, but by no means indicating or giving the least alarm; the situation was tempting, and who could resist? The eyes of the fair captive rested in watery wonder on the face of the beld intruder, and as he drew her white hand towards him, and bent his head forward to whisper some soft expression, the Nun made a similar motion, and instead of receiving a kind word she received a kiss, by no means the cold kiss of religion, but a "kiss of love, and youth, and beauty, all concentrated into one focus." The colour flew into her devotional face, and her heart beat with a quickened motion producing a sensation as pleasant as it was novel. In a moment the amorous Captain proposed to elope with her, but at that time, and in that dress it was impossible. Never did ear listen to the silver sounds of a seducer with more attention than did the lost Nun. Her only objection was leaving her friend behind. She was called, kissed, and entreated, and in three minutes all was arranged. The Lady Abbess was heard pacing the long corridor, the Captain was wheeled about, and religion, calm religion only, beamed on the countenances of the hypocritical Nuns. The Captain instantly repaired on board; two men were placed to make a rope ladder, the other duties of the ship were hurried over, and all the energies of the men and officers in high requisition. At ten o'clock the ship weighed, and hove to in the bay, the Captain and First Lieutenant went on shore in the gig, and a little secresy was observed in regard to the Captain's cloak bag, out of which, by some bungling, fell a cocked hat. The circumstance alone of those two officers being absent to-

gether might have occasioned some surprise, but sailors are dull to suspect. * * *. The gig crept in to the shore, not a sound was heard, and the muffled oars propelled the boat in silence, until she reached the pier head; the Captain, the Lieutenant, and Cockswain landed, the latter carrying the cloak bag and advancing in the most cautious manner; the boat was kept with her bow towards the ship at the very extremity of the pier, and the two foremost oars were kept in the water. "Hush, hush," said the Captain, "this must be the window; give me the rope ladder, and leave the cloaks and hats here." "What signal are we to give, sir?" said the First Lieutenant, "I fear we are too early." "Now, Cockswain, stand at that corner, directly we move towards the boat, run and take your place, but if you see any one approach, whistle and walk quietly this way." The Captain then stood back a little and whistled one sharp note, keeping his eye intently fixed on the window, in two minutes it opened, and a fair face was discernible. "La cuerda, la cuerda," whispered the Captain, and a small rope was soon in his hands. To this he fastened the end of the rope ladder, which the Nuns drew up and fastened by the hooks to the lower part of the window. The Captain ascended to be certain of its security and urged the girls, (no longer nuns), instantly to descend. It was now their resolution began to waver, but they had gone too far to retreat. The Captain's urgent, impressive manner fortified their minds for the desperate, rash and irretrievable action; and a minute was hardly elapsed before the youngest was in the arms of the Captain, enveloped in a large cloak with a cocked hat on her head. Again the second wavered in her resolution; she cried and became dreadfully agitated. In vain the Captain ascended, she was still irresolute, when the loud whistle of the Cockswain announced the approach of a stranger. The Captain descended in a moment. The unfortunate girl, now driven to desperation, caught at the last chance of escape, got upon the ladder, and began the descent. Scarcely had she accomplished two steps when she missed her hold, fell from the ladder, and broke her leg. Her screams were dreadful and resounded over the bay. She

was left by the convent wall, while the other was conveyed on board. The sails filled, and when the morning appeared, the island, her former home, and her peace of mind, were for ever lost."

We must now really close these extracts, but before we make our bow to the public, let us say a few words on the extraordinary flow of literature now emanating from the United services as a whole, or the army and navy as integrals of that great and meritorious body. Some few years past, had a book come forth on the world, under the name of a British officer, amusement might have been sought in its pages, but of instruction none. Now, how is the case altered, the pen is now wielded as freely as the sword, and the very men who, under heaven, are the saviours of our country, step out of their *otium*, and by a strange exchange, become the historians of the very deeds of which many may say, "*magna pars fui*."—Nay further, noblemen are now the able authors of excellent works, whereas a quarter of a century ago, their information could barely suffice to write the order for a half-yearly salary. Some of our bold officers are the accredited editors of periodicals which, though we may widely differ from them in political, yet must give them praise for their literary papers. One whole Magazine is devoted to the interests of the services, and is filled with well-written papers on the general subjects relating to those services, and admirable sketches of adventures from the hands of British officers. We do not wonder at the host of writers, whom the powerful excitement of political feelings has imbued with the spirit of the time, for we know, what enormous power is given by our feelings when we consider them outraged by public misconduct, but we may be allowed a little surprise how it is that the art of writing has become so general amongst a class of men, whose education is not so literary as others, and whose employments when on active service, are sufficient to jar the writer's feelings out of tune. We care not to enter into any metaphysical investigation of the cause of this, we and the public are the benefitters by such an employment as that which has been called their "*hotium cum diggin' o' latoer*," long may the whole

class, sea, land, and amphibious, keep the pen in hand. Write, write, write all ye who can write.

We have little more to say, save to return our most sincere thanks to Captain Chamier, for the excellent treat he has favoured us with in these three

volumes, "and humbly awaiting a renewal of your favour."

We remain,
Dear Sir,
Your's truly,
ANTHONY POPLAR, GENT.

CONSUMPTION.

A SONNET.

A youth was his of vigour and of bloom,
He liv'd 'midst friends who lov'd him—but one day
He sunk from them and happiness away,
Within the shadow of some secret gloom.

Not that at once dejection found it's room ;
But slowly—dimly—hectics came to prey
Upon his cheek's embrown'd and healthful ray—
That youth was destin'd for an early tomb.

A noble hart, careering o'er the plain,
Of all the herd the champion and the pride,
He lagged at last, and droop'd, as smit by pain,
And panting, to a darksome covert hied—
There, as he fell, too late the purple stain
Reveal'd the *arrow* rankling in his side.

ADVENA.

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH LED TO THE DISCOVERY AND DISCOMFITURE OF EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of July, 1803, when a man in the garb of a peasant, apparently prepared for a journey, and with a small bundle in his hand, knocked at the door of Captain (the present Sir Richard) Wilcox, who resided in the village of Palmerstown, near Dublin. As soon as the servant appeared, the man asked whether the Captain was at home. Being answered in the affirmative, he desired to see him, but was told that he was confined by illness to his bed, and could not see any one. The man seemed much distressed, and repeating his request with great importunity, added, that the business upon which he wished to speak with him was of a public nature, and did not admit of delay. The servant retired to consult his master's pleasure, and upon his return desired the man to walk up stairs. Upon being shewn into the bed-room, "Oh! Leary," said the Captain, "is that you? What is it that brings you here at this hour?" Leary first looked towards the door, to see that all was secure, and feeling confident that there was no one to overhear his communication, he said in a tone of much earnestness to the Captain, "Troth, your honour, and that's what I'm come to tell you. There's bad work going on. You'll have bloody doings in Dublin before morning."—"Nonsense, Leary," says the Captain, "this is one of the cock-and-bull stories which some people get up, either to alarm the government, or to amuse themselves by sporting with the credulity of simpletons like yourself. Go home and mind your business. I very well know there are numbers who are wicked enough to desire an insurrection, but there are very few who are fools enough not to know, that any attempt of the kind at present must only ensure their own destruction. Go home, my good fellow, and do not let

any one else hear that you have been so played upon by the idle schemers who have nothing better to do. Depend upon it, the government is more than a match for them; and that they will very soon discover if they provoke it." "Indeed, your honour," says Leary, "I know I'm a simple man, but I could not be deceived in that at any rate. I know too much, and I seen too much not to know that there is harm brewing, and before twenty-four hours your honour will know enough to be convinced that it's truth I'm telling you, and no lie. But I won't wait to see it. I'm going down to the quay to take my passage in the first vessel that sails, I don't care to what place; for 'tis better to be anywhere than here till the ruction is over." There was an air of calm earnestness, and quiet determination about the man, by which Captain Wilcox was deeply impressed, and he was determined to lose no time in availing himself of his information.—He accordingly, when Leary had taken his departure, sent for his neighbour, Mr. Clarke, who was the proprietor of the large calico printing manufactory in that neighbourhood, and telling him what he had heard, entreated him to go immediately to Mr. Marsden, at that time Under-Secretary of State, and apprise him of the impending danger. Clarke objected. He said Marsden would pay no attention to him; that he had on a former occasion given him information which should have been regarded as of some importance, and was called a fool for his pains. "But go," says Captain Wilcox, "now, in my name. Tell him that I insisted on it; and that he will incur a serious responsibility if he neglects to take the proper precautions." Clarke was at length persuaded; and after an absence of about four hours, returned with a vexed and disconcerted countenance, which told sufficiently that his mission had

been unsuccessful. "Well, did you see him?" asked the Captain anxiously.— "I did," was the reply, "but I might as well not have gone." "Why? What did he say?" "Oh! the old story!—all a humbug. Not worth a moment's notice!" The Captain was greatly excited. He knew Leary to be an honest, hard-working man, whose avocations brought him into constant intercourse with that class who were most likely to be acted upon by the apostles of sedition, while his prudence and good sense never permitted him to be drawn in to take any part in their proceedings. He was, therefore, perfectly convinced that his information was not to be disregarded; and was determined, at the expense of his life, to be himself the bearer of a message to the castle, by which, if he did not produce conviction in the minds of others, he would, at least, satisfy his own conscience. He accordingly rose from his sick bed, and, invalid as he was, put on his clothes, and resolved to proceed immediately to the castle. Clarke agreed to accompany him. Upon second thoughts, the Captain said, "No, we will not, in the first instance, go to Marsden again. Let us go to the Park, where I shall see Dr. Lindsey, the private Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. He knows me; and I do not think that there my representation will be disregarded."

It was now about four o'clock. The gentlemen immediately mounted their horses, and rode towards the Phoenix Park; but before they passed through the village of Palmerstown, an incident occurred which is worthy of being mentioned. Clarke, as we have said, was the proprietor of the great calico printing manufactory, which was, at that time in full business, and gave employment to, perhaps not fewer than two hundred men. It was Saturday evening; and the workmen, long before the usual hour of discontinuing their avocations, were seen here and there in groups, holding earnest conference with one another, *and all dressed in their Sunday clothes!* Of this, Clarke had taken no notice; but Wilcox immediately perceived it, and it gave full confirmation to all his suspicions. "Clarke," said he, "do you perceive nothing extraordinary? Look at these men. Is it usual for them to appear in that trim on a Saturday

evening? I should have expected to see them up to the elbows in dye-stuff." Clarke's eyes were all at once opened to the real state of the case; and, without waiting to answer the Captain, he rode directly towards the men, and charged them, openly, with their traitorous designs. "You villains!" he said, "What are you about? do you want to bring ruin upon yourselves and families? It's all discovered! The Captain and I are going to the Castle, to give information to the government; and if you don't desist from your mad proceedings, you'll be shot like dogs!" Wilcox was greatly provoked by this indiscreet and intemperate interference of his friend, and he said hastily, "what do you mean, Clarke?" Do you mean that ~~we~~ should be shot like dogs?"— And he turned his horse's head towards the Park, and proceeded at a quickened pace to the residence of Dr. Lindsey.

It happened that, shortly after they left the village, the agents who had been appointed by the misguided Robert Emmet to arrange the time and the manner of the insurrection, arrived there; and when Clarke's language was repeated to them, they saw, at once, that their designs were betrayed; and felt convinced that if they were not able to intercept Clarke and Wilcox on their way to the Castle, or, to commence the insurrection at an earlier hour than that appointed, and before the Government could be prepared, all must be lost. They accordingly despatched two parties, who were to proceed towards Dublin at both sides of the river, and whose instructions were peremptory, to shoot these gentlemen as soon as they should meet them; and they themselves proceeded to the rendezvous in Thomas-street, and there they met their leader, and those who constituted what they were pleased to call the "Provisional Government," who, upon hearing what had occurred, resolved that the insurrection should commence at nine o'clock instead of twelve, the hour originally fixed upon, and that they should take their chance with the force which they had in the city, with which they hoped at least to keep the Government in check until the arrival of their friends from the country, whom they could not calculate upon before midnight.

Meanwhile Clarke and Wilcox ar-

rived at the Park. They saw Dr. Lindsey, who gave an anxious attention to what they had to communicate, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied that immediate steps should be taken to prevent the designs of the traitors. "But what," said Wilcox, "is to be done? Marsden will pay no attention to us." "Go to him," said the Doctor, "again, from me; tell him that I insisted on it; that I am perfectly satisfied your information is not to be despised. And I will myself go to the Lord Lieutenant, and let him know what I have heard. A single moment should not be lost. If there be any truth in your suspicions we cannot be too prompt in our precautions against impending danger. We have to deal with an enemy who combines the subtlety of the fox with the ferocity of the tiger, and I only say we shall deserve to suffer for it, if we permit him to take us by surprise." The gentlemen took their leave, and proceeded towards the Castle. When they arrived there, Marsden was at dinner and could not be seen. Captain Wilcox insisted upon seeing him; he said he came from the Private Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant, and that his business was of the last importance. Marsden rose from his dinner in no very pleasing mood, and Captain Wilcox soon perceived that no impression was to be made upon him. He was an obstinate, opinionative man, who had resolved in his own mind that there could be no such thing as active treason in the country, and felt the representations which were made to him either as a reproach to his negligence or a reflection upon his sagacity. "So, sir," says he to the Captain, "you think we are all to be blown up, do you?" "I think," says Wilcox, "you are upon the verge of an explosion: whether we are blown up or not will depend, under Providence, upon ourselves." "I feel obliged by the anxiety you show on this occasion, and am persuaded it proceeds from the best motives. But we are fully aware of the state of the country, and know it to be perfectly impossible that there could be any foundation for your apprehension. Go home, my good friend, and make your mind easy. If I were to make any such fuss as you desire, merely upon vague and idle rumours, which I have been too long in office not to have learned to despise, it would be

amusing to see how like fools we should all look when we awoke without finding our throats cut in the morning." "Mr. Marsden," said the Captain, "I too, have seen some service, and I believe the government never have found that any information which I gave them was not to be relied on. Once again I solemnly declare that I never was more deeply convinced of anything than that danger this moment impends of which they are little aware, and that two hours may not elapse before the rebels are in possession of this Castle and the city is in a conflagration. For God's sake, attend to what I say. Nothing but the extraordinary circumstances in which I feel myself placed could have made me intrude upon you at such an hour, or, evince a pertinacity, which I perceive to be disagreeable, upon such a subject. But, if I am right, our all is at stake. If I am wrong, any preparations which may be made at my instance, although they may give rise to some ridicule, can cause no inconvenience." The Under Secretary was not to be moved. He again coldly signified his thanks to Captain Wilcox for the trouble he had taken, and, as far as he politely could, intimated his desire that the interview should terminate. The Captain accordingly took his leave, exceedingly chagrined and mortified by an obstinate self-sufficiency which he feared might prove the ruin of his country. "Well, Clarke," he said, "this is provoking. We must immediately go back to Dr. Lindsey, and tell him what has occurred. Perhaps what Mr. Marsden would not attend to from us, he may be induced to listen to when he hears it from his masters." "I protest, Wilcox," says Clarke, "I am not surprised that they are a little incredulous. The Government may well have been deceived, when I myself, who have been living amongst the very fellows who seem to be at the bottom of it, had not the slightest idea of what is about to take place, until I saw the villains dressed in their Sunday clothes as we passed out of Palmerstown this evening. Who could have believed that a set of drunken, talkative, open-hearted Irish men could have kept such a secret so profoundly?" "I was a little better acquainted than you were with the business of ninety-eight," said Wilcox, "and cannot therefore be so much sur-

prised that secrecy and fidelity towards each other, should characterise the people of this country when engaged in the concoction of treason. It is, in their minds, wholly unaccompanied by any sense of guilt or sin. On the contrary, they labour under an insane persuasion that they are engaged in a good work; and that in pulling down a Protestant Government, and extirpating heresy from the country, they are doing that which is positively meritorious, and which, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins. Now I do not suppose there is a man in the county of Dublin who has servants of the Roman Catholic persuasion more attached to him than mine are to me, and yet —"

But, while he was speaking, the report of a musket rung in his ear; he started, and instinctively drew a pistol from his holster, and firing it at an individual who was in the act of taking from his shoulder a gun which he had just discharged, both he and his companion put spurs to their horses and galloped furiously in the direction of Kilmainham. When they had proceeded for some time, and felt that there was no pursuit, and that they were not threatened with any immediate danger, they slackened their pace, and Captain Wilcox, turning round to address Mr. Clarke, perceived, for the first time, that the shot which was fired at them had taken effect in the side of his head, and that his face was covered with blood. Fortunately, the wound was not mortal, nor even dangerous, although the appearance of his mangled friend was, at the moment, sufficiently frightful. He resolved immediately to return with him, and have the best advice and assistance that could be procured; and it was, we believe, Mr. Clarke himself who suggested, that, before they went anywhere else they should present themselves, in their present condition, to Mr. Marsden. "If he does not believe us now," says Wilcox, "he would not believe, even though one rose from the dead."

The incredulous Under-Secretary was quietly sipping his wine, and amusing his company by an account of the foolish alarmists who had so unceremoniously intruded upon his hour of privacy and enjoyment, to disturb him with their idle tales, when his

door was assailed by the loud and vehement knocking of men who would not be denied. When it was opened, Captain Wilcox did not ask whether Mr. Marsden was at home, but desired the servant to tell his master that they must see him immediately; the summons was instantly obeyed; the Under-Secretary stood before them. Upon seeing the wounded man he exclaimed, "Mercy on me! Captain Wilcox, what's the matter?" "Matter, Sir," rejoined the Captain, "it is too late now to ask what's the matter—the town is in insurrection, and its principal streets may, by this time, be in possession of the rebels." "Good God!" said Marsden, is it indeed so?—what is to be done?" Wilcox was far too generous to reproach him, at such a moment, for his incredulity. If he before was provoked by his obstinacy, he then pitied his consternation, and was determined to do all in his power to retrieve the almost fatal error which had been occasioned by his pertinacious self-sufficiency. Marsden was thoroughly frightened. That he saw. And it was his duty to do all that in him lay that the country should not suffer more from his terrors at night, than from his over-confidence in the morning. Having, therefore, seen that his friend was taken proper care of, he immediately applied himself to re-assure the faltering Secretary, and to devise the best means of meeting the formidable attack, which, he was persuaded had already commenced, and against which the city was so completely unprovided. "What are your means of defence, supposing the castle to be attacked?" he asked. "Oh, attacked! But do you think it will be attacked?—do you think that the rebels *dare* attack the castle?" This was too much for Wilcox, he however checked his indignation, and replied, with a severe gravity, "I think, Sir, you have already *seen* enough to remove any doubts respecting that. The question is not now, what they will dare, but what they can do; if they think, that by attacking the castle they can take it, you may depend upon it, it is not by boastful words they will be scared from their purpose. It is our duty, therefore, to suppose the worst, and to provide against it. If they should attack the castle, what are we to do?"

Marsden stood aghast!

"What troops," said Wilcox, "are in readiness?"

"I know of none," said the Secretary.

"How many stand of arms have you?"

"Not one within reach." "How many round of ammunition?" "Not a single one."

Such was the condition of Dublin-castle at the moment when Emmet and his partizans were already in arms. It must be unnecessary to inform the reader, that the party by whom Captain Wilcox and Mr. Clarke were fired at, was the same that had been despatched from Palmerstown for the purpose of intercepting them on their way to the castle. By some divergence from the usual rout, either on the part of these gentlemen, or of the assassins, they missed them as they went, and could not, therefore, prevent the fatal communication, but met them as they returned, and were determined upon a bloody vengeance. How narrowly the Captain and his friend escaped, has been seen. It should be added, that Wilcox's ball took effect in the hand of the individual at whom he fired, and whose presence of mind was such, that he threw away his gun, separated himself from his accomplices, and running to a distant part of the quay, pretended to be the victim of the very villainy of which he was the perpetrator, and that it was against *him* the fury of the assassins was directed. He actually obtained surgical assistance from a loyal man, upon the audacious misrepresentation.

The alarm had now become general, and the loyalty of Dublin was instantly in arms; that is, in such arms as the individuals could procure for themselves. The yeomanry, in great numbers, came to the castle, but they might as well have gone any where else; for there was neither a head to direct them what to do, nor an arsenal from which they might be furnished for the conflict. While they were thus assembled in uncertainty and terror, the mangled bodies of the Rev. A. Wolfe and Lord Kilwarden were brought in. Nothing could exceed the horror or the anguish with which the piteous spectacle was regarded. There lay the venerable judge, who never dispensed justice but in mercy, and whose last words were a prayer, that his ruthless as-

sassins might not be cut off by any summary process of military vengeance, and that no one should suffer for his murder, until duly convicted by the laws of the land. There he lay in dust and gore as he had been taken from the pikes of the savages, whose first overt act of treason, with an atrocious propriety, was, to imbrue their hands in the blood of the mild and benignant representative of the majesty of the law; there he lay, still retaining in his countenance that expression of piteous and beseeching anguish, which could no more excite the sympathy of his merciless tormentors than it could soften the steel by which they pierced him to the heart. Beside him, in similar guise, lay his nephew, a young man of mild manners, and the kindest heart, while the screams of his daughter, Miss Wolfe, who narrowly escaped a similar fate, were heard, amid the noise and tumult by which she was surrounded; her's was indeed a voice of lamentation, which would have penetrated even a heart of stone. She had been saved, it is said, by the gallantry of some of the rebel chiefs; but her very preservation, after she had witnessed the inhuman butchery of her beloved parent, was sufficient to prove, that even the "tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

It was now about half-past nine o'clock. The night was pitchy dark. Major (the present General) Shortal was taking his rounds in the Star fort in the Phoenix Park, to which he had been at that time but recently appointed, and which he still commands, when his attention was arrested by firing in the city. "What is that?" he said to the person in attendance upon him. "Firing, your honour," was the reply. The Major paused, and listened again. "It is," he said, "and *platoon* firing too. You may depend upon it there is something wrong." At that moment a considerable number of persons approached the fort, and desired to speak with him. The Major advanced. They told him the real state of the case; that the rebels were in arms—that the Castle was about to be attacked—that they applied for arms and ammunition, and could procure none—and that, unless they were supplied by him the consequences might be most deplorable. "You are aware, gentlemen," observed Shortal, that I cannot give

any supply of ammunition from this place, without orders from the Government. Have you any such orders?" "No," it was answered; "the Government have been taken completely by surprise. We have been left without orders or directions of any kind. For God's sake, Sir, do not stand upon ceremony on an occasion like this. Consent to supply us, or all may be lost." Shortal felt the situation in which he was placed as most critical. But he was a soldier and a man of sense; and was soon convinced that the emergency was such as to justify a departure from ordinary rules; still he was resolved to proceed with caution. "What you say, gentlemen," he observed, "is very strong. But how can I be sure that I am not this moment talking to some of the emissaries of the rebels? Is there any one amongst you whom I know?" "Yes, here I am," said the present Surgeon-General. "Is that Crampton?" asked Shortal. "The same," was the reply. "Then," said the Major, "Crampton shall be the counter-sign." The men were immediately admitted, and the ammunition was procured.

But by this time an effectual check had been given to the progress of the insurgents. They had assembled in great numbers, and were well supplied with weapons which might have rendered them very formidable. But they were under no sort of control or discipline; and many of them availed themselves of the implements of destruction which were placed in their hands, to pursue some project of individual plunder, instead of bending all their energies to the accomplishment of their common object.

The leaders, too, were divided amongst themselves. From the moment they had received the information of the language used by Clarke to the workmen at Palmerstown the majority of them resolved that the insurrection should commence at nine o'clock. But there were some who pertinaciously maintained that they should still adhere to their original purpose, and not appear in arms until they were fully supported by their friends from the country. The opinion of the former prevailed; but not so completely as to give that hearty unity to their measures that could alone render them successful.

Emmet did whatever could be done by personal valour and enthusiasm, to keep his followers together, and animate them to take the castle by a coup de main; but he soon found how little mere numbers availed against the discipline and the well-directed fire of the military; who, although but a handful of men, under the conduct of Lieutenant Brady, put the rebels to flight in all directions, and restored order and tranquillity.

By the flashes of the musketry Emmet was to be seen flying from man to man, exhorting his people to maintain their ground, and recklessly exposing his own person in the thickest of the conflict; while Lieutenant Brady might be observed chewing tobacco, and giving his orders with a coolness and precision which was admirably seconded by the gallant fellows he commanded, and who threw in their fire with a steadiness and effect which speedily rendered the cause of the insurgents as desperate as their project was abominable. The morning had begun to dawn before Emmet could be induced to abandon the scene of action, when he and a few others retired into the county of Wicklow, where he remained for some time concealed.

About the same hour Capt. Wilcox began to retrace his steps home. He had not seen or heard anything of his family since the evening before, when he left them in the midst of treason and surrounded by danger: and the reader may imagine with what trembling solicitude he approached the precincts of his residence, where his wife and children had been for so many hours defenceless and exposed, liable, at any moment, to fall victims to the sanguinary fury of the disappointed ruffians by whom he had himself been devoted to destruction. The quiet and soothing flow of the river, the balmy freshness of the breeze, and melodies poured from the emulous throats of thousands of the feathered tribe, who rendered the atmosphere vocal with living harmony, were all lost upon the anxious ear and the straining eye of the husband and the father, who, at every step, was fearful of encountering some sight or sound of woe, which might consign him, for the remainder of his days, to solitude and bereavement. But his mansion was unmolested. The

hand of violence had not approached it. Instead of smouldering and blackened walls, such as he had pictured in his excited imagination, the sun was shining upon it in peacefulness and splendour; and his presence revived the fainting hearts of its forlorn and an-

guish-stricken inmates, who had almost given him up for lost, and who now felt, with deepest gratitude, the truth of that saying of the Royal Psalmist, that "though heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning."

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

(From the French.)

Sweet Nightingale! that on the myrtle tree,
Sing'st all alone,
Thou feelest happy bird, that thou art free;
And much rejoicing in thy liberty,
Would'st make it known.
Ah! think that in thy tree
Some cruel spoiler's hand may spread the snare,
To rob thee of thy cherished liberty;
Ah! then—beware!

That tree, sweet Nightingale, appears to be
A home of rest,
Where spoilers cannot come to injure thee.
Or rob thee of the liberty
That glads thy breast.
Alas! there is no home,
Tho' it be o'er so shelter'd or so fair,
Where danger and misfortune cannot come;
They're every where.

The odoriferous leaves that shade thy head,
Are always green.
Hope's brilliant colours are around thee spread,
Her soothing influence is o'er thee shed,
Tho' all unseen.
Do not too firmly trust the flatt'ring word,
Or golden smile of Hope, however fair;
In this deceitful world, alas! sweet bird!
Even Hope's a snare.

ASIATIC DISCOVERIES.

NOTICE OF THE RESEARCHES OF BARON HUMBOLDT, AND PROFESSORS EHRENBURG, AND GUSTAVUS ROSE, MADE DURING A JOURNEY IN RUSSIA AND CENTRAL ASIA, IN THE YEARS 1829 AND 1830.

The researches of De Humboldt and his associates attach themselves more particularly to descriptive and to physical geography, the details belong to experimental philosophy, natural history, and the other branches of pure science; but, as in geology, the speculation becomes one of physics, the moment the element of time is introduced, so the fixed principles of the other sciences receive a wider application when we connect them with the history of the earth or other planets.

The most important researches are those on the age and relative situation of the mountain chains, and on the comparative elevation of the steps, and table lands of the almost unexplored continent of Asia; the considerations on volcanic geology, the researches in zoology, and the experimental discoveries in terrestrial magnetism and climatology—the last of which has taken its name, and may almost be said to have originated with the first of these celebrated men.

The combined results of astronomy and physical geography, pointed out by Mr. de Humboldt, in the relation of mountain heights, and oceanic depths, or of continental and pelagic masses, with the figure of the earth, have received a further impulse from the new light thrown upon the causes of the inflexion of the isothermal lines, and the empirical laws which have been recognised in the distribution of heat upon the globe. Sir William Herschell has already instituted enquiries into that portion of geological dynamics which are connected with astronomy—providing a link between the revolutions of our globe, and those of the system of which it is but a single member, and the phenomena of volcanoes, now taken out of the domains of geognosy, to become one of the most important objects of the physics of the globe,

render the doctrine of parallelism of chains of synchronous elevation one of the most striking additions made in modern times to the philosophy of geology and consequently to the progressive development of our knowledge of the relation and mutual dependance of all physical phenomena.

Baron Humboldt and his companions Professors Ehrenberg and G. Rose embarked at Niznei-Novgorod on the Volga, to descend to Casan and the Tatar ruins of Bolgari. From thence they went by Poun to Iekatherinebourg on the eastern slope of the Ural a vast country of mountains composed of many chains almost parallel, the summit of which scarcely attain an elevation of fourteen or fifteen hundred yards, and which follow, like the Andes, the direction of a line of the meridian from the tertiary formations neighbouring lake Aral to the green-stone rocks upon the icy sea.

Humboldt visited for a month the central and northern parts of Ural, so rich in alluvial deposits which contain gold and platinum, the mines of Malachite of Goumecheoski, the great magnetic mountain of Blagodat, and the celebrated repositories of topaz and of beryl at Mourzinak. Near Nizni Tagilsk, a country which may be compared to the Choco of South America, a piece of platinum was found that weighed more than eight kilogrammes. From Iekatherinebourg the party proceeded by Tiouman to Tobolsk on the Irtyche, and from thence by Tara and the step of Baraba, so much dreaded on account of the abundance of a kind of musquito, to Barnaoul on the banks of the Ob, to the picturesque lake of Kolyvan and to the rich silver mines of Schlängen-berg, of Ridderiski, and of Zyrianovski, situated upon the south-western acclivity of the Altaï, of which the loftiest

summit, called by the Calmucks, Iyic-tou (mountain of God,) and recently explored by Bunge, the Botanist, almost equals in elevation the peak of Teneriffe. Messrs Humboldt, Ehrenberg, and Rose, proceeded from Ridderski to the south towards the little fort of Oust-Kamenogorsk, passing by Boukhtarminsk to the frontiers of Chinese Dzungaria; they even obtained permission to cross the frontiers and visit the Mongolian part of Bati, or Khoni-mailakhou, a very central point of Asia, (to the north of lake Dzaisang,) which is situated, according to the chronometric observations of De Humboldt in long. 82°, and consequently under the same meridian as Patna and Katmandou.

In returning from Khoni-mailakhou to Oust-Kamenogorsk, the travellers saw on the banks of the Irtyche the granite divided for a considerable distance into almost horizontal strata and spread upon a schistus, whose beds were partly at an inclination of 85°, and partly entirely vertical. From the little port of Oust-Kamenogorsk the travellers crossed the step of the lesser horde of the Kirghese by Semipalatinsk and Ousk by the lines of the Cossacks of Ischim and Tobol to reach the southern Ural. In the country near Miask three pieces of native gold were found at a depth of only a few inches in a formation of little extent; the travellers kept along the southern Ural, to the beautiful quarries of green jasper near Orsk, where the river Jaik, so abundant in fish, crosses the chain from east to west, from thence they directed themselves by Gouberlinsk to Orenbourg, (a city which, notwithstanding its distance from the Caspian Sea, is nevertheless beneath the level of the ocean, according to the barometrical measurements made during an entire year, by Messrs. Hoffmann and Helmersen,) and from there to the celebrated salt mines of Ildzki, situate in the step of the little horde of the Kirghese at the capital of the Cossacks of the Uralsk, who, provided with a hook, dive and catch with their hands sturgeons from four feet and a half to five feet long; to the German colonies of the government of Saratov, on the left bank of the Wolga, to the great salt lake of Elton in the step of the Calmucks, and

by Sarepta, a colony of Moravian brothers, to Astrakhan.

From this latter place the travellers returned to Moscow, by the isthmus which separates the Don and Wolga near Tichinskaya, by the country of the Cossacks of the Don, the Woronege, and the Toula.

The central portion of Asia has been found to form neither an immense knot of mountains, nor a continuous upland, but is traversed from east to west by four great systems of mountains, which have manifestly influenced the movements of nations. They are the Altaï, which to the west terminates by the mountains of the Kirghese, the Thianchan, the Kuen-lun, and the chain of the Himma-leh. Between, the Altaï, and the Thianchan is the country of Dzungaria, and the basin of the Ili, between the Thianchan and the Kuen-lun, little or high Bucharia, Kachgar Ierkend, and Khotan (or Yuthian.) The three uplands, situated between the Altaï, the Thianchan, the Kuen-lun, and the Himma-leh, may also be indicated by the existence of three alpine lakes, namely, those of Balkachi, Lop, and Tengri (Terkeri, nor of d'Anville,) which correspond to the table lands of Dzungaria, Tangout, and Thibet.

I.—SYSTEM OF THE ALTAI.

It surrounds the sources of the Irtyche and the Ieniseï; to the east it takes the name of Tangnou; that of the Sayanian Mountains, between the lakes Kossogol (Koussoukoul) and Baikal; further that of high Kentai, and of the mountains of Dahuria; lastly, to the north-east it identifies itself with Iablonnoi-khrebet (Apple Chain,) the Khingghan, and the Altaï Mountains, which advance along the shores of the sea of Okhotsk. The mean latitude of its prolongation from east to west is between 50 and 51° 30'. The Altaï in Turkish, and in the Mongul, the mountains of gold. (*Altaï-in oola*) is not a chain of mountains forming the limit of a country like those of the Himma-leh, which border the table land of Thibet, and consequently are abrupt in their acclivity only on the Indian side, where

the country is lower than on the other. The plains neighbouring the lake Dnaisatz, and especially the steps neighbouring lake Balkachi are certainly not elevated more than 300 toises above the level of the sea.

De Humboldt avoids the name of little Altai, which has been given to a chain of mountains situated between the parallels of $49^{\circ} 30'$, and $42^{\circ} 30'$, and which in its extent and absolute height probably exceeds the great Altai. Arrowsmith erroneously calls by this latter name, an imaginary continuation of the Thian-ghan. It is not well known if the name of Golden mountains given in the ancient Turkish, and in Chinese to the Altai on the southern banks of the Naryn, owes its origin to tombs containing gold, which the Kalmuks still find in the valleys, or to the abundance of gold in the northern parts of what is called the little Altai.

The culminating point of the Altai is the Iyictow (mountain of God) or Alaus-tau (bald mountain) in Kalmuk. It exceeds in height the peak of Netkon (Pyrenees 1787 toises). The north westerly direction of this system shews itself in the beds of the mountain rocks, in the line of the Alghinsk, or elevated step of Tchomia, and in the clefts of the narrow valleys, and in the whole course of the Irtyche from Krasnolaskoi to Tobolsk.

Between the meridians of Oust-Kamenogorsk and of Semipalatinsk, the system of the Altai mountains prolongs itself from east to west, under the parallels of 50 and 50 by a chain of hills and of low mountains upon an extent of 160 geographic leagues,* as far as to the step of the Kirghese. This prolongation, of very little importance from its extent or its elevation is of very great interest to geography. There is no continuous chain of the Kirghese mountains, which, as is represented in most maps under the name of Alghidin tsano, or *Alghidin chano*, unites with the Ural and the Altai.

SYSTEM OF THE THIAN GHAN.

The chain called in Chinese, Thian Chan (or celestial mountains, also P6-chan, white mountains) is called in Turkish, Tengri tagh, which has the same signification as the former. Their mean latitude is in the 49d degree. Their culminating point is perhaps the mass of mountains remarkable for its summits, covered with perpetual snows and celebrated under the name of Bekhda oola; in Mongul-Kalmuk (sacred mountain) which circumstances led Pallas to give to the whole chain the denomination of Bogdo.

From Bokhdaoola† and Khatom-bokda, (majestic mountain of the queen) the Thian chan takes an easterly direction towards Bar-koul, where to the north of Hami it abruptly diminishes in height, and comes upon a level with the elevated desert called the Great Gobi or Chamo, which extends from south west to north east, from Koua-toheou a Chinese town, to the source of the Argoun. The mountain Nomkhoun to the north west of Sogok and of Sobo, little lakes on the step, indicates perhaps by its position a slight uprising, a kind of crest in the desert; for after an interruption of at least ten degrees of longitude the snowy chain of Gadjar or In-chan, which also follows a direction from west to east makes its appearance a little more to the south than the Thian chan, and according to Humboldt, as a continuation of that system to the great sinuosity of the Hoang-ho, or Yellow river.

In the neighbourhood of Tourfan and of Bokhda-oola, the western prolongation of the second system of mountains is found to extend between Goudja (Ili) a place to which the Chinese government banishes criminals, and Koutché; afterwards between the Temourton, a great lake whose name signifies ferruginous waters, and Aksou to the north of Kachgar, continuing in the direction of Samarkand. The country comprised between the first

* Of fifteen to a degree; this measure is used in the whole of the memoir.—

† To the North-west of Tourfan.—Humboldt.

and second system of mountains, or between the Altaï and the Thian-chan is closed on the east beyond the meridian of Pekin, by the Khingkan oola, a mountainous crest which stretches from south south-west to north north-east, but to the west it is entirely open on the side of Tchouï, of Sarasov, and of Lower Sihoun. There is not in this part any transverse crest, unless we would consider as such the series of elevations, which from north to south stretch along the western side of the lake Dzaisang across the Targabataï as far as the north-east of the Alatan, between the lakes Balkach and Alak tougeul-noor, and afterwards beyond the course of the Ili to the east of Temourtea noor (between 44 and 46 degrees of latitude,) and which present themselves like a wall, several times broken on the side of the step of the Kirghese.

It is quite different with regard to that part of central Asia which is bordered by the second or third system of mountains, the Thian-chan and the Kuem-lun. Effectively it is shut up to the west in the most evident manner, by a transverse crest which stretches from south to north under the name of Bolor, or Belough-tagh (mountains of the country of Bolor which neighbours them.) This chain separates Little Bokharia from Great Bokharia, from the country of Kachghar or Badakchan, and from High Djihoum (Amou-deria.) The southern part which attaches itself to the system of Kuem-lun, forms, according to the designation employed by the Chinese, a part of the Thsoung-ling. To the north it joins itself to the chain which passes to the north-west of Kachghar, and has the name of Passage of Kachghar (Kachghar divan, or davan,) according to the statement of Mr. Naserov, who, in 1818, went as far as Khokand; between Khokand, Dervazeh and Hissar, and consequently between the hitherto unknown sources of Sihoun and of the Amouderia, the Thian-chan attaining a greater elevation before it again de-

scends into the Khanat of Boukhara, and presents a group of high mountains, of which several summits, such as the Thakti Souleiman (throne of Solomon,) the summit, called Terak, and others are covered with snow even in summer. Further to the east, on the road which goes from the western shores of lake Temourtou to Kachghar; the Thian-chan does not appear to attain so great an elevation, at least no notice is taken of the occurrence in the itinerary from Semipolatsinsk to Kachghar. The road passes from the east of lake Balkachi, and to the west of the lake Isikouï, or Temourtou, and traverses the Narym, or Narim, affluent of the Sihoun. At 105 versets, to the south of Narym, Mount Rovat is passed over, which is pretty elevated and 15 versets in extent; it is penetrated by a vast cavern, and is situated between the At-bach, a little river, and the little lake Tchater-koul. This is the highest point before arriving at the Chinese post, placed to the south of the Akou, a little river of the step at the village of Artuche and at Kachghar; this town, built upon the banks of the Aratumen, has 15,000 houses and 80,000 inhabitants, but is nevertheless smaller than Samarkand. The *Kachghar davan** appears not to form a continuous wall, but to have open passages in several parts. The western prolongation of Thian Chan, or Mouz-tagh, is minutely described by De Humboldt. At the point where the Bolor, or Belough tagh joins itself at right angles to the Mouz-tagh, or even traverses this great system like a vein; the former continues to follow an uninterrupted direction from east to west under the name of Asferag-tagh to the south of Sihoun, toward Khodgend and Ourateppeh in Ferghana. This chain of the Asferah, covered by perpetual snows, and wrongly named chain of Pamer† separates the sources of the Sihoun (Iaxartes) from those of the Amou (Oxus); it turns to the south-west nearly under the meridian of Khodgend, and in this direction is

* The word *davan* in Oriental-Turkish, *dabahn* in Mongal, *dabagan* in Mandchou, does not designate a mountain, but a passage in a mountain. *Kachghar-davan* only means then the passage across the mountains to Kachghar, or Kachgar; this passage, or col, may just as well continue by a long valley as traverse a high and precipitous ledge.—*Humboldt*.

† Waddington, p. lxvii.

called, as far as to Samarcand, Aktagh, (white or snowy mountain,) or Al-Botom. Farther to the west, on the fertile banks of the Kohik, the great diminution in the height of the land commences, which comprises Great Bokharia, the country of Mavaranahan, which is so low, and where the careful cultivation of the land, and the opulence of the towns periodically excite the invasions of the inhabitants of the Iran of Kandahar, and of high Mongolia, and beyond the Caspian sea, almost under the same latitude, and in the same direction as the Thian chan, we find the Caucasus with its porphyries and its trachytes. Humboldt is inclined, therefore, to look upon it as a continuation of the fissure in form of vein upon which the Thianchan rises in the east, to the west of the great knot of mountains of Adzarbaïdzan and of Armenia; the Taurus is recognised in continuation of the action of the fissure of the Himma-leh, and of the Hindou Kouch. It is thus that in a geognostic sense the disjointed members of the mountains of western Asia as Mr. Ritter calls them, in his excellent picture of Asia, attach themselves to the forms of the soil of the east.

3.—SYSTEM OF KUEN-LUN.

The chain of Kuen-lun or Koulkoun, also called Tartach-davan, a name which is further given to the western continuation of this chain called Thsounling by the Chinese. It signifies mountains of onions, from a plant of that tribe, which is apparently abundant there. This chain is between Khotan Ilitchi, where Hindoo civilization and the worship of Bouddh existed five hundred years before arriving at Thibet, and Ladak between the knot of mountains of Khoukhoun-noor, and

of eastern Thibet, and the country called Katchi.

This system of mountains commences to the west of the Thsounling (onion or blue mountains) upon which M. Abel-Remusat has thrown so much light in his learned history of Khotan*. This system attaches itself, as previously observed, to the transverse chain of Bolor, and according to Chinese works, constitutes the southern part of this chain. This corner of the globe between little Thibet and the Bakchan, rich in rubies, in lapis lazuli, and in Kalaïte† is very little known; and according to recent information, the table land of Khorasan, which directs itself towards Herat, and borders Hindou Khosh‡ to the north, appears rather to be a continuation of the Thsounling, and of all the system of the Kuen-lun to the west, than a prolongation of the Himma-leh, as is generally supposed.

From the Thsounling, the Kuen lun or Koulkoun takes a direction from west to east, towards the sources of the Hoang ho (Yellow river) and penetrates with its snowy summits into the province of Chen si in China. Almost under the meridian of these sources, the great knot of mountains of the Khoukhoun-noor takes its origin. On the north this range reposes on the snowy chain of the Nan chan or Kilian chan,* also advancing in a direction of from west to east. Between the Nan chan and the Thian chan, on the side of the Hami the mountains of Tangout border the confines of the lofty desert of Gobi or Chamo, which prolongs itself from the south-west to the north-east. The mean latitude of the Kuen lun mountains is about 35° 30'.

4.—SYSTEM OF THE HIMMA-LEH.

This system separates the valleys of

* The position of Khotan is very faulty on all maps. From the astronomical observations of the missionaries Felix de Arocha Espinosa, and Hallerstein, its latitude is 37° 0', longitude 35° 52' west of Peking (*Memoires relatifs a l'Asie*). This longitude determines the mean direction of the Kuen-lun.—Humb.

* *Histoire de la ville de Khotan* p. viii, etc. and Klaproth p. 295—415—

† Turquoises, which have not an organic or animal origin.—

‡ The prolongation to the north-east of the Kilian-chan, a chain covered with perpetual snows, is called Ala chan oola, in Chinese Holan.—Humb.

Kachemir (Sirinagar) and of Nepal, from the Boutan and the Thibet; to the west it advances by the Djavahir, to a height of 4,026 toises; to the east by the Dhavalaghiri* at 4,390 toises of absolute height above the level of the sea; it directs itself generally from the north-west to the south-east, and consequently is in no manner parallel to the Kuen-lun, which it approaches so closely under the meridian of Attok and of Djellal-abad, that between Kaboul, Kaschemir, Ladak, and Badakhshan, the Himma-leh appears to constitute only one mass of mountains with the Hindoo Khoosh and the Thsoung-ling.

The space between the Himma-leh and the Kuen-lun is in the same manner more confined by secondary chains and masses of isolated mountains, than the table lands between the first, second, and third systems of mountains. It is impossible in consequence of this to compare the Thibet and the Katchi, in their geognostical construction with the lofty longitudinal valleys, situated between the chain of the eastern and western Andes, for example with the

table land which encloses the lake of Titicaca,* which Mr. Pentland found to exist at an elevation of 1,980 toises above the level of the sea. Nevertheless the height of the table land between the Kuen-lun and the Himma-leh must not be considered as equal throughout the remainder of Asia.—The mildness of the winters and the culture of the vine in the gardens of H'lassa, in 29° 40' of latitude, circumstances which are known from the accounts published by Klaproth, and the Archimandrite Hyacinthe, and which announce the existence of deep valleys and of circular hollows.

Two considerable rivers, the Indus and the Zzangbo (Tsampon)* indicate in the table land of Thibet to the north west and north east, a yielding of the soil, of which the axis is almost under the meridian of the gigantic Djavahir, of the two sacred lakes, the Manassoravara and the Ravana Hrada, and of Mount Kailasa or Kallas, in Chinese, *O neou-ta*, in Thibetian, *Gang-dirri*, (mountain, colour of snow; on d'Anville's maps, Kentaisee.)

From this centre spring, the chain of

* Humboldt, *sur quelques phenomenes geologiques qu'offre la Cordillere de Quito, et la partie occidentale de l'Himalaya* in the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*. March 1825. Dhavalaghiri, Mont Blanc (white mountain) of India; its name comes from *dhavala* white, and from *ghiri* mountain, in Sanscrit. Mr. Bopp supposes that in Dzavahir the penultimate *hir* takes the place of *ghiri*, Dzava means swiftness. In order that objects of comparison may be found between the two colossuses of Asia, The reader may be reminded that among the summits of the chain of the Andes in America, the Nevado of Sorata measured by Mr. Pentland, attains an elevation of 3,248 toises, and the Chimborazo which De Humb. measured has 3,350. (Arago in the *Annuaire des Bureaux du Longitudes*. 1830. and Humboldt *Memoir on the Southern Peru*, in the *Hertha*, 1829. Jan.)

† The great chain of the Peruvian Andes divides itself between the 14th and 20th degree of south latitude, into two longitudinal branches. These two branches are separated from one another by a great valley, or rather by a table land, whose surface is elevated 2033 toises above the level of the sea, and whose northern extremity comprises the lake of Titicaca. The shores and the islands of this lake are remarkable for having been the seat of the ancient civilization of Peru, and the central point of the empire of the Incas. The Illimani and the mountain of Sorata are in the eastern chain, the former exceeds an elevation of 24,000 feet, and the latter attains a height of 25,000 feet. The western chain presents a cone above the valley of Chuquibamba, which attains a height of 22,000 feet. These observations modify to a certain extent the results obtained by de Humboldt on the relation of the crest to the summit in the Andes, as compared with other chains, or with continental or pelagic masses, and augment the progressive relation in which they stand with regard to the Himma-leh mountains.—*Edinburgh Journal of Natural and Geographical Science*.—Vol. I. p. 285. 364.

† The researches of Mr. Klaproth have proved that this river, entirely separated from the system of Brahma poutra, is the same as the Iracouddy of the Birmeese empire.

Kara Koroum Padichah, which takes a north-westerly direction, consequently to the north of Ladak, towards the Thœung ling; the snowy mountains of Hor (Hhor), and of Zzang which thread to the east. Those of Hor, at their north-western extremity, join the Kuen-lun, and in the east take the direction of the Tengri noor (lake of heaven). The Zzang, more southerly than the chain of Hor, borders the long valley of Zzangbo, and goes from the west to the east, towards the Nien tsin tangla gangri, a very high summit which, between H'lassa and lake Tengri noor (improperly called Terkri), terminates at the mountain Nomchoun oubachi.* Between the meridians of Gorkha Katmandhu and H'lassa, the Himma-leh sends to the north towards the right bank or southern border of the valley of Zzangbo several branches covered with perpetual snow. The highest is the Yaria Chamboi gangri, of which the name in Thibetian signifies the snowy mountain in the country of God, existing by itself. This summit is to the east of lake Yamrouk Yomdzœ, which is called on the maps Palté†, and which resembles a ring, from the presence of an island which fills up almost its whole extent.

De Humboldt traces the system of the Himma-leh far beyond the English territory in Hindoostan by means of the writings of the Chinese collected by Klaproth. It borders Assam to the north, contains the sources of the Brahmapoutra, passes by the northern part of Ava, and penetrates into the Yün-nan, a province of China; it exhibits to the west of Young tchang sharp and snowy summits. It turns abruptly to the north-east on the borders of the Hon Kouang, of the Kiang Si, and of the Fou Kian, and it advances with snowy summits into the

vicinity of the ocean, where we find, as a prolongation of the chain, an island (Formosa) whose mountains are covered with snow during the greater part of summer, which indicates an elevation of at least 1,900 toises. Thus the system of Himma-leh may be followed as a continuous chain, from the Eastern Ocean, by the Hindou Khoosh across Kandahar and Khorasan, lastly, to beyond the Caspian Sea into the Adzerbardgan, in an extent of seventythree degrees of longitude, the half of that of the Andes. The western extremity, which is volcanic‡ and covered with snow at the Demavend, loses the particular characters of the chain in the knot of mountains of Armenia, which attach themselves to the Sangalou, to Bingheul and to Kachmir-dagh, with the lofty summits of the Pachalik of Erzeroum. The mean direction of the system of the Himma-leh is to the north 55° west.

Such are the principal geographical results of the researches of De Humboldt and his companions into the interior of Asia. The remainder which appertain chiefly to natural history and chemistry, are yet to be published, with the exception of two excellent memoirs, the one on the occurrence of the *Felis pardus* (Cuv.) in the uplands of Asia, the other on the geographical distribution of Infusory animals, by Professor Ehrenberg, and which has made us acquainted with some curious facts regarding the independent existence which these animated corpuscles, so low in the scale of creation, preserve under different climates and local circumstances. The discoveries and considerations which belong more immediately to physical geography and to geology, embody some very important facts, among which we may particularly notice the existence of volcanic agency in the central mountain

* Klaproth, *Memoires relatifs a l'Asie*. T. M. p. 291.

† Probably from a mistake caused by the name of Peiti, situated a little to the north. D'Anville Atlas of China.—Humb. The town is called in Thibetian Bhaldhi; the Chinese have altered this to Peiti or Peti; there can be no doubt but that the denomination of Palté, which is given to the neighbouring lake is derived from Bhaldhi.—Klap.

‡ The eastern part of this chain where it terminates at the island of Formosa, is equally volcanic. Mount Iohy-kang (the red chain) to the south of Fung-chan kian in that island, formerly poured out flames, and there is still a lake there whose waters are warm.

tion of the earth with a central body (the sun) have begun to determine almost exclusively the diversity of geographical latitudes.

It is also in these primitive times that the elastic fluids, the volcanic forces of the interior perhaps more powerful, and making themselves more easily a passage through the oxidated and solidified crust, have broken that crust, and have injected, not only in veins (dykes) but in masses very irregular in form, matters of a great density (ferruginous basalts, melaphyres, and metallic deposits) matters which have introduced themselves after the solidification and flattening of the earth had taken place. The acceleration which the oscillations of the pendulum undergo on several points of the earth often offer from this geognostical cause deceitful appearances of an increase of ellipticity greater than what results from the union of trigonometrical measurements and the theory of lunar inequalities. The epoch of the great geognostic revolutions has been when the communications of the fluid interior of our planet and its atmosphere were most frequent, and acted upon a greater number of points where the tendency to establish these communications caused to be elevated at different ages and in different modes (apparently determined by the diversity of these epochs) upon long fissures, cordilleras as those of the Himma-leh and the Andes, chains of mountains of a lesser elevation and those ridges or crests whose varied undulations embellish the landscape of our plains. It is as if in testimony of these elevations, and marking (according to the extended and ingenious views of M. Elie de Beaumont) the relative age of mountains that De Humboldt mentions the occurrence in the Andes, of the New World at Cundisamarca, of extensive formations of stone stretching from the plains of Magdalena and of Meta almost without interruption upon table lands from fourteen to sixteen hundred *toises* in height, and still more recently in the north of Asia, in the chain of the Ural, the same bones of antideluvian animals (so celebrated

in the low regions of Kama and the Irtyche) mingled on the back of the chain in the table lands between Bere-zovok and Iekaterinbourg, with transported deposits, rich in gold, diamonds, and platinum. It is further in testimony of this subterranean action of elastic fluids which upraise continents, domes, and chains of mountains, which displace rocks and the organic remains which they contain, which form eminences and hollows when the vault gives way or falls in; that we can consider that great depression of the west of Asia, of which the surface of the Caspian Sea and of lake Aral forms the lowest part, 50 and 32 *toises* beneath the level of the ocean, but which extends, as shewn by the new barometrical measurement made by Messrs. Humboldt, Hofmann, Heffmersen, and Gustavus Rose, in the interior of the country as far as Saratov and Orenbourg upon Jaik, apparently also to the south-east to the lower part of the course of the Sihoun (Jaxartes) and of the Amou (Djihoun, Oxus of the antients). This depression of a considerable portion of Asia; this lowering of a continental mass of more three hundred feet below the surface of the waters of the ocean in their mean state of equilibrium has not hitherto been considered in all its importance, because we were ignorant of the extent of the phenomenon of depression which was presented in a slight degree in some of the littoral countries of Europe and of Egypt. The formation of this great concavity in the surface of the north-west of Asia appears to De Humboldt to be in intimate relation with the upraising of the mountains of the Caucasus, of Hindou-kho, and of the upland of Persia, which border the Caspian Sea and the Mavera-nahar to the south, perhaps also more to the east, with the upraising of the great plain, which is designated by the very vague and incorrect term of the upland of Upper Asia; and lastly this concavity of the ancient world is proved from the facts collected by De Humboldt on the frontiers of Chinese Dzungaria between the forts of Oustkamenogorsk

* The extent of this depression may be about 18,000 leagues, and this vast region includes populous cities and immense commercial establishments. Arago has discussed its connexion with cometary influences.—Notices Scientifiques. Des Cometes en General. Annuaire du Bureau des longitudes, 1832.

of Boukhtarminsk and Khoni-maïlak-hou,* a Chinese post to the north of Dzaisang, on the line of the Cossacks of the step of the Kerghese,† and on the borders of the Caspian Sea, compared with what had already been made known to us by the researches of Abel Remusat, and Klapproth, to be a country

of craters (pays cratére) and the seat of volcanic action as are on the lunar surface Hipparchus, Archimedes, and Ptolemy, which are more than seventy miles in diameter, and which may rather be compared to Bohemia than to our cones and the craters of our volcanoes.

* In Kirghese this advance post of the Chinese on the Irtyche is called Koch-touba.

† Strictly the step of Khazak or Kaisak.

SONG.

Sing to me of the days that are gone
Ere the dawning visions of life had flown,
When before the enraptured eye of youth
Lay a world of love, and a world of truth,
And not a shadow of dark decay
Hung o'er that bright and sun-lit way,
Sing of those days to me !

Sing to me of those parted hours
When life seemed a wreath of shining flowers,
And a promise of lasting beauty fell
On each bursting bud, and each opening bell,
And the showers that watered those radiant hues
Glittered with hope's own rainbow dew,
Sing of those hours to me.

Then change thy song to a sadden'd strain,
For those days will never return again,
A cloud has o'ershadow'd that world of light,
And its beams have gone down in a darken'd night
And a blight has come over the shining wreath,
And its buds and its blossoms are wither'd in death,
Sing of those days no more !

THE DEATH OF SCHOMBERG.*

[It is said that many a sea-fight was won by Dibdin—The excellence of his songs is indisputable, and it is certain that where all the orations and arguments that could be applied have failed to mine deep enough into the heart to reach the latent vein of courage, a national song has brought the latent ore to light. The ancients were well aware of their efficacy; and though one ingredient in such a composition was frequently wanting, I mean the simplicity that adapts itself to every ear, yet in one of the most admired of them, this quality is displayed in a rare degree—I mean the hymn of Callistratus to Harmodius and Aristogiton, “*Εὐ μέγαν κλάδι*,” &c.—a composition matchless in its kind, and to which no translation that I have ever seen, not even that spirited one by Mr. Deaman, published in Bland’s anthology, and lauded by Lord Byron, does justice. Perhaps Sir William Jones’s imitation has more of the spirit of the original than any translation. Burns in Scotland, the aforesaid Dibdin, and others in England, and Moore in Ireland, have by means of such effusions, roused the latent energies of thousands—Would that the spirit called by the latter bard from the “vasty deep” of political ferment had been one to whose stirring influence we could have safely confided ourselves! As it is, let us not be behind-hand—We can boast of bards, as well as patriots amongst us, and have a field at least as wide, and as thickly strewn with the flowers of poetry as the most republican or Italian of our opponents. I need scarcely say, that I step forward into the untaken ground merely to plant the *standard of England* upon it, and to occupy it till the strength of our ranks shall have made it securely ours—I am the point of the wedge, the narrowest part, though the first applied, and I serve but to open the way for others. At this juncture for Protestant, for British Ireland, every power, even the most inconsiderable, should be applied, and brought to bear in concert upon its enemies.

I should add, that I have given to the following song, (if song that can be called to which no tune is appropriated) an easy measure, so that it may be readily adapted to some popular air—perhaps “The Boyne water” might do.]

’Twas on the day when kings did fight
Beside the Boyne’s dark water,
And thunder roar’d from every height,
And earth was red with slaughter.

That morn an aged chieftain stood
Apart from mustering bands,
And from a height that crown’d the flood
Surveyed broad Erin’s lands;

His hand upon his sword-hilt leant,
His war-horse stood beside,
And anxiously his eyes were bent
Across the rolling tide.

* “Frederick Schonberg, or Schomberg, first developed his warlike talents under the command of Henry and William II. of Orange; afterwards obtained several victories over the Spaniards; reinstated on the throne the House of Braganza; defeated in England the last hopes of the Stuarts, and finally died at the advanced age of eighty-two, at the battle of the Boyne, in 1690.”

He thought of what a changeful fate
Had borne him from the land,
Where frown'd his father's castle gate,*
High o'er the Rhenish strand,

And plac'd before his opening view
A realm where strangers bled,
Where he, a leader, scarcely knew
The tongue of those he led!

He looked upon his chequered life,
From boyhood's earliest time,
Through scenes of tumult and of strife
Endur'd in every clime,

To where the snows of eighty years
Usurp'd the raven's stand,
And still the din was in his ears,
The broad-sword in his hand!

He turn'd him to fatality;
Beyond the battle-plain,
But there a shadow from on high
Hung o'er the heaps of slain;

And through the darkness of the cloud,
The chief's prophetic glance
Beheld, with winding-sheet and shroud,
His fatal hour advance.

He quail'd not, as he felt him near
Th' inevitable stroke,
But dashing off one rising tear,
'Twas thus the old man spoke:—

"God of my fathers! death is nigh,
My soul is not deceived;
My hour is come—and I would die
The conqueror I have liv'd!

"For thee—for freedom have I stood,
For both I fall to-day;
Give me but victory for my blood,
The price I gladly pay!

"Forbid the future to restore
A Stuart's despotic gloom,
Or that, by freemen dreaded more,
The tyranny of Rome!

"From either curse let Erin freed,
As prosperous ages run,
Acknowledge what a glorious deed
Upon this day was done!"

* Schomberg, or the "the mount of beauty," is one of the most magnificent of the many now ruinous castles that overhang the Rhine. It had been the residence of the chiefs of a noble family of that name, which existed as far back as the time of Charlemagne, and of which the Duke of Schomberg was a member.

He said—fate granted *half* his prayer—
 His steed he straight bestrode,
 And fell—as on the routed rear
 Of James's host he rode.

He sleeps in a cathedral's gloom*
 Amongst the mighty dead,
 And frequent, o'er his hallow'd tomb,
 Regardful pilgrims tread.

The other half, though fate deny,
 We'll strive for, one and all,
 And, William's—Schomberg's spirits nigh,
 We'll gain—or fighting fall !

ADVENA.

* St. Patrick's, in Dublin.—A black marble slab, with the following inscription, is inserted in the wall above the tomb :—

" Hic infra situm est corpus Frederici Ducis de Schonberg ad Babindam occisi,
 A. D. 1690.

Decanus et capitulum maxime spero etiam atque etiam petierunt, ut heredes Ducis monumentum in memoriam parentis erigendum curarent. Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos, diu ac sæpe orando nil proficere ; hunc demum lapidem statuerunt saltem ut scias hospes ubinam terrarum SCHONBERGENSIS cineres delitescant.

Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.—
 A.D. 1731.

TO THE GUMCISTUS.

" Sweet Cista, rival of the rosy dawn,
 Put forth her buds and grac'd the dewy lawn ;"
 Expanded all her infant charms to light,
 And flutter'd in the breeze, and bless'd the sight.
 But ah ! too blooming was her transient grace,
 The blush was hectic that o'erspread her face :
 One fatal morn beheld her beauties blow,
 No noon of health succeeds, no evening glow,
 Gay for that morn, a quick reverse she feels,
 The mid-day sun her fragrant essence steals,
 A sad Ephemeron, she yields her breath,
 Gives to the winds her sweets, and sinks in death.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER OF EDMUND BURKE.

It is addressed to John Stewart Esq. Secretary to Warren Hastings, and afterwards Judge Advocate of Bengal. We are indebted to the kindness of C. Skinner, Esq. of Belfast, in whose possession it is, for permission to publish this interesting relic of one of the greatest Statesmen this kingdom has produced.

Dear Sir,—“I am heartily thankful to you for your very kind remembrance of me in every stage of your progress—the wines of the Cape, the canes of Bengal, every thing good in every place, revives your obliging disposition towards your friends. The wine is not yet arrived. Indeed that kind of wine, and in that quantity, is beyond the mark of patriotism, not endowed with a good fortune. You know that his worship, Alderman Wilkes, only gives Port in his Shreivalty Feasts; Constantia is therefore a lady, much too highly bred to appear at my private table, though neither she nor any one else is too good for those who honour it with their company. I will, therefore, send your Constantia to a place where it will be rather better assorted. A good friend of yours, Lord Rockingham, shall have my portion; and there I will drink your health in my own wine, and would continue to renew the toast, if it could be any way pleasing or useful to you, until your cane should be necessary to support me in my way home. Perhaps this was the typical meaning of the “wine and cane?”—whatever it was, I am extremely obliged to you for both, and for the very sensible, friendly, and polite letters that accompanied them. Your countrymen may now fill their newspapers with as much abuse of me as they think proper; I have abundant consolation in the friendship of one Scotchman, who has more wit than their whole set, and the whole body of their English allies along with them; and who has so much good humour and good nature, as would make him agreeable and amiable, if he had no more genius than the rest of the corps.

“I am sorry that the affairs of your

masters are in such a strange state of derangement, Discord has chosen the India House for her temple, and I assure you her devotees are as zealous and enthusiastic as any bigots whatsoever. The company is shaken to its foundations; the unfortunate contest about superiors—the heavy debt, a little too lately divalged—the probable deficiency of dividend, both to the proprietors and the Exchequer—the fall of Stock, and the strange unmeaning hostility of the Court—all join to throw one of our most important concerns into the most perilous situation. These events have given a rude shock to our friend Sir G. Colebrook’s interest—that power is shaken, but it is not destroyed; and no other party that I can find is yet able to profit by the blow our friends have received. The list of chairs you see have been rejected by the Court of Directors—what list will be finally ratified by the general Court, I cannot guess.

“In the first scheme, no more than three superiors were proposed. General Monkton and Mr. Stuart were intended by the chairs; to them they did me the honour to add me, with every circumstance of rank in the commission and in the office that could make it desirable. I was extremely sensible of the kindness of their intentions; but things were so situated, both with regard to the Company’s affairs, and the government at home, as not to permit me to think of obeying their commands. Whoever goes, I wish him success; his duty is difficult, but his exertion seems necessary—at least we think so here, where we entertain, perhaps erroneously, an opinion, that there have been great mistakes and mis-management. City politics

you are abundantly supplied with in the newspapers. The Aldermen in that interest fought with some resolution; but their retreat, if it does not cover some extraordinary design, was neither able nor reputable. Wilkes even losing the Mayoralty, is in some sort triumphant; he lost his point but by one, even in the strongest hold of the enemy. It is odd to see how he drags some of your old friends after him. Townshend is now Mayor, made by Wilkes with the exception of the one, and against the will of the other. It is an odd sort of creation. By this means your old friend Lord Shelburne becomes master of the city one year at least.

The partition of Poland is a subject worthy of your pen. To make a partition of Poland, formerly put all Europe in a ferment; now it has four kings, and all Europe is quiet. Sweden has taken an absolute monarch as a cure for scarcity of provisions, and an army surrounds the Diet to persuade the States to agree to their unanimous resolution. These are odd paradoxes, but two great and pacific monarchs at present keep these matters from being any thing worse than ridiculous to the rest of mankind. What effect their action, and our repose will produce, is not for me to divine.

Permit me, before I bid you good-bye, to recommend to your protection two of my friends in Bengal, the first is my relation and namesake, Walter Burke, a captain of Seapoys, I believe that in seeing him, you will be of

use to a man of spirit and principle; and I am sure you will oblige me extremely.

The next is one to whom you are no stranger, Emin, the Armenian. He is not with me, nor I dare say with you, the less a hero for being unfortunate. He has attempted great things, gone through infinite labours and infinite perils, and is at last where he set out, poor and friendless in Bengal. This should not be. It would be a disgrace to his nation, that a man once countenanced by the first people in this kingdom as well as in Germany, should without any cause of his own, pass his decline of life in misery and contempt in an English settlement. I know many think him an impostor, but I can bear witness to the truth of what he asserted, long before he attracted any part of the public notice; and to the patience, integrity, and fortitude with which he struggled to improve himself in all knowledge within his reach. His having served in Germany, and in all the expeditions to the coast of France, gives him a title to the little favour he asks—some respectable post in the Company's India troops. Be so good as to give him my humble service, and the enclosed.

Mrs. Burke, my brother, and Mr. W. Burke present their best compliments, and believe me, with great truth and affection, Dear Sir,

"Your most obdt. humble servt."

EDMUND BURKE.

Beaconsfield, Oct. 30, 1772."

HEAT.*

"Of all the powers in nature," says Lord Bacon, "heat is the chief, both in the frame of nature and in the works of art; heat and cold are the hands of nature." And this opinion, to any one who has given his attention to observing the constitution of nature and her various and continual alterations, will not appear extravagant, though to the casual or superficial observer such a rank may seem too exalted for this single agent; and at the present time, when the researches of modern science have laid open to our view so many of the secrets of the universe, it may seem strange that an aphorism of one who lived but during the infancy of natural sciences should remain, its truth unquestioned and its importance undented. For of all the imponderable physical agents which are appointed for carrying on the course of nature there is none of such paramount importance; we witness the effects of heat in every process of nature; we see its genial influence exerted in the production of all those objects which serve for the convenience or luxury of man—the fruits of the earth—the flowers of the fields—the sparkling rivelets—the mighty ocean are all dependant on this agent for their production or utility to man; without its existence would be impossible for beings organized as the present inhabitants of the world are; we see that where its influence is withdrawn, vegetation altogether ceases, animal life is extinct, and the mighty ocean itself is chained by eternal frost.

Nor is it less necessary to man, as an artificial, than as a natural agent—in all the conveniences and luxuries of life we behold its importance; by its agency has man been enabled to add to his power and multiply his resources almost to an infinite degree. By means of the steam engine he is no longer

the sport of winds and waves—no longer dependant on animal strength for the performance of his wishes; he has acquired means of conveyance which enable him to vie in speed with the tenants of the air, and acquired powers which have increased the available population, as if there had been a new creation of human strength. "Fire, flood, and earth are the vassals of his will;" but it is to the first of these that he owes his mastery over the other elements. Such is the agent to which we would direct the attention of our readers, as there are very few who are in any degree acquainted with its theoretical applications, though its practical uses are continually before them, or who have any clear or definite notions relative to its nature and properties—ignorant alike of the investigations of some of the greatest philosophers of our times, and of the great practical results which have rewarded their labours; this inattention to a most important branch of physical knowledge has chiefly arisen from its being generally considered merely as a branch of elementary chemistry, to which it no more properly belongs, than electricity and light do, but with which it has generally been studied, as its most important laws are disclosed to us by chemistry, and have been investigated by cultivators of that branch of science; and also from the fact, that the only treatises on heat were those given in works on chemistry, no separate *general* treatise having appeared on this subject until the present, with the exception of the admirable article on heat, by the Rev. F. Lunn, of Cambridge, in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, which, from the form under which it was published, cannot be looked upon as calculated for general use; however, Dr. Lardner has in his present work, supplied the deficiency and

* Treatise on Heat, by the Rev. D. Lardner, Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 29: London, 1833.

given us an excellent compilation containing all the principal facts requisite to be known relative to this most interesting subject.

We shall, in the following pages, endeavour to give a concise view of a few of the principal phenomena of heat, and to explain, in as popular a way as can be done, the causes which produce them. But before we proceed to this part of our subject, we would take a brief view of the history of heat, which, among heathen nations, from its great importance in nature, was considered as worthy the patronage of particular deities, and Vesta and Vulcan were supposed to be, the former—the divinity of heat, as a natural, the latter as an artificial agent; and though from the continual presence and utility of fire in all the processes of art and nature, it would be probable that a people who deified their very vices, and placed among their gods the personifications of their crimes, should also establish deities to represent that agent; yet it seems extraordinary the opinions which were held of its efficacy as a means of purification in all their sacrifices, and in many of the ceremonies of their religion, unless we suppose their acquaintance with those nations, whose ceremonies had received the sanction of divinity itself. Among the philosophers of those days, the opinions respecting heat were as crude and ill-defined as most of their opinions relative to the different branches of natural knowledge, and it is not surprising that those, who would reduce all natural objects to four elementary substances should suppose that heat was one of the chief of these; some of them even going so far as to assert, that fire was the origin or first principle of all things—that by its extinction it produced earth or ashes—that these ashes conceived or collected moisture, whence there ensued a flood of water, which again emitted air, and that therefore fire was the elemental nature of all things.*

Such were the popular and scientific notions which obtained, relative to heat, even 'till very lately, as the alchemists, who were the first investigators of the real constitution of nature were too submissive servants of

the Aristotelian doctrines to question opinions, which bore the sanction of his disciples, they were content to regard heat as one of the principal means of performing the "great work;" and though continually conversant with its effects, they made no attempt to investigate its properties, nor to establish the laws that regulate its operations; nor would any advance have been probably made in this subject, had not Lord Bacon, amongst his many other labours for the advancement of knowledge, also applied his mind to the investigation of the nature of heat; his "Method of discovering forms in the example of the form of heat" in the *Novum Organum* will ever remain a perpetual monument of his genius and penetration. In this short sketch he gave suggestions which served to place this part of physical knowledge on its present advanced and eminent position; and when we consider the mass of error he had to combat, we are astonished at that acuteness of mind which enabled him to lay a foundation, which it has required ages to perfect. It was not however immediately that his suggestions were acted on; and it is only within our own times that investigations were entered into, which reduced the abstruse and complicated phenomena of heat to the rank of the physical sciences. And it is with the great names of Black, Watt, Davy, and Leslie, that we connect all the discoveries in a branch of natural knowledge, which, though it has not elevated its investigators to the same rank as mental philosophers with Newton and La Place, has yet given them greater practical rank as the real founders of Great Britain's power and wealth.

The term heat is generally used in two significations, either to express the cause by which a certain sensation is produced, or to signify the sensation itself. We say that we feel heat from a fire, when we only mean that the sensation of heat is produced in us; and in this sense is the word heat generally employed; the confusion arising from using the same word to express two distinct ideas, has induced many writers to make use of the word caloric to express the cause of heat

* Vide History of Natural Philosophy, Bacon's Works, vol. 12.

distinct from the sensation, or represent what may be deemed the matter of heat; but as no material confusion results from the use of the word heat, we shall continue to employ it, meaning "that cause, whatever it may be, which produces in us the peculiar sensation of heat or warmth." Respecting the nature of heat, many opinions have been held; the most common is, that heat is an imponderable substance and consists of material particles, which combine with all known bodies, and may, under certain circumstances, be separated from these and produce in us the sensation of heat; of the other opinions—that heat is not a material substance, but merely a quality of matter, and that matter exhibits heat by a vibratory motion excited in its particles, or by the vibrations of a fluid which pervades all space—it is not our present purpose to enter on the consideration: each has had its powerful advocates, and like the theories relative to light, there are phenomena which are inexplicable by either the material or vibratory hypothesis separately, and which have been triumphantly referred to as crucial experiments, by the supporters of each hypothesis; and as there seems to be at present no final decision on the merits of either, we shall, adopting the first as the most simple and most easily understood, proceed to consider a few of the principal facts given us in Dr. Lardner's most interesting volume.

If we place one hand on a piece of paper or woollen cloth, and the other on a piece of metal, we would be immediately induced to believe from the sensation of cold produced by touching the metal that the latter was much colder than the paper or wool; now that such is not the case must be evident if these substances have been exposed to the same temperature under the same circumstances, by which they will have acquired the same quantity of heat; whence then does this sensation of cold arise? why is it that our senses are deceived? The answer is at once afforded by the fact, that heat is conveyed or conducted with different velocities by different substances. When the warm hand is placed on a piece of metal or stone, these produce immediately in the hand the sense of cold by carrying off the heat of the hand immediately, while if we touch a piece

of paper or wool, these from their slow conducting power carry away little or none of the heat of the hand; hence it is that different articles of clothing seem to possess different quantities of heat, linen always feeling colder than silken cloaths, and these colder than woollen, when in fact under the same circumstances, they all have the same degree of heat.

Now if we wish to prove by experiment that this is the fact, and that heat passes more slowly through some bodies than through others, we may easily satisfy ourselves by very simple means; if we take a number of rods, of glass, wood, and different metals, and having coated these with wax, apply heat to the ends, we shall find that the wax is very quickly melted from the metallic rods, very slowly from the glass, and that a great length of time will elapse, before the wax is melted from the piece of wood, proving that heat passes through these different substances with different degrees of velocity. And we may remark, that in general, the conducting power is directly proportioned to the density of the substance; the metals being the best conductors of heat, next vitrified substances, then woods, and lastly wool, silk, and down, which are the worst conductors of heat of all solid substances. Of all the metals silver is found to be the best conductor of heat, consequently we find that when boiling water is poured into a silver tea-pot, it becomes immediately so hot that the hand can not be placed on the outside, and it is therefore necessary to have the handle made of wood, which being a bad conductor of heat, no inconvenience is felt from holding it in the hand; silver spoons also when immersed in a hot liquid, become immediately heated from the same cause, while a piece of wood or glass may be held without difficulty after having been immersed in a hot fluid.

We extract the following interesting particulars relative to this subject from the 13th chapter of Dr. Lardner's treatise.

"The covering of wool and feathers, which nature has provided for the inferior classes of animals, has a property of conducting heat very imperfectly; and hence it has the effect of keeping the body cool in hot weather, and warm in cold weather. The heat which is

produced by powers provided in the animal economy within the body has a tendency, when in a cold atmosphere, to escape faster than it is generated; the covering, been a non-conductor, intercepts it, and keeps it confined.

"Man is endowed with faculties which enable him to fabricate for himself covering similar to that with which nature has provided other animals. Clothes are, generally, composed of some light non-conducting substances, which protect the body from the inelement heat or cold of the external air. In summer, clothing keeps the body cool; and in winter, warm. Woollen substances are worse conductors than those composed of cotton or linen. A flannel shirt more effectually intercepts heat than a linen or a cotton one: and, whether in warm or in cold climates, attain the end of clothing more effectually.

"If we would preserve ice from melting, the most effectual means would be to wrap it in blankets, which would retard for a long time the approach of heat to it from any external source.

"Glass and porcelain are slow conductors of heat; and hence may be explained the fact, that vessels formed of this material are frequently broken by suddenly introducing boiling water into them. If a small quantity of boiling water be poured into a thick glass tumbler, the bottom, with which the water first comes into contact, is suddenly heated, and it expands; but the heat, passing very slowly through it, fails to affect the upper part of the vessel; which, therefore, undergoes no corresponding expansion: the lower parts enlarging, while the upper part remains unaltered, a crack is produced, which detaches the bottom of the tumbler from the upper part of it.

"In the construction of an icehouse, the walls, roof, and floor should be surrounded with some substance which conducts heat imperfectly. A lining of straw matting, or of woollen blankets, will answer this purpose. Air being a bad conductor of heat, the building is sometimes constructed with double walls, having a space between them. The ice is thus surrounded by a wall of air as it were, which is, in a great degree, impenetrable by heat, provided no other source of radiation be present. Furnaces intended to heat apartments should be surrounded with

non-conducting substances, to prevent the waste of heat.

"When wine-coolers are formed of a double casing, the space between may be filled with some non-conducting substance, such as powdered charcoal, or wool; or it may be left merely filled with air."

We see, therefore, the reason why mankind, without any knowledge of the theory of heat, have adopted particular kinds of clothing to protect themselves against the inclemency of the weather, and why the Allwise Providence has varied the coverings of animals in different parts of the globe, giving to those of the arctic regions the close and soft fur, while the inhabitants of the torrid districts of the globe have no covering but of loose straggling hair; the covering of each being accurately adapted to the circumstances under which they are placed.

We have now seen that heat enters into different substances, and passes through them with different degrees of celerity, that metals are the best conductors or carriers of heat, and that wood, wool, and down are the worst. Now there is a circumstance attendant on the entrance of heat into different bodies which next deserves our attention, and is of great practical importance, as will appear from a consideration of its effects, and this is, that the shape of those bodies into which heat enters is altered, or in other words, that heat in general expands those bodies with which it combines. If we fill a vessel completely with water and place it on the fire, we find that as the water gets heated it expands and overflows the vessel in which it is placed; if we half fill a tight bag with air, a bladder for example, and hold it before the fire, the air will, on being heated, expand so much as to completely fill the bag; if a bar of metal be fixed between two points and heated, it will either be bent out of shape or force away the obstacles by which it is confined. Now all these effects arise from the expansion of these bodies by heat; which do not all expand in an equal degree, air expanding more than fluids, and fluids more than solids; all of which have different degrees of expansibility, metals being expanded more by heat than wood or glass; or in general those solids which are good conductors being more altered in their dimensions than

those which are bad conductors of heat. We cannot enter minutely into the various phenomena attendant on the dilation of solids, nor consider the various apparent exceptions to the laws of expansion by heat and contraction by cold. We will content ourselves, therefore, with giving the following quotations from Dr. Lardner's book, relative to some of the consequences of this law:—

"The result of the reasoning and experiments explained in the present chapter, shows that the solid bodies by which we are surrounded are continually undergoing changes of bulk with all the vicissitudes of temperature to which they are exposed. When the weather is cool, they shrink and contract their dimensions. On the other hand, when the temperature of the weather increases, their dimensions become enlarged; and these effects take place in different degrees in bodies composed of different materials. Thus, one metal will expand and contract more than another, and metals in general will expand and contract more than other solids.

"If hot water be poured into a glass with a round bottom, the expansion produced by the heat of the water will cause the bottom of the glass to enlarge, while the sides, which are not heated, retain their former dimensions; and, consequently, if the heat be sufficiently intense, the bottom will be forced from the sides, and a crack or flaw will surround that part of the glass by which the sides are united with the bottom. If, however, the glass be previously washed with a little warm water, so that the whole is gradually heated, and, therefore gradually expanded, then the hot water may be poured in without danger; because, although the bottom will expand as before, yet the sides also enlarge, and the whole vessel undergoes a similar change of bulk.

"When the stopper of a decanter becomes fixed in so tight that it cannot be removed without danger of fracture, it may be removed by a method derived from the property of expansion here explained. Let a cloth dipped in hot water be wrapped round the neck of the decanter so as to heat the glass of the neck; it will expand, and increase its dimensions; meanwhile, the heat

not having reached the stopper, it will retain its former dimensions, and, consequently, will become loose in the decanter, and may be easily withdrawn. If the neck of the decanter be thick it will be necessary to maintain the application of heat to it for a considerable time to accomplish this, because heat penetrates glass very slowly, it being one of the worst conductors.

"Vats, tubs, barrels, and similar vessels, formed of staves of wood, are bound together by iron hoops which surround them. If these hoops be put upon the vessel when highly heated, and then be cooled, they will contract so as to draw together the staves with irresistible force.

"The same method is used to flatten the tires of the wheels of carriages. The hoop of iron by which the wheel is surrounded, is contracted so as exactly to fit the wheel when it is nearly red-hot. If this state it is placed on the wheel, and then cooled; it undergoes a sudden contraction, and thus strongly binds the felloes upon the spokes.

"When ornamental furniture is inlaid with metal, care should be taken to provide some means for allowing the metal to expand, since its dilatibility is considerably greater than that of the wood in which it is inlaid. Inattention to this circumstance frequently causes the inlaid metal to start from its seat, and this is particularly the case when it is inlaid upon a curved surface, such as the back of a chair. The metal, being more dilatible than the wood, becomes, in a warm room, too large for the seat in which it is inserted, and therefore starts out.

"In the systems of metallic pipes by which water is conducted to great distances for the supply of towns, and and other similar purposes, the changes of temperature at different seasons of year cause the lengths of the pipes to undergo such a change, that it is necessary to place, at certain points along the line, pipes so constructed that they are capable of sliding one within another, in a manner similar to the joints of a telescope, in order to yield to the effects of these alternate contractions and dilatations. If this provision were not made, the series of pipes would necessarily break by the force with which it would contract or expand. Similar means are used for the same

purpose in all great structures of iron, such as bridges, and are called *compensators*."

"The enormous power which solid bodies exert in dilating and contracting their dimensions by change of temperature, will be understood if we consider, that it must be equal to the mechanical force necessary to produce similar effects in stretching or compressing them. Thus a bar of iron heated so as to increase its length by a quarter of an inch, would require a force to resist its increase of length equal to that which would be necessary, supposing it be maintained at the increased temperature, to reduce its length by compression a quarter of an inch. In like manner, a body in contracting by diminished temperature, exerts a force exactly equal to that which would be necessary to stretch it through the same space.

This principle was beautifully applied by M. Molard, some years ago, in Paris. The weight of the roof of the large gallery of the *Conservatoire des Arts et M^{ét}iers* pressed the sides outwards so as to endanger the building; and it was requisite to find means by which the wall should be propped so as to sustain the roof. M. Molard contrived the following ingenious plan for the purpose. A series of strong iron bars were carried across the building from wall to wall, passing through holes in the walls, and were secured by nuts on the outside. In this state they would have been sufficient to have prevented the further separation of the walls by the weight of the roof, but it was desirable to restore the walls to their original state by drawing them together. This was effected in the following manner:—Alternate bars were heated by lamps fixed beneath them. They expanded; and consequently the nuts, which were previously in contact with the walls, were no longer so. These nuts were then screwed up so as to be again in close contact with the walls. The lamps were withdrawn, and the bars now allowed to cool. In cooling they gradually contracted, and resumed their former dimensions; consequently the nuts, pressing against the walls, drew them together through a space equal to that through which they had been screwed up. Meanwhile the intermediate bars were heated and ex-

panded, and the nuts screwed up as before. The lamps being again withdrawn, they contracted in cooling, and the walls were further drawn together. This process was continually repeated, until at length the walls were restored to their perpendicular position. The gallery may still be seen with the bars extending across it, and binding together its walls.

There is, however, an exception to this law of expansion by heat, and contraction by cold, to which we would wish to advert, from its great importance in nature, and from the frequency with which the phenomena are presented to us, namely, that afforded by the freezing of water. This fluid does not obey the law of contraction by cold, after a certain limit has been arrived at; in other words, when it has been cooled to a certain point, it ceases to contract, and on being further cooled it expands, and continues to do so until it has been converted into ice. This curious fact was first ascertained by the celebrated Florentine Academicians, and an account of it was published in the Transactions of the Royal Society, in the year 1670; they observed, that when a vessel, containing water, was placed in a mixture of snow and salt (by which a great degree of cold is produced,) that the fluid expanded and rose in the neck of the vessel; these experiments were repeated by De Luc, who ascertained that at about the temperature of 40° water attains its greatest density, and that any further degree of cold expands it. The importance of this circumstance will be apparent when we consider, that if ice were heavier than water, seas and lakes would be rendered solid by cold, and therefore unfit for animal life; but by this beautiful adaptation of nature to the wants of all her creatures, neither the extremes of heat, or cold of the external air can ever penetrate farther than the surface of masses of water; and the truth of this law of nature, is also fully established by the fact, that during the most intense cold the lower parts of the sea or of lakes is never more than 40°. That water expands during the process of congelation has, probably, been frequently observed by most of our readers; water is frequently, during severe frosts, congealed in the water-

bottles in our bed-rooms, by which they are broken; the paving-stones in the street are frequently displaced by the water freezing beneath them; the water-pipes are also sometimes burst during severe frost; in alpine countries trees are often split by the freezing of the sap during the cold of winter. The force with which water expands was also exemplified by the Florentine academicians, who filled with water a small brass globe of sufficient strength to endure a force of 27,270 lbs. without bursting; and yet so great is the expansive force of water, that it was burst during the congelation of water in it; the same experiment was made by Major Williams at Quebec in different manner; he filled a bomb-shell with water and placed in the opening of it an iron plug of 3 lbs. weight, and on congelating the water, the plug was projected from the shell the distance of 415 feet; which experiments are quite conclusive as to immense force with which water expands during its congelation; we also see a reason why the ground appears soft and spongy after severe frost has been followed by a thaw, because during the frost the particles of water contained in the earth are frozen and expanded with great force, thereby increasing the distance between the particles of clay.

Having given a short view of some of the appearances attendant on the passage of heat through bodies, we shall now proceed to a different part of our subject, and consider the phenomena attendant on the reflection and radiation of heat. There are few of our readers who have not seen the tin reflectors which are in common use in most kitchens, and which serve the double purpose of protecting the heat from the current of cold air which is flowing towards the fire, and of reflecting the heat of the fire, which would be lost by passing into the room, upon the meat. Now we have taken this as the most familiar example that presents itself of the reflection of heat, and to explain it more fully let us suppose that heat consists of a number of small spherical particles emitted from a heated body, each of these issuing with an almost infinite velocity strikes any substance placed before it, into which it either enters and combines, or is thrown off or *reflected*, exactly in a similar manner to what takes place when

we throw any spherical body, as a marble or a grain of shot against an even surface; if it be thrown obliquely against that surface, it will rebound in an oblique direction, the reverse of that by which it came, if it be thrown perpendicularly, it will rebound to that point from which it has been thrown—Now heat is found to obey all the laws of light, we have observed above that it is reflected from polished surfaces as light is, and it is also found that heat is refracted though in a less degree than light is. Now that heat is reflected from polished surfaces, we can easily prove by placing before a hot fire a polished metallic surface, as a silver tea-pot, or a sheet of tin, and a piece of wood; and we shall find, that when the wood has become very hot, the polished metal will have hardly acquired any degree of heat, which arises from the polished metal's having *reflected* or turned away all the heat which fell upon it, while the piece of wood has absorbed this heat. Now if we place before the fire a number of substances with their surfaces of various colours, or in different states, we shall find that these will absorb a different quantity during the same space of time. That which has its surface polished will absorb little or no heat, a white surface will absorb less than coloured surfaces, and a black will absorb the greatest quantity of heat. This experiment was first made by placing on the surface of snow exposed to the sun pieces of linen cloth of different colours; it was found after the lapse of a short space of time, that the snow had hardly melted under the white piece of cloth, but that under the black it had melted so much that the cloth had sunk several inches in the snow; the same experiment may be more easily tried by taking several metallic plates, and by having one polished and the others variously coloured and by coating the uncoloured sides with wax, and holding before a fire the coloured sides; it will be found that the wax will melt immediately from the plate with the blackened surface, next from the plate with the reddened surface, and lastly from that with the white surface; from the plate the surface of which is polished, it will not melt for a very considerable time, owing to the perfect reflecting nature of the surface.

When we sit opposite a fire, or hold our hands near a heated body, either

above, below, or at the side of it, we perceive the sensation of heat. It is evident this heat is given off in all directions, and from its being emitted in rays or right lines, it is termed *radiant* heat; and as the phenomena attendant on it are of continual occurrence, and of great importance as the causes of many interesting natural appearances when taken in connection with what we have just stated relative to the reflection and absorption of heat, we shall enter as minutely as our limits permit us into this part of our subject. We have mentioned above, in speaking of the different powers of different surfaces to absorb heat, that polished surfaces possess this power in the least degree, that blackened surfaces are the best absorbers of heat, and that roughened and coloured surfaces possess this quality in intermediate degrees. Now this assertion is equally true with respect to their powers of giving off or radiating heat; polished surfaces are the worst, and blackened surfaces the best radiators of heat. The truth of this assertion was fully proved by the late Sir John Leslie, in his researches relative to the nature of heat, by a series of the most admirably contrived experiments, of which we shall give a short sketch. He provided a number of vessels of the same materials, equal in size, and similar in every respect, but that the surfaces of each were in different states; the surface of one being blackened, of another, polished, of a third roughened, and of a fourth, whitened: into each of these was poured an equal quantity of boiling water, and they were all placed in similar situations for some time; and on examination of the water in these vessels it was found that the water in the blackened vessel had cooled much more than the whitened, the whitened had cooled more than the roughened, and the latter more than the polished; which proved that this surface was the worst, and the blackened surface the best radiator of heat. He also contrived to shew the actual heat given off from each surface, by taking a large cubical vessel with four sides of equal size, the surface of each of these being in different states, viz:—polished, roughened, whitened, and blackened; this vessel was placed before a metallic concave mirror, so arranged as to reflect all the heat which fell upon it on a de-

cate instrument constructed by him, for shewing small differences of temperature, and which he named a differential thermometer. Now when this vessel was filled with hot water and the polished side was placed opposite the mirror, it was found that the quantity of heat given off was very small, but that when the blackened surface was placed opposite the mirror, there was a considerable increase of heat in the focus of the mirror; the rough and white surfaces gave off less than the black, and more than the polished surface; these experiments satisfactorily proving that they have different powers of giving off or radiating different quantities of heat.

Having given the above short sketch of this branch of our subject, which is necessarily in many respects imperfect, we shall now extract from Dr. Lardner's *Treatise*, an account of some familiar facts, which are easily explicable by reference to the theories of radiation and absorption.

"Vessels intended to contain a liquid at a higher temperature than the surrounding medium, and to keep that liquid as long as possible at the highest temperature, should be constructed of materials which are the worst radiators of heat. Thus, tea-urns, and tea-pots, are best adapted for their purpose when constructed of polished metal, and worst when constructed of black porcelain. A black porcelain tea-pot is the worst conceivable material for that vessel, for both its material and colour are good radiators of heat, and the liquid contained in it cools with the greatest possible rapidity. On the other hand, a bright metal tea-pot is best adapted for the purpose, because it is the worst radiator of heat, and, therefore, cools as slowly as possible. A polished silver or brass tea-urn is better adapted to retain the heat of the water than one of a dull brown colour, such as is most commonly used.

"A tin kettle retains the heat of water boiled in it more effectually if it be kept clean and polished than if it be allowed to collect the smoke and soot, to which it is exposed from the action of the fire. When coated with this, its surface becomes rough and black, and is a powerful radiator of heat.

"A set of polished fire-irons may remain for a long time in front of a hot

fire without receiving from it any increase of temperature beyond that of the chamber, because the heat radiated by the fire is all reflected by the polished surface of the irons, and none of it is absorbed; but, if a set of rough, unpolished irons were similarly placed, they would speedily become hot, so that they could not be used without inconvenience. The polish of fire-irons is, therefore, not merely a matter of ornament, but of use and convenience. The rough, unpolished poker, sometimes used in a kitchen, soon becomes so hot that it cannot be held without pain.

... A close stove, intended to warm an apartment, should not have a polished surface, for in that case it is one of the worst radiators of heat, and nothing could be contrived more unfit for the purpose to which it is applied. On the other hand, a rough, unpolished surface of cast iron is favourable to radiation, and a fire in such a stove will always produce a more powerful effect.

... A metal helmet and cuirass, worn by some of our regiments of cavalry, is a cooler dress than might be at first imagined. The polished metal being nearly a perfect reflector of heat, throws off the rays of the sun, and is incapable being raised to an inconvenient temperature. Its temperature is much less increased by the influence of the sun than that of common clothing.

"The polished surfaces of different parts of the steam engine, especially of the cylinder, is not matter of mere ornament, but of essential utility. A rough metal surface would be a much better radiator of heat than the polished surface, and if rust were collected on it, its radiating power would be still further increased, and the steam contained in it would be more exposed to condensation by loss of heat.

"It may be frequently observed, that a deposition of moisture has taken place on the interior surface of the panes of glass of a chamber window on a morning which succeeds a cold night. The temperature of the external air during the night being colder than the atmosphere of the chamber, it communicates its temperature to the external surface of the glass, and this is transmitted to the interior surface, which is exposed to the atmosphere of the room. This atmosphere is always more or less charged with vapour, and the cold of the internal surface of the glass,

acting on the air in contact with it, reduces its temperature below the point of saturation, and a condensation of vapour takes place on the surface of the panes, which is observed by a copious deposition of moisture in the morning. If the temperature of the external air be at or below the freezing point, this deposition will form a rough coating of ice on the pane. Let a small piece of tin foil be fixed on a part of the exterior surface of one pane of the window in the evening, and let another piece of tin foil be fixed on a part of the interior surface of another pane. In the morning it will be found that that part of the interior surface which is opposite to the external foil will be nearly free from ice, while every other part of the same pane will be thickly covered with it. On the contrary, it will be found that the surface of the internal tin foil will be more thickly covered with ice than any other part of the glass. These effects are easily explained by the principle of radiation. When the tin foil is placed on the exterior surface it reflects the heat which strikes on the exterior surface, and protects that part of the glass which is covered from its action. The heat radiated from the objects in the room striking on the surface of the glass, penetrates it, and encountering the tin foil attached to the exterior surface, is reflected by it through the dimensions of the glass, and its escape into the external atmosphere is intercepted; the portion of the glass, therefore, covered by the tin foil, is, in this case, subject to the action of the heat radiated from the chamber, but protected from the action of the external heat. The temperature of that part of the glass is therefore less depressed by the effects of the external atmosphere than the temperature of those parts which are not covered by the tin foil. Now, glass being, as will appear hereafter, a bad conductor of heat, the temperature of that part opposite to the tin foil does not immediately affect the remainder of the pane, and, consequently, we find that while the remainder of the interior surface of pane is thickly covered with ice, the portion opposite the tin foil is comparatively free from it. On the contrary, when the tin foil is placed on the internal surface, it reflects powerfully the heat radiated from the objects in the room, while it admits through the di-

mensions of the glass, the heat proceeding from the external atmosphere. The portion of the glass, therefore, covered by the tin foil, becomes colder than any other part of the pane, and the tin foil itself receives the same temperature, which is not reduced by the effect of the radiation of objects in the room, because the tin foil itself is a good reflector of heat, and a bad absorber. Hence the tin foil presents a colder surface to the atmosphere of the room than any other part of the surface of the pane, and, consequently, receives a more abundant deposition of ice.

If a body, which is a good radiator of heat, be exposed in a situation where other good radiators are not present, it will have a tendency to fall in its temperature below the temperature of the surrounding medium; because, in this case, while it loses heat by its own radiation, its absorbing power is not satisfied by a corresponding supply of heat from other objects. A clear sky, in the absence of the sun, has scarcely any sensible radiation of heat: if, therefore, a good radiator be exposed to the aspect of an unclouded firmament at night, it will lose heat considerably by its own radiation, and will receive no corresponding portion from the radiation of the firmament to repair this loss, and its temperature consequently will fall.

"A curious experiment made by Dufay affords a striking illustration of this fact. He exposed a glass cup, placed in a silver basin, to the atmosphere during a cold night, and he found in the morning a copious deposition of moisture on the glass, while the silver vessel remained perfectly dry. He next reversed the experiment, and exposed a silver cup in a glass basin. The result was the same: the glass was still covered with moisture, and the metal free from it. Now metal is a bad radiator of heat, and, consequently, has a tendency to preserve its temperature. Glass is a much better radiator, and has, therefore a tendency to lose its temperature. These vessels being exposed to the aspect of a clear sky, received no considerable rays of heat to supply the loss sustained by their radiation. This loss in the metal was inconsiderable; and, therefore, it maintained its temperature nearly or altogether equal to that of the air; the glass, however,

radiating more abundantly, and absorbing little, suffers a depression of temperature. The glass, therefore, presented a cold surface to the air contiguous to it, and reduced the temperature of that air, until it attained that temperature at which it was below a state of saturation with respect to the vapour with which it was charged; a deposition of vapour, therefore took place on the glass."

This observation of Dufay was attended with no practical result, but was considered as merely an interesting experiment, until Dr. Wells's attention was drawn to it; and he perceived in it a foundation for explaining the mode in which dew is formed. The vulgar notion relative to the formation of dew is, that moisture is deposited from the air in consequence of the coldness of night, which was the opinion held by Aristotle, who also remarks that it seldom appears but on *clear* nights. Now the fallacy of this mode of explanation will be sufficiently apparent if we consider that the cause of the deposition of moisture on any substance, must arise from a difference between its temperature and that of the adjacent air: when a glass of cold water is brought into a room, it must have been often remarked that its surface is covered immediately with moisture, but if the water be warm, no such deposition takes place. This fact alone is sufficient to prove that there could be no dew unless those substances on which it is deposited were colder than the external air: now as they are freely exposed, how does it arise that they become colder than the adjacent air? Dr. Wells explained this most satisfactorily by a series of observations and experiments, by which he proved the formation of dew to arise from the radiation of heat from the surface of the earth. He observed that dew is deposited only during *clear* nights, when there are no clouds interposed to prevent the radiation of the heat into free space, or to reflect back the heat given off from the surface of the earth. On exposing substances whose radiating powers were different, to a clear and cloudless sky, he found that quantities of dew were deposited on each of them proportional to their several dispositions to give heat: when he exposed wool, wood, glass, metal, &c. he found that the metal acquired

the least dew, which accords with what we have stated relative to the radiating power of metallic surfaces, and also serves to explain the experiment of Dufay, just mentioned, wherein the glass vessel was found covered with dew, while the silver was quite free from moisture. The reason why it seldom freezes on cloudy nights, and that generally a clear moonlight, or bright starry night was formerly thought productive of cold, is therefore apparent from this admirable theory of Dr. Wells, who also observed that the temperature of the earth was sensibly raised by the interposition of clouds during a clear night, and immediately lowered on their passing away from that portion of the heavens over the place chosen as the subject of examination. We shall conclude this part of our subject by a quotation from Dr. Wells' Essay relative to the radiation of heat from the surface of the earth.

"I had often smiled in the pride of half knowledge at the means employed by gardeners to protect plants from cold, as it appeared to me impossible that a thin mat, or any such flimsy covering could prevent them from attaining the temperature of the atmosphere, by which alone I thought them liable to be injured. But when I had learned that bodies on the surface of the earth became, during a still and serene night, colder than the atmosphere, by radiating their heat to the heavens, I perceived immediately a just reason for the practice I had before deemed useless. Being desirous of acquiring some precise information on this subject, I fixed perpendicularly in the earth of a grass plot, four small sticks, and over their upper extremities, which were six inches above the grass, and formed the sides of a square, whose sides were two feet long, I drew tightly a very thin cambric handkerchief. In this disposition of things, therefore, nothing existed to prevent the free passage of air from the exposed grass to that which was sheltered, except the four sticks, and there was no substance to radiate downwards except the cambric handkerchief." On examination of the grass thus sheltered it was found to have exactly the same temperature as the adjacent air, while the ground unsheltered was found to be considerably colder, having given off its heat, which was not reflected back by any awning, as the

night chosen was clear and cloudless. Hence we see that the true object of covering tender plants during cold weather is not to prevent their suffering from the cold of the adjacent air, but to prevent the loss of heat by radiation. We also can now understand the reason why plants will be effectually protected by snow, which prevents their attaining a lower temperature than freezing water, by protecting them from the effects of radiation.

We shall conclude this short sketch of some of the phenomena of radiation by explaining the process of procuring ice in Bengal, in which upwards of three hundred persons are constantly employed. We wish to observe that a different solution of the process was formerly given by Dr. Black; but as it is now understood to depend on the same principle as the formation of dew, and has been satisfactorily accounted for by Dr. Wells, by the theory of radiation—we think it necessary to do more than merely advert to the former erroneous explanation. We shall extract Dr. Lardner's account of the mode of its formation.

"A position is selected where the ground is not exposed to the radiation of surrounding objects: a quantity of dry straw being strewed on the ground, water is placed in flat unvarnished earthen pans, so as to expose an extensive surface to the heavens; the straw being a bad conductor of heat, intercepts all supply of heat which the water might receive from the ground; and the porous nature of the pans allowing a portion of the water to penetrate them, produces a rapid evaporation, by which a considerable quantity of the heat of the water is carried off in the latent state with the vapour. At the same time, the surface of the water radiates heat upwards, while it receives no corresponding supply from any other radiator above it. Thus heat is dismissed by evaporation and radiation; and, at the same time, there is no corresponding supply received either from the earth below, or from the heavens above. The temperature of the water contained in the pans is thus gradually diminished, and at length attains the freezing point. In the morning the water is found frozen in the pans; it is then collected and placed in caves surrounded with straw, which being a bad

conductor of heat, prevents any communication of heat from without by which the ice might be liquefied. In this way ice may be preserved during the hottest seasons, for the purposes of use or luxury.*

We have now considered a few of the subjects contained in Dr. Lardner's most useful volume and regret that the nature of our publication has prevented our entering as minutely as we could wish into the several parts of it: we have been necessarily obliged to pass over very superficially even those branches of our subject of which we undertook the consideration, and to omit all notice of some of the most important subjects connected with this branch of science. We have not entered upon the subjects of specific heat which led to some of the most important improvements in the steam engine, nor evaporation, ebullition, or liquefaction: those who wish for information of these most useful and important topics we refer to the several chapters of Dr. Lardner's work, where they will find them explained clearly and perspicuously, without any

sacrifice of scientific accuracy, or that simplicity which is the object sought to be attained in all the volumes of the Cabinet Cyclopædia. If we might indulge the hope that the imperfect sketch here given of a part of this subject was acceptable to our readers we would, at some future period, perhaps when the "Dog Star rages," consider that highly interesting phenomena afforded by the cooling processes of nature.

We must now conclude these few remarks on one of nature's most active and necessary agents; one on which the very form of existence depends, as we find that heat regulates the state of all bodies, as the most solid may be rendered fluid or aeriform by great additions of heat, and *vice versa*, that all aeriform matter, by the abstraction of heat may be rendered liquid or solid, being thus led "to regard heat as one of the great maintaining powers of the universe; and to attach to all its laws and relations a degree of importance which may justly entitle them to the most assiduous enquiry."

* That the process of procuring ice at Bengal, does not depend solely on the cold produced by evaporation, as was supposed by Dr. Black, and has been assumed as the true explanation of Mr. Lunn in his treatise in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana, but on the reduction of temperature produced by radiation, will be quite evident, if we consider merely the facts detailed relative to the process; it is mentioned by Mr. Williams in his account of the formation of ice, that the nights on which it is procured, are clear and calm, and that the straw on which the earthenware pans are placed must be quite dry; now wind would increase the evaporation, and wetting the straw would also diminish the temperature, if evaporation were the cause of the congelation; it is consequently quite evident, that though evaporation may assist the process, yet that it is not at all a principal cause of the production of the ice.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES FROM LONDON.

No. I.

ADVANTAGES OF MAIL COACH TRAVELLING—RETROSPECTION AND SENTIMENTALITY—IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON—DIFFICULTY OF GETTING OUT OF LONDON—TAKING LODGINGS—POLITICS—THE QUARTERLY REVIEW—THE REFORMED HOUSE.

My dear O'Brien

I arrived here about three weeks ago by the mail. It was not my will that consented to this mode of travelling; but remittances had not come, and when one cannot have one's own vehicular convenience and post horses, the next resource for a gentleman, who wishes to keep moving, is his Majesty's mail. There is a despatch about it, and precision, and consequence, and high prices, which most favourably distinguish it from its cheap and nasty competitors on the road, with their heavy luggage outside, and heavy vulgarity within. I was accidentally forced to make use of one of them about six months ago, and found myself jammed in between three gross looking persons with horribly fat knees, who had boiled ham and biscuits in their pockets, talked radicalism until dusk, and then drew on red night-caps, and began the most abominable snoring. I felt exceedingly tempted to cut their throats, but was deterred by considerations of cleanliness. I made up my mind, however, that for the future no consideration or necessity, short of reaching some old gentleman or lady already *in extremis*, who was likely to leave me an estate, should induce me to embark in a coach that was not the King's, or my own, for the time being.

Although years and the world have pretty well worn away the excessive tendency to the pensive, or tearful, or *drimindhu* frame of mind, which in my early youth made me waste my precious time upon bad poetry and worse flute-playing; yet I confess to you that when I approached London once more, the vivid recollections

it brought to my mind and heart of by-gone times was more than my stoicism was able to master, and though I clenched my teeth, and muttered psha with my lips, it would not do, and I shed tears. Five hours before I would have deemed this utterly impossible, but there is nothing of which we know so little, till the occasion comes, as our own feelings. Do you remember O'Brien?—to be sure you do; that glorious summer evening, when you and I, and poor George, made our first entry into this mighty city. What excitement of spirits—what wonder and expectation we felt, and what bursts of joyous gaiety from him, the youngest and liveliest of the three, who now withers in the grave! but I'll not think of this.

The mail from S—— passes by the end of the road where old Lady C. and Ellen lived, and where we have so often walked together, and spent happier evenings than I shall ever spend again. I have visited the old lady's grave, and I have seen Ellen, ay Ellen herself, and her husband! They have a monstrous fine house and a whole retinue of servants, but no children, for which I felt—God forgive me, something like gladness, or gratification, or I know not what. Either there is a lurking fiendishness in our nature, or I am a bad specimen of humanity—settle it how you will. I was at all events glad to get out of the house again, for when I saw that face, though it is not what it *was*, and heard that voice which is less altered, though not to my hearing the same, my heart was wrung, and I could with difficulty maintain the steady cold composure,

which I would have died on the spot rather than have lost. But I *did* maintain it, and got me away to the Regent's Park to walk and think.

"Ye winged hours that o'er us past,
Enraptured more, the more enjoyed,
Your dear remembrance in my breast
My fondly treasured thoughts employed;
That breast, how dreary now, and void,
For her too scanty once of room!
Even ev'ry ray of hope destroyed,
And not a *wish* to gild the gloom!"

But this is folly; I'll begin again by and bye.

There are wonderful changes, and what is still more wonderful in these days, great improvements in the geography of our "ancient neighbourhood" since we were here five years ago. When I walked forth from the Salopian in the morning, and looked up for the old Golden Cross Inn, where we used to go to bed to feast the fleas, and listen to the rattling of coaches, and do without sleep; lo! it was clean gone—not a vestige of it there, more than if it had never been. An immense space now laid open behind the statue of Charles, with a fine sweep right and left to the Strand and Pall Mall. The houses of St. Martin's Lane, from the Church down to the Strand, are swept away, and a fine new range has been built, terminating with the beautiful portico of the Church. By the bye a great dispute has lately arisen about this portico, which a certain modest architect who designed the London University (so called) says is not beautiful at all, except in the eyes of the vulgar. This assertion is equally idiotic and impudent, and the man who has made it is laughed at for his pains. This new range forms the right hand boundary of the space I have just told you of, when you look from Whitehall, and the Union Club-house and the College of Physicians form the left; so you may judge how wide it is. In depth it extends northward to the King's Mews, which they say is to be pulled down, and a National Gallery for paintings and sculpture built on the side. All the vile neighbourhood lying between Chandos-street and the Strand has been completely swept away, and new streets made, forming various openings into the Strand, which itself has been widened from Charing-cross to Bedford-street, and new houses built on the North side. All these valuable

and beautiful improvements were designed, and nearly completed under the Tory Government. The Whigs would have been afraid to have attempted them, because all the money they have cost, and it is no trifle, has been given to bricklayers, and carpenters, and labourers. The Whigs want so much for their own hangers-on, that they cannot ask for money to be employed in this way.

But I have forgotten to tell you of the other improvements to the westward in the same neighbourhood.—When you were here, Regent-street was the "New-street," and came down, as you will recollect, directly upon the front of Carlton House. That fine House with its beautiful portico and screen towards Pall Mall, has been carried away, every stick and stone of it, and the line of Regent-street now continues right forward to St. James's Park, to which you descend by a flight of steps; a plain lofty pillar has been raised to the memory of the Duke of York; and on each side, ranges of magnificent houses, with plots of ornamental ground between them, and the back of the houses in Pall Mall occupy the old site of the gardens of Carlton House. Descending into the Park, still more improvements present themselves. The interior, which you may remember was a huge field, occupied generally by sorry-looking cows, a sluggish canal in the centre, and a shabby wooden paling for the circumference, is turned into an ornamental planted enclosure. Well-cut walks lead round a fine piece of water formed by widening and deepening the old canal, and round the whole there is an open iron-railing. Here scores of people come to walk on week days, and thousands on a Sunday. I am sorry that the quiet and the shade of the walk under the wall of the Carlton House garden is lost, and monstrous

tall houses, or rather plastered and pillared palaces meet the eye, where formerly there were trees; but the laying out of the enclosure as pleasure ground is a very great improvement. This also is a work of the Tories, in which I understand his Grace of Wellington took no small interest and pleasure.

But notwithstanding all these salubrious openings, and the parks, and squares, and garden enclosures which are very pretty to walk in, they are still

town, and town expensiveness, and elaborateness, and pomp, and show are in them and about them. It is the curse of London that you cannot get out of it into the real country without making a long journey. It is very possible to get into gardens, and under the shade of trees, but not to the clear breezy atmosphere, and the *clear* grass and leaves, and the simplicity of the country. Is it not John Milton who singeth thus:—

“As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy; each rural sight, each rural sound.
If chance, with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,
What pleasing seemed, for her, now pleases more;
She most, and in her look sums all delight.”

Now these things are not to be obtained about London. You may travel your six or seven miles from the post-office in any way you will, and instead of villages and farms, or what is a million of times worse, long—long rows of shabby genteel houses, with pieces of waste ground about, intended to be built upon, only that times grew bad, and checked ere its prime, the growing pimple on the “wen.” Instead of the smell of grain, or grass, or cows, there is around London a uniform stench of brickfields. The burning of bricks is a most hateful suburban smell. They “annoy the air” more than the sewers, and as to the virgin with “nymph-like step”—*O rara avis in (his) terris*—say rather old lady, stealing along for exercise, with a footman walking behind, or young smirking waiting woman, who has studied the fitting of her clothes and the dressing of her hair, and flirtation (if no worse) from her youth upward. But enough of this. I hate to do things by halves; and as it is impossible to have the country in London, I have a mind, if I stay here, to go live in some of the tall old houses in the heart of the city, where there is still some of the regularity and quaintness of the olden time, and when the longing for rural sights and sounds becomes insupportable and irresistible, betake myself to a hundred miles off at the least—why not three hundred, to

the county of Wicklow at once, and leave mountains of sugar loaves, such as one sees in the city warehouses, for the Sugar-loaf Mountain.

As yet I have got lodgings no-where but take mine ease at mine inn. I detest the business of taking—the thing ought to be done by one's servant, and as I have no such appendage at present, I must engage in the hateful office of finding out a settled abode for myself, or do without it. It seems to me that I have a morbid acuteness of sight or smell, or hearing, or all the senses together, in a “concatenation accordingly” which enables me to tell by the time the door of a house with “apartments to let” indicated thereupon, is opened two and twenty inches, whether it be possible to live there or not. But this readiness of discovery, instead of being of any use, is the very thing which makes the torment, for one must tell what one has knocked at the door for, and then walk in, and look, and ask questions, and give trouble, when, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the determination is fixed, before the threshold is crossed, not upon any account, to live in that house. In nineteen cases out of twenty, as I have said, when the door opens, either it is by a flaunting young woman, or a dirty old woman, or you hear the mistress on the second landing place, scolding some one in a loud sharp voice, or you meet a man

with moustaches coming out, or you smell the smoke of last night's cigars, or see a pail with dirty water, and a broom in the *passage* (we do not say "hall" in these parts) or two children, with dirty pinafores, are quarrelling or knocking pieces of bread and butter about, at the foot of the stairs. In any or all of these cases, a man of the least sense or experience, will take up his resolution at once, to avoid the house as though a pestilence were therein, but he cannot *say* that he has done so, without being or appearing to be rude, and therefore he must suffer.

On the other hand, where the appearance of things pleases the judicious seeker, it is ten to one but he meets with some disappointment which disconcerts and annoys him. You find the door opened by a good-looking, quiet-looking, distinctly-speaking servant, and you are shewn into a parlour of the most admirable neatness, where you find an old lady with a benevolent face, and nicely-plaited cap—a big family bible lies on the table, and upon it the old lady's spectacles. This remarkably decent-looking person is not alone—a young girl, apparently about seventeen, her grand-daughter doubtless, with beautiful features, and an expression of most delightful mildness, is sitting at the far-end of the table at work. She just raises her soft blue eyes at your entrance, and then lets them fall again, continuing to pursue her task, as if in gentle unconsciousness that any stranger was present. "I will certainly take these lodgings" you say to yourself, but presently the old lady informs you with a quiet precision which you perceive at once to be absolutely unalterable, that she can only give you a very small bed-room at the very top of the house, or that you can never dine at home, or that she always shuts up her house at eleven o'clock exactly, and never allows the key of the street door out of her own bed-room after that hour. Then you are forced to express your regret, and to go away, taking another glance at the charming grand-daughter as you are going out, and when you do get into the street again, and for the whole of the day afterwards, or perhaps two or three, you do nothing but blame yourself exceedingly, for not submitting to all the restrictions and privations proposed to you, for the sake of dwelling

in the house with such a very decent-looking elderly gentlewoman, and such a lovely innocent-looking young girl. But you are ashamed to go back.

Now these things which I have described, are but a small part of the miseries of lodgings-taking—the packing of trunks, the bother of conveying luggage, the fear that you have forgotten, or lost something, the discovery that there are people who rock upon their chairs over your head, or of vermin walking in the inside of your nice clean bed curtains—these and a thousand things besides, with nobody to find fault with but yourself, are all very affrighting in their aspect, so I stay where I am—the wine is good, and the neighbourhood is good, and sometimes after a social glass with a sensible friend, I begin to glide into the principles of the fat and contented, and to adopt the doctrine, that every thing is good, if we could only persuade ourselves to think so. This is a state of mind fit to go to sleep upon—so good night.

The ablest and honestest men with whom I have conversed here upon political subjects, have gloomy forebodings of the future. The perfidy of the Whigs, and the phrenzy of the nation, coming together, have produced changes which render it now impossible to combine as we did under the old constitution, *stability of government* with the constant operation of popular influence. The Whigs themselves, as well as the Tories, indeed the whole thinking part of the nation, see plainly that we must go back into some of our old methods for the blending of political influences in the House of Commons, or we must go forward into more extensive and palpable revolution. The discontent with the present state of things is too strong and too generally diffused throughout the nation to suffer that state to continue, and yet the nation is under the snug and superintending guidance of that reformed Parliament from which frantic demagogues, or cunning traitors promised that every public blessing should flow, and the mass believed them and have been deceived.

The political state of Great Britain has indeed received a tremendous shock, which seems to have wrenched every thing out of its right place. The ignorance in public men, which

seven years ago was the object of almost universal contempt and laughter, is now, in these enlightened times, more influential than wisdom. How often have we sat and laughed together at the obtrusive folly of the blundering booby Hume, when he was the but and bore of the House as member for Montrose. That same person, as ignorant as ever, and even more offensively presumptuous, now sits in Parliament as the representative of the metropolitan county of England. This fact alone is sufficient to show that there is something very rotten in the State. As he has no territorial interest in the county, it must be in consideration of his character as a public man that he is chosen; and what is that character? He is a public scoffer at the very mention of religious influence in politics. He is a man palpably without the slightest elevation of sentiment, or comprehensiveness of mind upon any question whatever. Like a huxter or slop-seller, he imagines that in national affairs, whatever is lowest in price is cheapest, and all his industry, such as it is, goes upon that false principle. Hume could no more understand or feel a speech of Edmund Burke's (although he too was an advocate of economy) than he could fly—he has no more conception of the distinction between discipline and tyranny, than a coach-horse has of the difference between type printing and calligraphy. I mention this man's position merely as one of the most glaring instances and proofs that the times are out of joint; but such instances are sufficiently abundant, and there is no lack of evidence that good sense and good feeling have been horribly trampled upon, by a heartless, revolutionising philosophy, which, pretending to have found out principles more true and useful than those of religion and morality, feels no

shame in wickedness, and no check in the contemplation of probable destruction of established institutions. The Whigs, who used to protest so modestly that every thing which was wrong in public matters, was in consequence of not adopting their suggestions, have been completely exposed by the trial of the experiment. They have had the government in their hands for two years and a quarter, and have utterly failed. This the Radicals admit; but say they, with marvellous hardihood, it is because the Whigs have not carried their innovations and their attacks upon settled influences and established rights far enough—that is, they allow that so far as their system has been proceeded with, nothing has been reaped from it but disappointment and harm; and yet the only way to obtain political good is to persevere with the changing and destroying principles of that system to a much *greater extent*. How largely must these people calculate on the prejudices or the credulity of those whom they expect to influence. The essence of the Radical creed, so far as it has yet been developed, seems to be that all religious and political institutions now existing should be destroyed. What they mean to have done afterwards, is yet to be taught to the world, perhaps to be considered by themselves, but doubtless they are so well convinced of their own remarkable superiority, that they have perfect confidence in their ability to take the place of managers and directors, as soon as the established influences are completely vanquished and put down. If they would take any lesson from experience, they might easily see how much easier it is to point out what is defective, than to establish what is better in its place. To adopt the reverse of wrong, for right, is, as Cope says, a mistake, and a very fatal one too.

“ For what to shun will no great knowledge need ;
But what to follow is a task indeed.”

The solemn impertinence of the dogmatists in what is called the *science* of politics, is almost intolerably disgusting. You shall meet now-a-days, scores of ashy coloured, lanky looking, young men, and ugly spinsters of a certain age, who lay you down what they call “ principles,” as plenty as blackberries, and deduce therefrom, with the most

complacent calmness, that the express commands of the revealed law of God, and the suggestions of the kindest and most benevolent feelings of our nature are altogether wrong. If, like Sampson, you allow yourself to be “ vanquished by a peal of words,” these people will be sure to bear you down, for they are inexhaustible in *quantity* of

argumentation. If you suggest that, with all deference to their ingenuity, their conclusions must be wrong, because they are at variance with true religion and sound morality, they grin horribly a ghastly smile at your "prejudices," and remind you that *their argument* is not affected by these *assumptions*, and then follows some hint about the enlightenment of the present times, and the errors which have been fallen into through ignorance of true political science. I never met one of these philosophers who was not in his or her own person hateful and hated by all who had the pain of their acquaintance. Without an exception I have found them tyrannical, and for the most part, dishonest and sensual. That they should be the two last, is no wonder, seeing that their conscience acknowledges not the restraints which mark out what we consider duties, but the first is a strange practical illustration of the "liberty" of their philosophical dogmata.

All the solemn prate of these people about "principles" and "axioms," is mere rubbish. There is no real political science but HISTORY—no guide for that which concerns the general affairs of men, but EXPERIENCE. Making allowance for different situations, and different circumstances, men probably will be, something like what they have been, but to lay down general rules and positive laws, as those by which the important interests of a community are and must be governed, and from which certain results must be produced, is to do that which is totally inapplicable to the nature of the thing thus dealt with. Men are too uncertain and capricious, and impart too much of their own character to all matters, the conduct of which depends upon their will, to allow of any uniform rules being justly predicated with regard to what they will and must do. We can only say what they ought to do, and we can only settle *that*, with reference to the Divine law. The most general rule that can be accurately applied to men, as governing their actions, is, that they will follow what appears to them to be their own interest. But this settles almost nothing; for different desires, passions, hopes, pursuits, capacities, tastes, fashions, not only cause various views of what is their own interest in different individuals, but even in

the same individuals at different times. Laws and institutions should be adapted to the general character and disposition of the people as well as to their degree of information. In commercial affairs the same rules which work well among the cautious Scotch, would be dangerous in England, where the people are liable to "panic," and ruinous in Ireland where they are headlong in speculation, and not very heedful of consequences. Instead then of laying down general axioms, and saying that such and such policy *must* be upon the most "enlightened principles" the best, let us judge by experience of what has made the nation prosper, and on the other hand of what has made its prosperity decline. If, for the sake of "enlightened principles," statesmen neglect these plain methods of judging what is right, they are worse than idiots, and yet this is precisely what is done by Whigs, and "political science" mongers. Yes, these men whose wisdom is the wisdom of the Edinburgh Review, not of observation and experience, have been allowed too long to *philosophize* the country into distress and difficulty, but the time seems to be at length coming, when the people will endure this quackery no longer, and will insist on being governed, at least in matters of trade and currency, according to what practice has shewn to be beneficial, and *not* according to theories which have never produced their promised results.

I have just been reading the new number of the Quarterly Review. I was not a Review-reader during Gifford's time, but I have diligently read the Quarterly for the last five years, and it seems to me that taking it for all in all the present number is the best I have seen. The vigorous hand which reviews old Shirley is I suppose Southey's—it is an admirable critique whoever may be the author. How deep too the interest of the paper on the life and labours of Felix Neff, and how laughably demolishing the irony on the poems and affectation of Mr. Alfred Tennyson. I had seen somewhere before the anecdote about Alderman Faulkener, at the end of that article, but it is well told, and the story is worth telling well. Poor Madame d'Arblay! The pith of that review is merely in establishing that the good old lady is, and was at the time of her

first publication, ten years older than she "let on" to be, as we say in Ireland. This, one would suppose, a strange sort of criticism for the Quarterly Review, but it is precisely the thing that was wanting, and is, in its way, a capital hit. The books of that odious man-woman Miss Martineau, get a sharp dressing, and she well deserves it, clever a writer as she must undoubtedly be admitted to be. One cannot but loathe, from a woman, the inculcation of principles which trample upon the benevolent impulses of our nature, and the examination of political dogmas regarding population, which in scientific or pretended scientific verbiage, insult all decent feeling, as well as good principles. The political articles of the number are as good as knowledge, vigour, and acuteness can make them, and you must read them carefully. How admirably Louis Philippe's character is dispatched in the following paragraph. The Review is defending the French emigrants of some forty years ago, from the libellous imputations which Lord John Russell has cast upon their memory, and thus winds up:

"We may also admit that some of the emigrants did not bear the return of power, so well as the pressure of adversity. One of them, at least, we think we could name, who appears to us in a far more venerable light, when teaching the alphabet in Switzerland, or tilling a farm in America, than when restored to his rank and honours—meanly hoarding an overgrown income—cajoling a helpless old man for his inheritance—despoiling an innocent child of his birth-right—or trumpeting to a sneering world the frailty of a sister!"

I had almost forgotten to tell that I went the other day to take a look at the "Reformed" House. It is even in appearance, much changed for the worse. Do you remember the evening that we walked down to Palace Yard, and as we passed the members' entrance to the Commons we saw Canning, and Tierney, and Mackintosh, and Brougham, and Peel, all walk in within the few minutes we stopped there? The first three are gone to their graves, and the last two have lost the confidence of their respective parties. But what I wanted to tell you was, that I was impeded at the same door the other

evening by three members, odd looking people, that I had never seen before, each of them with his purse out, clubbing the silver to pay the hackney-coachman who had brought them down. I hope that the affairs of the nation lost nothing by the delay in ascertaining the particulars of each member's share; and procuring the "tottle," as Joseph Hume saith, for the Jarvey's remuneration.

You know that the appearance of the House of Commons was rather slovenly. The honourable members had a careless, undress aspect, but still the group looked like an assembly of the "Gentlemen of England, who live at home in ease." Not so now. Most of them, (at least the new men) are hard, anxious-looking people, such as you would suppose might have spent the most part of their lives in a dark hardware shop, wrapping up locks, and nails, and pincers, and other articles of cold iron, in stiff brown paper, and tying up the same with string, on a *hard* knot. Among these Cobbett is favourably distinguished by his head of pure white, his smooth ruddy face, and capacious white waistcoat. His colleague for Oldham is grant and grim, with a method of talking horribly uncouth and provincial, but he seems very much in earnest about matters that he understands, such as the working of poor people in factories, and the wretchedness of their remuneration. I suppose it is from ignorance that he is a radical, for he seems to be humane. Cobbett you well know is the most prodigious old rogue in the universe, and one of the ablest. He has made some excellent hits in the House, but he can be very tiresome, and frequently he is so.

The eye, in wandering over the House, discerns fewer young men, and fewer old. It rests neither upon youthful faces and flowing locks, nor upon the fine old gentlemanly heads of quiet estated folks, well to do in the world, ready to take a part in Road Committees, and averse from plunging into political strife. Reform turns out these respectable gentlemen to make way for more active canvassers—more industrious flatterers of the ten-pound voters, or their wives. The new men now in the House are such as one sees at a parish vestry; middle-aged, straight-haired, darksome men, or sandy-haired chuffy fellows, with a bustling air and

untrimmed whiskers : such men as eat heavy breakfasts of toast and butter. Then there is O'Connell's band of Irish, with an odd mixture of shyness, conceit, and doggedness in their appearance. These gentry, 'bating two or three, have gained no credit for Irishmen in general, with any class that I have discoursed with here. As a nation we have decidedly lost *Kab*, by the exhibition of O'Connell's tail. The

English, who did not give us credit for the clearest or coolest heads in the world, had still no small spice of respect mingled even with the ridicule, which when out of presence, or "on the other side of Tallaght Hill," as one might say in Dublin, they loved to indulge in! They expected, when they saw Irishmen, that they would find realized the energetic description of the Poet—

" And you'll see dashers, and tearing smashers,
Ready to face out'd Belzebub,
Or the devil's mother, or any other
Person whom you'd desire to drub."

But the "tail" are reasoners, and expostulators (God save the mark,) and have learned statistics, of which they make the most extraordinary hash; and they interfere in English questions, and in short play the fool most egregiously, without combining with their folly the slightest particle of fun, and without showing fight, as of old. The conse-

quence is, that they are a *little* contemptuously looked upon. And now farewell till I write again. I await a letter from you, with news from the old people and the young at your suburban castle.

Ever your's affectionately,

H. R.

A MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY OF SPURZHEIM.

By ANDREW CARMICHAEL, M.R.I.A.

We love and admire Andrew Carmichael. We love him for his worth, his benignity, his gentleness, his honest devotion to what he believes to be truth. We admire him, because of his varied learning, and his rare and extensive intellectual powers and attainments. But we do not think that his systems, either philosophical or theological, are sound: or even that he is the best expounder of his own opinions. While, therefore, we may find it necessary to differ from our excellent friend upon many points that have been touched upon in the little tract of which we are about to give a brief analysis, we are much mistaken if we do not do his subject more justice than he has done it himself.

The publication before us is a paper that was read before the Dublin Philosophical Society, containing some account of the Life and the Philosophy of the late Dr. Spurzheim, of whom Mr. Carmichael was a steadfast disciple and an enthusiastic admirer. This may, in itself, furnish a theme for contemptuous ridicule; and it would be as easy, perhaps, for us as for others, to purchase a little ephemeral reputation at no greater cost than the expenditure of some half dozen sarcastic jokes upon the superficiality of the new theory of mind. But such is not our bent at present. Whether founded in truth or in error, it has been adopted by individuals, far too respectable, both as men and as writers, to permit us, for a mo-

ment, to treat them with surtness or contumely; and, without committing ourselves as the advocates of the new system, we are desirous of candidly discussing its merits, and of laying before our readers, in a spirit of perfect fairness, what has been advanced by its friends, or objected by its enemies.

Of the science of phrenology the late Dr. Gall must be considered the founder. It was enlarged, illustrated, and defended by his able and laborious pupil and coadjutor, Dr. Spurzheim; by whom the knowledge of it was first introduced into these countries, and whose life was devoted to the propagation of a doctrine which he believed to be intimately connected with the progression and happiness of the human species. Of his early history Mr. Carmichael has the following brief notice—

“Thom Gasper Spurzheim was born on the 31st December 1776, at Longuick, near Treves, on the Moselle, between sixty and seventy English miles from its confluence with the Rhine, at Coblenz. It is stated in recent public journals, that his father was a farmer, and educated him for the clerical profession. He acquired the first rudiments of Greek and Latin in his native village; to which he added Hebrew at the University of Treves, where he matriculated in 1791, in his fifteenth year, and where he also entered upon the study of divinity and philosophy, of both of which, in his riper years, he was a consummate master. In 1792, the republican armies of France overran the South of Germany, and seized upon Treves. Spurzheim retired to Vienna, where he was received into the family of Count Splangen, who entrusted to him the education of his sons.”

When he arrived at Vienna, Gall was lecturing upon the new system. He attended him as a student, and soon became convinced of the soundness of the principles upon which phrenology was founded. That the brain is, in some way or other, connected with the process of thought, we have a kind of instinctive evidence; and there seems nothing startling or contradictory in the notion, that its different compartments may be allocated to the development of the various modifications of the thinking principle; even as the eye has been appropriated to the reception of the ideas of colour, and the ear to those of sound.

Unquestionably, the state of metaphysical science, at the period when

Gall originated his new theory, was not such as to discourage an adventurous mind from seeking for some more satisfactory mode of accounting for intellectual phenomena than philosophers had at that time devised. It may be truly affirmed that no two of the leading doctors who were eminent in that department of learning, could be said to be entirely agreed amongst themselves; nor was it to be deemed extraordinary that an individual should arise, who should differ from them all with as little ceremony as they differed from each other. Each might be said to have protested, in some particular, against the infallibility of every other; and Gall did no more than protest against the infallibility of all, and appeal from the dicta of the schools, to nature and to observation, for the truth of his peculiar views, by which, as he conceived, more light was thrown upon the human understanding, than by any other theory with which he was acquainted.

We differ from our excellent friend Mr. Carmichael, respecting the intellectual powers of Gall and Spurzheim; and any value which we are disposed to set upon their theory, arises, he will be surprised to learn, from the comparatively very humble estimate which we have formed of their capacity and attainments. The first was led to the adoption of the leading principle which forms the basis of phrenology, less by design than accident. It was more a result of observation than of reflection; and the latter merely followed out the lucky thought of his precursor, while he brought to the prosecutor of his discovery a larger share of sagacity, and a greater power of generalization. If, therefore, such men have hit upon a theory which affords a fuller, and a juster explanation of all moral and mental phenomena, whether emotional, cogitative, or perceptive, than any that has been invented either before or since, there is a kind of evidence in its favour, arising out of the very intellectual deficiencies of Gall and Spurzheim, which confers upon it, in our eyes, a value not belonging to any other, where great power of mind has been exhibited in an endeavour to make phenomena agree with preconceived principles, instead of basing principles upon an observation of facts.

Had Gall or Spurzheim been capa-

ble of originating a theory, what they may be said to have discovered as a system, it would, to our minds, come before the public in a much more suspicious character than it does at present. Its very plausibility would, in such a case, cause it to be regarded with great distrust. But, when they were led from facts to observations, from observation to principles, and from principles to a system, without, in the first instance, having any other object in view than to follow nature wherever she led, the system, whatever it is, at which they have arrived, is clear of all imputation of having been the result of that love of theory by which, upon metaphysical subjects, the human intellect has been so bewildered; and, if that system should afford a more simple and natural account of the passions, propensities, and intellectual operations than any other, the *less* ground we have for supposing that it was ingeniously contrived; the *less* hesitation we can have in admitting that it must have a foundation in nature.

We are therefore of opinion that Mr. Carmichael, in doing what appears to us *more* than justice to the intellectual powers of Gall and Spurzheim, has done *less* than justice to phrenology. In seeking to magnify the men, he has, in a certain degree, depreciated the system, which stands, if it stand at all, as a science built upon observation of facts, which would lose all their value if they could be supposed to have been sought out by theorists for the support of their peculiar views. It makes all the difference in the world, whether the system arises out of the facts, or, the facts are arranged with reference to the exigencies of the system.

Gall's first course of private lectures were delivered in 1796, and that, even in 1800, when Spurzheim first attended him, his actions of the science, of which he may be considered the founder, were extremely vague and inaccurate, is manifest from the following passage, which Mr. Carmichael quotes from Spurzheim's notes to Chenevix's pamphlet on phrenology.

"He then spoke of the brain as the general organ of the mind—of the necessity of considering the brain as divided into different organs—and of the possibility of determining those organs by the development of different parts of the brain, exhibited in the external configuration of the head." He admit-

ted organs of different specific memories, and of separate feelings.

"Such," says Mr. Carmichael, "was the physiological state of the science, when Spurzheim became a convert to its doctrines, in his twenty-third year. Gall was sensible that physiognomical means alone were not sufficient to discover the physiology of the brain, and that anatomy was a necessary coadjutor. He was confirmed in this opinion by observing a poor woman affected with hydrocephalus, who, though reduced to great weakness, continued to possess an active and intelligent mind. After her death four pounds of water were found in her head; the brain was much distended, but not destroyed or dissolved; he therefore concluded, that the structure of this organ must be very different from what it was commonly supposed to be."

This opinion was confirmed by a more careful dissection. The brain was found to consist, not, as was supposed, of a pulpy substance without any distinction of compartments, but of a congeries of organised parts, corresponding, accurately, to the physiognomical developments as exhibited in the cranium. This was a most important improvement in anatomy, and has, we believe, been universally acknowledged as such by the faculty; nor is it denied or undervalued even by those who are by no means converts to the doctrines of phrenology, and who set but very little value upon the other labours of its founders.

Spurzheim had terminated his medical studies before he united with Gall, and was therefore enabled to devote all his time and intelligence to his new pursuit. Phrenology was, at this period, a chaos, a shapeless mass of facts and observations, "rudis indigestaque moles." It is perfectly clear that it was not the result of any theorising spirit, which would, at least, have given a unity and consistency to its views and doctrines; and we cannot but regard with considerable interest, the progress by which it assumed its present form. The first important step towards methodical and systematic arrangement is thus described in the memoir. Gall and Spurzheim, Mr. Carmichael tells us,

"Observed that those who possessed a peculiar memory were gratified in exerting it, and felt a pleasure in pursuing the objects connected with it. Those endowed with a *verbal* memory, had a strong propensity to fix, in recita-

tion, or in the study of languages; while those who were remarkable for a local memory, entertained a similar inclination to visit a variety of places, and observe and compare the diversified relations of sensible space; and so of the memory of persons, times, and facts, &c. It therefore naturally occurred to their understandings, that the organs of the mind are very different from those supposed by philosophers, from Aristotle, down to Lock, Reid, and Stewart; and that there is not a general perception which takes cognizance of all sensations—a general memory which retains the recollection of names, numbers, places, times, facts, and every kind of object—a general imagination which combines them in new forms, and a general judgment which compares and ascertains their differences; but that the organ of language, the organ of space, the organ of number, the organ of music, are gifted, at once, with their own separate and distinct perception, memory, imagination and judgment, and actuated by a propensity to exercise their respective faculties upon their appropriate objects. They, therefore, were led to believe that each organ was devoted to a special purpose, not hitherto imagined by philosophers; and, in subserviency to that purpose, was separately endowed with all the faculties, which, till now, were ascribed to the understanding at large."

Whatever may be the ultimate judgment to which the world will come, respecting the soundness of this view of the nature of the human faculties, there are few who will deny that it affords a more complete and ready solution of many facts connected with them, than any other theory which has been as yet proposed. How else can we account for the extraordinary power which horses possess of remembering and distinguishing *places*; that dogs seem to possess of remembering and distinguishing *scents*? How else are we to account for the prodigious power of memory exhibited by individuals of the human species upon some subjects, while upon others, they seem deficient in that faculty to a degree that is equally extraordinary? Let two men enter a concert room, and hear a piece of music: one will be able to carry away with him almost the whole of a long, difficult, and complicated composition; the other will not remember a single note. Let the same men pass from the concert room to the House of Commons, and the man who

could not remember a note of music, will be able to report, with an almost verbal accuracy, the whole of a long debate, while he who could repeat the tune with such marvellous correctness, will be unable to convey to a third person an intelligible notion of what had been said by any one of the Speakers. The best account which can be given of this, upon any of the old hypothesis, is, that the one man *attends* to the music with peculiar intenseness, while he pays but little attention to the debate; and that the other, "*vice versa*," attends to the debate, while he neglects the music.—Thus it is that facts are made to square with theory. But we utterly disbelieve that any attention could have made the musician a good reporter, or the reporter a good musician. We are not at all disposed to undervalue the degree in which the faculties may be improved by skillful training. We speak now of a natural aptitude which some men have for some things, and other men for other things; and which exists, and is manifested *previously* to any particular training. Of this, the received philosophy of mind gives no account that to us appears intelligible; and there are many who deny that there is any such natural aptitude, whose love of theory, blinds them to a fact that is obvious to the most cursory observation. Gall and Spurzheim admit the fact, and explain it in a manner that appears to us to confer no small degree of plausibility upon their peculiar system.

Of the received philosophy, Lock's, for instance, it may be generally observed, that it makes all intellectual phenomena *exteriorate*. Lock's theory is, that all ideas are derived from sensation and reflection;—or rather, indeed from sensation alone; for reflection only works up, as it were, the raw materials which have been received through the inlets of the external senses. It were needless to remark, that this great man has exhibited prodigious ability in support of this theory; for it could not have so extensively prevailed, and continue to this hour to be received with so much respect, if his powerful mind had not conferred upon it a plausibility which is certainly not to be found in its correspondence with facts. But although his treatise still holds its place in our schools, it is, we

believe, by no one whose opinion is entitled to any considerable weight, received with the same implicit reverence, with which, by the by-gone generation, it was regarded. His general mode of proof is, to take ideas, apparently the most remote from sensation, and endeavour to shew, that they may be resolved into simple elements, which were all originally derived therefrom. We will not here enter into any analysis of what he says of the ideas of infinity, eternity, immensity, because we have no wish to hide our heads in the clouds of theory, and our view in writing this paper may be answered without encumbering our pages with any matter that may not be intelligible to the simplest reader. We will therefore have recourse to that class of ideas of which any one may form a distinct conception. Let us take, for instance, the idea of benevolence. What is that, according to Locke? Why, he will tell us, it is a complex idea, formed so and so; and he will consider that he has fully satisfied the enquiry, when he shews, that it is composed of simple ideas, which have been all derived from sensation and reflection. But even if we grant that, as far as the idea goes, this explanation is good, what light does it throw upon the *feeling* of benevolence? Does it throw upon it any light at all? Does it not, on the contrary, treat it as though it never existed? And what sort of a theory of mind must that be, which does not even attempt an explication of by far the most important and interesting class of mental phenomena? Yea, which, in point of fact leaves them more inexplicable than they were before? For if, as Locke would have us believe, the idea *altogether* exteriorises, *one* of the uses, at least, of the emotion is done away; and we are so far less able to perceive the purpose for which it has been implanted in us by Providence. Upon this subject, phrenology, even as a mere theory, has decidedly the advantage of the received philosophy. Gall and Spurzheim refer to an organ of benevolence. They give such an account of the emotion as explains the idea; while Locke gives such an account of the idea, as leaves the emotion even more mysterious than he found it. On the one hand, we have very great powers of

mind exerted to construct a specious and captivating theory, out of a slender scantling of verisimilitudes;—on the other hand, we have very moderate abilities crowned with much more complete success, simply because they rejected theory, and confined themselves to an observation of the processes of nature.

"Gall," says Mr. Carmichael, "had been led to the discovery of all the organs he had yet ascertained, by observing the actions of individuals, and attending to their mental operations in a state of activity; such, for example, as the facility in recollecting and repeating whatever series of words had been committed to memory—skill in the mechanical arts, designing and music—the exercise of memory in respect of places, persons, numbers, events, and phenomena—the propensity to travel, to calculate, to search after knowledge, to compare the analogies of things, to ascend to causes, to descend to effects. These several faculties, during their activity and manifestation in individuals, betrayed, one after another, the seat of their respective organs. It was, therefore, not surprising, that Gall, when he abandoned the beaten track of the schools, after an irksome and unprofitable search for general organs of memory, judgment, and imagination, should seize with eagerness the conjecture, that every class of actions might have an appropriate organ in the brain. In considering, therefore, the most striking and energetic actions of men, he noticed rapine, murder, lust—he observed benevolence, justice, piety—unshaken firmness, and hesitating caution—pride wrapped in its own opinion, ambition wrapped in the opinions of others—cunning that succeeds in the dark—violence, courage, and magnanimity, that disdain any but an open triumph. He visited the prisons, the hospitals, the schools, and the churches of Vienna; and he found organs which he did not hesitate to name as the organs of theft, murder, and cunning, benevolence, and religion. He considered the actions of men, whether good or evil, as necessarily flowing from the organization they received from nature, without adverting to the primitive power their organs were destined to exercise in a healthy and unvitiated state. But as no man is a universal genius, it was here his philosophy was eclipsed by that of his coadjutor. Spurzheim had the merit of pointing out the primitive powers of the different organs, and discriminating between the institutions of God, and the abuses of these institutions."

"A universal genius!" No, truly. Gall seems to have possessed a power of observation, and nothing more. Every one knows the story of the soldier described by Sallust in the Jugurthine war, who was led, in gathering snails, to the knowledge of a secret pass, which had escaped the vigilance of Marius, and by means of which a citadel, which was almost deemed impregnable, was rendered an easy conquest. It was in a way somewhat similar that the German physician stumbled upon his discovery; which, however, he did not possess the capacity of turning to any great account. But, as we before observed, the disparagement of the man constitutes the recommendation of the system. Here we have the discoverer of the facts incapable of hitting upon the true theory, by which these facts are best explained, while the inventor of the theory has had no concern in the discovery of the facts. It is scarcely possible that any system could come before the public less liable to suspicion on account of the bias of those by whom it was advanced. Gall observed, Spurzheim philosophised. And as without the observation of the first, we should not have the philosophy of the second; so without the philosophy of the second, the observation of the first would have been perfectly useless.

"Gall," proceeds the memoir, "continued to lecture in his own house until the government of Austria, in 1802, thought proper to interdict his lectures. He lingered however for three years in that city, but at length, on the 6th of March, 1805, he and his fellow-labourer took their departure together, with the intention however of returning to this their home, if a more liberal spirit should arise; but this spirit has not yet arisen in Austria. They first visited the parents of Gall, who resided at Tiefenbarn, near Pforzheim, in Swabia; and various invitations from the northern universities of Germany, induced them to go from place to place, disseminating their doctrines, making new observations, collecting facts in every region they visited, satisfying public curiosity, and establishing a renown which may bid defiance to every assailant."

Of the renown we at present say nothing. We do not think the science, (if such it may be called) at present in that state which would justify us in

unhesitatingly pronouncing in its favour. But this we positively assert, that the reproach of quackery or insincerity does not lie against the amiable and enterprising individuals, whose lives were devoted to its advancement. Nothing could be more rash or unjust than the charge of "mala fides" which was brought against them by the Edinburgh Review. To this we shall advert by and bye more particularly. The memoir proceeds—

"Their first scientific visit was to Berlin which they entered on the 17th of April, 1805. There they pursued their phrenological investigations in the priories and hospitals, and repeated their anatomical demonstrations in the presence of the medical professors and numerous auditors. Outlines of their lectures were published by Professor Bischoff. From Berlin they went to Potsdam, thence to Leipzig, Dresden, and Halle. At Halle their lectures and demonstrations were attended by the very rell, from whom they were charged with pillaging the self-same discoveries in the structure of the brain, which, on that occasion, they taught him, both in public and private dissections. His own acknowledgments were, 'I have seen more in the anatomical demonstrations of the brain, by Gall, than I conceived a man could discover in the course of a long life.' In the same year they visited Wiemar, Zena, Göttingen, Brunswick, Hamburg, Kiel, and Copenhagen. In 1806, they visited Phemen, Munster, Amsterdam, Leyden, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Mannheim, Stragard, and Freiburg. In 1807, they visited Marbourgh, Wurtzbourg, Munich, Augsburg, Ulm, Zurich, Berns, Bâle. They either lectured on, or demonstrated the brain in each of these cities; and Doctor Knoblanck, of Leipzig, Doctor Blood, of Dresden, and many other scientific men, followed the example of Professor Bischoff, in publishing outlines of their anatomical and phrenological views; and other works connected with the subject."

As yet their success was by no means answerable to their expectations. They had to encounter a priori objections to matters of fact; and their doctrines were judged with reference to consequences, for which they were by no means answerable, and condemned, in a manner, by anticipation. In the Autumn of 1807, they arrived at Paris, where Mr. Carmichael tells us—

"They dissected the brain, and repeated their demonstrations before many learned societies. Here at length they became tired of wandering, and determined on remaining a few years. In this city they continued their investigations and lectures. The objections made to their doctrines, on the ground of the intellectual powers evinced by hydrocephalic patients, induced them to renew their anatomical studies with still greater ardour; and they were at length enabled to demonstrate, that the convolutions of the brain consist of a double pellicle, and that the water insinuating itself between the parts unfolds and distends them into the form of a thin and expanded vesicle; and which they argued might retain, to a considerable extent, the original powers of the brain. They also entered into the minutest examination of every part of the brain and nervous system, and presented a memoir on the subject in the year 1808, to the French Institute. It was referred to a committee of five, amongst whom was the celebrated Cuvier. Their report was favourable to Gall and Spurzheim in some things—they differed from them in others; and as to some of their discoveries, they gave the merit to other anatomists. But little pleased with this report, Gall and Spurzheim vindicated their claims to originality in their answer, and maintained the utility of their discoveries and the truth of their demonstrations with so much vigour and perspicuity, that there was never any reply on the part of the Institute."

The silence of the Institute might have proceeded from contempt; but to what cause soever it was owing, the new system made but little progress. "There is no adversary to truth so powerful," observes Mr. Carmichael, "as the force of ridicule; and, with the French, it seems to have double power." Revolutionists as they are, they were certainly not disposed at this period to suffer the whole system of the received philosophy of mind to be revolutionized by a brace of heavy Germans. Spurzheim, therefore, "got tired of teaching those who were ashamed to learn, and hoped that England would prove a more practicable field." His separation from Gall took place about 1813; he first however returned to Vienna, to take his degree of M. D., leaving Gall in Paris, where he was desirous of establishing himself as a physician."

He arrived in London in 1814, and

delivered a course of lectures which were well attended. In 1815 he published his work entitled, "*The Physiological System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, founded on an Anatomical and Physiological Examination of the Nervous System, in General, and the Brain in Particular, and indicating the Disposition and Manifestations of the Mind.*" This was but the signal, as it were, for a flight of poisoned arrows from almost every quarter, against which the German must have possessed extraordinary firmness to have enabled him to stand his ground. Every periodical in the empire was opened against him, and nothing which could be effected by argument, inective, or ridicule, was left untried to cover himself with contempt, and to throw discredit upon his system. But Spurzheim lived to witness a reaction in his favour, which has very nearly turned the tables against his adversaries; and, in one remarkable instance, had an opportunity of demonstrating the ignorance and the malignity with which he was assailed, in a manner so gratifying as almost to be sufficient to reconcile him to the calumnies and misrepresentations, of which he was well-nigh the victim.

The case, to which we allude, is that of Doctor Gordon, who is the writer of a paper in the *Edinburgh Review* upon the subject of phrenology, with which, we believe, most of our readers are acquainted. Not content with disparaging and ridiculing, as far as in him lay, the new system, he brought a charge of "*mala fides*" against its authors, grounded, chiefly, upon their assertions respecting the physiology of the brain, which he affirmed to be downright falsehoods. "The writings," he says, "of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim have not added one fact to the stock of our knowledge respecting the *structure* or the *functions* of man, but consist of such a mixture of gross errors, extravagant absurdities, downright misstatements, and unmeaning quotations from Scripture, as can leave no doubt, we apprehend, in the minds of honest and intelligent men as to the *real ignorance*, the *real hypocrisy*, and the *real empiricism* of the authors."

The *Edinburgh Review* was, at the period of which we speak, one of the most popular periodicals in the empire, and accordingly exercised a powerful

influence over public opinion. Of this power Spurzheim was soon made sensible; from the almost universal ridicule with which his doctrines were regarded. "I did not myself," writes Mr. Carmichael, "escape the infection. It was with difficulty I was prevailed on to enter his lecture-room; but having then an abundance of leisure, I thought a few hours would not be much mispent in indulging an idle curiosity, and reaping some little amusement where I could hope for little information. I attended his first lecture, expecting it to breathe nothing but ignorance, hypocrisy, deceit, and empiricism; I found it fraught with learning and inspired by truth; and in place of a hypocrite and an empiric, I found a man deeply and earnestly imbued with an unshaken belief in the importance, and the value of the doctrines which he communicated."

In Mr. Carmichael he had an apt disciple; one, whose natural love of truth, and freedom from prejudice rendered it no difficult matter to remove from his mind the unfavourable impression which had been made by the reviewer. He very soon adopted the system with ardour, and continues to this hour one of its most able and indefatigable promoters. Indeed, the very suddenness of his conversion, and the ardour with which he began to preach the doctrine which he was upon the point of persecuting, may, in some degree, subtract from the value of his testimony, which would, undoubtedly, have been stronger had his adhesion to the cause for which Spurzheim contended been signified after a somewhat more reluctant incredulity.

It was in the November of 1815 that he first arrived in Dublin, where Mr. Carmichael's acquaintance with him commenced. His lectures, on the whole, were well attended, and a very considerable impression was made upon many, by whom, after mature consideration, his leading doctrines were received. The very ablest of our medical men were among the first, and continue amongst the steadiest of his converts.

Having visited Cork he returned to Dublin in February, and delivered two cotemporary courses, "repeating in the evening the same lecture which he had given in the morning. Many attended both, and though the topics were the

same, his language, manner, and illustrations, varied so much, that his auditors felt unabated gratification whenever they heard him."

In March he passed over to Liverpool, where he did not meet with much encouragement. In May he visited Manchester and Lancaster, and felt great delight in viewing the lakes of Lancashire, Westmorland, and Cumberland. In June he made an extensive tour in Scotland; and on the 24th of that month arrived in Edinburgh, bringing with him many letters of introduction, and amongst them one addressed to Doctor Gordon, the head of the party against him, and the writer of the article in the Edinburgh Review, in which he was so roughly handled.

In a letter to Mr. Carmichael, written at this period, he says, "Generally speaking, I am very politely received by every one to whom I am introduced. There are parties, but I shall not interfere with any one; I wish to know them all, and shall make it a peculiar business to study their individual characters. I was naturally anxious to face my conscientious reviewer. The first day I presented myself at his door he was out; the servant advised me to come back on the next morning between ten and eleven o'clock. He was out again. On the third day, at nine o'clock in the morning, I found him. In reading the letter of introduction he kept good countenance; then he feigned not to know me at all, supposed me to be quite a stranger in Edinburgh, and asked whether I had never before been in this town. He could not bear my facing him, and was evidently embarrassed. I put him at his ease as much as I could—spoke of the institutions—the university—the plan of teaching, &c. &c. &c."

"The next morning I breakfasted at Dr. Thompson's, whose partner he is. He came there, but more embarrassed than when I saw him at his house. *He feels a bad conscience.* I shall see how far he will mend. *I shall never know the reviewer;* but keep every where the same free and open language, and provoke him to appear if he like truth:

"I had also an interview with Jeffrey the editor. I was introduced to him at the hall of the courts; he asked me whether I was a stranger in Edin-

burgh? Whether I had come from London? And whether I intended to make a long stay here? Yes! to give the Edinburghers an opportunity to learn what I maintain. He replied, *to instruct them!* I merely say, to show what I maintain. He: We are infidel incredulous. I: IN NATURAL HISTORY THERE IS NO BELIEF; WE MUST SEE THINGS. Then he was called off to plead; hence our conversation was short, but long enough to see that he is a rogue* with self-conceit. He has a fine forehead, combativeness, covetiveness, secretiveness, self-esteem; not much cautiousness, and less approbation, firmness, and ideality. I shall see more of him. The melo-drame has only begun. The evolution requires time; at the end I shall give you a description of the scenes."

This he does in a subsequent letter, in which he describes his triumph over Doctor Gordon. The Doctor had, in no measured terms, denied the truth of his statements, respecting the structure of the brain; and Spurzheim's defence consisted in exhibiting to the bodily senses of the Doctor and his class, the very appearances which it had been asserted were not to be found in nature.

"From the beginning," says Spurzheim, "I requested these gentlemen not to lose an opportunity of getting a brain. The partner of the reviewer, Surgeon of the military hospital, furnished me with arms to combat them in their own lecture-room. Indeed, I could never have expected such a gratification. The whole happened accidentally, but I could not wish it more favourably. I gave notice to a few of my friends, that the opposite party might not be alone. The reviewer was to lecture at *two* to his class. I intended to cease and continue after; but he was so kind as to yield his hour to me; so that I had the pleasure of demonstrating the brain to his own class, at his own lecture-table in the presence of himself, Drs. Thompson, Barclay, Duncan, Jun., Irvine, Emery, and many others. There could not have been a better brain; every thing was clear and satisfactory. The poor reviewer was in the most disagreeable predicament; however, as I was at

his table I did not wish to appear impolite. I did not mention him; and it was not necessary as he was known to the audience. I only stated, *this is denied*, and then made the preparation. We are accused of such a thing, or blamed for showing such, or such a structure; and then I presented the structure in nature. At the same time I had our plates at hand, and asked the audience whether they represented the preparations as I had made them? The answer was always affirmative.

"The reviewer avoids me entirely. After lecture he went immediately to his little room. His partner spoke to me, and mentioned that he will now study our plates."

But Doctor Gordon was too deeply committed to an opposite view, to be convinced, even by an anatomical demonstration; he still affected to make battle, as though he were right and Spurzheim wrong; and the contest assumed something like the appearance of a dispute about words and definitions. Those who were present represent Spurzheim as singularly clear, calm, and self-possessed, while his adversary lost his temper, and ascribed to him things which he never maintained. "I was twice obliged," says Spurzheim, "to provoke him to show where he read his proposition; he looked for the meaning in my book, and instead of finding it, found its opposite."

On the whole, he had every reason to be gratified with his success. Many were convinced—still more were set upon enquiring into the new doctrine, and few, indeed, retained the scornful prejudices which obstructed his success at the outset, and rendered phrenology synonymous with absurdity and imposture. It was during this visit Mr. Combe became convinced of the justness of Spurzheim's views, a gentleman who has since done so much to render the science popular, and who, now that its founders have been removed, must be regarded as the ablest of its defenders.

"He was the first," says Mr. Carmichael, "to establish a Phrenological Society in his native city, and to contribute to the establishment of similar societies elsewhere. They have been numer-

* In Spurzheim's language this merely means an adept in the *savoir faire*.

one in the British Empire, on the Continent, and in America, and have even reached Van Dieman's Land, almost our antipodes."

In 1818, Spurzheim married Mademoiselle Perrier, and settled, as he thought, permanently, in Paris. His wife was a most accomplished and amiable woman; and he had the gratification for some time of delivering his lectures to a large and attentive class. But the French Government, which began to experience considerable inconvenience from the licentiousness of the press, resolved to restrict public discussion of every kind; and public lectures were forbidden without a state license. As the law then stood, Spurzheim might have lectured to a class of twenty individuals; but he was refused a license to instruct a larger number. This necessarily defeated his plan of a permanent residence in France, and greatly interfered with his domestic happiness and tranquillity. For some time he lived the life of a bird of passage between France and England. His active mind, still intent upon the promotion of his favourite science, the knowledge of which, from time to time, he contrived to extend, by his writings in Paris, and by his lectures in London.

In 1827 he lectured in Cambridge, the use of the public lecture-room having been granted to him by the Vice-Chancellor. He also lectured, with much success, at Bath, Bristol, and Hull, from which last town he continued his journey to Edinburgh, where he arrived by invitation, in the first week in January, 1828.

His reception on this occasion was of the most gratifying nature. He found many steadfast disciples, many ardent admirers, and many candid enquirers into the nature and the progress of the new doctrines; and had the satisfaction of witnessing such a degree of ardour in the reception of his peculiar opinions, as furnished a well-grounded hope of the permanency of phrenology, as a science, in that part of the United Empire.

Before his departure from Edinburgh he was complimented with a public dinner by the Phrenological Society, which was attended by individuals of rank and intelligence, of whose presence he might well feel proud. His health was proposed by Mr. Combe in terms of warm eulogy, which were re-

sponded to by the sympathising plaudits of the company. It was a proud day to Spurzheim thus to be hailed as a promoter of Science, and a benefactor to his species in the very city which was the strongest hold of the prejudices that prevailed against him.

The Dublin Phrenological Society, before whom Mr. Carmichael's memoir was read, was founded in 1829, and owes its existence chiefly to the exertions of Mr. Combe, who visited Dublin in the April of that year, and delivered a course of lectures, which materially aided the impression that had been already made by Spurzheim. "At his departure, he earnestly requested that Dr. Spurzheim should be invited to give his powerful assistance to the complete establishment of the science in this city. He accepted the invitation; but in consequence of the lamented death of his wife, he did not arrive until March, 1830. His friends found him much changed in appearance; his equanimity was the same, but his recent loss had made considerable inroads upon his health and strength." He however lectured with considerable effect, and added many to the already numerous crowd of his disciples and admirers. The Royal Irish Academy on this occasion elected him an honorary member.

In June, 1830, he returned to London. From thence he travelled to Paris, and was a witness of the events that seated Louis Philip on the throne of the French. In November he returned to England, and delivered a course of Lectures in Liverpool. But there was then all the turmoil of a contested election in that town, and people were too busy with politics to attend with much interest to phrenology.

His last visit to this city was in the April of 1831, when he repeated his lectures to an audience more select than numerous, and by whom they were listened to with profound attention. He was himself fully sensible that as an itinerant lecturer he never could do full justice to his subject. "His course, like those on chemistry, natural philosophy, medicine, and moral philosophy, ought to have embraced a period of months, instead of being contracted to the narrow space of two or three weeks." He was, therefore, very desirous of being appointed Professor of Anthropology to one of the Universi-

ties. His friends entertained the hope that the chair of the London College would have been offered to his acceptance; but they were disappointed: and he resolved, in consequence, to bid adieu to England, and to remain, for the remainder of his days, in quiet, unambitious comfort, with the relatives of his late wife, in Paris.

But he had scarcely settled in his new abode, when pressing invitations from America induced him to cross the Atlantic. He arrived, full of hope, at New York, and on the 17th September, 1832, commenced a general course of lectures at Boston. His class was exceedingly numerous and respectable, and he conceived the most sanguine expectations of spreading his doctrines from one extremity to the other of the new world, and of seeing it take permanent root over the most civilized portion of the habitable globe. But his latter end was at hand. "Sudden changes exposed him to cold, and an incautious transition from a warm lecture-room to the evening air was attended with debilitating effects. This variety of causes brought on, at first, a slight indisposition, which, if it had been attended to, might have been easily checked. Regarding his illness of less consequence than the delivery of his lectures, he exerted himself for several days; when prudence required an entire cessation from labour. This was the fatal step. Cold produced fever; and this imprudence settled the fever in the system. He was averse to all active medical treatment from the beginning, and resorted to the simplest drinks and mildest remedies. He was confined to his room about fifteen days, during which time his disease assumed a more alarming appearance until the 10th of November. At eleven o'clock at night the world was deprived of this extraordinary man."

Such is the sketch which Mr. Carmichael has given of the life and labours of Dr. Spurzheim. That he entertains an exaggerated notion of his powers of mind, we have already declared our conviction: and the very warmth of his admiration may induce many to hesitate in receiving his testimony respecting the soundness of the new philosophy. Spurzheim was a man of good capacity, and considerable attainments. He was well acquainted with the outlines of almost

every theory, ancient or modern, by which an explication, of mental phenomena has been attempted: and admirably calculated to seize upon the admissions, the deficiencies, and the incongruities of other writers, for the purpose of shewing to advantage, the superior consistency, and reasonableness of his own and Dr. Gall's system. But had not the lucky thought of the latter led him into the track of discovery, there is nothing in his writings from which we should be led to conjecture that, by any other application of his powers, he could arrive at eminence or even at distinction. He was an amiable man, and much beloved by those who knew him, for the innocent hilarity of his disposition and the frankness and honesty of his nature. It was quite impossible to be in his society two hours without being convinced that there was not a single particle of quackery or hypocrisy in his whole composition. He met every enquiry that was made, with modesty and fairness; and was rarely at a loss to give a plausible, if not a cogent, answer to any objections by which his favourite science was assailed. Never was there a man less obnoxious to the charge of egotism in the little discussions which frequently took place respecting the merits of phrenology. A quiet observer would be struck by the very little pains which he took to exhibit himself, and his intense desire to recommend his system. He seemed to us capable of bearing injury, insult, almost any indignity, provided he could, by so doing accelerate the progress of what he considered, whether justly or not, the most important discovery that ever was made. Indeed his labours in the cause sufficiently prove the perseverance and the devotedness of his attachment to it; and that he was disinterested is abundantly manifest, as his gains from his lectures were scarcely ever more than sufficient to defray his necessary expenses. Had he become stationary in any principal town, the most ordinary success in his profession must have been far more lucrative than he could ever hope to render the more irregular course which he had adopted.

That there is *something* in phrenology, we believe every one admits. At least we have never met with any one who professed that he would expect to meet with exactly the same conform-

ation of head in an idiot and in a Newton. The only difference, therefore, between Spurzheim and most others, is the difference between general acknowledgment and particular description. He gives the map of a country in the existence of which they profess to believe, while they call it "terra incognita." Now the whole question at issue resolves itself into a question of fact: namely, are the phrenologists justified in asserting that certain peculiarities of cerebral development are invariably accompanied by certain moral or mental manifestations? If this be so, they are right; if it be not so, they are in error. We have already intimated that it is not our intention to take either the one side or the other.

While we do not think that sufficient inductive evidence has as yet been adduced to justify an adhesion to the phrenologists, we are of opinion that far too plausible a case has been made out to justify, for one moment, the fleeing ascription of their adversaries;

Amativeness,	----	large.
Philoprogenitiveness,	----	do.
Destructiveness,	----	very large.
Combativeness,	----	do.
Self esteem,	----	large.
Cautiousness,	----	do.
Moral organs deficient, particularly Veneration and Hope.		
Benevolence, rather well developed.		
Intellectual organs, ditto,		

The patient was withdrawn, and Mr. Combe added; "This is the worst head I ever saw. The combination is worse than Hare's. Combativeness and destructiveness are fearfully large, and the moral organs altogether deficient. Benevolence is the best developed of them, but it is miserably small, compared with the organs of combativeness and destructiveness. *I am surprised that man was not executed before he became insane.*"

It appears that Dr. Crawford, who was at that time, no phrenologist, had previously written down this man's character, as he knew it from a long acquaintance with him. It is as follows:—

"Patient E. S., aged 34. Ten years since admission. Total want of moral feeling and principle; great depravity of character, leading to the indulgence of every vice, and to the commission

and we are free to confess, that if the disciples of Spurzheim are only able to establish, upon ample and unexceptionable evidence, the position for which they contend, no force of intellect or of ridicule can finally prevail against them.

That individuals professing phrenology have been enabled to form very accurate judgments respecting the characters of others, upon a mere inspection of their skulls, and without asking a single question by which a personal knowledge of them might be elicited, cannot be denied; and we give the following instance, for the correctness of which we can vouch, as one of the most striking that occurred during Mr. Combe's late visit to Dublin. In visiting the Richmond Lunatic Asylum, a man was presented to him, by Doctor Crawford, at that time the substitute physician, and, without holding a single word of conversation with him, he wrote down the following remarks:—

of every crime. Considerable intelligence, ingenuity and plausibility; a scourge to his family from childhood; turned out of the army as an incorrigible villain; attempted the life of a soldier; repeatedly flogged; *has since attempted to poison his father.*"

Now we do not say that this instance alone ought to be sufficient to establish the truth of phrenology. But is it possible to say of a system which enables a mere observer, at a single glance, to form a judgment of character so nearly approaching to correctness, *that there is nothing in it?* We think not. We think, on the contrary, that a few such instances entitle it to the greatest consideration; and that, if many such can be as truly alledged, its adversaries will find it very difficult to contend against it.

It ought, however, to be impressed upon phrenologists, that they cannot

be too cautious, too patient, or too exact in their observations; and that a proneness to precipitate theory, may greatly retard, if not defeat their object. It owes whatever of plausibility at present belongs to it, to the fact, that it arose without any reference to theory; and the strongest *prima facie* objections to which it is liable are, undoubtedly, those which have reference to the very great rapidity with which it has assumed its present shape, and the very minute subdivisions, each having appropriate offices, into which the brain has been divided. If former philosophers have erred in supposing that there were no original propensities, but that all men came into the world with equal powers and capacities, and only differed from each other as their minds were formed by the education they received, or the circumstances by which they were surrounded, so it is to be suspected that phrenologists have erred by passing into an opposite extreme, and multiplying the primitive faculties to an extent that is unphilosophical and needless.

That phrenology leads to materialism has often been asserted; and the assertion has been rendered specious by the fact, that it numbers amongst its most ardent votaries, individuals who are known to be favorable to the material philosophy. But, in truth, it leaves the great question at issue exactly where it found it. Phrenology does not profess to throw any light on the *nature* of mind; it is only the laws which govern its manifestations, with which it pretends to be acquainted.—And it might as well be said that a man was a materialist, because, admitted that he received ideas of colour by means of the eye, as that he should be so considered, because he maintained that all other emotions and impressions were perceived by reason of certain peculiarities of cerebral conformation. The brain is an *instrument* in the one case, exactly as the eye is in the other, and neither are to be confounded with the mind, any more than the music produced from a piano is to be confounded with the keys or the strings by impressions upon which it was occasioned.

But it may be said, if mind be a result of organization, as music is of impact upon an instrument, does not that savour, at least, of materiality? We

think not. *We only know body by means of mind.* We have no *direct*, or *immediate* cognizance of matter. Reid says we have; but his opinions are, at present, very little regarded. The late Dr. Thomas Brown says we have; but, we believe, no individual worthy of notice, himself excepted, ever adopted his peculiar view. The first refers the cognizance of external nature to a faculty which he denominates common sense; the latter to the resistance occasioned by an interposing body to the power of muscular contraction. But, in both cases, obviously, that which is *immediately*, present to the mind, is the sensation, impression, idea, or whatever else it may be called, which is considered as intimating the presence of the external object; not the object itself, which is inferred, rather than *perceived*; which, as in the case of dreams, may be *perceived* when it is *not present*, and, as in the case of the heavenly bodies, may be *perceived* to be in one place, when it is *known* to be in another.

The most vivid perceptions, therefore, do not of necessity argue the presence of an external cause; although doubtless, they, in the great majority of instances, furnish sufficiently good reasons for believing such a cause to be in existence. But, we must not confound the inference of the judgment with the act of, or impression upon the mind. Of the latter, we have the evidence of consciousness. If we analyze the evidence upon which we rest our belief in the former, we will find it to resolve itself into no more than this, that such objects, supposing them to exist, furnish the most plausible account that can be given of the phenomena of perception.

A man hears the sound of a trumpet, and, in common parlance, he *says* he hears a trumpet. By which he does not mean that an external object, called a trumpet, is *immediately* present to his mind; but only, that the sound which he has heard leads him to *infer* that a trumpet must be somewhere in his neighbourhood. In like manner, with respect to all the other senses. The eye conveys impressions of colour, the nose of scent, which, although they lead to an almost *instinctive inference* that some external cause of these impressions must exist, yet by no means impart to us the same direct and im-

fallible evidence respecting that cause which we have of their own existence.

Phrenologists affect to have found out a faculty somewhat analogous to Dr. Reid's "common sense," and by which they maintain that we have what amounts to self-evident knowledge of external existence. But we beg to ask, will not that faculty manifest itself in the dreamer, with an activity as intense, and a belief as unhesitating, as in any waking subject? And if so, how can it be presumed that any certain or infallible knowledge of the external world is the result of its operations? We are very much inclined to think, that the faculty to which the phrenologists allude, is a primitive faculty; that is, that some individuals are born with a peculiar power of observing and distinguishing particular objects; but that power affords no evidence whatever of the necessary existence of external objects, beyond the very natural inference which may be drawn in the case of any of the other senses. So that, for aught that

phrenology accomplishes, the great question between materialists and immaterialists remains exactly where it was before.

A knowledge of matter presupposes the existence of mind. But the existence of mind does not necessarily presuppose the existence of matter. It may be true that the latter exists as well as the former. But it is not a self-evident truth. And however men may doubt about the one, the very fact of doubting at all, affords perfect certainty respecting the other. Our conjectures or inferences may be erroneous—and therefore we can never be sure that we are not under a delusion when we are led by our sensations to the belief of an external object. Many such delusions are practised by those who are skilful at slight of hand. But the very act of conjecturing at all, proves infallibly the existence of a being that conjectures, and we therefore, can never entertain any doubt respecting the real existence of an intellectual nature.

LETTER ON THE IRISH EDUCATION QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The frequent complaints made of Reporters in the public papers, would induce those who value the honour of our Established Church, to hope, that it was to the inaccuracy of one of these we were to ascribe a report on the Education Question in Ireland. It is, at all events, due to propriety, to visit on the Reporter what he has presumed to put into the lips of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin; and I can only treat it as coming from such a writer. It is due to the cause of truth and the Clergy of Ireland, not to allow that writer's observations to escape unnoticed. I merely touch on a few points—

This writer, Sir, uses the cloak of the Archbishop's authority, to vindicate the book which the Commissioners

of Education have published, from the charge of being a mutilation of the Scriptures; and the plea is, that "a mutilation of a book, is a publication professing to be the whole book, which it is not." It were well, if such a plea as this could be admitted to vindicate the iniquitous principle of this selection. A selection from the Sacred Volume, used in education, in conjunction with the whole Bible, to the study of which, little children are taught with feelings of reverence to aspire, cannot indeed, with justice be called "a mutilation," but an honest and valuable introduction to the use of that inspired Volume.

But a selection from the Sacred Volume, used in education as this is, to the exclusion of the remainder, and made on the iniquitous principle,

that this remainder or any part thereof is unfit for the instruction of youth, this, Sir, is not only a mutilation, but it is worse than a mutilation of the Scriptures, it is a mutilation of some parts of this holy Volume and a desecration of the rest.

I would, Sir, that we had been left to impute this exclusively to Popish superstition, and that we had been permitted to consider the Protestant members of the Board merely as the dupes of a mistaken and perverted policy. But alas! we are deprived even of this melancholy consolation—we are compelled to admit that the Board is guided, not by a perversion of policy, but by a dereliction of principle. What is the account given of this selection? it is this—

“The first publication of selections by the Society comprised the whole book of Genesis, *with the exception of those parts which all parents would refrain from putting into the hands of their children.*” Here, Sir, is not a submission to an error of Popish superstition, not a weak and criminal compromise of truth with falsehood, but a plain dogma of Popery herself, a plain, direct and awful charge against the purity, and the perfection of the truth of the eternal God. Such dogmas may be novel in English people, but we are too well accustomed to them in Ireland.

The first in the ranks of impiety, who recently set forth a modification of this principle, was Dr. Doyle, who, in his letters on the Bible Society, in 1825, says—

“Some person in Waterford, quoted with religious horror the saying of a priest *“that the Bible would play the devil with them,”* meaning the children, yet, the priest *thought rightly*, though he expressed himself in the Irish manner, putting the wrong end of the sentiment foremost. The Scriptures would not play the devil with the children, but the devil would play his pranks with the children by means of the Scriptures!”—*See Letters of J. K. L.*

This was followed by a worthy pupil of such a master, Mr. Sheil, who in the attack which he and Mr. O’Connell commenced upon the London Hibernian Society, declares it as the dogma of his Church, that *“the Bible is not fit for the unassisted perusal of every school-urchin, and that we should not make a primer of the Word of God,”* and in

attacking the then Commissioners of Education for the principle that “means should be taken to supply the Protestant children with the Testaments,” he urges this sentiment with the caustic irony of mingled infidelity and superstition, thus—

“*The Protestant child who sits beside the Catholic, is to be initiated in the interesting details of criminality contained in the history of the Jews, while his Popish neighbours are to be denied all access to those pure and salutary sources of information from which so much useful knowledge is to be derived.*” I refer those who wish to examine the impious amplifications with which ribald blasphemy can enlarge upon this principle, to a perusal of that gentleman’s speech on that occasion. So Mr. Maguire in his controversy with Mr. Pope, says—“Christ will not allow his children to use good food, when by the circumstances of the case, it might be converted into poison. Would you give to a child food of an indigestible quality?” In short, Sir, this is a principle which has been set forth and dilated on by men of every grade and every class, from the schoolmaster to the pope, in the ranks of superstition, and from the liberal to the atheist, in those of infidelity; but no man has ever yet ventured to suppose, a Protestant Archbishop gravely to stand up and tell a Protestant nation, that in conjunction with the ministers of superstition, he had composed an expurgate edition of an inspired book of God, *“omitting those parts which all parents would refrain from putting into the hands of their children.”* That is, Sir, in plain English, that the Bible is a book unfit for our children, and that these parents—these worms of the dust, are wiser than the God and Father of lights, whose wisdom inspired, and whose mercy gave his Sacred book to be “a lantern to our feet and a light to our paths,” to guide us to salvation from the cradle to the grave.

What, Sir!—Is it that very portion of God’s holy Word which his own authoritative command ordains that we *“should teach them diligently unto our children?”* that we should—*“teach them to our sons, and our sons’ sons,”* that *“children which have not known anything may hear and learn to fear the Lord their God, as long as they live.”* Is this that Word which we are now to learn

that "parents are to refrain from putting into the hands of their children," and that we are to be indebted to the Board of Irish Education for a safe and proper edition of it for their instruction? Sir, there is not a man who values the honour of our Church, whose heart must not burn with feelings of grief and shame at a statement such as this. We do not protest against individuals, but against errors—not against men but against principles, and when a principle of Popish superstition, such as this, is set forth before the nation, the higher the authority from which it emanates, the louder and the loftier shall be our protest against it. We value and we respect as we ought, the dignities and offices of men, but it is only calculated to bring them into degradation and contempt when those who fill them stand upon the little molehill of their earthly elevation, to lift their puny voice against the authority and the glory of the God of Heaven.

It is asserted that "an outcry had been raised against the first number of the selections made by the Society, before they were published, the proof sheet having been surreptitiously procured from the printers, and it was said that in those selections they had introduced a passage sanctioning the worship of the Virgin Mary."

Now, Sir, if this sentiment had been uttered in the House of Lords, it would seem perfectly unaccountable on any principles of ordinary candour, to any man acquainted with the facts; it would seem like an attempt to evade the charge, by casting an imputation of dishonesty on those who procured the sheet, and of falsehood on those who brought the accusation. I did not see that sheet, Sir, but I know that the gentleman who made the charge knew nothing of it till it was placed in his hands; and I know that it was not procured surreptitiously, but fell accidentally into the hands of the gentleman who got it. Mr. Carlisle made this same cry, and wrote a pamphlet on it too, which was industriously circulated in England, complaining, forsooth, as if this passage only appeared in a proof sheet, but ought not to be charged on the extracts as published; whereas, this very passage came out with a title changed in the selections, and it was not said to sanction the worship of the Virgin Mary, but it

was proved to do so—proved beyond the power of the Commissioners, not only to refute, but even to attempt to answer the charge; they could not, and they are unable to do so. If the Archbishop of Dublin can find one of the Commissioners to answer that charge, he shall be instantly refuted; and now I say, Sir, not only that their vote sanctions the worship of the Virgin Mary, but since I find that the Board tolerates, as is openly acknowledged, the use of the books in the Roman Catholic depository, to be admitted into the religious instruction of the schools, I say this, that they sanction the most abominable idolatries and superstitions that ever disgraced a people calling themselves christians, and I charge the Board of Education with patronizing the worst and most abominable antichristian delusions that can blind the human intellect, and destroy the human soul; and if they will undertake to disprove this charge, since it is complained they were not allowed to plead their cause in Exeter Hall, and since it is said that the Church of Ireland is factions in opposing this Board—and since, respect for his Grace's office forbids such an appeal to the Archbishop of Dublin, in the name of the Church of Ireland, let Mr. Carlisle, and Mr. Anthony Blake, meet a clergyman of the established Church and a clergyman of the Scotch Church, or an Irish Lawyer in Exeter Hall, and let the Popish principles of their constitution, and their Popish extracts, and the Popish superstitions of that depository, which they sanction, be brought fairly to the light, and I will venture to assert, that there is not a man that shall ever have the hardihood to call himself a Protestant Minister; and stand up to tell the British nation that the public money should be devoted to such an abominable purpose. Now, Sir, this is plain language, such as befits the subject. Let us see will the Board of Education venture to meet it, then, Sir, the nation shall see where political faction and crooked policy; and Christian fidelity and truth are to be found. "He that doeth evil, hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved; but he that doeth truth, cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God."

But, it is said, "it is rather hard to assume that mutilated selections would receive the sanction of Protestant commissioners, who had received their education at three Protestant Universities—the Archbishop of Dublin, who had been educated at Oxford—Dr. Sadler, who had been educated at Trinity College, Dublin—and Mr. Carlisle, a Presbyterian clergyman." With respect to an education at Oxford, I suppose it is meant that this is a pledge that the proper principles of the Protestant religion inculcated at that University, are to afford a security in the Archbishop of Dublin against the invasion of those principles in the Board of Education. The argument, Sir, is a strong one, and would be a good one if it did not happen to be refuted by that which is proverbially acknowledged to be worth a thousand arguments, namely, a fact; that fact is this, and I lament to have it to write—that the Archbishop of Dublin, as President of a College at Oxford, delivered from the pulpit, and published from the press, a body of well arranged and well digested truths, which were consonant as far as they went, with the principles which ought to be inculcated in that University; but the very next year his Grace accepted the Archiepiscopal mitre in this unfortunate country, and undertook to carry into effect for the Prime Minister of England, a system which the year before, he had himself publicly denounced—and justly and unanswerably denounced, as a compound of Popery and Paganism, at Oxford. The detailed comparison of his Grace's sentiments, and of the Board, are fully before the public, they remain unanswered, and unanswerable, and it is rather hard to impute to us as an ebullition of faction in Ireland, the adherence to those principles, which his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, had published as the principles of the Protestant Church at Oxford. Is it faction, Sir, that we cannot conveniently accommodate the policy of my Lord Grey, by surrendering our religion and our Bibles at his Lordship's behest? Is it faction, Sir, that we cannot profess one set of principles one year, and shift them like a scene in a comedy, to please a Prime Minister, the next? If not, Sir, then I pledge myself on behalf of the Church of Ireland, that when the Archbishop of

Dublin shall reconcile even to the semblance of convertency the principles which he published at Oxford in one year, with those which he undertook to bring into action in the Metropolitan See of Ireland the next, under the policy of Lord Grey, that every Bishop and every Clergyman in Ireland, will unanimously join him in that Board of Education, which till then, on his Grace's own authority, as an opinion, we shall denounce as a compound of Pagan ignorance, and Popish superstition.

It has been bitterly complained of, that persons were excluded from the public meetings, to petition against the Board, who were not friendly to the object for which they were convened. This statement to my certain knowledge is incorrect—the Archbishop of Dublin himself, received a formal notification of the meeting on the subject in Dublin, and his Grace did not choose to avail himself of the privilege afforded him.

It has been also made a subject of bitter lamentation, that "*an agitation is going on in Ireland, which insults the Roman Catholic population by the application of such epithets as 'Idolaters,' 'superstitious believers,' 'mutilators of the Scriptures,' &c.*" Look, Sir, I pray you, to what a lamentable pass the Protestant religion is arrived—but one or two short years ago, the whole body of the British Senate, Archbishops, Bishops, and all the Peers of the realm, called, in the most solemn manner, the God of Heaven to witness the idolatry and superstition of the Popish church; and now an Archbishop of the Protestant religion, whose duty it is to testify against this, and to labour to reform these unhappy people, is represented as gravely complaining to these very Peers, that Ireland is agitated. How?—Because men are found to say, what they every one themselves had sworn!!! As to the Peers—is this a compliment to their conscience, or their understanding?—as to Ireland—alas, poor country! when those who ought to be the pillars of the truth, take part with the ministers of superstition, to complain that truth is spoken, and to mutilate and suppress the Word of Life, which they ought to teach and preach even to the death—what prospect is there of your improvement—what hope can be indulged of your salvation!

But we are called on to sympathize with the sufferings of those who are engaged in the maintenance of this system, and who have to complain of the "*moral assassination of their characters.*" And we are told of the melancholy instance of a Presbyterian minister who was deserted by his congregation, because he approved of the Board of Education. As to this minister, Sir, I grant, he is to be pitied, less, however, for his fate, than for his crime. I rejoice to hear of the fidelity of his congregation—it is time for a congregation to abandon their minister, when he deserts the Word and the authority of his Creator. As to the reproaches that are cast on the Protestant commissioners, it is readily admitted, that for these they are deserving of compassion. If men are reproached for the cause of truth, and in the path of duty, supported by the Word of their God and the testimony of their conscience, it is their privilege, according to that Word, to "*rejoice, and be exceeding glad,*" and therefore, so far from complaining, we see the apostles of our blessed Lord, "*rejoicing that they were worthy to suffer shame for his name,*" and we are called on to sympathize, not their sorrows, but their joys. But when men suffer under the just, indignant rebuke of truth, for destroying the cause of God and of his Word, then, indeed, they are truly to be pitied—no Scripture to support—no hope to cheer—no testimony of conscious integrity, that is ratified by the authority of God, to uphold them, when they have sacrificed the glory of the eternal World to some contemptible expediency, or some criminal policy of this—when they have thrown away

the substance to grasp at the shadow, however fatally injurious the result of their conduct to their fellow creatures, it is universally to be allowed, that they are objects of deep commiseration, as it regards themselves. Pity must not presume to arrest the rod of justice; but justice cannot forbear to mingle her tears with those of pity.

How are the miseries of their condition aggravated, when the calumnies of which they complain, are derived, not from their enemies, but from themselves? Who ever thought of imputing to the Protestant commissioners, that any one of them would actually dare to set forth the Popish principle, that the Bible was not fit to be put into the hands of our children? Who ever thought, however criminal we considered the policy of the Board, that any one of them actually held an opinion of the Bible, in common with the blasphemies and superstitions of Dr. Doyle, Mr. Sheil, and Mr. Maguire? Alas! Sir, how hapless is the condition of the culprit, when the miserable admissions of the defence, outnumber even the counts of the indictment? How hapless is escape from the terrible severity of censure, when the melancholy confession of the truth sets even detraction itself at defiance? With the hope, Sir, that your Magazine shall long afford a pledge of what Oxford and Trinity College ought to maintain, with respect to the Word of God,

I remain,

Your Friend and Servant,

PHILO VERITAS.

LETTERS FROM CANADA.*

Canada! we never meet that word, without feeling a rush of combined sensations to our heart; we scarce know whether pleasurable or otherwise. A flowery scene rises before our eyes, and all the witchery of that noble land comes like a summer gleam across our soul. Yet not unmingled with pain do we experience these feelings, the memory of friends, driven from this once happy land, now settled in peace with their families, but for ever lost to us, comes to our mind, and then we turn to the mighty operations in the state, which have thus exiled so many thousands of our brethren from their English home, and in long and gloomy train uprise our wrongs and sufferings—but we will not continue the picture, we do not intend to be learned in this month, and we have no need to be gloomy or desponding, so drawing a veil over our sketch, let us turn to subjects more immediately connected with our title, and fain are we to say, that he must be a thorough crying philosopher, who can read some of these “Canadian Tours,” &c. without hearty laughter. But the causes of this mirth are by no means the same in all. At one time we take up a volume written by some blockhead of scribbling notoriety, and at his dull vague theories we cannot help laughing, and anon we get some semi-political essay, which, with its crude fantasies, is only prevented from being mischievous by its utter inanity; there we sit, and laughing view the hubbub created by the follies promulgated by the Martineau class, who with a smattering of technical terms, “Corn, currency, capital,” and all the cant of trades’ unions, waste, paper, pens and ink, and their own time—the least valuable of the lot—and come before the public as writers on population and

political economy, Heaven save the mark, each in his turn exclaiming, “Eureka,” as he offers some vamped panacea for all human ills, and as each shrinks to darkness again, they leave us the admiration of naught save their

“Dull dexterity of groping well.”

Enough of these; let us turn to the other fund of laughter, of which the present volume affords no mean specimen. On comparison with other works written on this very popular subject, the reader will find that, although you may laugh with Tiger Dunlop and Mr. Magrath, yet you much more frequently laugh at the writers who, in the words of Hall “take walk and make book.” (But who differed, oh ye gods, from his volumes?) Who can restrain a guffaw when we find descriptions of scenery which had been voted indescribable? But putting all these aside, and leaving them to their probable fate, let us show what may be really profitable or amusing reading for the public. Of the latter class may be ranked such men as Howieson, Stuart, Evans, and many others, who profess little further than giving a book of travels, and who do that well; but with the former class, the *profitable*, we have more immediately to do now, and this is divided into two subdivisions, that comprising information for the majority of emigrants, the poorer ranks of settlers, and that which, as in the work before us, is addressed more directly to the higher grades of persons. Of the former of these, we have abundance, and we have in a former number, treated of such, but of the latter, we had *none*, until this present volume was sent before the public. It was a great deficiency, and has been amply filled up. It had been allowed on all hands

* Authentic Letters from Upper Canada; with an Account of Canadian Field Sports. By T. W. Magrath, Esq. The Etchings by Samuel Lover, Esq. Edited by the Rev. T. Radcliff. Dublin: William Curry, Jun. and Company; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.—1853.

that it was a desideratum, that those of the higher rank about to emigrate, should obtain information. The works published gave ample instructions to those who could live on meal and potatoes, but to the civilized family it was an unbuoyed channel, and they who sailed it were on all sides liable to fraud, accident, and expense; in proportion, therefore, to the want of the information hitherto, should the public appreciate it when offered them.

This volume comes before the public under peculiar circumstances; it is not the work of any one pen: one part of the letters are from a family, settled for some time; the rest from the members of the Editor's family, who sailed from Ireland, and thus we have the circumstantial detail of the voyage and land journeys at the same time that the farming operations of the located family are laid before us. Now although we are spared the dull dry account of a Canadian diary, and are not burdened with "trees cut and girdled, ditto burned," &c., yet we have enough to shew what the *requisite* proceedings actually are. We said that more than one pen had been employed in this work, and to this does it owe much of the very pleasing diversity of style, and we turn from the tender regrets of the lady to the manly hopes of the gentleman, and again to the rich and vivid sporting letters of Mr. Magrath. We have also more than once recognised our old friend Martin Doyle. The first letter contains an account of the expenses incurred in the voyage and the journey through the country to the settlement, the total for which, for *sine* individuals, is only £135; then we have lists of provender, not bad in their way; then the expenses in the *Bush*, as the uncleared forest is called, including stock of all kinds; in short, it appears that this lot of settlers were located, for little more than £400. We shall not offend the ladies' eyes with the list of gentlemen's apparel, but nevertheless, it is very useful for them to know what sort of materials may fall beneath their delicate fingers, which must do all work, from making a fire to sewing a new collar on the Sunday

shirt. Some excellent advice to go out *with* a wife, and not *for* one; they must be scarce commodities there, and a young widow with a parcel of brats,—which here are the plague, but there are the pride of life,—would surely meet encouragement. Some hints on the voyage, as not to put yourself to a month's additional tossing, by engaging a berth in a cheap vessel, with as good sailing qualities as a beef barrel, but to get one of the prime *liners* from Liverpool, where the bill of fare is such as to tempt us to go only for amusement, wines, including claret and champagne, and board and bed for thirty-five pounds. Marvellous!

The second letter is highly useful and interesting, and gives a most graphic account of the raising a log house, which after all is no bad roost. We suppose the settler at York, U. C., and paying a visit to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, to enquire what lands are to be disposed of:

"Being there informed that he can purchase certain lots of wild land in an unsettled part of the country, at from five to ten shillings an acre, he next proceeds to inspect their situation and quality. And with this view he travels in a public conveyance as far as is practicable, say 15 miles, and hires a waggon to carry him from thence to the settlement nearest the land he wishes to inspect, say five miles, and there procures an intelligent person acquainted with the township, lots, &c. to act as his guide, with whom he sets forward for the land on foot; and finding that instead of performing the remaining ten miles, and of reaching it, as he may have expected, in a few hours' walk, he will, perhaps for the first time in his life, be obliged to dispense with the luxury of a good bed, and dispose himself to rest as he best may, upon one composed of the boughs of the hemlock* in the small shanty† of a new settler.

"On getting up next morning, not perfectly refreshed: after drinking his tea without the agreeable accompaniment of cream, or even milk, he proceeds with his guide, who, instructed by the index posts of the surveyor of the township, at length exclaims "this is the lot;"—when, the weary emigrant, seating himself upon a log, and looking round him, ponders

* A tree of the fir kind.

† The first and most contracted habitation a settler forms.

upon the impracticability of bringing his family so far into the bush, and to a lot perhaps badly supplied with water, and covered with pines, (an invariable indication of inferior land,) he decides upon further inspection, and at length fixes on a lot, under more favourable circumstances, upon which to found his future habitation and his home.

"He retraces his steps with altered feelings; his thoughts occupied by pleasing anticipations of the future improvement of his *estate*, and is received at the shanty he had left, with all that hospitality which characterises the new settler, who will share his last loaf with his expected neighbour.

"The emigrant returns to York, concludes the purchase of his land, and hires, or purchases horses and waggon to convey his family and baggage to the farm of another comfortable settler in his vicinity, with whom he has bargained for their accommodation, at a moderate rate, and for a supply of excellent provisions for as many weeks as he shall be employed in the formation of his own residence.

"With this interesting object at heart, he hires as many men as circumstances will permit; a yoke of oxen and a sleigh, which is the only vehicle that should be brought into the woods until a road be regularly formed. The *master* and his men start before the oxen, to prepare what is termed a Bush-road, which is done by felling and drawing aside all trees under five inches diameter, from the line of march, and by cutting a pass through any fallen timber of larger dimensions; thus leaving the great trees standing, round which, the others being cleared away, the oxen and sleigh can ply without difficulty.

"About an hour before nightfall preparation is made for sleeping, and, what is termed a camp, is formed for this purpose, in a summary way, by placing a ridge pole of ten feet upon two forked stides six feet in length, and stuck firmly in the ground. Against this ridge pole are laid, at one side, a set of poles, obliquely; leaving the other side, which forms the front, entirely open, not only to admit the heat of a large fire, which is lighted up before it, but the smoke, also, to banish the musquitos. A thick coat of hemlock boughs, or of bark stripped quickly from the standing trees, and covering the poles, keeps off the rain or dew.

"By this time the oxen have arrived with the bed-clothes, provisions, &c. and then comes on the interesting scene of cooking. The frying-pan ("contrived a double debt to pay") not only supplies

successions of savoury pork, but also of bread or paste cakes, not less enticing from the oily drippings of the meat with which they are fried. After a hard day's work in the Bush, this is no unwelcome supper. Your *epicures* sometimes bring biscuits.

"The oxen are tied to a tree, having hay, or maple branches as their provender, and each of the party having composed himself, with his feet to the blazing fire, sinks into repose, upon the floor of this temporary shelter, strewn thickly with the small boughs or tops of the hemlock tree.

"Breakfast being over by dawn of day, the party move on as before for five miles farther, and having at length arrived at the selected settlement, a substantial camp or wigwam is erected, to accommodate all who are to be engaged in the building of the house.

"The oxen are sent back, to return on a certain day to draw the logs together, and the "Lord of this silent domain," commences active operations; not so very silent, however, as the axe resounds through the wood, and the expert choppers speedily make a sufficient clearance, furnishing, at the same time, the necessary timber for the building. A wise settler will take care not to leave any trees standing close to the site of his intended mansion; a friend of mine Lieut. — who neglected this precaution, having just completed his roof, was sitting under it with the utmost complacency, when a tremendous crash from a falling tree of great dimensions, laid the entire edifice level with the ground; he himself, by a miraculous escape, was taken out uninjured.

"To return to our new settler. Having determined on the plan, and proper scantlings, he has the logs cut accordingly, to the right lengths, and drawn together where the formation of the house is to take place.

"The walls are contrived in the same manner as a schoolboy makes a crib, except that they must be upright; but like that they have corresponding notches, cut out of the ends of the respective logs that their adjoining surfaces may close, with as little space as possible between them, and that the coins or angles may be thus strongly braced.

"The elevation must depend on the room required within; where upper apartments are intended, it must rise accordingly, and proportionably higher in a log house, which is generally finished with a shed, or pent-house roof.

"In the formation of this roof, however simple, much accuracy is to be observed.

"Black ash and bass woods are considered best adapted to this purpose—the stems should be about fourteen inches in diameter, straight, clean, and easily split. Having cut them into lengths, corresponding with the pitch of the roof, they are then to be cleft asunder, and hollowed out by the axe like rude troughs.

"These are ranged in sufficient number from front to rear, in the line of the roof with the hollow side uppermost; and over them are ranged alternately, an equal number, with the round side uppermost; so that the adjoining edges of each two of the upper logs meet in the hollow of that beneath them, whilst the adjoining edges of each two of the lower logs, are covered by the hollow of that which is above them; thus forming a compact roof perfectly water tight, as the hollows of the under logs effectually carry off all rain that may fall through the joints of the upper surface; and the roof continues staunch as long as the timbers remain undecayed.

"This being completed—means must be taken to admit both the *family* and the *light*. The openings for the doors and windows (which are generally procured, ready made, from the nearest settlement) are then formed in the walls by a cross cut saw or an axe.

"The chimney is then built with mud, if stones be scarce. The *stubbing* afterwards takes place, which means, the filling up the vacancies between the logs with slips of wood, mud and moss; the floor is then formed of cleft planks pinned to logs sunk in the ground, and smoothed or rather levelled with an adze, the interior partitions, &c. may be got forward by degrees; but, the oven, which is an essential, must be completed before the arrival of the family.

"Stones or brick must be procured for this, at any inconvenience, for security against fire; but mud will serve as mortar; it is always built outside the house, and stands alone. It is heated with pine, or very dry hard wood split into small pieces, and burnt in the oven to ashes, which being swept out, the bread is baked as in the common brick ovens at home, where dried furze are used to heat them. —Thus, at the expiration of three or four weeks, the preparations are completed.

"Having now brought our settler into his own log house, with all the privation

of former comforts that must of course attend his enterprize; I shall close this settlement in the Bush, with an estimate of the expense he must be supposed to have incurred, from the day he set off from York, to that of his first family dinner under his own roof."

The whole cost of this part of the settling, including purchase of lands &c., being £178.

There has long been a feud amongst writers for information, whether a new settler had better take a farm partially cleared, or at once sit down in the bush. The difference of expense, taking two farms equidistant from York, but one being cleared, with out-houses, &c. and the other wild, is very trifling, being only about thirty pounds less on the latter than on the former; but is this small abatement in the cost, not more than balanced by the having a house ready built, and a road, and such little things, which at home we are apt to overlook in the greater comforts, but which in a new colony are of the first importance? Let us see what Captain Magrath tells us; having mentioned the relative cost, he says—

"This would tempt many to determine in favour of the cleared farm, which appears to be the most economical.

The comparison, however, is also to extend to *circumstances* as well as to cost.

Those of the *Bush* which are favourable, are these—

Cheaper land—a choice of district—a clear title—and the power of forming a neighbourhood of select friends.

Those of the *cleared land* which are favourable, are these:—

The immediate accommodation of houses and offices.

The prepared state of the cleared portion for the reception of different crops.

The presumed facility of intercourse with mill and market, with readier access to the physician, and place of worship.

The *unfavourable* circumstances of the *Bush* are these—

Difficulty of access—the various privations to be encountered in the solitude of the wilderness—the possible want of society—the absolute want of roads—the great difficulty of intercourse with mill, market, physician, or clergyman.

The *unfavourable* circumstances of the *cleared land* are these:—

A dangerous title—liability to the debts of a predecessor—an undesirable

neighbourhood, fully settled, to the exclusion of relatives and friends."

Indeed amongst the latter evils of a clear farm, we might add, the chance of the land being exhausted by frequent and merciless cropping, so as to leave to the newcomer the pleasant occupation of reclaiming his devastated purchase. For our parts we would take the chance of the *Bush*, and so we see have done the family, whose adventures form so very pleasant a part of this volume, and we find no serious complaints beyond the inevitable inconveniences of a new country; in short, they are settlers, and do not repent it.

Letter third, we turn from the letters of persons already settled, to those written by the family of the editor.—More excellent advice to all voyagers, and among the rest, the use of a filtering machine, which will be invaluable, when the water becomes rancid and abominable, we wonder this had never been thought of before; then accounts of the Newfoundland fishing, and a huge Halibut who very good naturedly brought crab sauce in his pouch. We have heard of aldermen who, on a dinner invitation, brought their own condiments; but this Halibut beats them hollow—such an instance of kind consideration has not been found since Mrs. Bond's "ducks in the pond," who came regularly to be killed. Letter four, contains much agricultural and mechanical information, the method of building frame houses, which are quite different things from shanties or log-houses; being much on the plan of Longwood House, built in London for the use of Napoleon in St. Helena.—The writer mentions also, the plagues of pigeons, and the reader need not stare at the word "*flocks*" miles in length, for we have it on the authority of Wilson and Audubon, the great American Ornithologists, that a flock, we think in Ohio, continued flying over their heads for more than two hours, at the rate of a *mile a minute*! and the column was many yards in thickness, and some furlongs in width, and contained million of millions of pigeons. There is also a curious part concerning the growth of wheat, which we shall extract for the consideration of naturalists. We should like to see an explanation of it from some able hand.

"By the way, I must ask you to account for a curious circumstance which results from sowing wheat on a swamp, or wherever wet lodges.

"The purest seed wheat that can be procured in such soil, becomes a kind of grain, called *chesse*. Some dry land of ours produces fine *wheat*; but where there is a tendency to swamp, the *chesse* grows, and in one spot with us, there was last year half an acre of it with very little wheat among it. Some farmers maintain, that it does not proceed from wheat, but from a dormant seed; others, of whom my father is one, are of opinion, that the wheat degenerates from the constant moisture, and becomes what we term *chesse*; and, what tends to confirm this very natural hypothesis is, that *chesse* did not grow in any part of the field where wheat is not sown, and the adjoining patches which were purposely left unsown, produced only rank grass and weeds.

"This *chesse* looks exactly like wheat, whilst growing, but when beginning to shoot or spindle, the head opens."

Perhaps some reader for amusement will say, "Oh! what the deuce do we care for log-houses or shantys." Yet before you condemn the book, turn over the pages, and read some of the sporting anecdotes; if they are not amusing, then are we asses. Nor must the fair sex be neglected; we must really introduce Miss Biddy Lacy to our readers; her letters are decidedly the best of the sort we have ever seen; then occasionally an anecdote well brought in and admirably told, will be found—for instance just as an example, read this and laugh:

"A whimsical occurrence (for the truth of which, however, I do not absolutely vouch) is said to have taken place shortly before our arrival here: a writ against a debtor fairly liable to the law of arrest, was put into the hands of one of our sheriffs, a fat and unwieldy person, to whom the debtor was pointed out, and finding himself hard pressed by the sheriff (who was well mounted,) made off for a morass, into which he dashed, laughing heartily at his pursuer.

"Now, the puzzle to the sheriff was, how to make a proper return on the writ; he could not return '*non est inventus*,' for he had found his prey; he could not return '*copi*' as he had not succeeded in

the capture. So, after much deliberation, he made out the return "*non est comeatus in swampo.*"

But as we have become sponsors for the excellent part in store for you, gentle reader, and as we see you bursting with impatience, we will submit Miss Lacy to our extracting process and give you the proceeds: we shall only say this much, that there is *more than one* of these rich morceaux.

"From Bridget Lacy, to Mary Thompson,
"Ireland.

"York, Upper Canada, Aug. 1832.

"Dear fellow-servant and school-fellow,

"For we were educated together, and printiced out together; and my blessing on the Committee of fifteen, and my blessing on them that taught us to read, and write, and spell, that you may know all about me, and I about you, though there are rivers, and seas, and woods, and lakes between us; and my blessing on the mistress that taught us to work, and wash, and make ourselves useful; so that while health stands by us, we may earn honest bread in any country. And sure enough, dear Mary, you shall hear all the good and bad that happens me, and I hope to have the same from you.

"And now that I am on land, it is only good-natured that I should give you some account of my doings since I set out.

"If I had you with me, I would have been easier in my mind; but still my mistress was very good, and I got on bearably, barring the shocking sickness, such as no one in the cholic, or the breeding way, or the bilious fever, or after hippo, or after squills, ever felt before or since.

"If you were only to have seen how smooth we floated down the river, and out of the bay, and away to Wicklow, where I was born, at the back of the Murrough, near Tinnakilly, you would have said, away you go, eating, and drinking, and laughing, and cracking jokes; but, my jewel, before the second day was over, we were all knocked of a heap; and then if you were to hear all around you as I did, groaning, and raching, and willy wombling, and calling for water, and nobody to bring them a sup, and wishing themselves at the bottom of the sea; in troth, Mary, you would have pitied a dog in the same taking. The hold was full of people, mighty snug and decent, with money in their pockets,

going out to make their fortunes; and most of them Protestants, that found home growing too hot for them; and that they had better save their four bones, and their little earnings before it was too late, and sure enough, I believe they're right. There are mighty good people among them, and mighty pretty girls, that when they arn't sick, sing psalms in the evening very beautiful; and there's one Jenny Ferguson, from the north, that I am very thick with, and she has a voice like an angel. In troth there are none of them bad, and its mighty sweet upon the sea.

"Well, my dear, when the singing is over, they're all very merry; and there are some gay lads, and great fun, and a little courting, but all in a civil way; and I sometimes make one; and between you and I, Mary, but don't say a word at all at all, I think there's a servant-boy of a Mr. Jackson's, one Benson, that's throwing a sheep's eye at me, but nothing *certain*, barring a sly pinch here and there, and other tinder tokens that may end in smoke after all.

"They say a girl will soon get a husband in this country. Some will, and some will not. I'd be sorry to be trusting to them.

"The boy I have told you of, may be settled near us, and if he is as sweet upon me then, as he is now, he may put some of their noses out of joint. To say honest truth, I would not like to be beholden to them; though they say they're civil enough in Canada, not all as one as the states, where they have the impudence of Old Nick, in making free with their betters.

"You would not believe, dear Mary, the forwardness of them Yankees.

"Sure, I heard a gentleman, after coming from Philadelfy, in the United States, telling my mistress of their going some journey there in a cart, and the horses tiring and stopping to sleep at a farmer's, and when he had got into bed and was falling asleep, was roused by one over him, saying, 'I guess I tumble in here,' when the greasy carter that drove him, stretched his ugly carcass along-side him, and began to snore in three minutes. Now think of that, Mary. If it was my case, not a pin in my pincushion but he should have the full binifit of, the impudent mohawk.

"That's liberty and quality as they call it—a nice bed-fellow indeed!—instead of his own pretty wife, who was put to sleep with the young woman of

the house, to make room for this scurvy Gee-ho-dobbin.

"The only accident we had on the voyage was an old woman that died, and a child born in the hold, and a little girl choked with a potatoe, and two doctors on board—but no blame to them—they weren't called till all was over—and the Captain, long life to him, put the old woman decent in a coffin, saying that the sharks should have a mouthful of sawdust before they got at her old bones.

"Oh! but I had like to forget the chief sport. Sure we had a boxing match, Mary, which I must tell you of by and by. But what banged all was the storm. That was what was near settling us for life. Oh! Mary, Mary, it was tremendous—but I can only tell you the beginning of it.

"Now, Mary, dear, how will I describe it to you?

"Do you remember when we were little girls in the school, and the carpenters working in the yard, and a great long board, and we and the other girls playing weighdy bucketdy, and we going up in the air and down again to the ground. Well, then, there's the way it began, but in troth, my dear, it was only a beginning, for before you could thread a needle up went my heels as straight as a ladder, and then down again, that though I was lying on the broad of my back, I thought I was standing on my two feet in the bottom of the sea.

"Then came on the whillaloo from above, and the cracking of masts and ropes, and dear knows what, and off I dropped in a swoon, I suppose, for I never saw or heard any thing more till all the danger was over.

"I just remember calling out oh! my jewel, take the child—and when first I opened my eyes, what should I see, but my little darling, Miss Mary, tied in her own mahogany chair, and that same tied to the bed, and the little dear laughing heartily; and no wonder, Mary, for you'd have laughed yourself, as I did, and couldn't help it, when, with a tocs of the ship, we saw every thing, big and little, mugs, jugs, and porringers, &c. all hunting each other about the floor.

"But I promised to tell you about the boxing. Well, my dear, the next day was quite calm, and we all got up on the deck. I went forward to talk to my friend Jenny Ferguson, and there were five or six fellows beside us, tripping and boxing with big gloves; and we heard one of them saying to another, 'arrah,

Brien, what if you were to challenge the big man there above on the quarter-deck (meaning my master,) they say he's fond of the fancy.'

"'Oh! bother,' says he, 'he's too heavy for me.'

"'Never a pound,' says the other; 'and he's flabby and wake—they say he was sick all the way.'

"'Sick or no sick, I'll have nothing to do wid him,' says he.

"'You won't then?—O! Brien, is that talk for you that's the borry of all Westmeath? There's the back of my hand to you, and I'm ashamed of you for evermore.'

"'Well then, if I must, I must,' says he, so be going, and asking him will he take a turn.

"Up they go, and I following them close; and says the same man to my master, 'please your honour, we hear you're fond of the sport, and there's a boy here has got the gloves. Would your honour be so free and asy as to put them on wid him?'

"'I don't care if I do,' says my master, 'but I am not very well, and I feel weak; but a little sparring will do nobody any harm.'

"Upon this they took off them, and put on the gloves.

Oh! Mary dear, isn't my master a fine man? Sure you saw him the day we sailed.

"Well, my dear, there he stood like a rock, parrying, as they call it; while the other was striking with all his might, but never a touch was himself able to give my master, at all at all—and the upshot was, he was beat to his heart's content.

"But to give him his due, he shook hands with the master, and said, 'he begged his honour's pardon for giving him the trouble of bating him, which he well desarved, for coming forment so fine, a man entirely; and the only satisfaction he had was, that it was the first time he was ever bate in all his life. The master gave him half a crown and a glass of whiskey, and they were mighty good friends ever after.

"Well, well, well, I believe this letter will never end; so that I'll say nothing about the journey from Quebec to York, only that it was mighty pretty; and, beautiful steam boats, and rumbling coaches, and bad inns, and fine rivers, and plenty of trees; and here we are at York, and here we have been for a month, living as bad as in a cholera hospital, for the whole town was nothing else; and

every day, we never thought we would get over the next night safe. But we could not run away, for my mistress was brought to bed of a little girl, as fine a little creature as ever you see. But we are all well now; and when my master comes back from the waterfall of Niggarage, (they say they were all Niggers here once,) we are to set out for the estate he has bought in the Huron Tract; and whatever comes across me there, Mary, you shall know the particulars of it, as it may be a temptation for you to come out yourself next year, with your own black eyes, to throw yourself in the way of the same good fortune. They say no girl, barring she is old and ugly, will stand two months.

"My Mistress says an officer will take this free, with her own.

"So dear Mary no more, and I'm sure no more would be agreeable, at present, from your loving school-fellow,

"And friend,

"BRIDGET LACY."

To all gentlemen settlers we recommend highly their bringing out a good rifle, a Rigby or Egg, and if they knew how to prime and load, they cannot fail of filling the larder with fat turkeys and fatter venison; if they are bad shots, such as "fire at a church and miss the parish," they will fare no better than Mr. Magrath's man, who fired at a flock of these black waddlers, and "boasted that he knocked out as many feathers as would make a good sized pillow," but the larder was none the better, nor the turkeys the worse of this sharp-shooting. Be you good or bad shot, bring out the rifle, for if you cannot shoot, somebody else may be found to take your place. It is quite a mistake to think, that the bush is the best shooting ground, we find the cleared land is recommended—and surely the woods must be an awkward place to take a shot—one might as well shoot in a stake salmon-net, with as many poles as meshes around him.

A letter on the state of religion in Upper Canada:—The information on this subject in England, is ridiculous, it is more properly *ignorance*; we have seen very good old ladies bless themselves that they were not placed in such a heathenish country. If they will not read they must be ignorant, and to be ignorant when such in-

formation is offered, is folly or prejudice—generally the latter. We find a demand for Church of England divines, not temporising men, but those who will put their shoulders to the work—if drones are sent out, the church will, to a surety, fall in public estimation; Methodism is gaining ground, but still there is a protesting religion, and while there is *such* we feel less the want of the true Reformed Church; so long as the settlers are kept clear of papistry and infidelity, so long will the seeds of protestantism be kept alive; and we are free to confess, that we honour the Methodist Missionaries for their zealous and effective labours—we look on them as guardians of that faith, which we hope to see promulgated in their congregations by the authentic ministers of the Protestant Church. At the same time it must be allowed, that there is a frightful degree of free thinking, "thousands never see the face of a clergyman," and the consequence is, neglect of the moral and religious duties of life; as an instance of such let us adduce the following—

"Some persons have been disposed to go away unmarried, from the man's refusing to say, 'with my body I thee worship'—One, contending that worship was due to God alone, was induced to comply with the Rubrick, only by the positive refusal of the clergyman to proceed with the ceremony, unless the form were acquiesced in.

"A woman from the STATES, in the true spirit of *independence*, left a church in this province, unmarried, from her refusal to say 'obey.' She had previously determined never to give the solemn promise required, and preferred living with her intended spouse, unshackled by the yoke of matrimony.

"She now has three children, and lives happily with her mate.

"You remember the old song—

"A maid there was who did declare,
That if she ever married were;
No power on earth should make her say,
Amongst the rites, the word *Obe* :

When this she at the church confest,
And when she saw the angry priest
Shut up his book to go away,
She curtsying cried, *Obe*—*Obe*!!"

"The first verse critically applies in the present instance; but, it is to be regretted, that the dame in question did not permit the second one to be equally in point."

The clergy will find much in this chapter to interest them; a fair view of their probable success, and their certain income is here given.

Our sporting captain pays a visit to a tribe of Indians near him, and a pleasant time he seems to have spent. Here again the advantage of a good gun is held forth; it is as good an introduction to a Huron or Michigan, as a letter of credit to a merchant on change. These Indians dance quadrilles, and in the estimation of Mr. M. they excel many of the crack pupils of the fashionable teachers. The chief of one tribe sat in the assembly as member of his county; and we would wager a sum of money, that he behaved more decorously than the tag-rag and bob-tail thing, mis-named the "collective wisdom" of this country. We cannot refrain from an extract of an adventure with these

"*Stories of the wood, the men without a tear.*"

"After a residence of six weeks with my Red Brothers, I prepared to return homeward, and felt much regret at parting from them, so marked was their kindness to me, and so goodnatured their attention. When I fixed the day, every one had something to give; and had I accepted half what they presented, two canoes would have been insufficient to carry away the provisions. I embarked at five in the morning; when three miles distant from shore, the sudden swell of the lake, and black appearance of the sky foreboding storm, I directed the men at the paddles to turn back, and before we had got within a mile of shore, the waves (as is often the case in those lakes) running mountain high, we made every possible exertion, but very little way.

"The wind was right ahead, and freighted with six persons—but she rode it like a duck; we at length reached the land, nearly exhausted, and I was welcomed back with as much cordiality as if my absence had been for weeks instead of hours. Had we not returned we must have been inevitably lost; in a short time, however, I was safely lodged again in my old quarters.

"About dusk a canoe, with two Squaws on board, was observed struggling to make the shore. On inquiry, I found they belonged to our camp, had been about a mile along the coast, for some fish which had been left behind, and were blown out as they were rounding a head land close to us. We could observe them throwing out the fish, and the group on

shore had hopes of their arriving in safety; none, however, attempted to go to their assistance, knowing that, in such a gale, both canoes would be endangered, as, by a sudden collision they would be upset or staved to pieces; they, nevertheless, looked on with deep anxiety, when, as the little vessel rose on the summit of a wave, the foremost paddle snapt close to the hand of the Squaw that plied it, and disappeared. She lay down in the canoe, and her comrade could do no more than prevent it from turning. In a moment a canoe was launched, by two men, one of them the husband of her who still worked that which was in distress; they were making some progress to her relief, when it became so dark that we lost sight of both. The shouts of the two men to discover where the canoe lay were feebly answered by the unhappy women, and then all was still.

"I had a fire lighted on the beach, as a beacon to direct them, in the excessive darkness of the night.—The group around it formed the finest subject for a painter that can be imagined. There we stood, about eighty in number, gazing at the flame, blown by the wind in all directions, the light thrown strongly, but fitfully, on the features and figures of the Indians, but not a word was spoken—at length the grating sound of paddles reached our ears; the light of the immense fire flashed on the approaching canoe and the persons it contained—the two enterprising men accompanied by *one female*!—Poor Segenauck,—the wife of an attached husband, who hoped and tried to save her, was no more!

"They landed—not a question was asked—all retired to their wigwams in solemn silence. In a few minutes I was alone.

"The manly and dignified manner in which this melancholy occurrence was received—the solemn, but silent, tribute of regret paid by all to the memory of one of their tribe, thus suddenly called away, gave me a still more favourable impression of my Indian companions, and sent me to bed, with the storm in my ears, and its fatal result occupying my waking and sleeping thoughts till morning. I learned, then, from Segenauck's husband, that as soon as the canoes came near each other, the Squaw at the head, taking hold of the gunwale of that in which he was, cautiously stepped in, forgetting, in the hurry and danger of the moment, to keep hold of that she had left, which, losing the weight in front, rose at once out of the water, was blown round, and upset

THE RACON HUNT.



Engraved by Samuel Lover Esq. R.S.A.

"all striking at him together intercept each others implements of war"

Public Lib. and of N. York. Dec. 1. 1875

without a possibility, on his part, of saving his unfortunate helpmate."

We have next another letter from Miss Biddy Lacy, who we shall say nothing of, as it would really deprive the reader of a pleasure, did we presume to recommend it—the excellence will be found at the first glance. Then come right excellent letters on sporting, deer-shooting, bear-shooting, racoon killing, partridge and woodcock slaying *cum multis aliis*, "too numerous here to be mentioned." We are fairly at a loss which to take—at random we select the "hunting the racoon."

"HUNTING THE RACCOON."

"This is a kind of sport which does not admit of much variety.

"In the moonlight nights the Racoons collect in numbers in the cultivated fields, to regale upon the Indian corn, and are there to be attacked with caution, as they retire at the slightest noise; which makes it particularly necessary to keep all quiet about the house and farm yard, for an hour or two after nightfall; at which time, having a dog well trained for the purpose, you sally forth. The dog may be "half lurcher and half cur," or of any description that has a tolerable nose and an audible voice.

"The moment he comes upon the scent he gives tongue, and the Racoons immediately fly to the adjoining trees. He runs the first to the tree (in which he has taken shelter, and remains barking at its root. You come up, and from the indication of the dog, as well as from the assistance of the moon, you have no difficulty in finding your game, or in killing it.

"When you have shot the first, lay the dog on again; the same result may be expected; and so in continuation, till, by the cessation of the barking, you are apprized that no other Racoons remain.

"Occasionally, however, a more animated scene takes place, by day light, when one of those animals may happen to exhibit himself in a tree beside the house.

"This is the only hunting of wild animals, in which the fair sex partake; but on this occasion the entire family turn out, men, women, children, domestics, dogs, &c.

"If there be a gun in question the sport is soon over; if not, the tree must be cut down. Pending the operation, all eyes are fixed on Cooney, sitting aloft

with perfect composure, and looking down with ineffable contempt upon the gaping enemy; and with some justice!—for how could he imagine, that with the purpose of destroying a peaceable and harmless animal like himself, a domestic host should be arrayed against him. He gives no credit to it, till the creaking tree, yielding to the axe, begins to give way, when running rapidly down the stem, and bolting up that of an adjoining tree, he makes a second effort at security.

"In the confusion upon his first descent, he frequently escapes; all striking at him together, intercepts each other's implements of war. Cunning and nimble as a fox, he avoids them all; but should he cling to the falling tree, he comes to the ground, bruised and stunned, an easy victim to the beetle, potstick, fleshfork, or poker of the amazonian cook maid, who carries him off in triumph to the kitchen, encouraged by her success, to hope for a few more to line her Sunday cloak with their comfortable skins."

There now look at Lover's Sketch, why he must have been himself present else could he not draw such attitude. The family were all at dinner, we suppose, when in runs a yelping brat — 'the racoon's in the corn!' when upstart the whole posse comitatus of the farm; Jack with an axe to fell the tree, if the brute shall 'tree to;' Peter fresh from the barn, leaves his hot work, and flail in hand, runs to see the fun; Molly with a ladle, and her sister, or fellow-prentice (perhaps Miss Lacy herself,) with the kitchen tongs, vow vengeance against the intruder; old Towser jumps at the varmin, and yells, and blows, and cries, and oaths, resound—crack goes the tree, hop, skip, and a jump, and away goes the racoon minus a tail, and away go the yelling crowd heedless of stumps, till Peter, as he draws a back-handed smite, falls head over heels, Molly with uplifted legs over him, and Miss Lacy and Jack crown the pile, and so end the racoon hunt. Snipe! duck! feal! "what fun." Such shooting and eating salmon, trout, white fish!—such fishing and drinking—we scarce know what to give the public when all is good. Let us see what the chapter on fishing may give us; aye, spearing salmon, not unknown to us in days gone bye, but most novel to the fly and line fishers, who cheer at a gudgeon and yell at a trout; read ye ignoramusus,

and if ye can find a stream with a fish in it, go and try the following method—

“The method, however, which is usually preferred is *night-fishing*, which is effected thus: two sportsmen take their stations in a light skiff, one at the bow, with spear in hand, the other at the stern. The spear is three pronged, the handle twelve feet in length, of the best white ash; the thickness, that which is *well known*, and better handled in every fair in Ireland, under the title of a *shillelagh*.

“In the bow also is secured a pole of stronger dimensions, about four feet in length, to the top of which is appended, by means of a socket, an iron jack, or grate, moveable on pivots, so as to balance and right itself, when the boat moves roughly through the rapids, and to prevent the fire or light wood, which it is to contain, from being thrown out. This jack or grate is circular, about one foot in depth, and fourteen inches in diameter. It is supplied from time to time with pitch pine, cut into lengths of eight inches, about inch and half in thickness—a large heap of these is piled in the centre of the skiff, from which magazines the light-jack is replenished, so as to keep up a bright and continued flame, which blazing upwards from two to three feet, exhibits clearly to your view the fish even to the depth of ten feet, or fairly across the river where it happens to run shallow. The spear-men takes his stand behind the Jack. If in deep water, he, at the stern, plies the paddle, if in shallow, a light spear; by means of which he prevents the skiff from bolting too suddenly down the rapids, and often strikes a fish the bow-man may have missed. Thus appointed, you go as quietly as possible down the stream, and on seeing a fish, you must not be in too great a hurry to strike, unless in a shallow and rapid part of the river. If in deep water, the blazing Jack throws down its light upon a fish, let your eye not swerve from the object, nor your spear deviate from its poise, till you strike; and when you do, observe that you throw yourself back to preserve your balance, or an upset, and a cool dip will be the penalty of your incaution.

“In aiming at the fish, strike nearer to you, than he appears, and nearer still, in proportion to the depth of the water.

“In this respect, the young sportsman will meet frequent disappointment, as nothing but experience will enable him to calculate the power of refraction, so as to reconcile the real and apparent distance.

“You should always aim at the shoulder, and if you strike successfully, bring in

the fish with as much expedition as possible, lest it should twist itself off the spear—when you have it fairly in the skiff, you loose your spear from the fish, by striking it against the seat. Should the salmon however, at which you have struck, escape and turn down the stream, keep steadily on, and when he wheels to pass you, wheel also rapidly, by putting out your spear at one side to assist the steersman, then push up the stream to get above the fish, which will generally rest some time after making, what is termed, *the dart pass*, and you will be sure to find him in the first sudden deepening of the river. The slightest wound he may have received will appear quite white in the water, and should he be out of distance, you must endeavour to strike, by throwing your spear, for which purpose, you must grasp it at the middle with your left hand, and at the top with your right, and fling it at the remote object with such aim and dexterity as you can command—many are expert at this, but he that is not, had better avoid the experiment; as the effort will probably be unsuccessful, and it will require the greatest possible steadiness to keep his feet when the spear has quit his hand. Shortly after our arrival here, my brother and I speared one hundred and twenty salmon of a night; but they are now becoming less numerous, in consequence of the number of saw-mills erected, the profusion of sawdust on the water, (always annoying to the fish) and, the multitudes of oak staves annually floated down the river.

By the hardy sportsman, night-fishing is always preferred, but is a source of misery to the *Dandy*, who is afraid of wetting his feet. For this description of animal, I have so little respect or pity, that I have often undergone a wetting by upsetting the canoe, to enjoy the *terrors of the would-be sportsman*—one need not however, often volunteer, these occasional ablutions. They will occur of themselves, and, when you least expect them. As my brother Charles is generally my companion in all sports upon land, so, my brother James, is upon the water—not having the same relish for the fatigue of Deer shooting as for the saddle of a *Prime Buck*, to which no man can pay his respects in greater style, or better understands the due and relative proportions of the currant jelly and wine sauce; and woe betide the cook, if there be any omission on her part, of preparing, cording, pasting and basting, when he invades her premises on a visit of inspection.

“For our third or fourth attempt at

night fishing, we prepared by pulling our skiff a couple of miles up the river by day light, and when night came on, to use the sporting phrase, we *lighted up*, and falling down the stream with excellent amusement, had taken about thirty Salmon, when being driven at a spanking rate by a smart current, we discovered, (but alas! too late) that a tree had fallen across the river against which the staff of the light-jack having struck, the skiff wheeled broadside to the stream, and the gunwale coming in contact with one of the branches, the capsize was as sudden as disastrous—every article on board, our dear selves—the numerous Salmon—magazine of Firewood—axe rifle—brandy bottle—Light jack—all—in a moment committed to the deep!!—Most fortunately, however, we were not past our depth, but pretty nearly so. Floundering about in our blanket coats for some time, and having at last gained the bank, our first look out was for the skiff; having hauled her on shore, and, with much groping, recovered one of the spears, our next exertion was to kindle a fire, the night being too dark from the over hanging trees, to venture forward without a light. In our dripping state this was a project of very dubious result; but having luckily between us, a flint and steel, at the sore expense of our knuckles in the dark, we at length succeeded in setting fire to an old tree, and forming a torch with some birch-bark, we resolved on walking home, and returning in the morning for the recovery of our apparatus.

“Here, however, the idea of being laughed at, shook our resolution; were we uninjured in our persons, and unentitled to any serious sympathy, to come back like drowning Rats, to the family fireside, divested too, of the produce of our night’s labour; how truly ludicrous would be the exhibition? No; it would never do—we could not stand the jibes and jeers, even of the home party.

Resolved, therefore—

“That, the skiff be forthwith launched once more.

“That, the fishing light be renewed, and

“That the recovered spear be put in immediate requisition to raise and fish up our sundry property, from the place of its immersion.”

“Acting upon the spirit and principle of the foregoing resolutions; by means of the skiff and spear, we brought up all the solid articles, except the brandy bottle, which, rolling off the prongs at every effort to raise it to the skiff; my brother, grievously disappointed and suffering from the cold, determined on a desperate and

final effort, and wading in, to his shoulders, upon touching, with his foot, the object of his solicitude, immediately dived and brought it safe to—the skiff?—no—the land?—no—his mouth? yes; but not till he had removed both that, and the mouth of the bottle into shallower water, and beyond the risk of admixture with that deteriorating element. He embraced his regained companion with prolonged ardor, but had the charity to interrupt his draft by leaving me a comfortable potation, to which I paid my respects with great complacency. With renewed vigor, we plied the axe—prepared the firewood—re-lighted the jack—and bound for home, picked up at every eddy, one or more of our lost salmon; bringing back, in triumph, after all, twenty-seven choice fish, being within three of the original number taken.

We must now stop, not for want of matter, for we have left untouched deer-hunting and bear-shooting, both really admirable, but because we have no more room; yet we must not leave unnoticed the embellishments from the burin of our very talented countryman Mr. Lover, to whose pen also our readers are so much indebted, for the originality and humour, with which he favours them; the etchings before us are first rate; of the racoon hunt we have spoken; of the “bear at breakfast,” we could speak for ever, and the “night fishing”—the face of the half-drowned man gulping down the brandy, is worth any money; in a word, they are worthy of the designer. Of this book, we shall sum up our opinion very briefly: it is indispensable to the wealthy emigrant, as a book of reference, and of estimates, or rather real bills of costs, not to be found elsewhere. It is useful to the poor man, as it contains many valuable hints on the conducting of the farm and household affairs. To the general reason, we need say little, after the extracts we have given. If there be a better work on the subject, it is the volume of Dr. Dunlop; but that work wants the air of certainty and reality which appears in every page of this book. We are inclined to place this as the best manual on emigration, as suited to the better classes, that has ever met our eyes. The gentleman, the poor man, the lay, or the clergy, the sportsman, or the fisherman, will find each his own taste. We anticipate a most successful sale.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.

The following is the King's Letter, empowering the Board of our University to make certain alterations in the Statutes, relative to the number of terms necessary to be kept during the year, the times of performing divine service, the examination for fellowship, and the annual visitation; we understand that it will not come into operation until next year.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, and so forth.—To all unto whom these presents shall come,

GREETING.

Whereas, We are informed that the Government of our College, of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin, is entrusted to the Provost and seven Senior Fellows, to be by them conducted according to certain Statutes, ordained and given by His Majesty, King Charles I., which Statutes have been, in many particulars, enlarged, repealed, or otherwise changed and modified by subsequent Statutes and Letters patent, directed to our said College by our Royal Predecessors.

And whereas, it appears that several of the said Statutes and Royal Letters Patent now in force, contain certain Rules and Regulations which have become unsuited to the present condition of the College, wherein the number of Students has latterly much increased, and the branches of Study are much farther pursued than formerly. And that to meet the exigencies of its present state and condition, it will be proper to make certain changes, whereby the Terms allotted for the business of Instruction shall be better set out and defined, and the Time of the Students better economized. And whereas it will be necessary to release

the Governing Members of our said College, from certain restrictive Statutes, or Clauses in the present Statutes, in order that they may be enabled to make such arrangements as are deemed requisite for the improvement of our said College and University:

Know ye, therefore, that We, of our special Grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, by and with the advice and consent of our Right Trusty and entirely beloved Cousin and Counsellor, Henry William Marquess of Anglesey, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, our Lieutenant General, and Governor of Ireland, and according to the tenor of our letter, under our Privy Signet and Royal Sign Manual, bearing date at our Court at St. James's, the 23d day of January, 1833, in the third year of our Reign, and now enrolled in the Rolls of our High Court of Chancery in Ireland, have ordained, constituted, and appointed, and by these Presents, for Us, our Heirs, and Successors, do ordain, constitute, and appoint the following Statute, to be a Statute of and for our said College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity of Queen Elizabeth, near Dublin.

CONCERNING CERTAIN AMENDMENTS
IN THE STATUTES.

Inasmuch as in the 4th Chap. of the Statutes, it is ordained as follows:—"Quod si contigerit unum vel plures e Sociis Senioribus a Collegio peregrè abesse, cum res ejusdem Collegii Sociorum conventum postulare Prepositus judicaverit, numerus septenarius e Sociis Junioribus, secundum senioritatem assumptis, pro illâ vice completor." And, inasmuch as by the aforesaid clause, no provision is made for inability occasioned by sickness, and as the Provost and Senior Fellows are thereby prevented, in case of the absence of a Senior Fellow, from calling to their assistance, at an Examination for Fellowships, the Professors of Natural Philosophy and of Mathematics, should the same, although Junior Fellows, not be next in Seniority; We deeming that such restriction is exceedingly detrimental

to the Interests of Learning in our said College and University, and that the same would be better served and promoted, by leaving the Provost and Senior Fellows at liberty, on the occasion of an Examination and Election for Fellowships, to supply the place of a Senior Fellow, during his absence or sickness, by taking to their assistance, the Professors of Natural Philosophy and of Mathematics, the same being Junior Fellows, although not the next in order of Seniority, to examine, each in his own department; We do hereby ordain, that the aforesaid clause shall be repealed and revoked; and that the same is hereby repealed and revoked, and that instead thereof, the following words be inserted, and that the same shall henceforward be regarded as part of the same Statute, as much as if in the place of the clause hereby repealed, they had been originally inserted: "Quod si contigerit unum vel plures e Sociis Senioribus a Collegio peregrè abesse, vel minus valere, cum res ejusdem Collegii Sociorum conventum postulare Præpositus judicaverit, numerus septenarius e Sociis Junioribus pro illâ vice completor. Et hanc assumptionem fieri volumus semper secundum senioritatem, nisi ad electionem Socii aut Sociorum et questiones examinationesque Candidatorum Sociorum; in quo casu, licebit Præposito et Sociis Senioribus, Professores Philosophiæ Naturalis et Matheseos, modo sint Socii, etiam extra ordinem Senioritatis ad hoc munus examinandi et eligendi assumere, utrumque; in hac examinatione, ad partes quæ professionis suæ sunt propriæ sustinendæ, et non aliter."

And whereas, in the 17th Chap. "De Terminis observandis, et de Examinando Scholarium in Disciplina progressu," it is ordained as follows: "Termini in quibus publicè a Studentibus exercitia præstari volumus, pro quatuor anni partibus, quatuor sunt. Terminus Hilarii sive Purificationis Beatæ Mariæ, initium sumat die Lunæ post Epiphaniam, exitum verò die Sabbati Dominicæ palmarum præcedente. Terminus Paschæ inchoetur die Lunæ post Dominicam in Albis, desinat verò in Vigila Pentecostes. Terminus Trinitatis incipiat die Lunæ post Dominicam Trinitatis, et finiatur Julii octavo." "Deniq. Terminus Sancti Michaelis incipit Octobris primo, et finiatur Decembris decimo sexto. Quoniam verò frequenti Examinatione efficitur ut Discentium studia et progressionem in bonarum artium disciplinis majorem in modum promoveantur, volumus ut quater quotannis nempe in cujusque; Terminis principio, singulorum

classium discipuli publicè in Aula congregati, examinentur, quomodo profecerint in earum artium cognitione quibus studuerint, aut studere debuerint." And whereas, by this appointment, the portion of the year allotted for instruction, is found to be too short in relation to that usually employed in examination; and in particular, that the Trinity term is so very short, as (after deducting the time so employed) to afford no opportunity for any effective Course of Lectures; and as it seems to be altogether unreasonable, that at the beginning of the following or Michaelmas Term, the Students should be examined without the benefit of previous instruction in the subject of that examination: And whereas, for these and other reasons, We believe that it would be far more conducive to the improvement of the Students, if instead of four Terms thus set out, and four intervening Vacations, the year should be divided into three Terms, fixed, and of sufficient duration, with three intervening Vacations; Our will and pleasure is, that the portion of the said Statute recited above shall be repealed: And We do hereby ordain that the same is repealed; and that instead thereof, the following clause shall be substituted, and that the same shall be regarded as part of the aforesaid Statute, as much as if in place of the passage hereby repealed, the same had been originally inserted. "Termini in quibus publicè a Studentibus exercitia præstari volumus tres sunt. Terminus Hilarii incipiat die decimo Januarii, et desinat die Annunciationis Beatæ Virginis. Terminus Trinitatis initium sumat die decimo quinto Aprilis, exitum verò tricesimo Junii. Quandocumque; autem contigerit ut Dominica Paschæ intra limites alterutrius ex hiis terminis incidat, volumus ut ille terminus augmentum unius hebdomadis accipiat. Deniq. Terminus tertius, qui proxime sequitur festum Sancti Michaelis, incipit die decimo Octobris, et finiatur Decembris vicesimo. Volumus insuper ut ter quotannis nempe in cujusque; termini principio singulorum classium discipuli publicè in Aula congregati, examinentur, quomodo profecerint in earum artium cognitione quibus studuerint aut studere debuerint."

And whereas, in the Statute of the 60th year of the reign of his Majesty King Geo. 3. "De quibusdam in Statutis mutandis," which, among other things, gives to the Provost and Senior Fellows, with the consent of the Visitors, the power of changing the times appointed for the performance of any Col-

lege Duties, there is an exception contained in the following words: "exceptis solummodò horâ precum et prælectionum matutinarum, atq.; temporibus examinationum et electionum Sociorum et Scholarium Discipulorum." And whereas, it seems expedient that the Provost and Senior Fellows should be released from this restriction, as far as it relates to the hours of morning service and lecture, and that they should have the same power of changing those hours, with the consent of the Visitors, as is given to them by the said Statute, relative to the hours appointed for the performance of any other College Duties: Our will and pleasure is, that the exception should not extend beyond that contained in the words, "exceptis solummodò temporibus examinationum et electionum Sociorum et Scholarium Discipulorum."

And whereas in the 9th chap. "De cultu divino," it is ordained as follows:—"preces Deo publicè in sacello offerantur tēr singulis diebus profestis, manè ad horam sextam; dein ad horam decimam antemeridianam, demum ad horam quartam pomeridianam. Diebus vero festis preces solemniore bis tantum offerri volumus, nempe ad horam nonam matutinam et horam quartam vespertinam." And whereas, it seems desirable for various reasons, that Divine Service should be celebrated only twice every day, agreeably to the usage of most of our Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge, our will and pleasure is, that the clause above-cited shall be repealed: And we do hereby ordain, that the same is repealed, and that instead thereof the following shall be substituted, "Volumus igitur et statuimus ut publicè in sacello Collegii preces matutinae et vespertinae quoq; die offerantur."

And whereas in the clause of the same Statute, immediately preceding that which relates to the Grace before meat, the persons by whom prayers are to be read, are specified in the following words:—"Volumus etiam et statuimus, ut e Collegii studentibus, singuli Artium Magistri, sive Socii sive Sociorum Commensales, sive etiam cubiculum in Collegio possidentes (modò in sacris ordinibus sint constituti, vel saltem Diaconatus ordini initiati) solenne illud precum publicarum munus tam horâ sextâ quam aliis per se aut per alium diligenter obeant." And whereas it seems fit and proper that the performance of the Evening Service should belong to the office of the Junior Dean; Our will and pleasure is, that the clause above cited shall be repealed, unless so far as any part of the same is retained

in the following, which we do hereby ordain and appoint, to be substituted in place thereof. "Volumus etiam et statuimus ut e Collegii studentibus, singuli Artium Magistri, sive Socii sive Sociorum Commensales, sive etiam cubiculum in Collegio possidentes (modo in sacris ordinibus sint constituti vel saltem Diaconatus ordini initiati) precum matutinarum munus per vices diligenter obeant: ad precum verò vespertinarum munus exequendum, Volumus et statuimus ut Decanus junior pro tempore existens semper teneatur."

And whereas by a Statute made by our late Royal Father King Geo. 3. in the 52d year of his reign, the Visitors of our said College for the time being are empowered and enjoined instead of the triennial Visitations, which they were by former Statutes required to hold, to visit annually our said College as therein mentioned. And whereas it may tend to preserve the discipline and good government of our said College, if instead of holding annual or other ordinary Visitations, our said Visitors shall be empowered to visit our said College, whensoever and as often as they, in their discretion, shall deem it expedient, from just and weighty causes to hold Visitations of our said College; Our will and pleasure therefore is, that the Visitors of our said College for the time being, shall not be bound or obliged to hold annual, triennial, or other ordinary Visitations of our said College; and instead thereof, we hereby empower the Visitors of our said College for the time being, by themselves or others, by them in their place or places respectively deputed, to such duty (and whom, so long as they shall continue so deputed, we hereby invest with all such powers as our said Visitors might lawfully exercise if personally present,) to visit our said College at and on all such days, times, and occasions, and when and as often as our said Visitors for the time being shall, in their discretion, deem it expedient, from just and weighty causes to appoint and hold Visitations of our said College, and on such Visitations respectively, to do and perform all and every such matters and things, as are by former Statutes authorized or required to be done and performed by our said Visitors, at any Visitation of our said College, thereby appointed to be holden: and further, we do hereby empower our said Visitors for the time being, if they shall think fit, to continue such Visitations from day to day, or adjourn the same from time to time, and to hold the same for such and

so many days as they shall think necessary, for the performance of the several matters and things to be by them done and performed.

Provided always, that these our Letters Patent be inrolled in the Rolls of our High Court of Chancery, in that part of our United Kingdom called Ireland, within six Calendar Months next ensuing the date of these presents. In witness whereof, we have caused these our Letters to be made Patent.

Witness, Henry William Marquess of Anglesey, our Lieutenant-General and General Governor of Ireland, at Dublin, the first day of March, in the third year of our reign.

GRANARD.

Inrolled in the Office of the Rolls of his Majesty's High Court of Chancery in Ireland, this Twenty-seventh Day of March, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-three.

R. WOGAN,
Dep. Keeper of the Rolls.

JOHN CUMMINGS,
Dep. Clerk Crown and Hanaper.

The Vice-Chancellor's prizes for prose composition were awarded to Sirs Sadlier and Popham, for Greek, Latin, or English verse, to Butler (W. A.) Fitzgerald and Browne.

Subjects for composition for the Vice-Chancellor's prizes to be awarded at July commencements. For Graduates, "The demoralizing effects of Slavery;"—For Under-graduates in Greek, Latin, or English verse, *Ægyptus Rediviva*.—The compositions to be given in to the Senior Lecturer, on or before Saturday, the 1st of June,

STEPHEN C. SANDES,
Sen. Lecturer.

It is with feelings of sincere pleasure that we congratulate the students of our University, upon the appointment of Dr. O'Brien, F.T.C.D., to the Assistant Professorship of Divinity, founded by Archbishop King—Great praise is due to the Heads of the College who have thus rendered the eminent talents of this distinguished divine permanently available, for the better ordering and more active

promotion of this most important branch of Collegiate education.

Last Easter Term Professor Radice resumed his course of Lectures on Italian Literature. Upon this as well as upon the delivery of his first series, Professor Radice not only proved himself an able master of a subject so noble, but again surprised and delighted a crowded lecture room by his no less extensive acquaintance with English Literature, and a deep knowledge of the varieties and capabilities of the English language. We trust he may be induced to submit the results of his studies to the public at large, as they embrace a theme far too interesting to be confined merely to the limits within which they were delivered.

The GOLD MEDAL for SCIENCE, in the Fellow-Commoner class, was obtained by Mr. HAIG, (James). The GOLD MEDAL for CLASSICS by Mr. POMEROY, (the Hon. W. K.) The Quarterly Examinations are now in progress.

OXFORD.

Saturday, February 2.

On Thursday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. Bliss, Oriel; Rev. R. Briscoe, Fell. of Jesus.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Wall, St. Alban Hall; H. B. Domville, Scholar of University; C. H. A. Martelli, Trinity; E. O. Benson, Wadham.

Preachers at St. Mary's.—Rev. Mr. Hughes, Trinity, Purification; Rev. the Principal of New Inn Hall, Sunday morning; Rev. Mr. Oakeley, Balliol, afternoon.

February 9.

Magdalene Hall.—There will be an Election to a Scholarship, on the foundation of the late Mr. Henry Lusby, on Friday, the 22nd of March. All Members of the University, of not less than four, or more than eight Terms' standing, are eligible.

The Scholarship is tenable for three years. The annual payment will be 100*l*. The Scholar will be bound to reside eight weeks in the Michaelmas and Lent Terms respectively, and not less than eight weeks in the Easter and Act Terms.

Candidates are required to signify their intentions to the Vice-Principal, and to present testimonials of their standing and good conduct, signed by the

Head of their House, or their Tutor, on or before Thursday, March 14th.

Brasenose College.—A Fellowship is vacant, open to graduates of Oxford, born within the limits of the old diocese of Lincoln and Lichfield and Coventry, i. e. of the present dioceses of Lincoln, Peterborough, Oxford, Lichfield, and Coventry, and of that part of the diocese of Chester which is south of the Ribble, provided they have not exceeded 8 years from the day of their matriculation. Candidates are required to deliver to the Principal certificates of their birth and baptism, together with testimonials from their respective Colleges, on or before Wednesday, March 6.

Edward Hartop Grove, B.A. of Balliol, was on Thursday last elected a Fellow of Brasenose.

In a Convocation holden on Thursday last, it was unanimously resolved to contribute the sum of 200*l.* from the University chest, in aid of the distressed Clergymen of the Established Church in Ireland.

In a Congregation holden the same day, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. Baker, Wadham; Rev. T. T. Lane Bayliff, St. John's; H. I. Nicholl, St. John's.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. Haythorn, Exeter.

Preachers at St. Mary's.—Rev. the Warden of New College, Sunday morning; Rev. Mr. Girdlestone, Balliol College, afternoon.

February 16.

Lincoln College.—Two Scholarships and two Exhibitions, now vacant, will be filled up on Thursday, the 14th of March next.

Candidates for the Exhibitions must be natives of the diocese of Durham; and for want of such, natives of Northallertonshire or Howdenshire, in the county of York; or of Leicestershire, and particularly of the parish of Newbold Verdon, or of the diocese of Oxford, or of the county of Northampton.

The Scholarships are without limitation. Candidates will be required to deliver in, personally, to the Sub-Rector, testimonials of their good conduct, on or before Tuesday, the 12th of March. Candidates for the Exhibitions must at the same time produce certificates of the place of their birth.

The Examiners, appointed by the Trustees of Dean Ireland's Foundation, give notice, that an Examination will be holden in the Schools on Thursday, the

7th of March next, and the following days, for the purpose of electing a Scholar on that Foundation. Gentlemen who desire to offer themselves as Candidates, are requested to leave their names with the Rev. H. Jenkyns, at Oriel College together with certificates of their standing, and of the content of the Head of the Vicegerent of their College or Hall, two days at least before the commencement of the Examination. The Scholarship is open to all Undergraduate Members of the University who have not exceeded their Sixteenth Term.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Doctors in Divinity.—S. Whittingham, Fell. of Corpus Christi; J. B. Frowd, Fell. of Corpus Christi.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Abbott, Taberdar of Queen's; Rev. C. Powell, Trinity; Rev. T. Edmondes, Jesus.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. R. Coxwell, Exeter; T. E. Winnington, Christ Church.

Preachers at St. Mary's.—Rev. Mr. Moberly, Balliol, Sunday morning; Rev. Mr. Girdlestone, Balliol, afternoon.

Lecturer at St. Martin's.—Rev. Mr. Cox, Sunday morning and afternoon.

February 23.

The Professor of Chemistry will begin a Course of Lectures on Vegetable Chemistry, at two o'clock, on Saturday, the 2nd of March.

Those Gentlemen, who attended the Lectures on the Principles of Chemistry, delivered last Term, are free of admission to these, on entering their names to the Course previously to its commencement.

The Examiners appointed by the Trustees of the Mathematical Scholarships have issued notice that an Examination will be holden in the Convocation House, on Thursday, the 14th of March, and the following days, for the purpose of electing a Scholar on that Foundation. The Scholarship is open to all Members of the University who have passed the Public Examination, and who have not exceeded the Twenty-sixth Term from their matriculation inclusively.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. Blackburne, Brasenose, H. Merivale, Fell. of Balliol; Rev. C. E. Birch, Fell. of St. John's; E. Owen, Worcester.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. H. Kempeon, Ch. Ch.; A. Browne, Ch. Ch.; G. B. Rogers, Pembroke; G. Churchill, Worcester; E. Stanley, Worcester.

In a Convocation holden on the same day, it was agreed to accept a benefaction of two Scholarships, one for the best proficiency in Theology, the other for the best proficiency in Mathematics. The candidates to be members of the University who have passed their principal examination, and not exceeded five complete years from their matriculation.

Yesterday se'nnight, Mr. Egerton John Hensley, was elected a Scholar of Corpus Christi.

CAMBRIDGE.

Friday, February, 1, 1893.

The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each, were on Friday last adjudged to Alexander Ellice, of Caius, and Joseph Bowstead, of Pembroke, the first and second Wranglers.

On Wednesday last, the Rev. William Jones, B.D. Fellow of St. John's College, was elected Lady Margaret's Preacher.

February 8.

At a Congregation on Wednesday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Lord Lindsay, Trinity, son of Earl Balcarras; the Hon. P. J. L. King, Trinity, son of Lord King.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. P. Palmer, Trinity; J. S. Cox, Corpus Christi.

Bachelors in Civil Law.—H. W. Meteyard, Caius; Rev. J. Nelson, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—L. Otley, Trinity; T. Baker, St. John's; F. J. W. Jones, St. John's, (comp.); R. B. Cartwright, Queen's, (comp.); C. B. Elliott, Queen's; A. J. Nash, Downing.

At the same Congregation the following graces passed the Senate:—

That the sum of two hundred pounds be granted from the University Chest in aid of Funds for the relief of the distressed Clergy.

To appoint the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Ainslie, Mr. Whewell, Mr. Miller, Mr. Croft, and Mr. Archdall a Syndicate to consider what alterations should be made

in the Iron Fence of the Senate House Yard, and to report before the end of this Term.

That the Professor of Chemistry have the use of the large Lecture Room in the Botanic Garden, formerly appropriated to the Jacksonian and Botanical Professors, at such times as it may not be wanted by the said Professors.

That the Regius Professor of Physic have the use of the new Anatomical Lecture Room, at such times as it may not be wanted by the Professors of Anatomy.

That the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Graham, Professor Musgrave, Mr. Blick, and Mr. Hodson, of St. Peter's College, be a Syndicate to determine what allowance shall be made to the Tenants at Burwell and Barton, from their last year's rents, in consequence of the low price of corn.

February 15.

Mr. C. H. Grove, of Pembroke College, was yesterday elected a Travelling Bachelor on Mr. Wort's foundation.

Meetings of the Philosophical Society for the present Term:—Monday, Feb. 25, March 10, and March 25.

February 22.

On the 12th inst. Joseph Bowstead, Esq. B.A. of Pembroke College, was elected a Foundation Fellow of that Society.

At a Congregation on Wednesday last, the following Degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. W. Shepherd, Trinity, Rector of Cherington, Bucks; Rev. G. Jarvis, Corpus Christi.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. B. O. Hill, Trinity; T. Jones, St. John's; H. T. Daniel, St. Peter's; J. Cheetham, Jesus; W. Wallace, Jesus; J. Fawcett, Jesus; J. C. Stapleton, Downing.

DURHAM.

The Dean and Chapter propose to open a deposit for Antiquities, and other objects of science and literature, to be the foundation of a Museum, with a view to the studies of the University.

DUBLIN

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DUBLIN :

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. We request our numerous contributors to observe, that their several articles should be forwarded to our publishers on or before the 10th of the month preceding that in which they are intended to appear.

We regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the paper by Theta. A reference to the article which appeared in our last number, upon a similar subject, must convince him that we could not consistently adopt his ingenious and amusing theories. We shall be happy to hear from a writer so able upon any topic not at variance with our recorded opinions.

We would beg to remind the Hymettian swarm, who have thought proper to distil their mellifluous anthologies in our "Lion's mouth," of the horror with which the Satirist of Aquinum speaks of *listening* to poetical rhapsodies in the month of August, and to assure them that, from experience, we would shrink with no less sensitiveness from *reading* any such in the month of June. We regret that we cannot prescribe for this apparently popular mania some effectual preventive; we would suggest, however, to those aspiring lyriets, the propriety of contrasting a random page of Southey, Scott, or Byron, with the modicum of their own inspiration; should their effusions escape an immediate consignment to "Venus' Lord," and should we continue to be distracted by these "paper pellets of the brain,"—why we must only submit with a good grace, and perform our usual funeral service, a "donner and blitzen," with a tear or two of laughter, over the lifeless relics which we consign to the sepulchre of our editorial BASKET.

To our prose Contributors, who constitute a considerable and respectable class, comprising, as far as we are competent to decide, no ordinary share of female ability, we would with deference observe, that although a "Heart" may appear to be "Broken," or a "Suicide" to be committed, or a "Journal of a Cælebs" to be wound up by "Misery and Matrimony" in very good detail upon some sheets of Bath post, yet it requires somewhat better colouring and a more extended canvass to make such interesting portraiture of "Real Life" available for the purposes of our Magazine. The public, as well as ourselves, have "supped full of horrors," and have lost their appetite for details as dull, however true, as the "Life of a Village Schoolmaster," or the "Sorrow of a Governess," as well as for the more extravagant fictions of "A Second Munchausen." "The Hermit of the Alps," or "The Assassin of Savoy." However enterprise ought not to be discouraged, and we recommend to the Authors of the above-named articles to "lay on" with all the energy of Macduff, solacing themselves with this, that scarcely one, if any, of the best standard writers of modern times is beyond the application of

"Multa tulit fecitque puer, sudavit et aleit."

The "Lines upon Skiddaw," with a "Domestic Sketch at the Cumberland Lakes," great as our admiration and veneration are for the "Numen Aquæ," we cannot possibly insert. They are full of good feeling and truth, we doubt not; but we have, in limine, an instinctive dread of "Domestic Poems" since the shattering of our bilious and risible system by the attempted perusal of "Theodric the Goth," or the Last of the Goths, we forget which, but we hope the latter: next it would be as little creditable to our taste, as gratifying to the feelings of the illustrious object of K. L.'s eulogy, should it be conveyed in verses, which however well intentioned, are extremely indifferent. We wish the fair writer all the desirable improvements in her rhymes. We cannot point out a more noble subject.

The papers signed Q.—F.—. R. M. will not suit us.

A communication for Advena, requiring attention at his earliest convenience, lies at our Publisher's.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. I.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

The French Revolution! Awful vortex of human passions! mighty in their rise, terrific in their course, destructive in their termination! What Niagara is to ordinary cataracts, the French Revolution is to all the other revolutions that have ever taken place in the world. It constitutes an era in humanity. As the atrocities of the Cæsars were destined to exemplify the evils resulting from the supreme power of an irresponsible individual, so the horrors of revolutionary power seem destined to afford an equally impressive lesson of the miseries which must be the consequences of the tyranny of the mob. The one preceded a long period during which the government of nations was in the hands of kings, and could not have failed to impress with a salutary caution the minds of those upon whose councils and whose conduct depended the happiness of millions of their species. Those who were not to be moved by the dictates of humanity, and in whose minds no sentiment could be awakened responsive to the claims of natural justice, yet shuddered at the anticipated infamy which must have been the consequence of any such wanton indulgence of their tyrannical humours as might have suggested a resemblance to Caligula or Nero;—and the very fact that such monsters once lived, and that an historian arose by whom their miscreancy has been immortalized, may be one, and not the least influential, of the causes that have rendered them almost as solitary as they are execrable. *We* are fated to live in times in which a

different spirit prevails, and when the ascendancy of popular principles, as they are called, threatens the world with evils only less deplorable than those resulting from the abuses of sovereign authority, because they must more speedily work their own remedy. A despotism may endure for ages, without any essential variation in its character; but of a pure democracy, it may be said, that “it never continueth in one stay:”—and, therefore, the miseries, resulting from the gusts and the whirlwinds of popular passion or prejudice, must be comparatively short-lived and undurable. It may be added that, as they much more frequently proceed from error of judgment, than from deliberate malignity, so they may be remedied by enlightening the public mind. Popular assemblies always pay this homage to truth and to virtue, that they never, openly and professedly, act in direct opposition to their dictates. They always pretend the sanction of these august and venerable authorities, even when their conduct obviously implies a contempt for them. When the republican party in England made war upon the unhappy Charles the First, *they said*, that they took up arms in defence of the King! When the Irish Parliament robbed the clergy of the title of agistment, *they said*, that they did so for the good of the church! And the measure now in progress for the destruction of the church, which gives its peculiar character to this first session of the reformed parliament, is *said*, to be undertaken out of pure love to the established religion! This may

* A History of Europe during the French Revolution, from the Assembly of the Notables in 1789, to the establishment of the Directory in 1795. By Archibald Alison, Advocate. 2 Vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1833.

be called hypocrisy ;—and *it is* hypocrisy : but it indicates the presence of a feeling which, if rightly acted upon, may yet lead to a re-action such as would go far towards compensating society for the ruin caused by popular phrenzy. Nor should any opportunity be omitted of emblazoning, as it were, for popular inspection, the records of those crimes and follies which had their source in the perverted state of the public mind ; that all who are called upon to take a part in public affairs may learn to distinguish between license and liberty ; and that tyranny of every denomination may experience its appropriate reward.

But there is this distinction to be noted between what we trust may be called by-gone, and what we fear must be called coming tyranny, that, in the former case, the individual despot might be acted upon by motives, and actuated by principles, to which the many-headed monster must ever be a stranger. He was, although a depraved, yet a consciously responsible human being, whose heart could sometimes be touched by human regards, and who, if he was careless of the distinction between right and wrong, was yet not altogether insensible to the difference between fame and infamy.—The lessons of history were, therefore, not lost upon him, nor were its admonitions always disregarded. But, in the latter case, where the tyranny consists in the ascendancy of evil passions, or even of good passions, under the direction of ignorance or delusion, which cohere but for one object, and are not *impersonated* in any visible representative of humanity, history can never produce the same *direct* effect in mitigating its ferocity, and controuling its capricious violence ; and the most that can be hoped for from the strongest representation that may be made of the evils attending the domination of the mob, is, that individuals will be detached from the tyrannizing populace, and a party gradually raised up by which its "*movements*" may be resisted.

We have been led into these remarks by the appearance of Mr. Alison's History of the French Revolution ; a work of very considerable research and labour, and written in a style and spirit which renders it no mean accession to our historical literature. Our readers will suppose it scarcely possi-

ble to produce any thing upon that subject which had not been forestalled. The history of an event which excited the attention of the civilized world, and continued to engage that attention more or less for a period of thirty years, must, they will naturally imagine, be little more than a collection of the facts and the observations, with which the public have been long since familiar. But such is not the case. The event was too astounding to be a fit subject of contemporary history. Those who are nearest the volcano when an eruption takes place, are not circumstanced most favourably for giving an accurate account of that terrific phenomenon.—The man who is placed in security and at a distance, as he must be a more competent observer, so he may be a more faithful describer of the effects and the progress of a conflagration, which he can contemplate without any feeling of personal danger. It is just so with the historian of the French revolution. While a year has not elapsed since that event, which has not added to the stores of knowledge which constitute the materials of history, the time has only just arrived when they may be made truly available for those important purposes which should constitute the end and aim of historical narration ; and we do Mr. Alison no more than justice in stating, that his narrative is not only succinctly and even elegantly written, but that he has evinced, in its compilation, a degree of candour, diligence, and ability, which renders his work as valuable as its subject is important.

The time is gone by, we trust for ever, when the French revolution might be regarded merely as the armoury of faction, and only appealed to as it might serve the cause of tyrants against subjects, or of subjects against tyrants. Its horrors were equally employed to aid the cause of oppression or of revolt ; and while sovereigns sought to guarantee their powers by pointing to the dreadful consequences which resulted from the madness of the people, the very same appeal was made by the leaders of the populace, who argued, and not without great appearance of reason, that such excesses never would have been committed if they had not been provoked by the abuses of power. Thus, the very event which would seem best calculated to correct the errors of

the two extreme parties who almost divided the world, was, during the ferment which it occasioned, but the instrument of keeping up the exasperation which rendered them almost irreconcilable. Despots were provoked by it to exercise a sterner and a more vindictive despotism ; while those, who were actuated by the new-born love of liberty, felt themselves relieved from all the restraints of a principled obedience, and claimed a kind of licentious privilege to indulge in the perpetration of the most atrocious crimes, provided these crimes had any obvious tendency to subvert the authority of their rulers. This fatal abuse of one of the most impressive lessons of history is, we trust, no longer possible.—Mr. Alison has traced the causes which led to the French Revolution with the hand of a master, and his work may be read with equal instruction both by subjects and by kings. The latter may learn from it to avoid those errors in government which must, sooner or later, lead to disaffection and revolt ; and the former, to be on their guard against that spirit of theoretical improvement, which, professing to enlighten, only intoxicates, and, aiming at reform, only accomplishes destruction.

There was no topic by which the anarchists were enabled to produce a greater effect upon the minds of their hearers, than the evils of slavery, and its iniquity as an invasion of the rights of men. And yet, nothing is more certain than that, in its origin, slavery was rather to be considered a good than an evil ; that it proceeded more frequently from clemency than from cruelty ; and that, instead of usurping the privileges, it protected the weakness of prostrate and indigent humanity.

“How just soever,” says Mr. Alison, “it may appear to us that the welfare and interests of the great body of the people should be protected from the aggression of the powerful, there is nothing more certain than that such is not the primitive or original state of society.—The varieties of human characters, the different degrees of intellectual or physical strength with which men are endowed, the consequences of accident, misfortune, or crime, early introduce the distinction of ranks, and precipitate the lower orders into that state of depen-

dence on their superiors which is known by the name of slavery. This institution, however odious its name has now justly become, is not an evil when it first arises ; it only becomes such by being continued in circumstances different from those in which it originated, and in times when the protection it affords the poor is no longer needed. The universality of slavery in the early ages of mankind, is a certain indication that it is unavoidable from the circumstances in which the human species is every where placed in the first stages of society. Where capital is unknown, property insecure, and violence universal, there is no security for the lower classes but in the protection of their superiors, and the sole condition on which this can be obtained is slavery.—Property in the person and labour of the poor, is the only inducement which can be held out to the opulent to take them under their protection. Humanity, justice, and policy, so powerful in civilized ages, are then unknown ; and the sufferings of the destitute are as much disregarded as those of the lower animals.—If they belonged to no lord, they would speedily fall a prey to famine or violence. How miserable soever the condition of slaves may be, they are incomparably better off than they would have been if they had incurred the destitution of freedom.”

The rapid increase of domestic slavery was one of the principal causes of the decline of the Roman Empire. It was thus totally unprepared for the vigorous assaults of the manly and energetic barbarians by whom it was overrun ; and who lorded it over the Roman Provinces with a domination as resistless and supreme, as the Romans, in the height of their power, over the rest of the civilized world. “Hence,” says Mr. Alison, “arose a total separation of the higher and lower orders, and an entire change in the habits, occupations, and character of the different ranks of society. From the free conquerors of Roman provinces have sprung the noble and privileged classes of modern Europe ; from their enslaved subjects, the numerous and degraded ranks of peasants. The equality and energy of pastoral life stamped a feeling of pride and independence upon the descendants of the conquerors, which in many countries is yet undiminished ; the misery and degradation of the vanquished rivetted chains about their necks, which were hardly loosened for a

thousand years. *In this original separation of the different ranks of society, consequent upon the invasion of the Franks into Gaul, is to be found the remote cause of the events which induced the FRENCH REVOLUTION.*"

This invasion gave rise, in France, as well as in every other country, to the establishment of the feudal system; a system which recognised the many as born only for the service of the few; and which, consequently, contemplated no provision for their progressive amelioration. But the conquerors, although careless of the condition of the conquered, were not without a jealousy of each other; and to this jealousy may be ascribed the origin of parliaments. Hence the feudal system, in its nature so opposed to popular rights, may be said to have given rise to the representative governments of modern Europe.

"In every part of Europe, accordingly, where the Northern Conquerors established themselves, the rudiments of a representative government are to be found. In all, the Barons settled the country, and the legislative authority was vested in assemblies of their representatives, who, under the name of Wittenagamots, Parliaments, States-General, or Cortes, were brought together at stated periods to deliberate on the public concerns. So naturally did this institution spring from the habits and situations of the military settlers, and so little did its first founders anticipate the important consequences which have flowed from its adoption, that the right of sending representatives to parliament was generally considered not as a *privilege* but as a *burden*; and that share in the legislature which is now so much the object of contention and desire, was originally received as an oppressive duty, for which those who exercised it were entitled to indemnification from their more fortunate brethren. The Barons, however, were long animated by a strong feeling of independence, and in every part of Europe, at their first establishment, diffused the principle of reluctance to arbitrary authority. In Spain, accordingly, France, Germany, and Flanders, we find them manfully resisting the encroachments of the Sovereign, and in all, the same privileges of not being taxed without their consent, and of concurring in the acts of the legislature, early established."

The foundations of civil liberty were thus securely laid, although the agents were unconscious of the great boon which they were about to confer upon humanity; and, although, in the majority of instances, they were indifferent about it themselves; "the decline of *virtue* in the barbarous settlers was in most instances extremely rapid, and the succeeding race of invaders found the first set lost in sloth, or destroyed by luxury." The private wars of the nobles contributed to keep their warlike spirit alive; but in Spain, in France, in Germany, and in England, feudal liberty was undermined by the change of manners, and the natural progress of opulence. It was, in fact, only calculated for the meridian of a barbarous age, and the gradually increasing *expansive power* of the unprivileged classes must sooner or later have shaken it to the ground.

The influence of Christianity, the art of printing, the discovery of gunpowder, and the increase of luxury, have all, in their respective ways, had a tendency to raise the condition of the great body of the people; and, with that rise, a change in their relation to the privileged classes was necessarily connected.

Christianity must have powerfully contributed to abolish domestic slavery, as well as to infuse principles of moderation and *virtue* into rulers, and feelings and aspirations into subjects, which could only be gratified in a state of freedom. The art of printing gave diffusion and permanency to whatever was calculated to awaken or elevate the human mind. The discovery of gunpowder deprived the nobles of the prodigious advantages which they possessed over their vassals in their superior expertness in the military exercises which were previously in use. And the introduction of artificial wants, which caused the nobleman to expend upon himself the wealth which used to be distributed amongst his retainers, gradually dissolved the ties by which lord and vassal had been bound together, and the former sunk as the latter rose in the scale of influence and civilization.

"From the revival of letters in the commencement of the sixteenth century,

and the dawn of the reformation, these causes had been silently operating, and time, the greatest of all innovators, was gradually changing the face of the natural world. The stubborn valour of the reformed religion had emancipated an industrious people from the yoke of Spain, and the stern fanaticism of the English puritans had overthrown the power of the Norman nobility. The extension of knowledge had shaken the foundation of arbitrary power, and public opinion moderated the force of despotic sway. The worst governed states in Europe were constitutional monarchies, compared with the dynasties of the East; and the oppression even of Russian severity light in comparison of the cruelty of the Roman Emperors. But it was not till the commencement of the French Revolution that the extent of the changes which had occurred was perceived, and the weakness of the arms of despotism felt when brought in collision with the efforts of freedom. *Standing armies* had been considered the most fatal discovery of Sovereigns, and the history of former ages appealed to, as illustrating their tendency to establish despotic authority; but the changes of time were wresting from the hands of tyranny even their dreaded weapon, and, in the next convulsion, it destroyed the power which had created it. The magistry of the French Monarchs had trained up those formidable bands as a counterpoise to the power of the aristocracy, and they had rendered the Crown independent of the controul of the feudal Barons; but a greater wisdom than that of Richelieu was preparing, in their power and discipline, the means of a total change of society. In vain the unfortunate Louis summoned his armies to the capital, and appealed to their chivalrous feelings against the violence of the people; the spirit of democracy had penetrated even the ranks of the veteran soldiers, and, with the revolt of the guards, the Throne of the French Monarchy was destroyed."

Such were the pre-disposing causes which led to the French Revolution. Europe had been in preparation for it for more than a thousand years. The rise and the fall of the feudal system equally, in their turn, contributed to that state of things which rendered the lower orders impatient of oppression, and brought them, as it were within sight of the promised land of freedom.

"The former history of the world," observes Mr. Alison, "is chiefly occupied with the struggles of freedom against bondage; the efforts of laborious industry to

emancipate itself from the yoke of aristocratic power. Our sympathies are all with the oppressed, our fears lest the pristine servitude of the species should be re-established; but with the rise of the French Revolution a new set of perils have been developed, and the historian finds it his duty to keep chiefly in view the terrible evils of democratic oppression. The causes which have been mentioned, have at length given such an extraordinary and irresistible weight to the popular party, that the danger now sets in from another quarter, and the tyranny which is to be apprehended is not that of the few over the many, but of the many over the few. The obvious *risque* new is, that the influence of knowledge, virtue, and worth, will be overwhelmed in the vehemence of popular ambition. This evil is of a far more acute and terrible kind than the severity of regal, or the weight of aristocratic oppression. In a few years, when fully developed, it destroyed the whole frame of society, and extinguished the very elements of freedom, by annihilating the classes whose intermixture are essential to its existence. It is beneath this fiery torrent that the civilized world is now suffering; and all the efforts of philosophy are therefore required to observe its course, and mitigate its devastation. Happy if the historian can find in the record of former suffering, taught to justify future hope, or in the errors of past experience the lessons of future wisdom."

The French Revolution has often been compared to the English Rebellion of 1641; but they are related to each other much more by the connexion of contrast than of resemblance. In both, no doubt, there was a struggle between the King and the people, the result of which was unfavourable to the former. In both, the reigning sovereign was brought to an untimely end; in both, the privileges and prerogatives of the monarch were usurped by a successful military leader: and in both, popular licence having rioted for a brief season after the overthrow of legitimate government, was itself extinguished by arbitrary sway. So far the parallel holds good, but in England the contest was long and doubtful; in France, almost from the outset, the popular party was triumphant. In England, the King was supported by the property of the country, there being, in a single troop of dragoons, commanded by Lord

Barnard Stewart, a greater body of landed proprietors, than in the whole of the republican party in both houses of parliament, who voted at the commencement of the war; in France, the sovereign was abandoned by the property of the country, 70,000 landed proprietors having been scared away by the horrors of the Revolution. In England, religion was the moving spring of the republicans; in France, infidelity; whatever of religion mingled in the contest, having been manifested on the side of the King. "The civil war in England," to use the language of Mr. Alison, "was a contest between one portion of the community and the other; but a large part of the adherents of the republican party were drawn from the higher classes of society, and the yeomanry filled the ranks of the iron and disciplined bands of Cromwell. No massacres or proscriptions took place—not a single man or house was burnt by the fury of the populace—none of the odious features of a servile war were to be seen. Notwithstanding the dangers run and the hardships suffered on both sides, the moderation of the victorious party was such as to call forth the commendation of the royal historian; and, with the exception of the death of the King, of Strafford, and Laud, no acts of unnecessary cruelty stained the triumph of the republican party. In France, the storming the Bastille was the signal for a general dissolution of the bands of authority, and a universal invasion of private property; the peasantry on almost every estate, from the channel to the Pyrenees, rose against their landlord, burnt his chateau and plundered his effects; and the higher ranks in every part of the country, excepting La Vendee and the royalist districts in its vicinity, were subjected to the most revolting cruelty. The French Revolution was not a contest between such of the rich and poor as maintained republican principles, and such of them as espoused the cause of monarchy, but a universal insurrection of the lower orders against the higher. It was sufficient to put a man's life in danger to expose his estate to confiscation, and his family to banishment, that he was, from any cause, elevated above the populace. The gifts of nature, destined to please and bless mankind—the splendour of

genius—the powers of thought—the grace of beauty, were as fatal to their possessors as the adventitious advantages of fortune, or the invidious distinction of rank; liberty and equality, was the universal cry of the revolutionary party. Their liberty consisted in the universal spoliation of the opulent classes; their equality in the destruction of all who outshone them in talent, or exceeded them in acquirement." In England, until the Revolution terminated favourably for the establishment of popular rights, the ancient laws relating to property were respected; in France, all were altered or abrogated, and the descent of property was turned into another channel, by the abolition of the rights of primogeniture. In England, the great estates were little affected; in France, the whole property of the church, and a great portion of that of the nobility suffered confiscation. "The effects of this difference," Mr. Alison observes, "have been in the highest degree important. The whole proprietors, who live on the fruits of the soil in Great Britain and Ireland this moment, notwithstanding the prodigious increase of wealth that has taken place, probably do not amount to 300,000, while above 8,000,000 heads of families, and 15,000,000 of persons, dependent on their labour, subsist on the wages they receive. In France, on the other hand, there are nearly 4,000,000 of proprietors, most of them in a state of great indigence, and above 14,000,000 of souls, constituting their families, independent of the wages of labour, being a greater number than the whole remainder of the community. In France, the proprietors are as numerous as the other members of the state; in England, they hardly amount to a tenth of their number." The political influence of England has, till lately, mainly rested upon the great families; in France, the upper house has long been almost as insignificant, as, we fear, must soon become our own.

These discrepancies Mr. Alison truly observes, are far too great to be explained by any reference to the distinction of national character, or the circumstances immediately attendant upon the events, as they arose in the respective countries; and he accounts for them by the different degrees in

which the principles of liberty had previously progressed in France and England. "Universally, the strength of the re-action is proportioned to the severity of the weight to be thrown off; the recoil is most to be feared, when the bow has been farthest bent from its natural form." It may, we think, be added, that the tide of sedition in France was swelled by confluent streams, which took their rise, the one from real, the other from imaginary evils. The French were not only provoked by oppression, but excited by the idealities of theoretical and visionary patriots, by whom they were taught to believe in the possible perfectibility of the human species, and the return of a Saturnian reign of virtue and happiness which was to realize the fabulous felicity of the golden age. In England, men's views were directed to the removal of practical oppression; and as soon as ever the leaders of the Revolution proceeded beyond the limits which were considered sufficient to secure the people against the arbitrary exercise of a dangerous prerogative, there was a re-action in favour of royalty, which terminated in the Restoration.

It is, however, perfectly true that the oppression under which the French suffered when they flew to arms against their monarch, was far more unendurable than that of which the English could complain at the period of the great rebellion. The manly virtues of the British people were early kept alive by the long and obstinate wars of the Anglo-Saxons; and the insular situation of the country powerfully contributed to the formation of that national character by which the natives of Britain soon became distinguished.

While the other provinces of the Roman empire were overrun at once by myriads with whom it would have been hopeless to contend, and who therefore paralyzed the energies of less favoured nations, the energies of the Britons were excited and disciplined by the series of partial and gradual invasions to which they were exposed, and which, by creating and cherishing a martial spirit, more than compensated them for the victories of their enemies.

Nor was the exposure of the people to the piratical incursions of the Danes without its full effect in perfecting and

perpetuating that military discipline which had its origin in the resistance which was offered to the earlier invaders. Arms were put into the hands of the great body of the people, whether Saxons or Britons, and a regular militia was established throughout the whole realm. Alfred fought no less than sixty-six battles in person, and at the same time laid the foundation of the English constitution, by the institution of courts of justice, trial by jury, and regular meetings of parliament.

"The natural consequence of these circumstances was," observes Mr. Alison, "the promotion of a bold and independent character, not only among the landed proprietors, but the peasantry, upon whose support they daily depended for defence against an unseen and indefatigable enemy. Accordingly, from the earliest time, the free tenants were an important party among the Anglo-Saxons, and were considered as the companions, rather than the followers of their chieftains. Like the *comites* among the ancient Germans, they were the attendants of their leaders in peace, and their strength and protection in war. The infantry, in which the chiefs and their followers fought together, was, even before the conquest, the chief strength of the English armies; while the *cavalry*, in whose ranks the nobles alone appeared, constituted the pride of the continental forces; and this difference was so material, that it appears to this day in the language of these different states. In all the states of the continent, the word *chevalier* is derived from, and means a horseman; while in England, the corresponding word *knight*, has no reference to any distinction in the mode of fighting, but comes from the German *enycht*, a young man or companion."

But the Saxon government contained in its bosom the seeds of its own decay. The distinction between freemen and slaves, which had been imported from the continent, was rigidly kept up; and the number of the latter class was augmented to a most fearful degree during the long wars of the heptarchy, in which the freemen were almost universally reduced to captivity. When the Saxon nobles and proprietors were thus upon the point of consuming their own and their country's degradation; for slavery never fails to prove an equal curse both to the oppressors and the oppressed;

the whole face of things was suddenly changed by the Norman conquest.—The resolute and grasping followers of William speedily dispossessed the Saxon proprietors of their lands, who thus constituted a *middle class* between the noble and the servile, and formed the basis of that useful body whose importance was afterwards so sensibly experienced, the yeomanry of England.

The old historians, who are jealous for the honour of their country, are fond of representing the Normans as reigning rather by the consent of those whom they subdued, than in virtue of any more despotic assertion of authority. "It was, however," as Mr. Alison states, "the very severity and weight of this conquest which was the real cause of the refractory spirit of the English people. The principles of liberty spread their roots the deeper, just because they were prevented from rising to the surface of society."

It must be unnecessary to dwell at length upon the various circumstances, which at various periods contributed to raise the condition and augment the importance of the English yeomanry; as few of our readers can require to be informed, that the barons first found it necessary to attach and conciliate them, in their struggles with each other, and with the crown; and that the crown afterwards conferred upon them protection and invested them with privileges, as a counterpoise to the increasing power of the barons. Thus the commons were equally cherished by the two bodies who long struggled for dominion in the British islands; and while the barons were indebted to them for the "Magna Charta," in which their ancient Saxon privileges were recognised; it was by their means, ultimately, that the crown acquired that decided ascendancy, by which, under the Tudors, the whole kingdom was reduced to a uniform obedience.—"Hence," says this philosophic observer, "the struggles of freedom in England acquired a *definite and practicable object*, and instead of being wasted in aspirations after visionary schemes, settled down into a strong and inextinguishable desire for the restoration of an order of things *once actually established*, and of which the experienced benefits were engraved on the recollections of the people. For several centuries, accordingly, the continued

effort of the English people was to obtain the restitution of their Saxon privileges;—they were solemnly recognised in Magna Charta, and ratified in the different confirmations of that solemn instrument; and they are still, after the lapse of a thousand years, looked back to with interest, as the original foundations of English liberty."

In France, a very different order of things took place,—it was overrun at a period when its possessors were universally corrupted. The race of independent freemen had become extinct, and in their room had succeeded a swarm of ignoble dependants upon absent proprietors. It has been computed that the whole population of the province amounted to no more than 500,000. They were regarded with the greatest contempt by the northern invaders, and have been described as uniting, in the sixth century, all the vices of human nature; the cruelty of barbarism, with the cowardice of opulence; the cringing of slaves, with the arrogance of tyrants; the falsehood of civilized, with the brutality of savage life.

Clovis found such a people an easy conquest; and although his followers imported their German notions of liberty, their wide dispersion over that extensive province rendered their frequent assembling in a deliberative capacity irksome; so that the attendance at the celebrated "Champ de mai," from being regarded as a privilege, came to be considered as a duty, which was, finally, much "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." The private wars of the nobles long kept their military courage alive; but the power of the crown was not such as compelled them to treat their unhappy serfs with any favour, who were content "to draw nutrition, propagate and rot," upon terms that would have caused degeneracy even amongst the inferior animals.

"The two circumstances," to use the words of our historian, "which had mainly fostered the spirit of freedom in England, were the extraordinary power of the sovereign, and the independent spirit of the commoners, both the immediate consequences of the Norman conquest.—In France the reverse of both these peculiarities took place; the dignity of the

throne was lost in the ascendancy of the nobles, and the spirit of the people extinguished by the grasp of feudal power. For a series of ages the monarchy of France was held together by the slenderest tenure: the Dukes of Normandy, the Counts of Toulouse, the Dukes of Burgundy, and the Dukes of Bretagne, resembled rather independent sovereigns than feudal vassals, and the real domination of the throne extended little beyond the vicinity of the capital. In moments of danger, when the great vassals assembled their retainers, the King could still muster a mighty host, but with the transitory alarm, the forces of the monarchy melted away; the military vassals retired after the period of their services was expired, and the leader of an hundred thousand men was frequently baffled, after a campaign of a few weeks, by the garrison of an insignificant fortress."

"The first ray of light which broke in upon this gloomy state of things, proceeded from the boroughs, the first of which appears to have been erected about a century after the Norman conquest. But the kings were not able, and the nobles were not willing to extend to them the same protection which in England rendered them so important. The monarchy for several ages was rather a confederacy of separate states than a single government. The long and bloody wars with England were fatal to the growth of commercial and manufacturing industry. After the expulsion of the English, the disorders committed by those who may be denominated the French *royaumes*, imperiously called for a vigorous exertion of the royal authority. This necessity it was which embodied the companies of Ordinance, the first example in modern Europe of a STANDING ARMY. From this period, the power of the crown steadily increased, until it acquired despotic authority, and Lewis the Eleventh, with a standing army of 24,000 men, and 15,000 cavalry, was absolute master of his dominions.

The peculiar situation of France, in the midst of the great military monarchies of Europe, rendered the continuance of its standing army indispensable, and thus perpetuated the power of the crown. This influence was augmented by the conquests and the victories of the French kings, by which the minds of a people, naturally vain-

glorious, were dazzled. The nobility flocked to court, and lost their feudal power amid the dissipation of Paris. The states-general fell gradually into disuse; having, before the commencement of the revolution, never been once assembled for a period of 200 years.

While the real power of the nobles was diminished, their offensive privileges were increased by the fatal custom of extending to all the children the title and the attributes of nobility. In England they were confined to the eldest sons, and thus the formation of a privileged class was so limited; that it never could become formidable. But in France while the nobles were alienated from the people to a degree that rendered them helpless, they were distinguished from them in a manner that rendered them odious; and we can easily believe that "of all the circumstances in the early history of France, there was none which had a more powerful effect in determining the character of the French Revolution."

In England the reformation had the same beneficial effect in advancing to maturity the principles of liberty, which christianity had in causing them to take root. In France, the unsuccessful efforts on behalf of Protestantism only served to confirm the ascendancy of superstition which could not bear the light, and despotism, which felt an instinctive dread of the encroachments of unfettered reason.

But reason will progress notwithstanding the craft of priesthood, or the policy of kings; and with long continued tranquillity, increasing commerce, and increasing opulence, it was impossible that the French commons could remain contented in their degradation. The distinction between noble and base-born was carried in France to a degree of which it is scarcely possible to form an adequate conception; and as insult is more keenly resented than injury, it was the "prestige" of nobility as was observed by the ablest of the royalist writers, which more than any other cause precipitated the revolution.

The taxation, also, was insupportably heavy, and most invidiously unequal. The two privileged orders, the nobles and the clergy, paid no impost whatever.

"So excessive was the burden which this created upon agricultural labour, that it has been calculated by a very competent observer,* that supposing the produce of an acre to be worth £8. 2s. 7d., the proportion which went to the king was £1. 18s. 4d.; to the landlord 12s. to the actual cultivator 5s.; or, if the proprietor cultivated his own land, his share was only £1. 4s. 3d., while that of the king was £1. 18s. 4d. In other words, if the produce of an acre had been divided into twelve parts, nearly seven and a half went to the king, three and a half to the proprietor, and one to the farmer; whereas in England, at the same period, if the produce of an acre were £8., the land tax and poor rates would be 10s., the rent £1. 10s., and the share of the cultivator £8., being three-fourths of the produce instead of one-twelfth, as under the French monarchy. Nearly one-third of France was at this period in the hands of small proprietors, upon whom those taxes fell with unusual severity."

In addition to this there were usages and customs arising out of the privileges of the nobility, which were in the highest degree both insulting and oppressive. The most important operations of agriculture were marred or prevented by pernicious game laws, which prohibited the hoeing and weeding at certain seasons, lest the young partridges should be disturbed; the mowing, lest their eggs should be destroyed; the taking away the stubble, lest the birds should be deprived of shelter; the manuring with night soil, lest their flavour should be injured. When human creatures thus considered the inferior animals of more importance than their own species, it is scarcely to be wondered at that their insulted brethren should put off all humanity, and treat them as if they were no better than wild beasts!

While the people were thus insulted, and oppressed, all the offices of importance, both in church and state, were confined to the privileged classes; and the prerogative of the crown had proceeded to such an extent as to annihilate every vestige of public liberty.— Taxes were imposed without the consent, and debts to an enormous amount,

contracted even without the knowledge of the nation. By criminal commissions and arbitrary commitments liberty and property were rendered insecure. The salaries of public servants were excessive; and corruption in its worst forms, had found its way into the court, and tainted the manners of the nobility.

By a strange anomaly in legislation, popular and philosophic discussion was encouraged, while religious liberty was rigidly interdicted. While all evangelizers were proscribed, as being fit only for the rack or the faggot, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, and Raynel, were regarded as the geni, whose writings shed a peculiar light upon the destinies of humanity. Amongst the worst corruptions of feudalism, republican principles began to take root; and, strange to say, were not only eagerly received by the oppressed and suffering class, to whom they must have been peculiarly welcome, but even by those who profited by the oppressions, and to whose power and importance they must necessarily have proved destructive.

While all these causes rendered a change of system inevitable, the peculiar character of the French Revolution Mr. Alison well observes—

"Arose not from any peculiarities in the character of the people, or any faults arising exclusively to her government, but to the weight of the despotism which had preceded, and the magnitude of the changes which were to follow. It was distinguished by violence and stained with blood, because it originated solely with the labouring classes, and partook of the savage character of a servile revolt; it totally subverted the institutions of the country, because it condensed within a few years the changes which should have taken place in as many centuries; it speedily fell under the direction of the most depraved of the people, because its guidance was abandoned by the higher, to the lower orders; it led to a general spoliation of property, because it was founded on an universal insurrection of the poor against the rich. France would have done less at the Revolution, if she had done more before it; she would not have unsheathed the sword to govern, if she had not been so long governed by the

sword; she would not have fallen for years under the guillotine of the populace, if she had not grieved, for centuries, under the fetters of the nobility."

The American war, in which the French monarch, most indiscreetly, took a prominent part, had its full effect in producing the crisis which led to the overthrow of all government in France; but the immediate cause of the Revolution was the embarrassment of the finances. Neckar's first accession to power was owing to a belief on the part of the King that his skill in money transactions would enable him to supply an exhausted exchequer; but the Swiss banker carried with him into office his principles of public liberty, and endeavoured to make the necessities of the crown subservient to the cause of national freedom. His plan was to establish a system of taxation and of loans, the one to serve for ordinary, the other for extraordinary occasions;—and, that the people might be reconciled to this, he proposed, that the taxation should be sanctioned by the consent of the provincial parliaments, and the most complete publicity given to the national accounts. But the power of the courtiers was too great in the palace, and the nobles who were interested in the prevailing abuses were too numerous, to permit any reform which struck at the root of a corrupt system; and Turgot, Neckar, and Maurepas were successively compelled to give way before the torrent of obloquy which was caused by any attempt to interfere with a system of pillage and corruption.

The next ministry was formed under the auspices of the Queen, the young and beautiful Maria Antoinette. Vergennes filled the office of prime minister, and chose for his minister of finance, Calonne, a bold, inconsiderate, enterprising statesman, in all respects the opposite of the cautious and parsimonious Neckar. By a system of borrowing, and a profusion of expenditure, the court and the public were for a season deluded by an appearance of prosperity, and the treasury seemed to be inexhaustible until it was, in fact, exhausted. The notables, or principal nobility, were then convened, and Calonne was ruined by the discovery that a deficit of the revenue below the expenditure of 140,000,000 francs, was

the result of his brilliant administration.

The alarm at this deficit of the revenue was the greater, as it was so little apprehended, and the notables, at their return to their respective places of residence, propagated representations respecting the faults of the ministers and the prodigality of the court, which may be said to have given rise to the first fervours of the revolution. The parliament of Paris were loud in their reprehension of the mismanagement of the public finances, and demanded a statement of the public accounts. "You ask," said the Abbe Labatier, "an account of the receipts and expenditure of the government; you are mistaken in your object, it is the STATES GENERAL you require."—The hint was enough. The vague wishes of the people were furnished with a definite object; and it was not long before an occasion occurred which enabled them to demand a convocation of the States General in a tone that could not be disregarded.

Brienne, the new minister, found it necessary to impose two new taxes.—The parliament of Paris refused to register them. For their contumacy they were banished to Troyes; but, consenting to comply with the royal mandate, they were in a short time recalled, only, however, to exhibit a similar refractory spirit whenever the views of the minister or the public exigencies required additional imposts. A contest of this kind, in the then state of men's minds, was sure to advance the popular cause, even when the victory appeared to be on the side of the king, who would have been led by his natural temper, even if he was not compelled by circumstances, to make admissions and concessions which must have rendered his remaining authority in the highest degree precarious.

It was the fate of the unhappy Louis, that his acts of vigour, and his compliance with the popular wishes, were equally injurious to the royal cause.—The one only served to provoke public indignation, the other to foster popular ambition. He had recourse to a "*lit de justice*" by which the functions of the parliament of Paris were superseded, and the ministerial edicts registered by his own authority. This was at once to make the nation identify itself with the refractory body by whom

his proceedings were opposed. And, as if at the same time to confess and to atone for the unconstitutional violence thus exerted, he proclaims the restitution of their rights to the Protestants, the annual publication of the public accounts, and the convocation of the *States General* in five years. It was too late for Louis now to remember the prophetic observation of old Marshal Segur, "Les notables pourraient étre que la graine des Etas Generaux. Et qui pourrait aujourd'hui en calculer les resultats?"

Brienne is described as a man who possessed activity without firmness, and rashness without perseverance; the very character which fitted him for maturing and precipitating the revolution. He perceived, clearly, the necessity for a coup d'état, and resolved to attempt it, but the attempt proved fatal to his administration. The parliament of Paris was to be deprived of all but its judicial powers, and a court erected, composed of those who were friendly to the crown, and in whom was to be vested its political functions. The parliament protested against its dissolution. The King replied by seizing upon two of its members, D'Espremenil and Goislard. When the halberdiers entered the hall, no one would point out the objects of their search. "We are all Espremenils," said they, from all sides. And if the individuals themselves had not given themselves up, they could not have been arrested.

But, as might be easily foreseen, the only effect of this measure of feeble and insulting tyranny, was to provoke, from all parts of the country, loud and indignant reclamations. Troubles broke out at the same time in Dauphiny, Bretagne, Provence, Flanders, Languedoc and Bearn; and all classes united in demanding the abolition of the *Cour Plénier*, and the immediate convocation of the *States General*.

Nor was it possible any longer to elude the public wishes. Neckar was recalled, and the *States General* were assembled. The first measures of the new minister were, to double the number of the *Tiers Etat*, and to admit the *cure*s into the body of the clergy.—The democratic influence thus acquired a decided ascendancy, the effect of which upon the destinies of France, cannot be better described than in the

words of Napoleon Bonaparte:—"The concessions of Neckar," he said, "were the work of a man ignorant of the first principles of the government of mankind. It was he who overturned the monarchy, and brought Louis XVI. to the scaffold. Marat, Danton, Robespierre himself did less mischief to France. He brought on the revolution which they consummated. Such reformers as M. Neckar do incredible mischief. The thoughtful read their works; the populace are carried away by them; the public happiness is in every mouth; and soon after, the people find themselves without bread; they revolt, and society is overturned. Neckar was the author of all the evils which desolated France during the revolution; all the blood that was shed rests on his head." Such was the deliberate opinion of one of the most extraordinary men of his age; and we believe that his judgment will not be reversed by posterity.

Two circumstances were remarkable in the composition of the constituent assembly; one, the almost total exclusion of literary talent; the other, the great proportion of the *Tiers Etat* who were men of no property or consideration. "France, on this occasion," Mr. Alison observes, "paid the penalty of her unjust and invidious feudal distinctions; the class was wanting, so well known in England, who, nominally belonging to the commons, are bound to the peers by similarity of situation and community of interest; and who form the link between the aristocracy and the people, and moderate the pride of the former by their firmness, and the turbulence of the latter by their authority." He speaks, of course, of England as it was before the passing of the reform bill.

Neckar's plan was, to form the *States* into two chambers, somewhat similar to the *Lords* and *Commons* of England; but this was soon found impracticable. The *Tiers Etat* insisted that the whole body should constitute but one assembly, and, by simply refusing to act until their wishes were complied with, put a complete stoppage to public business. Here began the conflict of the orders; which ended, as might be anticipated, in the triumph of the commons, who assumed the title of the *National Assembly*, and thenceforward gave the law to their rivals. They

declared all taxes illegal except those voted by themselves. "At the same time, the fears of the capitalists were tranquillized by consolidating the public debt, and the alarm of the people allayed by the appointment of a committee to watch over the public subsistence."

The nobles and the clergy had joined with the commons in their assault upon the throne; they had now to pay the penalty of their rashness, by being, in their turn, assaulted by the commons, who had as little respect for their peculiar privileges, as they evinced for the prerogative of the king.

Concession always enflames demand, when it follows instead of anticipating the popular wishes. So Lewis found when he came forward on the 23rd of June, 1789, at an extraordinary meeting of the Estates General, and made the greatest concessions that ever were made by a King to his subjects. The pecuniary privileges of the nobles, and their exemption from taxation, was abolished. An end was put to the *taille* and the impost of *Franc-fief*. A provision was made for the consolidation of the national debt. The liberty of the press was secured; property and titles of honour protected; the criminal code regulated; provincial assemblies established, and an arrangement adopted which provided for the maintenance of the public roads, and the equality of contributions. With truth could the monarch exclaim, "I may say, without fear of self-deception, that never King did so much for his subjects as I have done; but what other could so well deserve it as the people of France!"

But the time had gone by when the people of France could be won by gifts, or captivated by compliments. The King concluded his speech by commanding them to dissolve. The clergy and the nobles obeyed; the commons remained alone in the hall. "You are to-day," says Sieyès, "what you were yesterday; let us proceed with our deliberations." On the motion of Camus, they ratified all their proceedings, and declared the persons of the members inviolable. From that day the sovereign authority had passed from the crown to the people.

We cannot afford space to detail minutely the progress of the movement. The commons were joined by

a large party from the nobles, headed by the Duke of Orleans. The King himself issued his commands, that the rest of the nobility should follow their example. The army declared for the popular cause. The King's extreme aversion to effusion of blood, delayed the only vigorous measure which might have ensured his safety; and Paris was in insurrection; the Bastille taken by storm; the guards in open revolt; and the regiments of the line in sullen inactivity, before he could be persuaded that there was any serious danger. When the Duke De Lincourt acquainted him with the events that had occurred. "This is a revolt," said the King, after a long silence. "Sir," replied he, "it is a revolution."

Then followed the submission of the king,—the emigration of the noblesse—and the recall of Neckar. This latter had arrived at the zenith of his popularity, and observed, on entering his apartment at Versailles, after he had been greeted by the acclamations of the Parisian populace, "Now this is the moment that I should die." But,

"A melancholy proof awaited him of the inability of even the most popular minister to coerce the fury of the populace. Long lists of proscription had, for a considerable time, been fixed at the entrances of the *Palais royal*, at the head of which was M. Foulon, an old man above seventy years of age, who had been appointed to the ministry which succeeded Neckar, but never entered upon his office. He was seized in the country, and brought into Paris with his hands tied behind his back. The vengeance of the people could not wait for the form of trial or condemnation; they broke into the committee room where he was undergoing an examination before La Fayette and Bailly, and, in spite of the most strenuous efforts on their part, tore him from their arms, and hung him up to the lamp post.—Twice the fatal cord broke, and the agonised wretch fell to the ground in the midst of the multitude; twice they suspended him again, amidst peals of laughter and shouts of joy. It was with such terrific examples of wickedness that the regeneration of the social body commenced in France. M. Berthier, father-in-law to Foulon, soon after shared the same fate. He was arrested at Compeigne, and, after undergoing the utmost outrages on the road, was brought to the *Hotel de Ville*, where the mob presented

to him the head of his parent, yet streaming with blood. He averted his eyes, and as they continued to press it towards his face, bowed to the ghastly remains. The efforts of Bailly and La Fayette were again unsuccessful, he was seized by the mob, and dragged towards the lamp post, but, at the sight of the cord, which they prepared to put about his neck, he was seized with a transport of indignation, and, wresting a musket from one of the national guard, rushed into the troop of his assassins, and fell, pierced with innumerable wounds. One of the cannibals fell upon the body, and tore out his heart, which he bore about in triumph, almost before it had ceased to beat. The heads of Berthier and Foulon were put on the end of pikes, and paraded, in the midst of an immense crowd, through the streets of Paris."

These horrors were but a prelude to what took place in the country.

"Everywhere the peasants rose in arms, attacked and burnt the châteaux of the landlords, and massacred or expelled the possessors. The horrors of the insurrection of the *Jacquerie*, in the time of Edward the Third, were revived on a greater scale, and with deeper circumstances of atrocity. In their blind fury, they did not even spare those seigniors who were known to be inclined to the popular side, or had done the most to mitigate their sufferings or support their rights. The most cruel tortures were inflicted on the victims who fell into their hands; many had the poles of their feet roasted over a slow fire, before being put to death; others had their hair and eyebrows burnt off, while they destroyed their dwellings, after which they were drowned in the nearest fish pond. The Marquess of Barras was cut into little bits before his wife, far advanced in her pregnancy, who shortly after died of horror; the roads were covered with young women of rank and beauty, flying from death, and leading their aged parents by the hand. It was amidst the cries of agony, and by the light of conflagration that liberty arose in France."

The National Assembly sought to disclaim all participation in these acts of inhuman violence, by several energetic proclamations, which had not, however, the slightest effect in repressing them. Indeed they were too directly subservient to the views of those who were now the leaders of that

assembly, to excite any serious regret; and Mr. Alison observes that while they were, for form sake, openly blamed, they were secretly applauded.

The atrocities by which the national character was thus disgraced were followed by a scene the most extraordinary, perhaps, that ever took place in the history of the world. The King, who was at first strongly opposed to the people's wishes, when he found that they could not be successfully resisted, more than complied with them, and even assumed the appearance of patronizing and encouraging measures which in the first instance, had met his unqualified condemnation. It was now the turn of the privileged orders to follow the Royal example; and, after having evinced a rash and pusillanimous resistance even to the reasonable demands of the popular leaders, to rival each other in a tumultuary eagerness to remove and abolish every ancient privilege by which they were distinguished from the great body of the people.

It has been truly said that the night of the 4th of August 1789, changed the whole condition of France. Had these changes been introduced gradually they might have been beneficial; but, coming, as they did, suddenly and unexpectedly, when the people were, in no respect, prepared to profit by them, their only effect was to heighten the popular intoxication, and give a shock to the whole fabric of society, which must sooner or later, bring it to the ground.

"Nothing," says Mr. Alison, "can more distinctly mark the different characters of the French and English Revolutions, than the conduct of the two nations in their first measures of legislative improvement after the royal power had fallen. The English were solicitous to justify their resistance by the precedent of antiquity; they maintained that they had inherited this freedom; and sought only to re-establish those ancient landmarks, which had disappeared during the indolence or the usurpation of recent times. The French commenced the work of reformation by destroying every thing which had gone before them, and sought to establish the freedom of future ages by rooting out every thing which had been done by the past. On the ancient stock of Saxon independence the English engrafted the shoots of modern liberty; in its stead the French planted the unknown tree of equality. In the

British Isles the plant has been deeply rooted, and expanded widely in its native air; time will shew whether the French have not wasted their time in training an exotic, unsuited to the climate, and unfruitful in the soil."

Three days after this extraordinary proceeding, in which concession would seem to have attained its utmost limit, the popular leaders affected to maintain that it was not the *redemption*, but the *abolition* of tithe that had been voted. On this occasion the clergy found in the Abbe Sieyes an able and unexpected advocate. "If it is yet possible," said he, "to awaken in your minds a love of justice; I would ask, not if it is *expedient*, but if it is just, to despoil the church? The tithe, whatever it may be in future, does not at present belong to you. If it is suppressed in the hand of the creditor, does it follow that it is extinguished also in the trust of the debtor, and become your property? You yourselves have declared the tithe redeemable; by so doing you have recognized its legal existence; and cannot now suppress it. The tithe does not belong to the owner of the soil. He has neither purchased nor acquired it by inheritance. If you extinguish the tithes, you confer a gratuitous and uncalled for present upon the landed proprietor, who does nothing, while you ruin the true proprietor, who instructs the people in return for that share of their fruits. You would be free, but you know not how to be just."

But he alike reasoned and expostulated in vain. He had pulled up the floodgates, and the torrent would not go back at his bidding. "My dear Abbe," says Mirabeau, "you have unloosed the bull; do you expect he is not to make use of his horns?"

Then followed the celebrated declaration of the Rights of Man, a production inwardly execrated by those who were its authors, which gives all the viciousness of falsehood to self-evident truth, and all the plausibility of truth to self-evident falsehood. Its principal composer admits, that it was like placing a powder magazine under an edifice, which the first spark would blow into the air.*

This declaration was the basis of

the new constitution, which annihilated the hereditary legislators, and converted the sovereignty into a pageant. Mirabeau strongly remonstrated against depriving the monarch of an absolute veto in the enactment of laws; but he was as little attended to now, as the Abbe Sieyes when he attempted to protect the rights of the clergy. Having gone with the democrats one mile, they were constrained, by any thing but a Christian spirit, to go with them twain.

But the finances now began to fail, and famine to threaten the inhabitants of Paris. While men's minds were thus agitated by private distress and public distraction, an incident occurred which served to arouse the suspicions and inflame the indignation of the people. The regiment of Flanders, and some troops of horse had been brought to Versailles for the protection of the royal family. A public dinner, according to ancient custom, was given, upon their arrival, in the saloon of the opera, the boxes of which were filled with all the rank and fashion which still continued to grace the court. The health of the King was drank with enthusiasm; and when the musicians struck up the well known and pathetic air, "Oh, Richard! oh my King! the world abandons you!" the officers drew their swords, and sealed the boxes, "where they were received with enthusiasm by the ladies of the court, and decorated with white cockades, by fair hands trembling with agitation."

The democrats immediately caught the alarm. It was represented that a deliberate conspiracy was entered into by the court and the military to extinguish the liberties of the people. The execrable Egalité and his satellites, omitted not so favourable an opportunity of forwarding his views upon the sovereign authority; and after Paris had been for some days exposed to the violence of an infuriate populace, they directed their course to Versailles, with a view, as is generally supposed, to intimidate the King into an abandonment of his station, that the Duke of Orleans might be proclaimed in his stead. The King's firmness defeated the object of the secret instiga-

* Dumont, 140, 142.

tors of this ferocious banditti ; and a mere accident prevented the Queen being murdered. She received notice of their approach just time enough to enable her to escape from her bed-chamber. She had scarcely quitted the room, when her bed was perforated by their bayonets.

The individual who could alone afford protection to the royal family at this trying emergency was La Fayette ; and he did, undoubtedly, exert himself for their preservation ; but he was the author, at the same time, of a counsel which precipitated their ruin. They were persuaded by him to accompany the mob to Paris, and take up their residence at the Tuilleries. When this resolution was known, the assembly resolved to accompany the sovereign ; and, thenceforth, the mob of the capital exercised a paramount domination not only over the unhappy Louis, whose authority had already passed away, but even over that body of senators who had usurped even more than regal functions.

This may be called the first cataract of the revolution ; the first great bound which the raging current of innovation made down the precipice of anarchy. And here we will pause for the present, to revert for a moment to the causes which plunged a great nation into horrors of which every one felt the misery, and no one could see the end.

There can be no doubt that the government of France required reform, and as little that the worst features of the revolution were caused by its having been so long delayed. The almost absolute prerogative of the crown, the insulting superiority claimed by the upper classes, and the heavy and unequal taxation borne by the lower, could not much longer have been endured, amongst a people progressing in knowledge and in wealth, and where the middle orders were becoming tinctured with the republican spirit of classical antiquity, while the nobles exhibited a degeneracy which characterized the declension of the greatness of the Roman empire under some of the worst of the Cæsars. Louis's declaration on the 23d of June, removed all the real evils of France, and had it been more timely, would have been effectual in appeasing the murmurs of the people. But it was delayed until

these murmurs increased and deepened into deafening thunder, amidst which the voice of reason could not be heard ; and passions were inflamed, and desires excited, which wisdom could not satisfy, and with which prudence should not have complied.

The first great error of the government was in doubling the number of the *Tiers Etat*. By so doing, the political charioteer may be said to have abandoned the reins, after he had yoked the vehicle of state to wild horses. Even before that, all circumstances considered, the democracy was too strong ; it thenceforth became irresistible. Neckar had been brought into power by the popular voice ; and imagined, to assist, that by augmenting the popular influence he was only perpetuating his own administration. But he was soon apprised of the difference between exciting and controuling the passions of the people ; and the very demons of popular vengeance, whom he convoked, speedily made the arch-magician himself to tremble.

The second error was, in uniting the three orders of the state in one assembly. The very principle of the concession involved the annihilation of an aristocratical class, and its immediate effect was to destroy their influence. They were no longer of any importance in an assembly where they might be outvoted by a majority of two to one.

The clergy had joined with the *Tiers Etat* in compelling the union of the Chambers ; and they were the first to feel the effect of it in the sweeping measure of confiscation, which destroyed the property of the Church. They were first the instruments of popular ambition, and afterwards the victims of popular vengeance.

The revolt of the French guards drew after it the defection of the whole army. And the position of the National Assembly and of the residence of the monarch completely destroyed freedom of deliberation. The members of the National Assembly were, no doubt, free to act *with* the multitude ; but they soon felt themselves controuled by a power which they could not withstand if they attempted to act against them. From the moment the Assembly began to hold their sittings in Paris, they could be considered in no

other light than the executive of a demonized democracy.

"But the most fatal step," says Mr. Alison, "and that which rendered all the others irreparable was, the great number of revolutionary interests which they created. By transferring political power into new and inexperienced hands, who valued the acquisition in proportion to their unfitness to exercise it, by creating a host of new proprietors, dependent upon the new system for their existence; by placing the armed and civil force entirely at the disposal of the populace, they founded lasting interests upon the fleeting favours of the moment, and perpetuated the march of revolution, when the people would willingly have reverted to a monarchical government."

For the present we shall conclude in the words of our author, which cannot be too deeply pondered either by sovereigns or subjects.

"The errors of the Constituent As-

sembly may all be traced to one cause; the evils of despotism were recent, and had been experienced, those of democracy remote and hitherto unfelt. No such excuse will remain for any subsequent legislature. If the French Revolution had done nothing else, it has conferred a lasting blessing on mankind, by exposing the consequences of hasty innovation, and writing in characters of blood the horrors of anarchy on the page of history. Let us hope that a dreadful lesson has not been taught in vain; that a whole generation has not perished under the guillotine, or been crushed beneath the car of ambition, only to make way for a repetition of their errors by future ages; and that from the sanguinary annals of its sufferings, the great truth may be learned, that true wisdom consists in repairing, not in destroying, and that nothing can retard the march of freedom, but the violence of its supporters."

STANZAS.

If but to breathe a prayer—to shed a tear,
 Thy sainted spirit could restore again
 To the unquiet scene of sorrows here,
 I would not by thy presence soothe my pain.
 Tho' deeply I deplor'd my wayward doom,
 When parted first from all I learned to love;
 One lingering hope still pierced my bosom's gloom,
 One star shone bright my stormy course above.
 Thou fain would'st have dissolv'd the spell—but ne'er
 Liv'd there a soul less anxious to be free;
 A willing captive, 'twas content to wear
 The chain that bound its every thought to thee.
 I trusted still that thou would'st learn to feel
 That one devoted heart was all thine own;
 But time appear'd thy sympathies to steel
 Against the woes of one, who wept alone.
 I was not worthy of thee—and I woke
 Too late, alas! from my delusive dream;
 When truth the sweetest chords of fancy broke,
 And her soft numbers lost their favourite theme.
 They told me thou wert drooping—and I pray'd
 For one I lov'd, howe'er despairingly,
 Nor for a moment did I dare upbraid
 Thine undeserv'd forgetfulness of me.
 They told me thou wert dead—if angels e'er
 The secrets of a mortal breast may read,
 Then may'st thou trace in one still sorrowing here,
 The grief with which its wounded feelings bleed.
 But why desire thee to direct thine eyes
 Down to this drear abode of the unblest?—
 The sad communion of this vale of sighs
 Would mar the bliss of thine eternal rest.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

CHAPTER X.

"Of all the counterfeits performed by man,
A soldier makes the simplest Puritan."

CENTLIVRE.

The difficulties which De Lacy had to encounter, were such as, under any other circumstances, would have justified Sir Everard Ashley's determination to have no hand in the undertaking. The distance from Oxford to Basing was forty miles; on his right hand were the strong holds of the enemy at Abingdon and Reading, whose active patrols were incessantly scouring the country, and on his left at Newberry, lay a large body of the Parliament's horse, not less diligent. Thus, should they, at the best prove successful in their main object, their safe return to Oxford was extremely doubtful. With a mind fully capable of appreciating these dangers, and a spirit fitted to meet and to subdue them, De Lacy during the short march, turned his attention to Winchester, as a point on which he might not only fall back, in case his return to Oxford should be intercepted, but from whence, even at the present late period, he might receive reinforcement and co-operation. With Sir William Ogle, the governor, he was personally acquainted, and he resolved on sending a despatch thither, which was to rejoin him at Basing. On reaching the wood, the men had been made to unarm, the horse were piquetted, and every precaution taken to refresh both, it being De Lacy's intention to lie by during the day, to avoid the heat, as well as the danger of interception, and prosecute his march in the cool of the evening, by which method he had calculated on reaching Basing about one or two o'clock on Wednesday morning. In one of several leafy bowers, hastily constructed with branches of trees for accommodation of the officers, our hero held conference with his friends Webb, Bunckley, the three Oxonians, and the hum-

ble and faithful partizan Smallcraft; of this conference Father Denis was a silent but attentive auditor. "I have sent for you, Smallcraft," said De Lacy, "to be present at this discussion, not only because I have a high opinion of your fidelity and intelligence, but also that Colonel Bunckley informs me that you have been heretofore acquainted with much of this country." "With thanks for your good opinion, brave Sir, I know some parts of it indifferently well," replied Smallcraft, "tho' it is a long time since: my old master was a vast intimate of the late Squire Forrester of Aldermaston, and I often followed the hounds with him in that part of the country"—"No readier way of acquiring a knowledge of it," observed De Lacy. It was eventually settled, that Smallcraft, Lester, and Trevanion, who professed a knowledge of the country, should proceed with the despatch to Winchester. "I," said De Lacy, "will add one more to your party, whom, should you unfortunately have occasion for his services, you will find useful." Then turning to a soldier who was at hand, he desired him to send Jan Schontz to them. "In the way," continued De Lacy, "the country between us and Winchester is occupied, it would be impossible for you in your present garbs to reach it undiscovered, though it was not with a view to this particular purpose, I provided those which may give you safe conduct." Jan Schontz now made his appearance; he was somewhat in the capacity of Sergeant of the Queen's Dutchmen—a man not more than of middle size, but no one scarcely could pass him unheeding, his bone and muscular power were so much out of the common. "Where is the bag I charged you with?"—Jan disappeared without

a word. "That is the man," said De Lacy, "whom I mean to accompany you, gentlemen; keep him but sober, and of all men I ever met with, I would soonest have him at my back on an emergency." "He shall be carefully looked to in that respect," said Lester, and the person spoken of returned with the bag, which contained conical crowned hats, short black cloaks and grey scarfs. "I command you on an impossibility, convert yourselves into traitors—the cavalier must be sunk in the roundhead, and true men though you be at heart, you must for a season outwardly play the hypocrite. Schontz, you will place yourself under the command of this gentleman," (pointing to Lester) "and obey his orders." Jan was at best a man of few words, and moreover spoke little or no English, but to one who knew him as well as De Lacy did, he had a method of signifying himself, which was by an emphatic pull up of his unmentionables, and which meant almost as much as the answer of a celebrated Prime Minister to his royal Mistress—"If it is possible, it is done; and if it is impossible it shall be done."—"You will also carefully recollect," continued De Lacy, "that unless you are specially spoken to by this gentleman (meaning Lester) you must not open your lips on any occasion, while engaged on this particular service." A violent pantomimic pull, as before mentioned, announced that Jan had taken leave of the power of speech for the time being. "God speed and guide you my friends," said our provident commander, "spare not the spur, for I have particularly requested Sir William Ogle to provide you with fresh horses"—then apart to Lester, "take care of the Dutchman, and, if need befalls, he will take care of you—you cannot use too much caution in rejoining me at Basing, speed your present errand how it may."

Having received the despatch, they rode off at a round rate, and De Lacy continued anxiously watching them until they were out of sight. He then returned to his woodland tent, and directing the sentinel to call him at 12 o'clock, he courted the rest which he so much stood in need of. When the hour of noon arrived the men were put under arms, and their commander proceeded to a fresh disposition of his force, rendered necessary by the fortunate junction with

Bunckley. He divided the horse, now amounting to about two hundred and seventy, into two equal divisions, the separate commands of which were given to Webb and Bunckley, reserving the twenty already mentioned, and now officered by Courtney, as a kind of guard; his foot, three hundred effective and well-disciplined men, he commanded himself. They broke up from the wood at half-past two, and still declining the direct road by Pangbourn, kept through the lanes to the right of Basildown, and skirting the hamlet and park of Engilfield, held on to Beenhams, the horse taking up the footmen behind them, by turns, and thus they moved with the greater celerity. Here under cover of the thick woods, they remained while a picquet was sent forward to reconnoitre the high road between Newberry and Reading, which being reported all clear, they pushed on for Aldermaston, and reached that beautiful village at half-past five o'clock in the evening. Here half an hour's delay took place, in order to refresh the horses, and procure white scarfs for Bunckley's reinforcement, in doing which De Lacy learned from the cloth merchant, who was well affected to the Royal cause, and who told it as "a secret worth knowing," that a party of four Roundheads, well armed and mounted, had passed through at ten o'clock in the morning with great speed, and had taken the road towards Winchester. Cheered with the knowledge that his despatch had crossed the high-road between Reading and Newberry unmolested, and hoping for the best, he directed his march towards Basing, through Baughurst, which though the longer was the least frequented route.

Now, good man and true, as he undoubtedly was, Jan Schontz had a failing of which De Lacy was not aware, for, no one was fonder than honest Jan of "entwining the myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine," and as in the true spirit of a soldier, he always literally obeyed his orders, he went not a whit beyond. It so befel that as the small party passed the Hind's-head, in the aforesaid little town, there was a comely wench twirling her mop at the door, and whether it was that Jan thought that the gallantry of his profession would have been compromised if he had passed without noticing her, he not only gave a courteous wave of his

hand, but turning himself round upon the saddle, grasped the cantle, and as speech was the only prohibited organ, he expressed to her by

"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles."

the flying admiration she had excited. Your soldier is a sad moralist in the way of love, and Jan reminds us of a verse of a song we have somewhere or other met with—

"A gallant soldier, frank and free,
Small sinner and no saint—
A Puritan's hypocrisy
Assum'd for warlike feint;
A buxom lassie met his eye,
And straight the Puritan
By beauty's glance was made to fly
And place-give to the man.
But, oh, when'er he got the route,
Sad truth to tell, it so fell out,
Some "She" would dangle from her garters,
Because our trooper chang'd his quarters."

In a corner of the bow-window of the neatly-sanded parlour, and hidden by a flower-stand crowded with myrtles and geraniums, sat Solas Rabishaw, stirring a stone pint jug of cyder with a sprig of hyssop. Attracted by the staid demeanor of Smallcraft, whose time-marked countenance had been selected to lead the van, while Schontz brought up the rear, he hastily swallowed his draught and hurried to the door, which he reached in time to observe the Dutchman's telegraphic flirtation. "The way with you all!" said the girl to Rabishaw, whom she detested, "Saint and sinner—give me a good jolly Cavalier for my money." "Peace, vain damsel," replied Solas, "bring forth my horse." Then, to himself, "Wolves in sheep's clothing, I must arise and be doing." So saying he, fast as he could, got into the saddle, without even waiting for the change of a half-crown piece which he had tendered for his reckoning. "These rooks are after no good," said the girl; "three years has this old hunk been coming to this house, and I never saw the colour of his money before, and now here are eighteen pence!" Rabishaw pricked away at a round pace, and in about half an hour's riding, caught sight of the party, upon whose track he hung with the sagacity and perseverance of a slow hound, until he fairly saw them into Winchester, when turning his horse to the left, he made with all speed for Arlesford, which he reached not long after Lester had delivered his mission to Sir Wm. Ogle. "Whence art thou, approved in good

works?" said Colonel Jesse Miller, as Rabishaw pulled up his foaming steed at the iron gate of a large brick house close by the Church at Old Arlesford, "thou comest with the wings of the wind." "Even so, esteemed," replied Solas: "verily I say unto thee, thou art chosen to a good deed." A servant having taken charge of the horse, they passed into the house. Sir Marmaduke Estcourt had truly characterised him, when he designated Rabishaw an active agent. His zeal, which arose to the height of fanaticism, knew no bounds, and he was in the confidence of the different leaders of the parliamentary forces, whose services brought them into the part of the country where he resided, and with which, from the nature of his occupation, he was widely and well acquainted. Aware of the dangers incident to the office of a spy, there was scarcely a town throughout that part of the country in which he had not confidential and well-paid agents, among whom was the jailer at the Devizes, who, in order to avoid suspicion, having given the key of the cell in which Rabishaw was placed to the soldier appointed to guard him, immediately liberated his prisoner by means of a trap-door, well concealed by one of the flags, and induced the hostler, who acted as guide to Prince Maurice, by means of a bribe, to forward his purpose. The consciousness of his safety had induced Rabishaw to taunt that Prince, who, as nephew to the King, was particularly odious to the fierce republican. On the present occasion he had been to Newberry, with

a letter from Colonel Norton to the officer who commanded the dragoons stationed there, and was refreshing himself and horse at Aldermaston, when Jan Schontz's ill-timed gallantry excited his hawk-eyed suspicion, and induced him to follow De Lacy's despatch. "What bearest thou in hand, trusty and beloved?" said Colonel Miller, as Solas Rabishaw locked the door of a small study into which they had entered, "What seekest thou?" "The Mideonites are abroad," replied Rabishaw. "But now as I tarried awhile at Aldermaston, in the house of the sinner, I espied them like unto wolves in sheep's clothing, in the habits of our people; but the leaven of iniquity, even the deadly lust of the flesh declared them unto me." "Whence and whither are they?" demanded Miller. "I did note them into Winchester," replied Rabishaw, "from Oxford doubtless, or thitherward: our shepherds

keep strict watch on the main road—they must have journeyed through the by-ways." "For what purpose are they in force?" said Miller. "They are even but four," answered the zealous malignant, "verily, they seek to undo the good work which our Captain hath perfected; they devise the enlargement of the mighty Heathen. Arise, therefore, and gird thyself; yea, their own craftiness hath confounded them. Obey the words of my mouth, and I will deliver them bound unto thee." "I may not," said Colonel Miller, "move my small force without especial command, therefore, which verily I did think thou hadst brought unto me; but seeing they are but few, I will hearken unto thee; eight trusty warriors will I grant unto thy prayer." This was soon done, and Rabishaw, mounted on a fresh horse, set on towards Basing in furtherance of his design.

CHAPTER XI.

"Oh, treachery! fly—good Fleance, fly!"

MACBETH.

Colonel Sir William Ogle was unable to spare to De Lacy any reinforcement from his own scanty garrison, but he supplied Lester and his companions with fresh horses. Lester, when refreshments were brought up, was not unmindful of Jan Schontz, and directed that he should not get any liquor stronger than a single draught of single beer. The pursy old Chamberlain said nothing until he got outside the door—"A draught of single beer, forsooth, this is the way with those haughty young whippers. He can take a flask of Malmsey or Bordeaux himself, I warrant me, while the poor foreign devil may die of thirst! but I'll have him to know that such is not the custom of Sir William Ogle's household, Marry! I could not look a Christian in the face and be after

giving a way-worn man single beer, excepting he be a malignant." After this soliloquy, which bespoke those good old times, when private economy and political economy had prevailed as now, in old England, the Chamberlain proceeded to his office of hospitality; and instead of the single draught of single beer, he sent Jan a black-jack containing a gallon of the oldest double October he could find in a cellar renowned for its excellence, and to which Jan Schontz, who had only been commanded to abstain from speech, did entire justice. Smallcraft had experienced the comforts of the house-keeper's room in moderation; and all parties being thus recruited in spirits, if not in number, they assembled to depart, and after brief conference as to the route which would least expose

them to discovery and interception, they soon reached Preston Candover Downs. The sun shone with that intense fierceness which it sometimes does in the harvest season, about an hour or so before its declension; there was not a breath of air, and the occasional barking of a shepherd's dog alone broke the silence of the scene, which seemed to have infused itself into the party, none of whom had for some time uttered a word, when they were aroused by Jan Schontz, on whom the heat and the ale began to operate, and who, it not being in "his bond," struck up a Dutch Kicksysaiaw, the monotonous mazes of which he lilted with no ordinary vigour. "I hope Smallcraft," said Lester, "that fellow may not have had more than has done him good." They had now reached the crest of the Downs, from whence the country for miles was visible, and below them lay a large sheepfold belonging to a farm-house about a mile distant. "We are now half-way," said Trevanion, "and though it is a good fault, we have time by the forelock—had we not better halt here to reconnoitre, and let our horses feed?" "Certainly," replied Lester, "for we command the whole country; we will avail ourselves of the cover of this sheepfold." So saying, they alighted under the side which appeared to them least discernible, and leaving the horses to graze under the care of Smallcraft and Schontz, the two young men advanced to the brow of the hill, where, directly underneath, was one of those immense chalk-pits so common to that part of Hampshire, and on the opposite side of which was a strong, though small brake of thorns and briars. "I never saw a more likely place for a hare," said Trevanion, at the same time jerking a stone into it as far as he was able to throw, and which alighted, not on the back of poor puss, but close by Solas Rabishaw who lay there lurking for his prey, couched like a tyger in a jungle. When he promised Colonel Miller that he would deliver them into his hands, he spoke not at random, for the farm-house to which the sheepfold belonged, was in the possession of a particular friend of his, and there his men were at that moment concealed; as he knew that the sheepfold commanded a view of the roads to Basing, he had been there on the look out, and on

the approach of the party had retreated to the brake to observe their motions, or pick up what he could of their conversation as they passed. This ill-timed and unexpected halt, he interpreted as a sign that the hand of heaven was linked with his enterprise. "I know you are a good sportsman," observed Lester to Trevanion's last observation, "but what place is that?" pointing in a particular direction. "That is Preston Candover," said Trevanion, "and if you look down the hill as far as you can to the left, you will see the windows of a large house reflecting, with more than golden lustre, the rays of the setting sun, that is Popham Lane." "This is the best route then," said Lester, "and we will abide by it." "I see nothing to the contrary," said Trevanion, "but before we resume our journey, I will try how Smallcraft's charge of Cognac would qualify some of the water of a fine spring which I observed about a hundred yards off as we approached this spot." They accordingly turned from the chalk-pit towards the spring. Rabishaw, taking advantage of their departure, crept like a snake from his hiding-place, and keeping on his hands and knees along-side a wall, reached a tall hedge-row which led down to the farm-house, under cover of which he joined his men undiscovered. Having allayed their thirst, the young men took horse, and had the vexation of perceiving, that Jan Schontz, though he was not quite drunk, was just upon the point of not being sober. They proceeded leisurely and carefully—a chilly evening succeeded to the great heat, and the second harvest moon appeared in all its splendour; about two hours quiet riding brought them to the wood, already mentioned, and here they again dismounted to deliberate.

Having adopted precaution against surprise, they took short rest, and prepared to proceed on their way, Lester arranging that Smallcraft, being best mounted, should bear Sir William Ogle's letter which he had written to De Lacy, and if they should unfortunately light upon any of the enemy's parties, he should be intent on nothing but effecting his escape. Previously to getting into their saddles, they laid their ears to the ground to catch any sound which might awaken suspicion,

but nothing reached them but the call of the partridge or the bleating of the sheepfold. They set their arms in order and mounted. There was nothing but a cart track through the wood, which they followed at a brisk trot, and with spirits rising at every horse's length they gained, had got three parts through, when as they approached a track which crossed at right angles that which they were pursuing, four men dashed out before them from the right, and ere they could pull up their horses five more sprung out from the left upon their rear, and completely intercepted them. "A fine night this, friend," said Solas Rabishaw to Smallcraft, but ere he could utter a reply, the clash of weapons commenced. The mare on which Jan Schontz rode was faulty in her fore legs, and at the moment Rabishaw spoke, she nearly came on her head; Jan rapped out a thundering oath, and Isaac Yalden, the farmer, (who had joined Rabishaw) cried out, "behold the men!"—they were the last words he ever uttered, for in the half drunken conviction that he had done wrong, Jan instantly unsheathed and clove Yalden's skull to his shoulders, unhorsed the next man who opposed him, and then the fray became general. "Do your duty, if possible!" cried Lester to Smallcraft, who, throwing his sword across his body to the left, the point guarding his horse's shoulder, made a dash by Rabishaw to his right into the wood; for this, however, the latter had been prepared, and his petronel was up to the level in a moment, but Lester struck down his arm with a blow which, had it not been for a shirt of mail worn under his clothes, would have disabled him for ever—the shot went off, however, and Rabishaw's horse rearing up perpendicularly, fell with him into the bushes on the left. Smallcraft had dashed by two of the three men who were ahead of Rabishaw, and slightly wounded the headmost of the party, in doing which he regained the track, and set forward full speed, closely followed by the parliamentarians: a small four-barred gate closed in the wood, and being an old sportsman, as the moon shone brilliantly, he resolved on attempting to clear it: he drew his horse up for a

moment, and then sent him at it with such determination and impetus, that the animal was unable to refuse it, but springing short, struck the top bar, and came down on his nose and knees on the other side; Smallcraft kept his seat, and this accident again saved him, for his pursuer who was not up to such a feat, slipping his sword under his left arm, let fly a shot at him just as the horse was rising, which passed right through his high-crowned hat. This last danger escaped, he struck spurs into his horse and got clear away.—Meantime the skirmish was stoutly carried on behind; the two men who were in front of Rabishaw turned when he fell, and thus mainly contributed to Smallcraft's escape, but Lester and Trevanion were at liberty to oppose them, for Jan Schontz verified the character De Lacy had given of him,—to the strength of a Hercules he added the activity of a Mercury, and he kept the rear completely at bay. Several shots struck him, but rebounded off his cuirass which he wore under his cloak, to the terror and dismay of his opponents, who regarded him as something supernatural. Escape being their main object, Lester and Trevanion, after a sharp struggle, succeeded in brushing by their antagonists, calling loudly on Jan to follow them, which he did but apparently with reluctance; he retreated like a Parthian, severely marking his opponents as they came up, until they relinquished the pursuit.—They pushed on as hard as they were able, when in descending a small hill, Jan Schontz's mare, who had been severely wounded, fell headlong down.—"Are you hurt?" said Trevanion, who instantly dismounted. Jan made no reply, but gave his kecksies an assenting lug up. Trevanion's horse being wounded also, Lester took Jan Schontz behind him, and slowly proceeding, they got into the high road, and almost immediately heard the swift approach of horse. Giving themselves up for lost, they forced their horses through a hedge, and endeavoured to conceal themselves in the shadow of a large oak, but their apprehension was speedily converted into joy, as the well-known voices of Smallcraft and Courtney reached their gladdened ears.

CHAPTER XII.

"And have they not withal my blessing?
Do I not consecrate their banner?
Am I not Church militant?"

Maid Marian.

Revolving in his mind the dangers to which his express might be subjected, and the difficulty of joining him, should Sir William Ogle decline his reinforcement, De Lacy had sent Courtnay forward from Banghurst, with directions to patrol the high-way between Basingstoke, and the turn of the road leading down to Basing-house for a certain time, and should he then fall in with the despatch, to retrace his steps until he joined the main body, but, at the same time to use the utmost caution. In pursuance of these orders, he had drawn up his small troop at the bottom of a green lane, as soon as he heard the firing on his left; when Smallcraft dashing down the road met this new support of friends; and they were returning to the wood, when they thus happily fell in with their companions. They now counter-marched as Courtnay had been directed, and met the advance under Bunckley, in about half an hour.

In the meanwhile Rabishaw had recovered from the stupor occasioned by his fall, which had effectually stunned him for the time; he found his men gathered together in the wood, most of them hurt more or less, and lamenting over the body of Isaac Yalden, who exhibited a ghastly specimen of the Dutchman's prowess. Solas sternly regarded the deceased for a moment in silence, and then said, "Thy wife looketh for thee, and thus shalt thou meet her sight; thy little ones call unto thee, yet thou hearest them not—but, verily their cries shall be heard. 'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong,' and I swear unto thy chosen soul, now among the departed faithful, that I will avenge thee!" So saying, he ordered the men to return to the

Farm-house with the body, and remounting his horse, which, after the firing had ceased, rejoined its companions, set out to put Norton and his guard in case any attack was meditated. He passed directly through the town of Basingstoke, but by the time he had reached, and just entered the hamlet of Old Basing, the conflict had begun. Mortified and disappointed as De Lacy was at Sir William Ogle's non-compliance, he was, nevertheless prepared for it; and had settled in his own mind several different plans of attack, as circumstances might call for them. He, therefore, no sooner read Sir William's letter, than he halted for a small space, and sent a hundred horse, each carrying a footman behind, under Bunckley, to the hamlet of Old Basing, with orders to possess himself of it. It was occupied by about three hundred of the parliament's foot, but they were so completely surprised, that the place was gained in much less time than under any other circumstances could have been hoped; and it was just as this attack commenced, which lasted about twenty minutes, that Rabishaw reached it. Enraptured at his late failure—apprehensive of Norton's anger for not having apprized him of the despatch passing Aldermaston; instead of taking that affair into his own hands; but, above all, dreading the release of the mighty heathen, as he termed the Marquis of Winchester, and whom, as a man of influence and rank in the country, his republican soul execrated, his enthusiasm rose almost to insanity, and he threw himself into the midst of the combatants. Regardless alike of friend or foe he seemed to "bear a charmed life," for protected by his secret shirt of mail, he escaped as by miracle the shower of balls which

flew in all directions, and dyed alike in the blood of cavalier or roundhead, as they crossed his headlong course, reached Norton just as that officer was uproused to the knowledge that he was surprised. By the timely occupation of this post, where was a large mill affording ample means of defence, De Lacy not only conveyed to the garrison the soul-heartening intelligence that they were relieved, but placed Norton between two fires, and effectually cut off his communication with Basingstoke.

"How has this escaped your vigilance?" demanded Norton, as Rabishaw approached his tent.—"It hath not, it did not," replied Solas; "but I sought to deliver unto thee the secret workers of iniquity—verily, they were sent forward unto Winchester, and I did essay their capture"—"And you have failed," said Norton; "is their force from thence?" "No," replied Rabishaw, "of that thou mayest rest assured: each line of communication thitherward was under my espial, but even now." "I know thy zeal, albeit it hath erred," replied Norton; "but even thus I rejoice to behold you—I have a trust of especial value and confidence to deliver unto you, which must be imparted to your private ear." So saying they retired into Norton's tent, and meanwhile the arrival of the fugitives from Old Basing, announced the loss of that position.

Colonel Joshua Norton's conference with Solas Rabishaw lasted not five minutes: though surprised he was not dismayed; he sent down a piquet to reconnoitre Old Basing, who reported it strongly occupied, drew his men from the works, and disposed them to the best advantage—advanced bodies were planted to give immediate notice of the enemy's slightest movement, and meanwhile, as was usual with the parliamentary troops, they prepared for worship. A large pollard oak was disvested of its branches, and by the help of a ladder, the Rev. Caleb Rousewell, his right arm bared to the elbow,

and brandishing a naked sword, ascended by "sound of drum ecclesiastic," to address his brethren in arms.—After a few moments spent in silent prayer, he exclaimed with stentorian voice—"He that hath ears to hear let him hear," and gave his text from the 32d chapter of Exodus, 27th verse:—"Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, put every man his sword by his side, and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp, and slay every man his brother, and every man his companion, and every man his neighbour." One would imagine that this portion of the Bible was not sealed to the Black and Whitefeet of our day by their priests, and that the papists of Ireland in 1833, have their Rousewells to evil and bloody deeds, as the Puritans of England had in 1643. On this text, the fanatic preacher dilated in terms well calculated to arouse their enthusiasm, and dispel any compassionate emotions which the idea of joining issue with their own countrymen might give rise to. He showed them to be similarly situated as were God's own chosen people alluded to in the text, and threatened with everlasting vengeance those who might shrink from the combat, while he held out eternal glory to all who might perish in the fight. With quibbling reference to their respective names, he compared Colonel Norton and himself to Joshua the son of Nun, and Caleb the son of Jephunnah, whom the Lord had appointed to lead them in triumph over their foes. He assured them, while he waved his gleaming falchion over his head, that he would "consecrate himself that day to the Lord;" and concluded with this portion of holy writ—"Accursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood!" A universal deep guttural sound rung through the ranks as he concluded, which, however, almost instantly subsided into the most profound silence, and the warrior priest gave out, line by line, the following battle hymn in which every individual joined:—

"Hark to thy people here around,
God of our Father's, Israel's might!
As erst on Edrei's holy ground,
Gigantic *Bashan* thou didst smite,
Hurl thy avenging bolts among
Our false blaspheming foes profane,
Idolatrous of heart and tongue,

Thy glory's taint, thy people's bane—
 Let thy pale horse his rider cold
 Resistless bear their ranks upon—
 Thy vengeance grant us to behold,
 Avenge thyself, thou Mighty One!"

The firing at Old Basing corroborating the intelligence conveyed in the Marchioness's despatch, which had reached the garrison of Basing-house, the Marquess of Winchester prepared to act accordingly. The last sounds of the enemy's voices at the close of the war-hymn had died away, when De Lacy moved forward to the attack. About half a mile from the village, the advance, under Bunckley, drove in the enemy's picquet, and he there halted to make his final disposition. A long thick hedge separated two fields, one of which they now occupied, and which led from the lane by which they had marched out of Old Basing to the park, the palings of which had every where been broken down. To avoid passing this was not possible, although they were apprehensive that it was occupied by skirmishers: De Lacy, therefore, ordered Bunckley and Webb to divide the horse into equal wings, and pass it, one on each side, in divisions, and then form when they got to the top, the ground being a gradual ascent. To his left, on the top of this hill was a small copse which he had ascertained was unoccupied, and he determined on gaining it under cover of their movement. The cry of "*Love and Loyalty!*" "*St. George, and the King!*" ran through their small but gallant ranks as they moved on to these respective positions, and immediately a sharp but ill-directed fire was opened on the horse, the hedge, as was suspected, being lined with foot. This they sustained without flinching, to the surprise and admiration of their Leaders, and quickly forming on the top of the hill, came in sight of the Parliament's army; their horse, consisting of seven troops, distinguishable by their respective coronets or standards flying, on a plain about two thousand paces from them, while their foot was posted on a small height beyond, and nearer to the house. De Lacy, in the interim, gained his desired position, and instantly sent Trevanion to desire Bunckley and Webb to unite and charge their horse, when he would move forward or not, as they might succeed or fail. They broke into a gentle trot,

gradually accelerating their pace until within about a hundred yards of the enemy, and then with a rattling cheer dashed at them full tilt. This onslaught the attacked party waited not to receive—they went about quickly, and retreated in good order, while their rear suffered severely from the elated cavaliers; this took place down a gentle slope, at the bottom of which the parliamentarians endeavoured to come to their original front, but the cavaliers bore them in hand so roughly for a considerable distance, before they could effect that manœuvre, that it brought them under the fire of Basing-house. It was by Norton's order that Whitehead and Miller, who commanded the horse, had fallen back, but they had not calculated on being forced to such an unfortunate distance beyond the point he had marked out, for at the moment they succeeded in facing their opponents, the fire of the garrison was given on their rear with such precision and effect, that it threw them into confusion, and before they could recover the Marquess dashed out at the head of his whole force, and fell upon them. Norton now moved to their assistance, and at that moment De Lacy advanced from the wood. This diverted Norton's purpose—he changed his front and attacked him. As the parliament's troops advanced firing as they closed, De Lacy slowly fell back into the wood, and as the opposing party entered they were received with a heavy and well-directed fire which staggered them for the moment; they pressed forward, however, determinately, and a desperate conflict raged in the wood, which was carried and regained several times. The rout of the horse was by this time complete, and they were vigorously pursued by the Marquis and Bunckley; but Webb, more cool and collected, rallied his small force, and returned to the assistance of De Lacy.

Like a crusader of old, no man fought with a more desperate courage than the Rev. Caleb Rowsewell, mounted on a strong but small horse; he led the left wing of the foot, and exposed

his person to imminent hazards, from which, however, he escaped uninjured: in one of the last charges which was made to possess the wood, this enthusiastic impetus had carried him far ahead of his division, to where a deeply interested but self-collected spectator of this bloody tumult, sat Father Dennis, mounted on De Lacy's tall, pie-balled, Hungarian stallion, armed with no other weapon than his long stout staff, his constant companion, and ornamented, as we have mentioned in the early part of our story, with a small silver crucifix. No sooner did this strange object meet the eye of Rousewell than he dashed at him, exclaiming, "Vile pander of the scarlet whore, sittest thou there with thy symbolic craft, to encourage the blood-shedding of the chosen? Verily, I will smite thee. Yea, with the sword of the Lord will I utterly destroy thee!" But the peaceful habits of a whole life had not quenched the natural instinct of self-preservation—the monotonous career of the Monk had not destroyed the courage of the man: seeing himself thus attacked, the old man grasped his long staff with both hands at the bottom, and as the fierce fanatic rushed on, he struck the uplifted arm of his assailant with such force as to cause the sword to fly from his hand, but with the blow the staff broke in the middle, and the crucifix flew far on the plain. The Roundhead, on the instant, discharged his petronel, and Father Dennis fell to the ground. "Lo! the Philistine is fallen!" exclaimed Rousewell. "The Lord hath given him to my hands, and verily I will despoil him of his harlotry." With that he dismounted, regained his sword, and rushed towards the prostrate old man, over whom, as to guard his person, the Hungarian horse stood firm and quiet. To the ignorance that is incapable of thought and inquiry, everything out of the ordinary course of things, and not understood, becomes a miracle; and, if not explained, what we are about to relate, would be considered more astonishing, and startling to credulity, than any of the feats of the Prince Bishop of Bamberg. The furious Republican, as we have said, ran at the fallen Priest to despatch him, if not dead, or bear away the "*symbol of his craft*," as he termed the crucifix, as a triumphant spoil. He perceived motion and life in Father Denis, and uplifted

his sword to inflict the *coup de grace*, when pie-balled, his eyes sparkling fire, his nostrils distended and glowing, his tail set, and his upper lip curled, seized the ill-fated Rousewell by the up-lifted arm, cast him to the ground, and with his fore-feet almost instantaneously pressed the life out of his body, and sent his spirit in search of that glory which he had promised to those of his recent congregation who should courageously perish in the fight. Father Denis had only been stunned, and here we have to recount that which if not miraculous might be received as proof of an all-ruling and watchful Providence. The ball from the petronel struck against the bible which the pious old man carried in a side pocket of his coat, but its force threw down, and for some time deprived the priest of sense and motion. While the graven image was cast down, the bible was his armour of defence, and he proved that the word of God was even here the word of life. On recovering his senses what was his astonishment—nay, horror at seeing the extended and yet convulsed body almost beside him, one foot of the horse still pressed on the breast of his victim. Father Dennis arose, spoke soothingly to his preserver, pie-bald, who on the instant removed his foot and allowed the good Samaritan Priest to endeavour to administer aid and comfort to the fierce fanatic who would have destroyed him. Mindful of his ministering offices, and not yet wholly a convert from the erroneous doctrine of transubstantiation, the well-intentioned old man was determined that his enemy should die with a wafer in his mouth, while the firm set teeth and started eye-balls of the fanatic Roundhead, seemed at once to resist the idolatrous profanation, and as if a feeling of indignation and horror was not yet extinct, but struggled with death in order to resist the pollutions of Popistry. In this position, kneeling and praying over his enemy, Colonels Webb and De Lacy, their forces joined in pursuit of the republicans, returning, found Father Dennis, while the Hungarian steed was quietly grazing hard by.

So nearly do the solemn and the ludicrous sometimes touch each other, in this strange world of ours, that the flour and water deity was seen projecting from the compressed lips of the lifeless independent. De Lacy, re-

joined at the preservation of his dear old friend, assisted to remount him upon the pie-bald, and it remains for us to explain the act of this extraordinary animal. He was a regularly trained war-horse, and taught to aid his rider with all the powers, of attack and defence which nature had bestowed on him, and, particularly, to guard the body of his rider should he be unhorsed and disabled. These properties of the animal De Lacy well knew, and when he could not dissuade his reverend friend to forego the dangers of

the field, he was determined to afford him all the means of protection that he could, and the event proved that the horse, on an emergency, would be found of more than ordinary use and sagacity as stated by De Lacy.*

Long delay was not permitted; they urged their horses in pursuit of the vanquished and flying foe; less, on the part of De Lacy to complete the work of destruction, than to prevent, as much as he could, the cruel butchery, the too certain consequence of defeat in civil contests.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Little they thought, who first upraised the pile,
With turrets crown'd, and bade the garden smile;
With shapes fantastic, that in conflict bold,
Its walls should prove the warrior's strongest hold."

HOODINSON.

To prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood, as well as to rally his men, that the most effectual and speedy assistance might be rendered to the garrison, De Lacy's intention was now mainly directed towards checking the pursuit, which had become general, and for this purpose had collected around him as many of his small guard as he could draw back from the chase, and who consisted of no more than Courtnay the Oxonian, and nine or ten men. In the execution of this duty, he happened to come directly under the mansion house, at the back part of the gardens, and where, in its original state it lay most exposed and defenceless;

to strengthen this quarter, every expedient had been resorted to, and it exhibited a melancholy picture. Magnificent and once beautiful trees lay half cut through and bent down, their branches, on which the leaves were dried and withered, entwined with one another, while rare and costly shrubs, broken fountains and statues; in short all that had once formed the garden's pride and ornament, mingled in conspicuous ruin filled up the interstices. Two magnificent pavilions blackened with smoke, their walls hastily and coarsely loop-holed, evinced how gallantly the place had been defended— even the house itself, a beautiful gothic

* NOTE OF THE NARRATOR.—Let not incredulity be stubbornly opposed to the fact here related. In a small town in the South of Ireland, about the period of the narrator's boyhood, there lived a person named Guynan, who being of rather a pugnacious temper, found it easier to get into a fair, or market, than out of it. He had a stout gelding, which he had so trained to the critical use of his teeth and hoofs, that he seldom failed, in the thickest throngs of alpeen and shillea warriors, to bring his rider out of the scrapes which he was but too loath of getting into.

structure, exhibited a similar appearance, and De Lacy paused at a sight so revolting, associated with the thought of what Lady Eleanor must have suffered, pent up amidst such scenes, and partaking of their terrors, and solely on account of her and his attachment to each other. These reflections for the moment estranged him from all other circumstances, and he stood rivetted to the spot, when a loud shout from Courtney, awakened him to matter of more immediate interest and danger—pressing forward round an angle of the walls, he perceived a number of the enemy hastily getting to horse, close by a small gate that had been converted into a sally-port; behind one of whom was a female, who, at the first glance he recognised to be Lady Eleanor Paulet herself. On this party Courtney had already precipitated himself and small force, and personally encountered Solas Rabishaw, who was at their head, but for whom, high-spirited and determined as the young cavalier proved himself, he was by no means a match, for at the very moment De Lacy came up, the fierce roundhead severely wounded and unhorsed him, and, instantaneously discharging his petronel, shot De Lacy's horse through the head, calling on his men to follow and escape. At this juncture Bunckley and his force appeared returned from the pursuit. Rabishaw saw himself enmeshed, and turned his whole attention to secure the capture of Lady Eleanor; he loudly called to the man who had her in charge, "Press thou forward, Faithful Strong, and rid thyself from the power of the Philistine, verily, I will be with thee." But De Lacy, the moment he got clear of his horse, had hamstrung, with a blow of his sabre, that on which Faithful Strong was riding, and before he was aware had dismounted and disabled him, taking once more under his personal care and protection the beloved and precious object of all his soul's affections and solicitude. Rabishaw fought with desperate courage, and encountering Jans Schontz, whom he recognized as the man who had killed his friend Isaak Yalden, he cried out, "Said I not, O! chosen soul—said I not, that I would avenge thee," and he attacked the Dutchman with such fury as put him

to his utmost to defend himself, but a shot from Jans, just at the moment when he was sorely pressed, entered the brain of the fierce republican, who springing up, as it were, out of his saddle, fell lifeless to the ground. Thus perished Solas Rabishaw in the prosecution of an enterprise, for which he was well qualified, and in which he would have succeeded, had De Lacy and Courtney joined in the pursuit of the vanquished parliamentarians. The possession of the Marquess of Winchester's person was considered of such value by the parliament, that Colonel Norton determined to effect it if possible; he had therefore placed Rabishaw with a party of picked men in ambush to keep a watch upon Basing-house, and in case of a sortie by the garrison to avail himself of the opportunity for effecting the capture of the Marquess, who, having headed the troops in person, disappointed the main part of the project; but as he succeeded in getting into the house, Rabishaw seized on Lady Eleanor, and was bearing her away when she was fortunately rescued, and love and loyalty once more triumphant.

We have arrived to the so much more busy, than poetical and sentimental period of our tale, that we cannot stop the action of pressing circumstances, in order to indulge ourselves or our readers with the love-scene that followed the recovery of his Ladylove by our gallant hero. We must commence our movement towards Oxford:—the garrison of Basing-house was re-inforced and provisioned, and its command transferred to Lord Edward Paulet, the Marquess's brother, as the Marquess himself was wounded, and besides had determined to proceed to Oxford, to ascertain the cause and extent of Sir Everard Ashley's conduct, as had been reported to him. They took brief rest at Basingstoke, but fixed on starting from thence at eleven o'clock at night. They moved out of the town in dead silence, Trevanion and Smallcraft being sent on before with twenty men to reconnoitre a wooden-bridge over the Kennett, and ascertain if it was occupied or watched by the parliament's troops.

The harvest moon, now at its full, made all things visible, and they arrived within half a mile of the river when they fell in with their patrol.

"They have broken down the bridge," said Trevanion, "and so effectively that I fear our passage this way is impossible; all else, however, is clear—I swim my horse across, and went nearly a mile a head." De Lacy did not however receive this report as decisive of his course of action; he judged, that the stream must have gradually deposited considerable quantities of sand and gravel at the back of the piles where the bridge stood, and that there the river might be fordable. He pushed on to the spot, the rest following, and after slight observation, rode into the stream; and although the water rose above his saddle-skirts, he got across and returned again in safety. Giving the Marquess in care of Smallcraft and his Lordship's own groom Rideout, he shifted his saddle on the pie-bald, upon whose strength and steadiness he could rely, and whose greater height would remove his precious charge farther from the water, he placed Lady Eleanor behind him. "Fear not Lady of my heart," said he, as they launched into the stream. "Where you are I have none," replied she, "and sooner would I perish thus, than be doomed to life and separation." Under such inspiration what danger is it that a true and gallant lover would not encounter?—What almost that he would not overcome? They cleared the river in safety, the horsemen carrying the foot *en croupe* the entire body effected the passage without accident. With the precautions necessary to the occasion, they proceeded until they reached the woods above Purley-hall a little before day-light. Such rude accommodation as a cottage afforded was hastily adapted for the repose of the Marquess and Lady Eleanor, and De Lacy having instructed Bunckley to keep all quiet and not to move happen what might, proceeded on foot, accompanied by Smallcraft, and Rideout, the Marquess's messenger, to view the ford of the Thames by Mapledurham, and which was rather more than a mile distant. They adopted the same disguises which had been used on the despatch to Winchester, and set out just as day began to break. Having ascertained that the ford offered safe passage, although the entrance was awkward, as they were returning along the lane, not fifty yards from

where it crossed the road between Reading and Pangbourne, a shout of moving dust arrested their attention in the direction of the former place, and presently the trampling of horses, accompanied by the jingling of swords and harness, announced the approach of one of the enemy's patrols. The hedge adjoining was one of those small belts of copsewood, called in that country *awns*, and with which it is plentifully interspersed; they found little difficulty, therefore, the leaves being strong on the trees, in concealing themselves, which they had just effected when the patrol turned off the high-road into the lane, passing close by them. "No signs of the Egyptian smother mine espial in this track," said the officer who commanded them, as he closely looked to the ground for evidences of the march of the royalists. "Verily none," replied another who rode beside him, "which opinest thou better guard this pass, or journey on to Pangbourne?" "I am free to execute mine own especial judgment therein," said the leader, "and unless I am advertised of them, I shall guard this pass, the more that it is one by which there is little traffic." They passed on towards the ford, appearing to those who lay perched in the greenwood shade to be about two hundred men. "Let the worst come to the worst," whispered De Lacy, as the party had fairly gone by, "we are a match for them, but if they could be got rid of, it would be every way desirable, and under favour of this good cloak I will try it." "You, Sir, replied Smallcraft also in a whisper, "are you going to knock all of the head; disguise yourself how you will, you can never look anything but the Cavalier and the gentleman. No, I will do it, and I have reason to hope, effectually." Here he took from his pocket a letter which had been found on Solas Rabishaw, written by him to a friend at Wallingford, and which Sans Schontz, not deeming it worthy to be classed among the spolia opina, had given to Smallcraft for his perusal, and who had accidentally, and fortunately, retained it. He now laid aside his arms and spurs, cut a stout hedgestake, and prepared for his mission. "Throw more dust on your boots," said Rideout, the messenger, "the marks of your spur-leathers are

plainly to be seen." "I know it," replied Smallcraft, "but I intend to turn that to account." He passed over the opposite hedge into a field, and creeping carefully along the one by the road side in the direction of Pangbourn, for about a hundred yards, got out into the road, and then began to holloa! with all his might—this soon brought some of the roundheads to him, and he said, "Vasily am I rejoiced that thou art of our own people—sorely was I troubled, least I had misjudged—lead me unto thy captain, I pray thee, I have tidings that will gladden his heart,"—"Who art thou?" asked the officer, as Smallcraft came up to him, "and why liftest thou up thy voice?" "Thou hast heard the cries of Jasper Thumwood," replied Smallcraft, "who but now as he journeyed from his dwelling at Wallingford, had nigh fallen into the hands of the enemy, even as a bird into the snare of the fowler." "How so, friend?" asked the officer. "The beast on which I did ride fell with me by the way," said Smallcraft, "and was so injured that I was fain to prosecute my journey on foot, having a heavy charge which I must pay this day in Reading at a noted hour." "I do not understand thee," said the officer.—"Listen then to the words which I will deliver unto thee, and thou shalt," replied our mock puritan,—"as I came about a mile from out of the town of Pangbourn, I lighted of a sudden upon the camp of the host of Pharaoh, even upon the outwatch of the enemy."—"Know you any person of repute at Reading?" demanded the officer.—"I hope thy tale may be true, but I must know more about thee, that thou deceivest me not." "To what intent should I deceive thee," replied Smallcraft, "doubtless thou hast heard of Solas Rabisshaw." "Yea have I," said the officer, "well do I know that the-

sen vessel." "I am even unto him a kinsman," added Smallcraft "and thou dost but lose time in thy doubts of me—behold"—handing the letter which was addressed to Master Jasper Thumwood, cordwainer, Wallingford, and read aloud—

"Beloved kinsman and chosen in the Lord,—Why tarriest thou, and hearkenest not to my prayer—prove thyself not wanting, but repair unto my dwelling in Kingsmere; fail not if thou esteemeest the love of

SOLAS RABISSHAW."

"Thou hast assured me," said the officer; "where tarriest thou in Reading?" "I shall abide," said Smallcraft, "at the Raven in the market-place." The officer shook his hand cordially, adding, "Take note what I say unto thee—yea, for this thou shalt be remembered." "I trust in heaven I shall," said Smallcraft to himself, "in the bitterness of your heart," and he got away over the stile that led towards Reading, roaring out the fag end of a hymn in a fanatic strain. He went no farther than the next hedge, when concealing himself until his ears assured him that the coast was clear, he rejoined the small ambush, and they made the best of their way back to Purley. Instantaneously all was in motion, and crossing the Thames without difficulty, arrived at Wallingford at eleven o'clock. Having rested until nine o'clock in the evening, they renewed their march, and arrived about midnight at Oxford, De Lacy having accomplished in four days, a service which under all circumstances, was universally esteemed the most soldier-like and extraordinary of any which distinguished those calamitous times.

CHAPTER XIV.

“—————Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well-deriv'd;
Take thou thy Sylvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.”

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

About two hours previous to the fortunate consummation of De Lacy's enterprise, the King had unexpectedly returned from Gloucester, and having remained about half an hour in the Queen's apartments, returned to his closet, from whence he sent to require the attendance of Sir Everard Ashley, who on entering the presence, found the King, a storm lowering on his brow, walking up and down the chamber.—“This is a strange business, Ashley,” said the King, as the governor made his obeisance, “that the Queen has communicated to me—what could induce you to withhold your support from this small, and I dread useless force which has ventured to the relief of Basing?” “Your orders to me, so please your majesty,” replied Sir Everard, “although doubtless they were in a great degree discretionary, nevertheless pointed mainly to the especial care of the Queen's person, and the safety of this place, both of which, in my humble opinion, were endangered, even by the force that has been sent—to have added more would, as I hold it, have subjected me to the imputation of indiscretion, which my enemies would not have failed to urge to my disadvantage.” “Under such impressions why did you not communicate with me at the first; you know the great personal friendship I entertain for Winchester, and the importance of his command—but setting all this aside I should have imagined that you would have been irresistibly impelled personally to endeavour the release of your friends, and you must know me well enough to be assured you could not have undertaken a service more to my heart.” “I never yet, Sire, permitted the claims of private friendship

to interfere with my public duty,” replied the governor,—“as to a nearer or dearer influence, which I humbly presume your majesty alludes to, that has long since ceased to exist.” “God send, Sir,” said the King, in a manner peculiar to him when much displeased, “that although you are deaf to the call of friendship, you have not suffered one of my best friends, and the important post he occupied to be sacrificed to the caprice of private pique.” Sir Everard now perceived that the King was irrecoverably displeased, and as he knew that all voices would be raised against him, he determined to anticipate and mitigate the violence of the fall which he saw awaited him, and he replied, “I had hoped your majesty's intimate knowledge and good opinion of me would have prevented such a painful surmise, and if former recollections give me any claim to your Majesty's indulgence, I have a trifling request to prefer.” “What is it?” demanded the King in the most ungracious tone and manner possible.—“That your majesty will, in your goodness, permit me to resign this unfortunate command, which has proved irreconcilable with your gracious pleasure and my mistaken sense of duty to fulfil,” replied Sir Everard. “I perceive,” said the King, “that one of the qualities I gave you credit for, still appertains to you; your penetration has done well to anticipate that, which as you have placed me, (and end this desperate business how it may) it would have been impossible to have refused. The family you have so strangely offended are too powerful for me to turn a deaf ear to.” “I have fearlessly done my duty, Sire,” observed Ashley, “the case was too desperate for any relief

in my power to have afforded ; and as for the adventure in hand, it is nothing but the romantic errantry of a love-sick man." The King was about to reply, when the door opened, and soiled with blood and dust, for he wore the same clothes as in the action, and pale and haggard with fatigue and pain, the Marquess of Winchester almost staggered into the room. The King caught him immediately in his arms, saying : " Thank Heaven ! however the tide of fortune runs against our cause, I see you at least, although thus, in safety—and your daughter ! " " My daughter ! heaven prosper your Majesty," replied the Marquess, " as, like me, fatigued and harassed, but yet safe, and amply repaid for any suffering we have undergone by this condescending—this generous solicitude ; and, blessed be Providence, I can cheer your Majesty's noble heart—Basing-house not only maintains its imposing situation, but Norton's force is soundly beaten and dispersed." " God's grace ! " said the King, " but how ? " " Your Majesty must be aware, that over-partiality to Colonel De Lacy will not gild my short but pleasing tale," answered the Marquess, " but in justice to that officer I must say, that the unhoped-for result of this extraordinary enterprise, is owing to the comprehensive abilities, and cool courage which have marked his conduct in every stage of the undertaking." " It is a brilliant action," replied the King, " he has performed the most acceptable service a subject could render to his prince, and I swear that I will reward him to the utmost of my power." Then turning to the ex-governor, who was fixed to the spot he stood on, as if incapable of speech or motion, the fury passions labouring like volcanic fire in his bad heart, the King added, with marked point and expression of countenance, " you see, Sir, an issue of love-sick errantry, alike shaming and disappointing the cold calculations of your stern duty. may I ever find LOVE and LOYALTY united in my service." Recovering, however, from his embarrassment, Sir Everard who, like men to be found in all times, could, " smile, and smile, and be a villain," approached the Marquess of Winchester, and affected no ordinary joy at his safety, but he found the temperature here also at the freez-

ing point, and he hastily withdrew, not only from the presence of the King, but from the court altogether.

Our lady readers, whom we are most solicitous to please, are doubtless anxiously looking forward to that usual consummation of novel, tale, romance, and comedy—a wedding ; and we shall keep them no longer on the high-toned pitch of curiosity and expectation, so a wedding they shall have. The Marquess of Winchester, although he could not deny the merits of the gallant De Lacy, or that to his courage and his love, he owed the rescue of himself and the Lady Eleanor from that bondage or death to which Ashley had coolly consigned them ; was still affected by the disappointment of his early and cherished plans in the union of his daughter with his ward, and, at the pressing instances of the King and Queen, in which the Marchioness joined, gave reluctant consent to his daughter's hand being bestowed on him who had, indeed, truly and bravely won it. His pride pleaded objection to the Irish adventurer, although, if circumstances had permitted, it would not have been revolted by the English acrobat. The wound inflicted on pride and family aggrandizement was yet too sorely sensitive to permit him to be present at the marriage ceremony, so he placed his daughter at the disposal of the King, and, his strength considerably restored, he returned to Basing-house.

Here, for the first time, we editorially quarrel with the narrator of this, all throughout most interesting tale. He has most unaccountably omitted to detail all the particulars of the wedding, such as in the good old times made it a matter nearly of as great importance as a coronation, although with better observance of oaths and vows. He gives us none of " the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious matrimony," when—

" All in preparation
For the nuptial celebration,
Every heart beat high ! "

No account of dressing the dimer or dressing the bride—the cavalcade to church and from it—the tremors and delicate distresses of the fair one, resigning for the first time the arms of a parent for those of a husband : no oxen

are roasted whole, no conduits flow with wine, but the whole business is passed over as silently as if the blessing of the Priest on honorable and faithful love was a thing to be ashamed of. The narrator, indeed, states that the King gave away the hand of Lady Eleanor, and that the Queen and the Marchioness supported her through the pleasing agitation of the ceremony. He tells us that Lester officiated as bridegroom to De Lacy, but not one word does he mention of the "lovely dears" who performed that office of delightful anticipation for Lady Eleanor: whether the bride rustled in stately silk or brocade—swam dignified in rich folds of velvet, or, as we more commonly have it now adays, "looked lovely in a veil and robe of matchless lace," is for ever lost, sunk in the abyss of the past. Should, therefore, any of the brilliant orbs of "heavenly hue" which we trust will skim over these pages to relieve the langour of having nothing to do, seek an elucidation of this mystery of omission, we must refer them to their mirrors in that pleasing moment when, equipped to their mind, and not a grace left unimproved, they are armed for conquest.

With regard to any gentleman, young or not young, or among that numerous class who forget and would have others forget that they are old, who may have a similar curiosity, he may probably gratify it by an examination of Sir Peter Lely's portraits of the distinguished Beauties of those days, and, perhaps, stumble on that of the fair cause of this digression. There was a feature of the marriage ceremony which was not forgotten to be recorded, and which was too valuable not to be remembered. The officiating Priest on the occasion was—not Father Denis, for the Winchesterians were as good and staunch Protestants as they were Royalists, but—the celebrated Jeremy Taylor, who, at that time, was in attendance at the Court, and not the less esteemed by

Charles because he occasionally and fearlessly uttered home truths from the pulpit without respect of persons, and indulged in hard flings at Popery notwithstanding the presence of the Queen. But Jeremy was no fanatic; to avoid the abomination of contact with the Harlot of the Seven Hills, he would not fly to the extreme of independence, and, to use the words of Shakspeare, "it would puzzle the will" to find out which he hated most, the Papist or the Roundhead, but still he was actuated by the Christian Charity of the modern Orangeman, whose creed, spiritual and political, is combined of the word of God and the law of the land. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, the eccentric and talented Jeremy thought fit to give to the wedded pair, and all those in attendance, a lecture or exhortation suited to the occasion, and which he afterwards enlarged into the sermon now known in his published works under the title of "The Wedding Ring." Of its effect upon the good Divine's auditory, the tale furnishes no evidence, but that his frequent quotations from the Greek and Latin classics were, by the young Cavaliers present, considered a pedantic bore, (the feeling, but not the term, was known then as it is now) and the Ladies blushed and tittered behind their fans, being under the impression that he was giving advice or reproof which could not be conveyed in plain downright English "to ears polite."

Shall we leave the imagination of our readers to dwell at this pleasant place of rest? Shall we part from them at this "Leaf of the Old Almanack," margined with the glow of blushing happiness; or, mingling the cypress wreath with the marriage garland, carry them on to that ensanguined page which tells of the consummated crimes of democracy—false statesmen, a rebel people, and a martyr King? No, we let the curtain fall—our tale of "Love and Loyalty" ends here.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

LIB. I. CARMEN 30.

AD VENEREM.

O Venus, regina Gnidi, Paphique,
 Sperne dilectam Cypron, et vocantis
 Thure te multo Glyceræ decoram
 Transfer in ædem.

Ervidus tecum puer, et solutis
 Gratissæ zonis, properentque Nymphæ,
 Et parum comis sine te Juventas,
 Mercuriusque.

TO VENUS.

Oh! leave thine own lov'd isle,
 Bright Queen of Cyprus and the Paphian shores!
 And here on Glyceræ's fair temple smile,
 Where vows and incense lavishly she pours.

Waft here thy glowing son;
 Bring Hæmæus, let the Nymphs thy path surround,
 And Youth, unlovely till thy gifts be won,
 And thy light Graces with the zone unbound.

LIB. III. CARMEN 18.

AD FAUNUM.

Faune, Nympharum fugientum amator,
 Per meos fines et aprica rura
 Lenis incedas, abeasque parvis
 Equus aluminis:

Si tener pleno cadit hædus anno,
 Larga nec desunt Veneris sodali
 Vina crateræ, vetus ara multo
 Fumat odore.

Ludit herboso pecus omne campo,
 Quum tibi nonæ redeunt Decembres:
 Festus in pratis vacat otioso
 Cum bove pagus:

Inter audaces lupus errat agnos:
 Spargit agrestes tibi silva frondes
 Gaudet invisam pepulisse fossor
 Ter pede terram

TO FAUNUS.

Faunus! who lov'st the flying nymphs to chace
 Oh! let thy steps with genial influence tread
 My sunny fields, and be thy fostering grace
 Left on my nursling groves, and borders shed :

If at the mellow closing of the year,
 A tender kid in sacrifice be thine ;
 Nor fail the liberal bowls to Venus dear ;
 Nor clouds of incense to thine antique shrine.

Joyous each flock in meadow herbage plays,
 When the December feast returns to thee ;
 Calmly the ox along the pasture strays,
 With festal villagers from toil set free.

Then from the wolf no more the lambs retreat,
 Then shower the woods to thee their foliage round,
 And the glad labourer triumphs, that his feet
 In triple dance have struck the hated ground.

LIB. II. CARMEN 3. L. 9 to the end.

AD DELLIUM.

Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimium brevis
 Flores amenos ferre iube rosæ,
 Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
 Fila trium patiuntur atra.

Codes cœmptis saltibus, et domo,
 Villæque flavus quam Tiberis lavit :
 Cedes ; et exstructis in altum
 Divitiis potietur hæres.

Divesne, prisco natus ab Inacho,
 Nil interest, an pauper, et infimâ
 De gente, sub divo moreris,
 Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur : omnium
 Versatur urna ; seriùs ociùs
 Sors exitura, et nos in æternam
 Exilium impositura cymbæ.

(IMITATED.)

TO DELLIUS.

Bring wine, bring odours to th' embowering shade,
 Where the tall pine and poplar blend on high ;
 Bring roses exquisite, but soon to fade,
 Snatch every brief delight, for thou must die ;
 Must bid thy groves farewell, thy stately dome,
 Thy fair retreat on yellow Tyber's shore,
 Whilst other inmates revel in thy home,
 And claim the piles of wealth, thine own no more ;
 He who relents not, dooms thee soon to tread
 The shore whence none return—the country of the dead.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

It is now something more than fifty years since I was an undergraduate of Trinity College. I know not why it is that I look back with peculiar fondness to the days that I passed under the fostering wing of Alma Mater, and in the retrospect of three score years and ten, my mind pauses with peculiar regret on the time during which I shared in the frolics, the fun, the studies, and some of the honours, too, that attend a College life. Excuse, gentle reader, an old man's vanity for mentioning the honours, but I could not help just telling you that I was a premium man, and if you will at any time come and pay me a visit in my little study, where I can assure you of a welcome, you will see the little oak bracket, with a neat glass door hung up against the wall, and half a dozen gilded volumes religiously preserved as the memento of my youthful proficiency; the bracket was made by my only brother, who went to sea just as I had taken my degree, and having a very mechanical turn, left this specimen of his handy work as a keepsake to me, and my mother insisted that my College Premiums should be placed in it, and that it should be hung up in the parlour in full view of every visitor, to show off the talents of her two sons. I have never since turned it from its use. My mother has long since paid the debt of nature, and my brother, poor fellow, was shot in the battle of Trafalgar, and so I keep the little book-case and its contents as a memento of old times, and now, as I sit in my own chair, which I have placed so as to have a full view of them: the tears come into my old eyes when I let my mind follow up the associations they excite; but I will not write much if I weep; so, reader, if you will just wait until I wipe my spectacles that are dimmed by the tears that have fallen involuntarily, I will turn my eyes away from the bracket, and will give you an account of what occurred to myself when I was young. An old man has no imagination to draw on, and I wish, just for "auld lang syne," to write something for the Uni-

versity Magazine; politics I don't trouble myself much with, though I knew enough at the last election to make me give an honest Protestant vote for Mr. Shaw and Mr. Lefroy,) and as to general literature, why I know nothing of it unless from the literary annals; and God knows, to judge from that specimen, I have no loss in not increasing my acquaintance, so as I must have a paper in the Magazine I must take the only romantic adventure of my life, and if I can just put down upon paper what I saw and heard, without either addition or subtraction, I may make out a story as good as most of those I see in Magazines; at least I will set my reader's sagacity at work, and he will wonder at the whole thing as much as I do myself, that is, if he be possessed of much curiosity, or if he be given to the solving of mysteries, and have a desire for finding out hidden things.

It was a lovely evening in the May of the year 17—, I had strolled out after my tutor's evening lecture, to enjoy the pleasures of a solitary walk and wandered out of the smoke and noise of the city, to inhale the fresh sea breeze along the shore at Clontarf. I was insensibly led on to prolong my excursion until I found myself at the distance of about three miles from College. I was heated by my walk, and seating myself upon a rock, I amused myself by watching the little waves breaking at my feet, and dashing up the shells and pebbles upon the strand. The last rays of the setting sun were throwing their gold and purple tints upon the hills of Killiney and Howth, and there was a stillness in the air, broken only by the murmuring splash of the waves upon the shores, or the song of the curlew or sea-mew, as they skimmed the edge of the water. I leaned my head upon my hand, and looked across the blue expanse that was spread out before me—I felt something of the poetry of nature in the enchantment of the hour, and taking out my pocket-book and pencil, I attempted to embody my feelings in ver-

ses—but alas, I could only get as far as the first rhyme—I could not for the life of me make a second, and after having scribbled over an entire page of my pocket-book with ‘*οὐδὲν ἔστιν ὡς ἐλπίς*’ and ‘*ἀλλὰ τίς ἐστιν ὡς ἐλπίς*’ I gave up the vain attempt, believing that in these two simple phrases of my favourite bard, there was more genuine poetry than I could infuse into a thousand couplets.

But my meditations were soon interrupted in a way that I confess was not very disagreeable. The sound of a light step upon the sand near me attracted my attention, and upon looking up I beheld a lovely female hurriedly passing along. She was alone—as I was partly concealed by the rock behind which I sat, she did not perceive me until she was close to me, and I had a full view of her countenance. Light flaxen ringlets hung upon her neck, and the blue of her eyes was like the softest tint of the sky. She blushed upon perceiving me, but immediately turned away her head and quickened her step—I rose and almost instinctively followed her. I could not tell why; but she was going my way, and the closing shades of evening reminded me it was time to return home.

As she walked before me I gazed in admiration on her sylph-like form—and certainly she equalled all of female loveliness that my dreams of beauty ever had portrayed. I felt from the first instant I had seen her, sensations such as I had never known before, and such as I could neither account for or define; and I was disappointed and vexed when, after a short time, she turned off the road, and went into a cottage which appeared to be her home. I stood for some minutes gazing after her, and then with a sigh left the place, and walked back to College.

Now, reader, I said that mine was a romantic adventure, and to be sure there was nothing very romantic in all this: nothing but what probably has often happened to most young men—that they have seen a pretty girl taking her evening walk, felt their heart to beat quicker at the sight of her beauties, followed her home, and then gone away and thought no more of her.—This last part of the story is not true, however, in my case—for some days after I could think of nothing else: I would take up my books, but my mind

wandered back to the lovely stranger. Wherever I went I felt as if I expected to meet her—even at church the next Sunday, my eyes wandered about as if in search of her, and often was my pulse fluttered by imagining that I saw her. In short, I was in love for the first and last time of my life.—Some strange impression rested on my soul that she was made for me. It was perhaps a madness; but if all the feelings of our hearts, and actions of our lives, that are tinged with insanity were removed, how small would be the sum of the remainder. Philosophers, I am told, say madness is but a thing of degrees—perhaps, philosophers for once are right; and I must admit it was a higher degree of it to feel thus, for one whom I had seen but for a few minutes, and of whose name and character I was ignorant. But there was a something in the single glance she gave towards me that spoke a language of its own. To my heart it told that her destiny and mine were linked together. Is there no other way for spirits to hold communication with spirits than through the dull and shocking medium of verbal intercourse. If I was mad, my madness was the reasoning of the heart.

It will be believed that I frequently made Clontarf the direction of my excursions; and it so happened that I never went without meeting her sometimes alone, generally with an elderly lady, whom I concluded to be her mother, and whenever we met there was an agitation in her manner which convinced me that there was a something of reciprocity in our feelings, but yet I dared not to attempt an expression of my sentiments. I was too much awed by the dignity of purity with which she was invested, in my mind, to presume to offend her delicacy by a rude obtrusion on her notice; and thus I loved—I longed to pour into her ear the avowal of my soul. She, too, as I afterwards discovered, sympathized with my desires; and yet we met—we parted without even a sign of recognition being interchanged. We guessed—we knew each other's feelings, and yet were silent in each other's presence, bound down by the fictitious trammels which society imposed. Accident, at length, brought us together. One evening I watched her in one of her solitary walks, and followed

her as if bound by some spell. A crowd of drunken people were returning from a funeral, and their riotous conduct showed that they were not likely to treat an unprotected female with much respect. She was evidently alarmed—I advanced and offered her my protection. She leaned upon my arm, and I accompanied her home. We found her mother walking in the little garden in front of the cottage. Having paid my respects to the old lady, I was about to withdraw, when she invited me to take tea with them. I readily acceded to her invitation, and scarcely could I believe that I was not in a delightful dream, when I found myself seated beside that being who had so long been the phantom of my waking and my sleeping thoughts.

I soon became a constant visitor at the cottage—I was a favourite with the mother—with the daughter I flattered myself I was more. Those were days of entrancement such as I have never known since on earth—but, alas! they have passed away. I imagined I had found a companion for life, and now I am a solitary old man, and I have performed life's weary pilgrimage alone, and when in a few short years at most, I shall have reached its close, I do not think there will be one to shed a tear upon my grave, unless, perhaps, my old housekeeper: and even her grief will, I think, be lessened by what I have left her in my will. But I must go on with my story—and first, my reader will, perhaps, wish to know the name of this lady whom I have told them of. Her Christian name was Eliza, but as to her surname I cannot satisfy their curiosity. Some of her family are still residing in the neighbourhood of the Cove of Cork, and I would not wish to hurt their feelings by reviving the recollection of circumstances, which long since have been forgotten; and there is, I believe, but one person living who will recognize this narrative; and should these pages meet her eye, she will forgive me if I bring back the remembrance of what may give her pain, while at the same time, she will appreciate the motives which induce me to make no allusion to the scenes in which she herself took a part.

Weeks passed on, and my passion acquired intensity by time. I soon ventured to make to Eliza an open de-

claration of my love. She received it as intelligence which was not new to her—she had long since discovered it; but she calmly yet resolutely rejected the proffer of my affections. I pressed my suit with all the vehemence of love. She burst into tears—she told me to banish her from my thoughts—that her hand never could be mine; and adjuring me solemnly, as I loved her, never more to ask from her a return of more than friendship. I could not understand this—she denied not that she loved me, and even if she had, her faltering tongue and the gaze of affection in which her whole soul seemed, as it were, to hang upon my looks, would have belied her words; and yet she told me that she could not, she dare not, bestow on me her hand. I asked her why—but she would not answer; and the look of agony that her countenance assumed, the wildness of her glaring eyes, and the throbbing that seemed almost to burst the swelling veins of her forehead prevented me ever again repeating the question.

Reader, you shall know all, or almost all, that I know—every thing, indeed, that can throw light upon a matter which to me is still a mystery. Through the intervention of one to whom I have already alluded, I learned something of Eliza's previous history. She had been some years before betrothed to a gentleman whose name I did not then know; but, for causes which remained secret, the match was broken off without any sufficient reason being given on either side, but that it was done with their mutual consent. She looked pale and dejected for a time, but soon recovered her usual health and spirits. This much I was informed by a near relative of her's, who gave me every encouragement in my addresses; but there still was a something untold, which she knew herself rather by conjecture than certainty; and this mysterious secret I never could discover. Before I bring my narration to a conclusion, my readers will probably have formed a guess, how true or not I cannot pretend to say. I can only state the facts from which I have formed my own. Were I prone to superstition the solution would be easy.

One day I had walked out from College to her abode. There was at one side of the cottage a little conservatory which opened on the garden, arranged

by Eliza's judicious taste, and in this delightful retreat she and I had been in the habit of spending hours together reading from the selected volumes which lay scattered on a table in the centre. I cannot tell why it was that, instead of going into the house by the front door I came to the entrance of the conservatory. The door was open, and Eliza was reading inside, but whatever was the subject of her studies it engaged her attention so earnestly that she did not perceive my approach. Her eye was lit up with a fire whose brilliancy startled me, and her whole features wore a most peculiar expression—of deep, intense, and perhaps painful thought. The volume lay open upon her knee; it was large, and at the head of each page there were illuminated letters. I felt very curious to discover what engaged her so deeply. I went softly up to her; she turned a page, and I saw on the other side a number of curious figures resembling hieroglyphics, but which struck me as presenting an appearance the most singular I had ever seen. "How long," said I, "Eliza, have you devoted yourself to the study of hieroglyphics?" She started from her reverie at the sound of my voice, and hastily closing the volume screamed with terror—the blood left her countenance—her lips became of an ashy hue. She stared at me for a few seconds, then with another wild and piercing scream, sunk senseless on the floor.

Her mother and sister, for she had a sister some years younger than herself—rushed into the apartment—they found her in my arms. I bore her to the open door, and, after some time, she slowly recovered. Her sister attempted to disengage the volume from her hand, but she held it with a tenacious grasp; and as soon as she had recovered strength, she flew from our inquiries, and begging to be left alone, she shut herself up in her own room. We were all unhappy, and watched in alarm least a return of the fainting fit might surprise her when alone; but in a few minutes she returned to us pale but calm—I asked no questions, her eye never met mine, she appeared to dread encountering my glance. I shortly took my leave, and returned to my apartments perplexed and grieved. I do not see why I should disguise the fact—the volume I had seen in her hand

I believed to be a book upon magic.—I had seen volumes exactly its counterpart in the library of the College, which, I was told, were on magic; but then why her alarm at my appearance? I laughed at magic: I knew it was nothing but juggling—then why her terror on my discovering her study? The whole scene was unaccountable—what followed was still more so.

That night I sat up late, meditating on the events of the day. The college clock, with its deep-toned strokes, had just tolled twelve; the fire was expiring in my grate, and I had just taked up the dying embers and drawn my chair closer to the fire, when a loud knock came to the door. I rose and opened it; a man entered closely muffled in a cloak, and without saying a word, threw off his cloak and exposed to my view features strongly marked, most probably by crime—he had a dagger suspended from his belt. I was alarmed, and moved towards the fireplace, as the poker was the only implement of defence that was at hand.—He advanced into the middle of the room—I cannot exactly remember what followed; but I have an indistinct recollection of his standing opposite to me and grinning, and the candle burning blue; but this fancy was most probably caused by fright, for I have no recollection at all of his departure; but I found myself shortly after reading a document which he had left upon the table—and, gracious heavens! its contents were still more startling; it was a solemn charge to me never again to speak to Eliza! It had no signature; but the writer told me that she was another's by ties which neither heaven nor hell could break. I trembled as I read. I paced the narrow limits of my chamber. I read the words again and again, almost distrusting the evidence of my senses. I threw myself at length upon my bed, and sunk into a profound but unrefreshing sleep—and what a recollection I had of the whole transaction in the morning! I would have believed that I had fallen asleep over the fire, and that it was all a dream; but then the document remained as evidence of the reality of the scene. I examined it anew by the daylight—the hand was cramped, and it had the appearance of being a long time written. It might, perhaps, be a mere trick of some of my fellow-stu-

dents, who had discovered my intimacy with Eliza, and wished to enjoy a laugh at my expense. I easily persuaded myself of this, particularly as at the time at which this mysterious visit was paid, no person could have gone out of college. Well pleased with this explanation, I grew ashamed of my weakness the preceding night, and determined to think no more of my nocturnal visitor, whether he were a devil or a college-man, but pay my visit, which latterly had become a daily one, at the cottage.

But, alas, this visit was destined to encrease still further my consternation. When I arrived at the well-known spot I found all the windows with the shutters closed. With a beating heart I knocked at the door: it was opened by a stranger, who told me that the family had gone away not to return, and answered my enquiries as to the place of their abode by slapping the door in my face.

And thus had vanished all my hopes and dreams of future happiness. They were gone like the morning mists, and I knew not why. All my earthly anticipations were laid prostrate, and yet I could not see the hand that struck the cruel blow. In a state of mind bordering on distraction I spent the next three weeks in endeavouring to discover some clue by which I might unravel this mystery, but all my efforts were unavailing—the cottage continued shut up, and apparently uninhabited—whether it really was so or not, I could not tell. I knocked several times at the door, but never received an answer, and I left the metropolis at the commencement of the long vacation, satisfied that whatever was the place of Eliza's concealment, she was at least far away from Clontarf.

I had been accustomed frequently to spend my vacations with an uncle in the town of Youghal, and this summer I had promised to pay my southern relatives a visit. It was during the two months that I spent in Youghal, that an incident occurred, which to me has ever been perfectly unaccountable. I am now old enough to have almost forgotten the impressions of my youth, and even the scenes of my first love might by this time have passed from my memory, but the events which I am endeavouring to relate, I never can forget, and though the occurrences

of yesterday are but indistinctly recorded in my failing memory, fifty years have taken nothing from the vividness with which every thing connected with Eliza, is present to my mind.

The town of Youghal is situated at the mouth of the Blackwater,—the only mode of passing to the other side was by a ferry-boat which plied constantly, and conveyed passengers across at a moderate charge; at times, however, the passage was very rough, particularly during the prevalence of a north-westerly wind, which had full command of the entrance of the bay, and if a strong ebb tide was met by a south-wester, the surf ran so high as to render the ferry unsafe. It was about nine o'clock on Sunday evening, in the end of August, that I arrived at the Waterford side of the ferry, after having passed the day with a clergyman who lived about six miles in the interior. The evening had turned out wet, and the rain was accompanied by a fresh gale, which had been gradually increasing as I rode along, and by the time I reached the water's side, it was blowing pretty hard. The boats were tossing very much, and the white waves could be seen raising their foamy crests distinctly through the gathering gloom of the evening. I hailed the ferrymen but was not a little annoyed at being told, that to pass over was impossible. What was I to do? To return to my friend's house at such an hour of the night was almost out of the question. I enquired if there was any accommodation near, the ferrymen told me that I might sit by his fire until morning, but that as for the animal, he had no place to put her.—There was a gentleman's house at a little distance who would give me a hearty welcome, and lodging for the night. "But then" added my informant in a lower tone, "he may well be glad to see the face of a traveller, for in troth it's not many that would like to go to him." "Why so," enquired I. "Why," replied he,—"there's more than what's good going on there, if he isn't greatly belied,"—"What do you mean?" said I impatiently. "Why, they say he has things about him that a'n't just of the right sort," he answered with an air of mystery,—“though troth it's myself that shouldn't speak agin him, for he's a mighty nice gentleman, and very cha-

ritable, only the neighbours say that he's not just what he ought to be, and the servants hear strange noises at night through the rooms." "Pooh!" said I, "is that all? any noise is better than being out under the rain." "May be you'd be of a different opinion before morning," muttered the ferryman, as I turned my horse's head in the direction he pointed out.

The house to which I came to beg a night's lodging, was one well suited, at least in external appearance, to the character I had heard of it—a broken gate admitted me with ease to what had once been an avenue, but was now overgrown with grass and weeds—the mansion itself appeared rapidly tumbling into decay, but I had no time to make particular observations or my courage might perhaps have failed me, for I was anxious to get shelter from the storm, which was now beating with increased violence. The knocker was broken off from the hall door, and I was obliged to knock with the handle of my riding whip. The door in a few minutes was opened by an old woman, who, holding it in her hand, asked my business. I told her I was a benighted traveller seeking a night's lodging. She had not time to make a reply, for the master of the house having overheard our conversation, came to the door, and politely welcoming me, called a servant-man to take my horse, and giving directions that he should be well fed and attended to, conducted me into the room where he had been sitting. "It is not often that I have the pleasure of seeing any one here," said he, when I was excusing my intrusion, "and I rejoice at the fortunate circumstance which allows me your society." I thought of the ferryman's words, and began to feel a little queer, the apartment we were in was large, and wainscotted up to the ceiling, the windows were hung round with old-fashioned tapestry, but the want of shutters gave the room a cold and dismal appearance—in each corner there was a table covered with globes and balls of various sizes and colours, and instruments which I then imagined to be mathematical—the furniture was all of oak; he drew a table towards the hearth, placed a chair for me, and piling two or three fresh faggots on the fire, ordered a servant to bring in supper, and a bottle of wine. In a short

time I forgot, in the excellence of his wine, and the agreeable nature of his conversation, the strange character I had heard of him, and so pleased was I with my companion, who appeared possessed of almost boundless information, and great conversational talents, that I parted from him with regret, when he intimated to me that it was time for me to seek repose after the fatigues of the day.

The apartment in which my bed was prepared was in perfect keeping with the one in which we had been sitting. It was comfortless and gloomy—there was a large fire in the grate—the rain was pattering against the windows, and the melancholy whistle of the wind through the ill-joined crevices of the casement, was dismal in the extreme: my heart sunk within me as the receding steps of my host died away upon the lobby, and I looked on the large and curtainless bed in which I was to sleep. I had remarked before we left the parlour that there were two mirrors exactly opposite to each other; but immediately on my entrance he had drawn a curtain over one. In this room there was a mirror exactly corresponding to the one below stairs, and precisely opposite, a curtain concealed what I supposed to be another mirror. I could easily have ascertained by raising up the curtain, but I had an undefined dread upon my mind, which prevented me from doing this. I felt a strange and unaccountable awe upon my spirits which every thing around me served to deepen. I went to bed and I fell asleep, and I dreamed of the curtain: I thought I saw it slowly rise up, and behind it there was a large and wide hall, and gloomy lamps all round were sending up a glimmering and smoky flame, and it was full of skeletons that moved about like living things; some were leaning against the pillars, and their fleshless arms were folded across—and others were walking slowly up and down, but in a distant part of the hall; there was a party of them dancing, and they were moving about with their long, lank bones, and their ribs and joints were rattling together; I thought that they were keeping time to the jingling of their bones; at last they spied me, and a very large skeleton, who seemed the commander of the party, stretched out his great arm bone as if pointing at me, and the whole

set danced down towards me, and as they came down the hall cutting the most fantastic capers, all the others joined, and the clattering of their bones upon the pavement, and the rattle that they made as they jostled each other, was the most terrific thing I could have conceived, until they got almost within reach of me, and then they set up the wildest and most hideous laugh, and its echo pealed fearfully along the vaulted roof of the hall. I screamed with terror ; and, awaking, found myself fairly tumbled out of bed, and lying at full length upon the floor.

I must have been some time asleep, for the fire which was burning pretty high when I went to bed, was nearly extinguished. Its dim light, however, showed every object in the room—the curtain was still hanging down in its former place, and the mirror opposite was quietly reflecting the red glare of the dying fire. I threw some faggots, of which my host's servant had left me a very plentiful store, upon the grate. In a few minutes there was a bright and cheering blaze. I stood at the fire half afraid to return to bed, least I should again encounter my ghostly dancers, and one such ball, even in a dream, was quite enough. I employed myself in considering the theory of dreams, and had very satisfactorily decided that the whole cause of this mysterious apparition was to be found in the words of the ferryman, and my own curiosity about the purposes of the mirrors.—This last I was resolved should not long remain unsatisfied, and I boldly walked up to the curtain determined to look behind, even if it concealed the hall of skeletons itself. Twice I stretched out my trembling hand, and twice my resolution failed me. I cast a fearful glance at the opposite glass—for a moment I was startled at a tall, white figure ; but I soon discovered it was the reflection of my own person. I laughed at my folly—and summoning up all my nerve drew up the mysterious curtain. There was behind it a plain mirror, and nothing greeted me but the mere apparition of my own form. I felt myself half disappointed ; I made a low bow to my own shadow, and wished the ghost good night ; he, of course, politely returned it ; I cast one towards the opposite wall—and can I believe the evidence of my senses, or was it but an imagination

heated by the terror of my dream, in the other mirror I saw plainly, and as large as life, the figure of Eliza ; she was in graveclothes, and her features wore the pallid hue of death. I felt my hair to stand on end—I could not turn my eyes from the spectre ; her eyes were open, and she was staring at me with her glazed and motionless balls—in her hand was the magical volume which she had been reading on the morning we parted ; I shrunk involuntarily back—I accidentally struck the curtain behind me, and it fell—immediately the apparition vanished, and every thing was still and quiet as before. I know not how I passed the hours until break of day ; I could not have slept ; I threw up the window, and even the beating of the rain upon my fevered temples afforded me relief ; I dare not raise the curtain again ; I thought at times I heard the noise of struggling along the stairs and lobbies, and then a scream, and then peals of laughter, just such as I had heard in my dream ; but all I can be certain of is, that scarcely had the gray light of the morning streaked the eastern sky when I left the house ; the servant was up—he gave me my horse without asking any questions, and I did not feel myself quite safe until I was seated in the ferryboat, with the pure breeze of ocean fanning me with its refreshing coolness.

All that I discovered of Eliza may be summed in a few words. Not many weeks afterwards I was walking in the island of Cove, and as I passed the lonely grave-yard at Ballintemple, my attention was attracted by a little marble slab at the head of a new made tomb ; I read the inscription—it was “Eliza—obit Aug. 16, 17—” it was the very day upon which her spectre had so mysteriously appeared to me. There repose her mortal remains—but why that remote spot should be the resting-place of her dust, I know not ; she is now, probably, forgotten by all, and not even her grave, to a common observer, is distinguished from the tombs around. Whatever was the darkness of her mysterious destiny, I never could discover it. I had afterwards reason to believe, that the person to whom she was originally betrothed was my host upon the night, I was witness to the scenes, which, be they fancies or realities, I have attempted

to describe. The coincidences, at least, were singular. My reader will, form his own opinion, according to his superstition or his scepticism.—But I must have done. My lot has been a lonely one, and I must soon reach the confines of that land where all things are forgotten. I have directed my poor remains to be carried to the same spot where her's repose. It may be a foolish wish, but I cannot help it; I never will believe, but that we were kindred souls, and though in life we have not been together, it will be a consolation to think that in our deaths we will not be divided.

THE POETS HAUNT

(FROM MOSCHUS.)

*"Carmina socessum scribentis et otia quarant;
Me mare, me venti, me fera jactat hyema."*

OV. DE TRIST.

When the light zephyr skims the sunlit main,
The transient ripple of the waveless tide
Forbids my fault'ring voice its wonted strain,
Where the coy Muse consents not to abide.

The fickle moods of ocean fail to yield
The stillness and the solitude she loves,
The fragrance of the flower-enamell'd field,
The shade and silence of her hallow'd groves.

The billow crested with its fleecy foam,
Swept by the tempest to a rocky shore,
Wills not such haunts to be the poet's home,
Where winds and waves their echoed thunders pour.

The noisy strifes of elemental war,
Sweet music's peaceful accents could not suit;
The trumpets of the storm, discordant, jar
Upon the softness of the poet's lute.

No—to more tranquil scenes the gentle Muse
Would guide her votary—where nature wreathes
Her bowers of balm and beauty, there he woo's
The inspiration of the themes she breathes.

By pebbled brooks, and in the leafy dells,
Where the wild thyme perfumes the passing breeze,
There he consults her sacred oracles,
And hears reveal'd her hidden harmonies.

Amid the woods of mingled plane and pine,
Lull'd by the murmurs of a bubbling rill,
Fancy, enchanted, weaves her dreams divine,
Conscious of joy, and strange to fears of ill.

There be it mine to revel and to dwell,
Won by the wooing of the turtle dove,
To tune the golden chords of Hermes' shell
To plaintive tones of melody and love.

ON EARLY ENGLISH HISTORY.

History, which has been called "anticipated experience," and which may give an account either of the transactions of ages long past, or of events which have occurred in our own times, has been always deemed one of the most interesting pursuits of intelligent men. It may be treated of in various ways, and there is no subject which affords more scope for laborious research and for ingenious disquisition. When we peruse the history of any country or of any period, we not only have a right, but it is our duty—to enquire what authority the writer had for the facts which he relates; and if we do so, we shall sometimes find that the narrative of the professed historian rests upon as slight grounds as the tale of the poet or of the writer of romance; and that we can place no more dependence on its truth. Sometimes the compiler, and the greater number of historical writings extant are compilations, endeavours to make his work interesting by the embellishments of his fancy; sometimes he is misled by the prejudices or interested misrepresentations of the original writers, which cannot be disproved, though they may be suspected from the loss of the records of the other party, or from their inability to tell their story—as suggested in the well known fable of the man and the lion; and when variety of evidence can be produced, and an impartial judge endeavours to ascertain the truth, so contradictory is this evidence often found, like that occasionally produced in a court of justice, that after a long and patient investigation he is unable to make a decision satisfactory to himself or to others. Sometimes a favourite theory evidently biases the judgment of the writer; and sometimes, in the dearth of matter, he indulges in specious reasoning, instead of honestly confessing his ignorance. Yet far are we from intending to censure the labours of the historical compiler, or to represent them as useless. On the contrary, we do not know a more interesting employment, (we speak of employments of a mere literary kind, and except, of

course the study of the Divine Word,) than endeavouring to separate truth from error in historical narrative, wherever materials are attainable; and we most readily bear testimony to the great improvements made by modern compilers; though I think the field is yet open for future investigators in the history of almost every period. Nay, we can read with pleasure avowed fictions in which antiquarian research has enabled the author to give a lively and probable representation of the manners of any age or country, to delineate the character of well known personages, and to render a tale interesting, without introducing circumstances inconsistent with well-authenticated transactions. Such tales serve to render us familiar with men and circumstances, and often draw us on to examine the periods of which they treat with more attention. But to proceed to our immediate object, we purpose to offer some remarks on the early part of English history and the writers of it; remarks which may properly be called desultory, because we shall not consider ourselves bound to proceed according to any fixed plan, or to notice every circumstance of importance; but selecting whatever strikes us, we shall endeavour to show the nature of the evidence, and the differences subsisting amongst the principal modern compilers. We shall hope thus to supply materials for discussion, and to elicit from correspondents some remarks which may serve to clear the mist in which that part of our history is now involved.

The early history of Britain—i. e. of the time previous to the invasion of Julius Cæsar, is generally omitted by the modern compiler. Brutus the Trojan, (the contemporary of Eli, the judge of Israel) and Lear, with his three daughters, rendered familiar to us by the drama of Shakspeare, with the many other princes who filled up the long period from Brutus to Cassibela, are now consigned, so far as history is concerned, to deserved oblivion. That Matthew Paris, Matthew of Westminster, and other old compilers of some

note inserted this romance in their histories; and that even the master mind of Milton did not reject it, is not deemed sufficient to give it countenance, for traced to its origin it rests on the unsupported testimony of Rennius, a British monk of Bangor, in the seventh or ninth century, enlarged upon by Geoffrey of Monmouth, who lived in the twelfth century, and whose "fertile imagination," to use an expression of Dr. Henry's respecting him, is well-known to have led to many fictions. Having rejected the tale of Brutus and his followers, and having few facts to record, some modern writers have filled their pages with speculations on the origin of the Britons. The reasoning of Sheran Turner on this subject is ingenious if not conclusive, and it is in part, at least, supported by the researches of the late Dr. Murray. Neither does Lingard differ materially from it, though he mentions only the Celts or Kelts, generally, whilst Turner traces the Kimmerians and Keltoi from the earliest settlements and distinguishes between them as different branches of the same horde or family, descended from Gomer, son of Japhet. The Belgæ seem also to have belonged to the same stock. The identity of the Kimmerii, Kimbri and Cymri is, we think, if not satisfactorily established, at least rendered highly probable by Turner. Yet, Dr. Wood, in his "Inquiry into the primitive inhabitants of Ireland," says that the Celts and Germans are absurdly called Cimbri, from a small Gothic tribe which took its name from Cimber, signifying in the Gothic language, a robber, thus reversing the process of Turner, who derives the signification *robber*, from the depredators of the Kimbri. In another passage, after mentioning that the Kimbri are spoken of by Cæsar, as Germans, Dr. Wood argues that the Britons could not have been descended from them or their language would have been Gothic; but Turner supposes that Germany was successively peopled by the Kimmerians, the Scythians or Goths, and the Sarmatians; and the Kimbri would seem to have been driven from Germany by the Gothic tribes, which led to their invasion of Gaul and Italy. "But," says Dr. Wood, alluding probably to Turner as well as to Pinkerton, "accordingly some late authors venture

to affirm that the first inhabitants of Britain were Kimmerians, when they denominate Kimbri and confound with the Celtæ. It is, however, doubtful that the Kimmerians were either Kimbri or descendants of them, and certain that the Kimbri were not Celts; a nation solely and properly Gauls. The assertion relative to the origin of the Britons is not even a plausible conjecture." Such is the manner in which the extensive and ingenious researches of Turner are treated by a contemporary writer, who, though a respectable man, is far his inferior in learning and research, and who repeats soon after, "that the Cimbri, not only were a Gothic people but used the Gothic dialect." Pinkerton's opinion is, nearly the same as Turner's, and Dr. Murray in his history of the European languages, considers the Celtæ and Cymri of the same family, though he does not seem to consider them as the same with the Cimmerians. We may now leave the subject *sub judice*, observing that such speculations may serve to exercise ingenuity, but cannot be considered as capable of certainty, and should therefore never be made the subject of dogmatical assertion.

The names of the British tribes, as well as the community of religion, sufficiently prove that they were of Celtic origin. The accounts given of the Druids do not materially differ, but some attribute their origin to the Gauls, others to the Britons, whilst others state that they existed amongst the Celtæ in the east, and were, therefore, antecedent to both. It is, however, in opposition to this last, that we do not find any distinct mention of them in other tribes of Celtic origin, as in Spain or Italy. Cæsar represents the Britons as more skilled in the discipline of the Druids, and as instructors of the Gauls; but this does not necessarily imply that they were the authors of it. Our most satisfactory accounts of them are drawn from Cæsar and Tacitus: some few circumstances, however, have been incidentally mentioned by other ancient writers, and Dr. Henry has, probably, collected every thing that deserves notice; perhaps much more than can be substantiated. It is rather an extraordinary circumstance that many of the Monkish historians have passed over the Druids without any notice whatsoever.

To Cæsar we look for the earliest authentic information, and he first visited Britain in the year B. C. 55. As he was an eye witness of the events he records, and was even the principal actor, his narrative has peculiar claims to attention; but it must be admitted on the other hand, that there are circumstances which render his veracity questionable. Our experience teaches us, that great generals in modern times are apt to colour their narratives, even when they know that there will be a counter-statement. Exaggeration of advantages and palliation of losses are to be expected; nay, are scarcely to be avoided. Now, Cæsar was interested in representing the events in the manner most favourable to his own character, and whilst the final advantage gained, appears even from his own account to have been trifling; the rejoicings at Rome were, we may almost say, extravagant. Succeeding writers have spoken of his success in very different ways, some representing it as a conquest, and others as little better than defeat, whilst Pollio, one of his contemporaries, has not hesitated to charge his narrative with inaccuracy. The stratagems he made use of, are said to have been carefully concealed, for the supposed purpose of exalting his courage and power, whilst the same motive would induce him to magnify the strength of his opponents, and to describe them as more formidable than they really were. Polyænus, who wrote a work on "Military Stratagems," dedicated to the emperors M. Antoninus and L. Verus, towards the close of the second century, records several stratagems that had been used by Cæsar, which are supposed to have been extracted from his "ephemerides" or daily memorandums, a work now lost. From this work, Servius the commentator on Virgil, at the latter end of the fourth century, is supposed to have learned a remarkable circumstance mentioned by him in a note on the 11th Æneid, that Cæsar was once carried off by a Gaul of great strength, and was set free, in consequence of another Gaul crying out Cæsar, Cæsar, which was intended as exultation over him, but was understood by the captor as an order to set him at liberty. This circumstance, if it took place, is omitted in the commentaries.

The use of an elephant to alarm the Britons, when collected by Cassibelanus to oppose Cæsar's passage of the Thames, on his second expedition, is mentioned by Polyænus, who says, as quoted by Lingard, "that at the approach of this unknown animal, of enormous magnitude, covered with scales of polished steel, and carrying on his back a turret filled with armed men, the Britons abandoned their defences, and sought for safety in a precipitate flight." Now, if Cæsar used elephants, or a single elephant in his wars against either Gauls or Britons, he has studiously concealed it in his commentaries; and it has also escaped the researches of Plutarch; and yet it may be said, what could induce Polyænus to invent such a tale? We refer to it merely as one instance in which Cæsar is supposed to have withheld a fact, but do not intend to argue for its truth. A statement, however, in all respects different, has been made by some of the early historical writers in England. Matthew, a monk of Westminster, who lived in the reign of Edward I., and who was a great collector from the writings of preceding authors, but does not give his authorities, states, that Cassibelanus became sovereign of Britain, after the death of his brother Lud, and that Cæsar sent to him, demanding tribute, which was indignantly refused; that Cassibelanus with his confederates (for there were a number of petty states combined under one head, called the Pendragon, according to Whittaker,) met Cæsar on his landing, when a long and bloody battle was fought; that Cæsar had a personal engagement with Nennius, brother of the British chief; that he lost his sword in the engagement, and that the Romans fled to their ships and returned to Gaul, in confirmation of which, the historian quotes the reproach which Lucan puts into the mouth of Pompey.

"Territa quoculis ostendit tæga Britannia."

That on Cæsar making a second attempt two years after, he was again obliged to depart; but, that after this, on a quarrel between Cassibelanus and his nephew Androgeus, Duke or King of the Trinobantes, the latter applied to Cæsar for aid, and on the landing of the Roman army, joined it with his forces; that Cassibelanus was defeated

in a hard fought battle ; that he was encompassed whilst on a hill where he took refuge, and that he must have perished by the sword or famine, if Androgeus had not interfered and mediated a peace, by the terms of which, Cassibelanus agreed to pay 8,000 pounds of silver yearly, as a tribute. Now, Cæsar mentions only two expeditions, in both of which he was successful in the field ; he speaks of Cassibelanus, not as the regular monarch, but as an able prince, selected by his equals, to command, when Cæsar came the second time ; and he speaks of the Trinobantes joining him, in consequence of his having with him a young prince, son of their former king, who had fled to him for protection. The final result is similar in both cases, a peace formed on the basis of submission and tribute. The name Cassibelanus, is supposed to mean, king of the Cassi ; *belen*, meaning king. After this, there seems to have been little intercourse with Britain for many years, though Horace, in one or two passages, seems to attribute the conquest of them to Augustus, founded, perhaps, on their renewal of tribute, or some submission which has not been deemed worthy of notice by the Roman historians, but of which the flattering poet availed himself, to compliment his patron.

Cymbeline, is a name which Shakespeare has made familiar to us, yet we do not meet with it in the best historical works. The compilation of Matthew of Westminster, informs us, that Cassibelanus reigned seven years after the departure of Cæsar, that on his death, he was succeeded by his nephew Tenuantius, whose son Cymbeline had become king, previous to the birth of our Saviour. This answers in point of time, supposing his reign to be of tolerable length, with the Cynobelinus, so many of whose coins have been found, and the banishment of whose son, caused Caligula's foolish expedition, recorded by Suetonius. The sons of Cymbeline, were, Guiderius and Arviragus, who were successively kings, and the latter of whom is represented to have married a daughter of Claudius Cæsar, and to have been mostly in alliance with, though occasionally at war with the Romans. Juvenal speaks of an Arviragus, king of Britain, but in such a manner as to

give us no information respecting the time in which he lived, or the circumstances of his life. From Tacitus, on the other hand, we learn, that the sons of Cynobelinus, were Togodannus and Caractacus, who were kings in the time of Claudius, and the former of whom, like Guiderius, is said to have been killed in battle. Was the story of Cymbeline a mere romance, or was Caractacus (or Caradoc, as some have called him) the same as Arviragus ? The name of Caractacus has been rendered familiar to us, by the Drama of Muson ; and we associate him with Wallace and other brave but unsuccessful defenders of the liberty of their country. We thus feel an interest in his story, and gladly receive whatever is told respecting him, calculated to exalt his character. That he maintained resistance to the Romans in his native wilds, for nine years—that he at last fell into the hands of his conquerors and was carried to Rome, and that in consequence of his manly and dignified behaviour, he was treated somewhat better than prisoners of his class generally are. These are facts which we may without hesitation receive, on the authority of Tacitus, who was born in a few years after the events were said to have happened. Messrs. Bennett and Bogue in their history of the dissenters, seem to adopt a tale that his father accompanied him to Rome, with the rest of the family, and was converted there to christianity, and returning to Britain, introduced it there. This is inconsistent with his being the son of Cymbeline, as stated by Tacitus—so also, is his being king of the Silures in the west, for Cymbeline resided in the east of Britain. The details of Tacitus are, by many of our compilers enlarged on the authority of Dio Cassius, a native of Bithynia, who was raised to the consulship and various governments by Alexander Severus, in the early part of the third century, and who employed his old age in writing history. There is nothing improbable in the circumstance, that the Romans employed some native princes against others ; that the stepmother of Caractacus betrayed him to his enemies, or that a weak prince, like Claudius, should appoint the triumphal spectacle, recorded on the delivery to him of such a captive. The speech which

Caractacus is represented to have delivered, is, of course, an invention of Tacitus, but is suitable enough to the character and circumstance; and we may, perhaps, say the same of the expression of surprise, "that the possessors of palaces in Rome should envy him a cottage in Britain," which has been introduced from some other source. Dr. Henry is very full in his detail, taken chiefly from Tacitus; other compilers vary in their narratives, but Mr. Hume has, I think, judiciously compressed the whole into a single sentence. The monkish historians have a succession of three kings after the death of Arviragus, called Marius, Coillus and Lucius, who are represented as remaining in peace, attentive to the welfare of their subjects, and regularly paying their tribute to Rome, and we have a pompous account of the conversion of Lucius, the last of them, to Christianity, which is adopted with modifications by Dr. Lingard. This tale, however, is, in many points, inconsistent, and is completely at variance with every thing we learn from other sources—and is also omitted by Gildas, a British writer, whose silence may be considered as decisive of its falsehood. From the time of Caractacus to the year 84, A. D. we have interesting details of the war with Boadicea, of the reduction of the Brigantes and Silures, and of the campaigns of Agricola, all omitted, as I have observed before, by the monkish historians, but recorded by Tacitus, of whose veracity there is strong internal evidence, though he might be disposed to magnify the exploits of his father-in-law, Agricola. For thirty years after, during the reigns of Nerva and Trajan, we know nothing of the state of Britain. Nor, indeed, for a much longer period have we any satisfactory information. The brief narrative of Eutropius, the abridgment of Dio, by Xiphilinus, and the lives of some of the Roman Emperors, supply a few circumstances, and it is supposed that the country was, in general, quiet and improving, because it has supplied few materials for the historian. The inference, however, is hardly justifiable. The Britons might be unable to resist with effect; but they were, in all probability, a distinct people, under their own petty Kings, neither speaking the language, nor adopting the

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customs of their conquerors. Some of the hardy youths enlisted in the Roman service, and were sent to foreign regions, where they became completely alienated from their country; and a few might, in the towns, attain to some privileges, but the great body were an oppressed, and most probably a discontented people, kept in submission by a strong military force, and compelled to yield the produce of their labours.

Because the Romans built temples and fortified walls and castles, and made military roads, it by no means follows that the natives were advanced in civilization, for we have no traces of it in any respect. If, indeed, we would form a judgment of the Britons, during the period of Roman sway, we should think of the Irish from the time of Henry the Second to that of Elizabeth, or even much later; or of the Caribs in the West Indies, or of the natives of South America in the Spanish and Portuguese settlements. The *groans of the Britons* then, if we believe Gildes, that such were uttered to the Romans, must have proceeded from a few favoured adherents, inhabitants of London or York, Verulam, or some Roman towns, who, perhaps, dreaded the population at home, as much as the Scots and Picts; but Zozimus, a general historian, at the latter period of the Roman empire, "whose fidelity," according to Dr. Priestly, in his lectures on history, "is not easily to be called in question," relates that the people in general, armed themselves, asserted their independence, and might have protected themselves effectually, if their internal divisions had not been in favour of the enemy. This Zozimus held different civil offices under the younger Theodosius, about the commencement of the fifth century, and left a history of Roman affairs in six books; in the five last of which he details public events from the death of Diocletian to the second siege of Rome by Alaric. He, of course, did not live long after the time under consideration, though very distant from the scene of action, and the important events that took place so much nearer to him, would, probably, attract more of his attention. He has, however, mentioned some circumstances respecting the state of Britain at variance with the more common accounts. All

do not think of this writer, however, with equal approbation—for Gibbon speaks of him as credulous and partial; and he has been charged by others with prejudice against the Christian Emperors, especially against Constantine the Great. Gildas lived at a later period, but was a native of the country, and had, of course, some advantages. He was born in 520, and became a monk at Bangor, but travelled much, and wrote his work *De Excidio Britannie* in 564, when living in Bretagne, then called, Armonia. This work is still in existence. These are the two leading authorities. Nennius of the same abbey, who lived about a century later, or according to Nicholson, not till the ninth century, has left a history of Britain, enlarged upon by Geoffrey of Monmouth, or the Welsh bard, whom Geoffrey is said to have translated, but whose work has not been found, which history is so romantic and so much at variance from what we derive from other sources, that it is now deemed of little authority; though made use of by Mathew of Westminster and the other compilers, down almost to the present day.

The Venerable Bede is said to have been born in 672, and to have died in 736, being nearly three centuries after the events recorded. He spent his life in the monastery of Jarrow, near the mouth of the river Lyma, and wrote an ecclesiastical history, in which he gives an account of the state of Christianity in Britain, from its introduction to the year 731. In this he occasionally mentions other circumstances, but when we consider the length of time which had elapsed, the distant and retired situation in which he lived, and the prejudices by which, as a Saxon he must have been influenced, we can neither be surprised that the information he gives about the Britons is scanty, or much disappointed at the manifest appearance of credulity and superstition. Indeed, in all that respects the Britons, he seems to depend on Gildas, and therefore adds nothing to his authority. Mr. Turner has further gleaned from the history of the Goths by Jornandes, himself a Goth, who flourished in 540, and from Claudian, the poetic panegyrist of Stilicho. Some incidental circumstances may be mentioned in some other compilations, but nothing of importance. The ac-

count as it may be collected from the British writers is that in the year 420, the Britons in consequence of the enmity of the Goths, Picts, and Norwegians sent to Rome for aid, when a legion was sent which repelled the enemy and raised a wall of sods from sea to sea for the protection of the Britons; that this wall proving to be of no use, the Romans being again sent for in the following year, 421, returned, and then built a stone wall with many castles; after which they bid farewell to Britain, as not likely to return. In 434, the Romans are again represented as leaving Britain, and soon after follows an account of the letter, much spoken of in British history, which was entitled the "Groans of the Britains." In the year 435, according to the same account, Guithelin, archbishop of London, is represented as having gone to the King of Armonia, and procured from him his brother Constantine and 2000 soldiers. This Constantine was chosen King and was father of Constans, Ambrosius and Uthra Pendragon.—On Constantine's being murdered by a Pict in 445, Vortigena, a man of rank, called a *Consul*, procuring the advancement of Constans, who had been a monk, to the throne, with an expectation of influencing his measures. Not satisfied, however, with this power, Vortigena procures the assassination of Constans and his own elevation to the throne, and his tyranny obliged him to seek the aid of the Saxons in 449. This story is compounded from Gildas, Bede, and Rennius. Mr. Warrington, in his history of Wales, seems to have given credit to it; and a late improved edition, (as it is called), of Goldsmith's History of England, seems to follow Rennius' whole series of Kings, without any expression of doubt.

Mr. Hume, the philosopher, who could reject the well-attested facts on which Christianity is founded, adopts that portion which rests on the authority of Gildas, omitting the episode of Constantine from Rennius, and fixes the departure of the Romans in the year 448, in which he varies from all other writers on the subject I have been able to consult. Rapin takes nearly the same course, but differs in dates; he fixes the first departure of the Romans in 410, their final one after rebuilding the wall in 426

and the coming of the Saxons in 449, which last date seems generally agreed upon. Dr. Henry, referring to the same authority, repeats much of the story more in detail, and appears to me to render it inconsistent by mingling accounts which can scarcely be reconciled. Thus following Zosimus, he tells us of the spirit with which the Britons repelled their northern invaders, and then he adopts Gildas's tale of their cowardice and despair. He indeed makes them at different periods. Thus, the Roman troops depart first in 412, and are followed by the other Romans in 414. On this occasion the Britons act with spirit. In 416 they obtain the aid of a legion which repels the enemy and assists them in repairing Antoninus's wall of turf; thus reconciling it to previous history, whilst Gildas, as appears from Turner, speaks of it, as if it were an original undertaking. In 418 a legion comes again and stays a year, during which it repairs (accommodating as before) the stone-wall of Severus. In 420 the Romans take their final departure, and then we have the whole of Gildas's account of the dreadful state of the Britons, for which he quotes Bede, not considering that he might, with equal propriety, quote every other of the many compilers who copied Gildas, without adding in the least to the authority. In giving this, he seems to tell us more than his original, from whatever source he may have got it; and in 446 brings the Britons to that state in which they applied to Cteus. In 449 a council of British kings takes place; Vortigern, sovereign of the Silures, acts the part of universal monarch, and recommends to make application to the Saxons, which is immediately carried into execution. Dr. Lingard adheres chiefly to Zosimus; he does not, indeed, entirely omit the application to Altiut or Agitiut, but makes it the act of a small party, and says nothing of the *groans of the Britons*; whilst Turner exposes the inconsistency of Gildas's account with that of Zosimus, supported by gleanings from other works, and rejects it almost with contempt, applying to him what Dr. Johnson said of Ossian—"If we have not searched the Magellanic regions, let us however forbear to people them with Patagons; if we know little of this ancient period,

let us not fill the vacuity with Gildas." Mr. Turner fixes the final departure of the Romans in 409, on which the Britons asserted and maintained independence. For the division of Britain under the Romans, he infers, that there were thirty independent republics governed by chief magistrates, a senate, and other officers. These states quarrelled with one another; kings, or tyrants, were established, and at last one tyrant, Gwrtheyrn, or Vortigern, predominated over the rest, though Ambrosius, or as the Welsh bards call him, Emrys Wledig, is represented as a successful rival. Mr. Turner, on the authority of a Welsh chronology, fixes 426 for the acquired ascendancy of Vortigern, leaving a period of twenty-three years from his being chief monarch to the invitation of the Saxons. Such is the uncertainty attached to this period of history, that we can scarcely move a step with satisfaction, and we have no writer on whom we can depend. So also with respect to the introduction of Christianity into Britain, there is no consistency—in the want of an original account conjecture has followed conjecture, and the obscure riddles of the Welsh bards have been recorded as authority. Nor do we appear to have more certainty when we enter upon the Saxon times. "Our further progress," says Mr. Turner, "must be very cautiously made; we are treading among the broken monuments of our ancestors and the ancient Britons, and the feeble light we can obtain, throws but a small and faint circle of rays into the damp and dreary gloom of time, which is corroding them. Sometimes the scanty illumination presents to us the relics distorted by the shades it creates and cannot remove; with all our care we may often give a delusion, when we think we have traced a reality." Gildas and Bede continue our chief authorities, the Saxon chronicle and the Welsh poems supplying occasional information. Of the Saxon horde succeeded horde till eight kingdoms were founded, the Britons offering constant, though ineffectual resistance. After the defeat, and almost total expulsion of the Britons, Christianity, and with it the barbarous literature of the day, was soon introduced among the victorious Saxons; numerous monasteries were founded by their weak

and superstitious kings ; and some inhabitants of these monasteries have, in their account of them, related what they knew concerning the events of those times. But Mr. Hume has observed, respecting them, "that they lived remote from public affairs, considered the civil transactions subordinate to the ecclesiastical ; and besides, partaking of the ignorance and barbarity which were then universal, were strongly infected with credulity, with the love of wonder, and with a propensity to imposture." To repeat instances of this ignorance is unnecessary at present. Nor can we repose confidence in the relations of men, who were devoted to a power, whose repeated encroachments were the cause of frequent disturbances ; men, who have done every thing they could to defame those who had sense and courage sufficient to withstand their innovations, whilst they praise in the most extravagant terms all those who were the instruments of papal tyranny ; men, who to bigotry and superstition, united ignorance and credulity. Thus, we find these monks abusing the un-

fortunate Edwey, whilst his brother, Edgar, who supported them is extolled as a pious and virtuous man, as well as a great king, though they themselves record actions inconsistent with the former part of the character. This subject has lately been brought into notice by the work of Lingard, who, in a more guarded manner than his predecessors on the same side, has laboured to establish the misconduct of Edwey, and to vindicate the interference of the clergy. But it is time to stop. Whether the subject be ever renewed or not, the chief object is attained, to show that the early history of our country is so obscure and uncertain, that little that is recorded can be relied on ; that the modern compilers, deriving their information from the same authority, widely differ among themselves, and that our details, whenever entered upon, can be regarded as little, if at all, better than romances. Yet men who reject Christianity for its deficiency of evidence, do not hesitate to receive these vague accounts, as entitled to credit.

RECOLLECTIONS OF 1803.

To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

Sir,—In the last number of your Magazine, I have read, with deep interest, the article entitled “The Discovery of Emmet’s Insurrection.” Of some of the transactions of the night of the 23d July, 1803, I was myself a witness. I knew some of the principal victims of that night, and, as a Dublin yeoman, I was actively employed—I ought rather say, was ready to be actively employed, had my services been demanded.

I am not of the class of mawkish sentimentalists, who would bury in oblivion every recollection of such events as these; and would “breathe not the name” even of the principal traitor.—On the contrary, if punishment of crime be intended rather to warn others, than to visit with vengeance the guilty individual, how can such warning be more effectually given, than by recalling public attention to historical events, not growing out of accident, but generated in the same systematic disaffection to English connexion and English law, for so many centuries prevalent in Ireland, and at this day not less prevalent than ever? But, if a warning of this nature may be salutary to the governed, occasions may occur, where even governors may, if they will, reap benefit from it. And in this view, the case of Emmet’s insurrection is of peculiar weight. The project* of a wild enthusiast to seize, in a time of tranquillity, with the aid of a few hundred undisciplined and ill-armed ruffians, the castle of Dublin, the seat of His Majesty’s government, situate in the heart of a great city, this would seem so preposterous as only to excite a smile. But yet, if it be true,

that his Majesty’s government was so circumstanced on the 23d of July, 1803, that in *ten minutes* it might have been surprised even in its head-quarters, its guard overpowered, its principal members massacred or imprisoned, its arsenals and its treasury seized, its functions usurped, and all its powers wielded (for a time at least) by an able and successful desperado, supported by four-fifths of the population—if all this was even possible, under a Tory government and a Pitt administration, and not five years after the rebellion of 1798, and with a strong garrison, and three thousand loyal and disciplined yeomanry within sound of its alarm-bell—if this were barely possible then, who shall say that the lesson may not be studied with advantage by the present government of Ireland, and at the present day? I do not indeed expect that advice offered through your pages, will be received with complacency, but facts will speak for themselves; and if they be doubted, as coming through the medium of a Conservative Journal, inquiry may at least be excited, and that will be enough.

Now, as to facts; my own recollection agrees in general with your narrative. For it is a matter of no essential importance that your narrator is (I believe) mistaken in saying, that the mangled body of the lamented Lord Chief Justice was brought into the castle. He was removed, while yet alive, from the scene of murder, to a watch-house, situate hard by in Vicar’s street, as the nearest public place. And it was here stretched on the bare boards, and in the very agonies of death, that in controuling the natural

* Yet the project itself was not original. See Harris’s History of Dublin. The apparent inadequacy of the means makes Emmet’s attempt seem ridiculous: yet such as they were, if his infuriated partizans had not been diverted for a few minutes from their main object, by the irresistible temptation of murdering one, attractive to them in so many ways, as an aged and defenceless man, a nobleman and a judge, who shall say what might have resulted?

indignation of an attending magistrate, he pronounced his own never-dying epitaph and eulogium, "LET NO MAN SUFFER FOR MY DEATH, BUT BY THE LAWS OF HIS COUNTRY."

There is, however, a fact of much higher consequence, as it bears on the charge impliedly conveyed by the narrative, that Mr. Marsden treated with too much slight, the information offered by Mr. Clarke. It is but justice to lay before the public all the circumstances that occurred between those gentlemen, as stated by Mr. Clarke himself in his evidence upon oath.

I quote from Mr. Ridgeway's report of the trial of Thomas Donnelly and others; Exshaw, 1803.

Mr. Clarke, it appears, was called upon as a witness, on the trials of two of his men, who were taken in arms on the night of the 23d. He was called on their behalf to say what he could in their favour as to character; and, after having borne testimony highly creditable to his own character and feelings, the following cross-examination by Mr. Attorney-General took place.

Q. "Did you, Mr. Clarke, meet with any accident that night?"

A. "I did—I was fired at upon Arran quay, when I was returning from the castle of Dublin, between nine and ten o'clock—it was a very little after nine—I was waylaid at the corner of a lane leading up to Smithfield, by three or four men armed with blunderbusses. One of them stepped forward, and cried out, 'where have you been, informing?' and fired. My horse had turned obliquely to him, and I received the shot in the shoulder. The blunderbuss, being heavily loaded, burst, and thirteen slugs were lodged in me: my horse galloped off, and they fired two blunderbusses more after me. A ball passed by my shoulder and another hit my hat—one shot struck me across the nose, which bled very much. I returned to the castle, gave information of what happened, and remained there that night."

Q. "Had you been at the castle, upon the subject in the course of that day before?"

A. "I had; and the day before, and the day before that."

Q. "Mention the communication which you had with Mr. Marsden on Saturday."

A. "On Saturday, I was confirmed

more in my opinion of the certainty of the rising, than I was on Friday; but I had notice of it on Thursday, and on that day I gave notice of it at the castle. But upon Friday I was less certain than upon Thursday, but said I would make every enquiry. On Saturday morning, I got more certain and sure that every thing base and barbarous would go forward. I came into town immediately—I got two or three expresses on my way, particularly from a loyal house in this town, and from a Roman Catholic priest, that there would be a rising. I told Mr. Marsden of this, and begged he would take proper steps to prevent it. He said to me, "You have changed your mind very suddenly." I said "I had so," but I gave him the reasons for it. He seemed satisfied, and asked me when I would leave town. He intended, I believe, to have me examined by the Privy Council. I said I would wait at my warehouse in town at Mr. O'Brien's, and he said he would send for me. He did not send, and I went to the castle at four o'clock. On Friday, Mr. Marsden had desired me to call the next morning; and as I came into town, I observed groupes of men consulting and whispering together about Newtown Clarke and Palmerstown, and avoiding me when they saw me, in the manner they appeared previous to the last rebellion."

Q. "Did you ask at the castle for any military aid?"

A. "I did."

Q. "Was a military aid sent accordingly?"

A. "There was."

Q. "Although you gave notice of your apprehensions on Thursday, you seemed on Friday to think it might be a false alarm?"

A. "I did."

Q. "Then I collect from you, Mr. Clarke, that any information you gave was received with attention at the castle, and when assistance was required, it was granted to you."

A. "Most certainly. I always experienced the greatest attention and civility, and Mr. Marsden, always, in my opinion, wished to do every thing in his power to prepare for the event—and I was sorry to see reflections upon him in an English Paper; I am satisfied he did not deserve them."

Mr. Attorney-General.—"My Lord.

I am glad this opportunity has occurred to refute the slanders which have been published either by ignorance or malice. Mr. Clarke, you have done yourself great honour, and your country, real service."

Your readers will think it right that the whole case made on the part of the government should be before them :— and I am certain that nobody will impute to your narrator any designed suppression of facts, in not stating what, very probably, he was not apprized of.

But what opinion will be formed of the vigilance of the government is another question. It is to be lamented, that Mr. Marsden did not act upon Mr. Clarke's first information, and *at least*, order some arms and ammunition from the Magazine. A few tumbrils rolling through the streets, with their escort, might indeed have alarmed the timid, but would have put the brave on the alert, and above all, would have shewn the conspirators that they were discovered ;—would have broken their spirit, and destroyed their confidence, and thus the catastrophe might have been averted. Then, again ; why was not the Privy Council assembled on the morning of Saturday, as Mr. Marsden appears to have intended ?— There was ample time still for every necessary preparation.*

And of the reality of the traitorous design, there could scarcely then exist any doubt, for it was not only from Captain Wilcox and Mr. Clarke that intelligence was conveyed to the castle, during that day. Stewart King, Esq. (a Master in Chancery, and who shortly, before had become Captain Commandant of the Lawyers' corps (infantry) on the resignation of the beloved William Saurin) had early that morning received credible information of the meditated insurrection. Mr. King was a man of great energy and decision of character : in and previous to 1798, as adjutant to the Lawyers' corps, he had

displayed considerable military talent, and was looked up to and confided in, not merely by his own corps, but by all the loyal yeomen in and about Dublin. He was a person likely to receive good information, and not likely to be deceived in it—and in this instance he was not deceived. What his reception at the castle was I will not say, having no certain knowledge of it. The utmost he could effect, however, was, a sort of permission to have his arms in readiness, and to beat to arms in case of necessity, with an intimation, however, (as I understood from him) that if he caused a groundless alarm, the peril was his.

It was past ten o'clock at night, and I was sitting with my family in my drawing-room in — street, when my wife called my attention to an unusual sound in the direction of Merrion Square. Listening attentively, I recognized the highly exciting "beat to arms," and exclaiming that they were "our drums" I was in a very few minutes clad, armed and accoutred ; and repairing to our appointed alarm-post in Merrion Square, I soon joined a number of my brethren, whom the same cause had brought together ; many yeomen of other corps, and many unattached individuals assembled with us. We were marched for some time through the city in various directions, but at length were ordered into the castle, and our column halted in the upper castle-yard. It must have been then near twelve ; the attempt had failed, as it afterwards proved, and the mischief was done. But, frequently, during the night, a shot or two in the western direction would rouse our attention ; and in the total ignorance of all that had happened, and the confidence that our Captain had not brought us out for nothing, we remained for some hours in a state of anxious suspense.

An excellent brother lawyer and brother soldier of mine, poor V., in

* An occurrence had taken place just a week before, sufficient to excite more than common vigilance. On the 16th July an explosion of gunpowder had taken place in the house No. 26, Patrick-street, occupied by one Mc. Intosh. It appeared that he had been manufacturing sky-rockets. This might be a very innocent amusement ; but on the premises were found pikes, pike-handles, bayonets, and newly-cast musket-balls. Mc. Intosh escaped from this, (which was proved to be one of Emmet's depots) to the Grand Depot in Mass Lane, where he was employed in making pike-handles, &c. until the 23d, when he sallied forth with the other rebels, and was present at the murder of Lord Kilwarden. He was hanged as a traitor, Oct. 3d.

speaking of the days and nights that we had been in arms together in the rebellion of 1798, used to say, with his own peculiar emphasis—"for my part I never passed my time more happily or pleasantly than during the rage of that cruel, savage, and unnatural rebellion." Now, let no agitator of the present day, in the plenitude of his virtuous indignation, exclaim at the *illiberality* and ill-nature which would affix such epithets to the deeds of the suffering patriots of 1798. My friend V. was neither illiberal nor ill-natured. His character was quite the contrary. But, feeling as he did, in common with every Irish Gentleman, deep pity for the delusions which had been so successfully practised upon our poor ignorant and excitable peasantry; he felt also that even for their own sakes, strong measures had become necessary; measures in the execution of which every Irish yeoman took his assigned part, not as a matter of pleasure, but of positive duty and stern necessity. No, what my friend meant to convey by his droll antithesis was, what, in our corps at least, was unquestionable.

Well acquainted, in general, with each other, and necessarily thrown together for the greater part of each day, amongst us, the hours that were not employed abroad in the duties of patrol or sentry, were passed in our guard-room in very joyous conviviality: any approach to excess, indeed, the strictness of our discipline prohibited; but when a party returned from duty with a prospect of an hour or two of respite—and when they proceeded to spread their supper-meal, and the haversack yielded its bread and cheese or ham and chicken and the flask poured forth its moderate allowance, sufficient to "cheer but not inebriate," then there was an unrestrained flow of good humour and hilarity, and the laugh and the joke went round, and the adventures of the last patrol—the houses that had been searched, and the scenes that had been disclosed, and all the achievements of the night related, each by the hero of his tale, afforded sources of never-failing merriment. The repast ended, some, stretched on a camp-bed reposed; or to some a book, or quiet conversation served to pass the time, till the all-stirring call of the door-sentry—"turn out the guard!" caused a general

move, and then in a moment hastened forth the whole party, falling into their ranks with the steadiness of practised soldiers, to undergo the inspection of the field officer of the night, or to be told off for the next routine of duty: meantime a party who had been just relieved, would return, and the same jocund meal with all its accompaniments, again filled the room with mirth and jollity. Yes, at the peril of the wrath even of the Arch-Agitator himself, and at the risk of exciting all the sensibilities of him of the "Irish Heart," I do declare, with my friend V., that I never passed my time more pleasantly. And it is a matter of joy to me to reflect that, without having ever purposely avoided my turn in any duty, it never fell to my lot to be called to discharge any of a painful nature.

Once, indeed, in the rebellion of 1798, I was for a few hours in momentary expectation of serious encounter. It was on a fine warm night in the beginning of June; my party was stationed at one of the canal bridges; and the men who were not on actual duty were, as usual, scattered about in groups, near the guard-house, under the trees or on the grass, indulging in their accustomed pleasantries, when suddenly was heard to come *clanking* up the road, a mounted officer, his horse covered with foam. The guard of course had been turned out, on his approach being notified by our out-sentries. He communicated briefly with our commanding officer Lieutenant B. and then rode at the same rapid pace towards the next station. On his departure, B. gave us to understand that we must be on the alert, for that positive information had been received by Government, that the rebels intended to descend from the mountains and make an attack, that night, on the canal bridges as the principal passes into town, or perhaps to effect a junction with their friends on the northern side. We were formed into a column of sections in the centre of the bridge, a position which we were ordered to maintain; and were put once or twice through the evolution of "street firing," as being probably that to which we should have occasion to resort. Thus we remained until day-light; and opposite to us, and in full view, were the mountains, which we knew were then

infested by fugitives from the city, from Kildare, and other places, and whose fires, on that night, we had previously observed, were very numerous. However, they came not near us; and I never learned whether the alarm was given by Government to try the steadiness of the yeomanry, (to whom these posts were exclusively confided,) or whether the enemy, finding their design discovered, had abandoned it.

But during the hours that we thus stood together, scarcely a word, except the few that are necessary on changing sentries, was to be heard among us; each man seemed mentally to have retired within himself, while to all external appearance, he was the mere machine, which a soldier ought to be. A paramount sense of duty was doubtless the governing principle: the consequences that might ensue to others—to ourselves—could not fail to occupy some of the passing thoughts of men accustomed to reflection. It was an interval of solemnity, unmixed with dismay. I have compared my own state of feeling with that of several of my comrades. As machines, we should have done our duty, though as men we might have lamented the results. "We would have stood our ground to the last man," said my friend F., "but are you not glad that there was no occasion?"

It was with feelings and reflections of the same kind, I presume, that our column (which, I left during this digression, standing in the Upper Castle Yard, in the night of the 23d July, 1808,) occupied the dreary hours: for very few words were heard amongst us: little communication between our officers and us, and as little, I believe, between their superiors and them. At length it occurred, that as we were likely to have ample time, it might be well to have an inspection of the state of our ammunition by the light of the Castle lamps; a practice that was never omitted during the periods of permanent service, previous to our being marched off to duty, but which the suddenness of this night's alarm had rendered in the first instance impracticable.

We were tolerably well supplied. The steady and regular soldier in general had his cartouche-box furnished with his appointed complement of twenty rounds of ball cartridge: others

possessed a few, and some were wholly unprovided, an emergency that could scarcely have happened if we had had but a few minutes notice of the summons. It was soon arranged that we should divide our stock equally, and most of the humble companions of my pouch were promoted, for aught that I know, to the service of the embryo judges and expectant chancellors of whom our body was partly composed.

But, as if to show us how superfluous it had been for us to take any trouble in providing ammunition for ourselves or each other, our Sergeants had hardly completed the distribution of our common stock, and we were again "standing at ease," though with anxious and uneasy minds, when, towards the break of day, our attention was excited by the heavy measured step of a file of men, who, issuing from the Lower Castle Yard, advanced to our front, bearing each a canvas bag along before him. "Attention!" "Shoulder arms." "Rear rank take double distance." "Order arms." "Cartouches open." These words announced the object of the visitors, which was to serve out ammunition. They proceeded to supply a few, when perceiving on their part that none of us were wholly unprovided, and we soon discovering the sort of provision they were making for us, they speedily retreated through the arch, and it was then that a buz—an irrepressible buz of surprise and derision burst forth, and the whisper spread from rank to rank that they were *pistol cartridges*!—PISTOL CARTRIDGES!! I do not know whether you, Mr. Poplar, have ever "seen service," but if you have even so much skill as would serve to shoot a crow, you must know what a mockery this appeared to be. To call it mockery, however, would be unjust. I am certain that nothing was further from the intention of the government of that day than to treat the yeomanry with slight on any occasion: but I refer to the fact as strongly confirmative of the dialogue reported by your narrator:—

"What troops," said Wilcox, "are in readiness?"

"I know of none," said the Secretary.

"How many stand of arms have you?"

"Not one within reach."

"How many rounds of ammunition?"

"Not a single one!"

And it fully supports General Shortal's declaration, "That no orders had been given by Government for any supply of ammunition—that the Government had been taken completely by surprise."

But, let me repeat, that not an individual of the corps thought for a moment of imputing this to any motive of disrespect to the yeomanry—far from it. At that time, the services of the yeoman army in the rebellion of 1798 were fresh in the public recollection, and a mutual and happy confidence subsisted between the Government and them. Every man was convinced, and sorry to feel himself convinced, that, for once, the Government had been taken by surprise. From what nook of the horse barracks the pistol cartridges were thus tardily dragged forth matters not now to enquire. In half an hour, the whole occurrence had passed into a jest amongst us. The few rounds that were delivered, were exhibited from file to file, and then treasured up as reliques. I saw one of them not long ago in the possession of a comrade: he had clothed it with a label explanatory of its history, and said he meant to deposit it in his cabinet of curiosities for the benefit and instruction of future generations.

By this time it was full day-light, and our patience had become almost exhausted, when we got orders to "wheel into line," and then, the word "with cartridge, prime and load," seemed to intimate, that something remained to be done, and that we were called upon to do it. With universal pleasure, we quitted our dreary and uninteresting position, and were led through Castle-street and Skinner row, straight to the scene of the horrible murders of Thomas-street, (of which no trace was then visible,) and thence to the Coombe, where some dead bodies of the peasantry still lay on the spot they had fallen. Passing through some obscure street in the region of the Liberty, a halt was made and some files detached to search houses that were pointed out: I was one of those employed on this duty; I do not recollect what the particular object was, but though I met nothing else offensive, I never shall forget the

horrible filth by which almost all my senses were assailed, in the apartments of a house, that, externally, bore a very decent aspect. At length, we were marched to our parade and dismissed, and I hastened to my delightful home, and found all safe and quiet; and may every loyal subject, who sacrifices his domestic comforts for a time, to the service of his king and country, have such a home and such a wife to welcome his return; I can wish him no richer reward. Although, no weak womanish fears had been interposed, to prevent my turning out on the call of duty, I was well aware that anxiety must have prevailed during my absence which my appearance would best remove. I learned, however, that the night had not passed without rumours finding their way to—street, of murders and assassinations, exaggerated doubtless, but some of them too authentic. Amongst these sufferers, our friend, Colonel Lyde Browne, had been named: almost the first enquiry was respecting his fate. I had not before heard of the lamentable event, and as early the next morning as I could be prepared, I went to his lodgings, where I learned all the sad particulars, which I shall relate.

Colonel Browne commanded the 21st fusiliers; and as they were quartered partly in the Royal Barrack and partly in a temporary barrack in Cork-street, he had fixed his residence on Usher's Island, as a position nearly central to both divisions of his men. He had received some intimation during the day, that mischief was expected, and, in consequence had directed, that if any disturbance broke out, an officer and detachment from Cork-street, should attend him; and he was sitting at his open drawing-room windows, waiting for his party, and anxiously looking out for intelligence, when his attention was attracted by two men, who, as they passed slowly along the footway, appeared to be in earnest conversation—a word or two that they dropt, as if by accident, led him to listen with keener interest, for their talk was about the twenty-first regiment, and of something that either had befallen it, or would befall it in Thomas-street. The diabolical plot, for such I fear it was, prevailed. The gallant Colonel instantly seized his sword, and without any other weapon,

and attended only by a faithful servant, who insisted on following him, though wholly unarmed, he rushed along Usher's Island, and turned up Bridgefoot-street, the nearest approach to Thomas-street. As he proceeded up the hill, he perceived before him, what, in the dusk, he thought was a column of his own men, with shouldered arms, and so telling his servant, he hastened forward to meet them. It was in vain that the servant warned him, that what appeared to him to be muskets, were, in truth, new-made pikes. He had, in fact, fallen in with a strong party of the rebels, at the entrance to the lane where their depot of arms and ammunition were afterwards discovered and detected. But it was too late to stop him—almost in the same moment, the brave officer discovered his error and suffered its fatal effect. He received a shot from a blunderbuss, and fell dead on the spot. Had Colonel Browne not been betrayed into a premature exposure of himself, he would probably have soon been joined by his men, for about the same time, Lieut. Felix Brady, of the 21st, with 40 or 50 men, had left Cork-street for the purpose, pursuant to order, and had proceeded as far as Thomas-street, on his way, when he encountered an advanced post of the rebels, whom they defeated and put to flight—and as this was the work but of a few minutes, the party would soon have reached its destination. The servant saved his own life by his presence of mind. When he saw his master fall, he turned and was hastening down Bridgefoot-street, homewards, when an armed ruffian stooped him, and demanded, 'where are you going?' 'O do not delay me! the day's our own, and I am running for my pike,'—'make haste then,' replied the other, and suffered him to pass.

Of the conflict itself (if it deserves the name) which in half an hour decided the issue of the insurrection, it is scarcely necessary to speak. It is matter of history. Counting on, and prepared with arms for several thousands, the most that its leader could collect was about 400 men; of these, one party was met in Thomas-street and defeated, as we have seen, by Lieutenant Brady, of the 21st: another

division encountered a similar discomfiture on the Coombe, from Lieutenant Hume Douglas, commanding a detachment of the same brave regiment; while Chief-Constable Wilson, with a few Peace-Officers, in one quarter, and a small band of yeomanry of the Liberty Rangers and Barrack Divisional Corps in another, completed the rout.

But, contemptible as was the result, the design was bold and formidable, and if Providence had not interposed a short delay in a critical moment, it is awful to consider what might have been the catastrophe. The eastern end of Thomas-street, where the rebels stopped to glut their barbarity with the blood of rank, learning, and virtue, is not more than five hundred yards from the Castle-gate. How long would a band of infuriated ruffians have been in rushing, unopposed, through two short streets? Scarcely longer than I take to write down the question. Two sentries whistling at the gate, a few more scattered about the court, would have been surprised and filled in an instant; the body of the guard, lounging in perfect security in its guard-room, would not have had time for resistance, or the Castle-gates would have been closed against it—for the guard-room then stood outside the gate. Long before any effectual help could be had from the barracks, the inmates would have been overpowered, the gates secured, the green flag would have waved on Bedford Tower—victory would have sounded through the city—the intelligence would have spread throughout the country on the wings of the wind. To pursue this subject further is too painful.

It is true, and the anti-alarmist of the present day may plume himself upon the fact, that the Castle is now in a better state of defence; it is true, that since the insurrection, that lofty iron barrier was erected, which extends from the corner angle of the street to the Royal Exchange, the whole western side of the Castle, from La Touche's bank to Ship-street, has been insulated, a lofty wall and broad passage (where sentinels are always stationed) now separating it from Hoey's Court and various dwellings, which before were in immediate contact with its buildings, and afforded innumerable means of access and annoyance. And I re-

collect, that for a long time the iron barrier itself was guarded by two long field-pieces that frowned grimly down Cork-hill, keeping the button-shop in their front in constant and wholesome check.

Doubtless, the Castle is not at this day so utterly unprepared against a *coup de main*. But what shall we say of the improved dispositions of the populace? Alas! let not our governors deceive themselves; neither conciliation, nor concession, nor emancipation, nor reform, nor the praises bestowed on Dr. Doyle's Pastoral, nor the honours heaped upon the agitators, nor the exaltation of one class, nor the depression of the other—none of these, nor all of them combined, would weigh a straw in favour of a British government, against an invitation to arms, urged by any man of desperate fortunes, possessing talent and enterprise, and nothing else; raising "separation from England," as the ever-welcome

watch-word, and holding out "Expulsion of heretics," with all its effects upon property, as the rich reward!

And though the Castle be better walled and barricaded, where is the moral strength of its occupiers? Where is the yeoman army, which contributed mainly to the support of British connexion in the Rebellion of 1798, and to whose care, during many nights of that Rebellion (while the regular troops were dispatched to distant points) the care and guardship of the metropolis was solely and wisely entrusted? Where shall we look in this day—in what part of Ireland shall we find large bodies of the wealthy—the intelligent—the influential classes standing forth, ready and eager to rally round the British standard, and to support it with life and fortune?

It is truly "more in sorrow than in anger," that these sad questions are asked by

A YEOMAN OF 1796.

XAIPE MOI.

Belov'd and beautiful, I part
From thee and every earthly joy,
And utter with a breaking heart,
The "Εἰς αἰῶνα χάρις μοι."

Thou wert the sweet, the only theme,
That could my voice and lute employ,
But now I end love's transient dream
With "Εἰς αἰῶνα χάρις μοι."

For blighted hope hath render'd vain
The feeling it can ne'er destroy,
And anguish wakes the mournful strain
Of "Εἰς αἰῶνα χάρις μοι."

Unmingled bliss is still thine own,
All pure from grief or care's alloy;
Mine the sad memories alone
Of "Εἰς αἰῶνα χάρις μοι."

Ὁ ἀγαπῶμεν σε μὴν
Κὴς σὺνδὸς ἰσχυροτέρου σε,
Καὶ πρὸς μίχρη θανάτου
Μὴτ' "Εἰς αἰῶνα χάρις μοι."

MODERN GEOGRAPHY.*

The celebrated Author of "The Spirit of Laws" held that the history of the communications of mankind was that of commerce; and the elder Dupin, in all his statistical labours, proceeds upon the supposition that the productive capability of a country will be in direct relation to the facilities of access and the perfection of the modes of transport. There can be no doubt that the mineral and vegetable productions—all the natural riches of a land, and its capability of improvement in agriculture or the arts can only be turned to account, multiplied, or even brought into action by means of traffic and interchange. But this can never affect the first elements of national prosperity, which are contained in the physical relations of the country, or its natural capabilities of soil and climate, and in the genius of the people, or their moral and intellectual attributes, by which success is engendered and political power is given; and it is curious to contemplate, in the history of one of the most mercantile countries of the universe, the results of extended commerce on the efforts of human intelligence. The mind appears to be immediately enslaved by the passion for lucre, and Mammon rules with a blind sway, which renders the acquisition of information subordinate to the possession of wealth, and frustrates the conscientious desire of communicating knowledge. Hence it is that Great Britain, which can boast of the most extensive commerce of present or ancient times, has made so little use of her gigantic powers to improve our knowledge of the terrestrial surface; and no attempt has been yet made to systematise the scattered materials of modern times and the collected evidence of three centuries of maritime domination.

Geographical knowledge beyond the situation of places as taught at the form, is most generally a tacit convention—an oral, or even a traditional science; and a foreigner coming to our great commercial marts would be surprised to find that "many merchants, men of fame," whose ships plough the antipodal seas, relied for their whole advantages and prosperity on the stern sense—so nationally characteristic—of the navigator and traveller, employed under them; the class of persons who have time to read, chiefly professional, and who seek for information solely for the pleasure and satisfaction which it affords, can never amalgamate well with these practical persons; their habits of thought and their modes of acquiring knowledge are entirely different, and their objects so disinterested in the one, so mercenary in the other, are too far opposed to one another ever to generate sympathy in their pursuit. Then come apart from, and standing above all, the educated man, with his boundless energy and his heroic devotion. To this class we are indebted for a very great part of what has been done in geographical science, and the results of their toil and labour are admired by one class, made use of by another, but seldom rewarded by any. Except the triangulation of India and the survey of the coast, which frequent losses had rendered actually necessary, almost all that has been done towards making us acquainted with that vast country has been accomplished by private individuals. And in natural history it remained for the French to take advantage of our possessions in these unexplored countries, to hoard up the treasures so long neglected by our countrymen.

If Government turns its tardy eye towards geographical discovery, it has

* A system of Geography, Popular and Scientific, by James Bell, with maps and engravings, 6 vols. 8vo. Glasgow, Fullarton and Co.; Dublin, W. Curry, Jun. and Co. 1833.

been but too often to some objects of most partial interest, written into repute by the fanciful pen of a man in power, or extolled by the clamorous anxiety of a novelty-loving public. The two great problems that have occupied the attention of British Europe in modern times, and involved the destruction of many brave and enterprising men, are extraordinary examples of a perverted public taste, and a want of philosophic and humane motives to direct research and ennobled enquiry. The often-repeated voyages to the icy seas of the North have been conducive to some interesting geographical discoveries, which, nevertheless, can be of no utility to present generations, till changes in the temperature of the earth, as are evidenced in the vegetable and animal remains of the fossil kingdom, to have taken place in former times, recur in their operation on the earth's surface, not from the effects of a varying axis of the terrestrial globe, but from an alteration in the configuration of the earth, either in the distribution of land and water, or in the progressive plantation and cultivation of these. We allude here to land alone, for there is nothing in the facts conveyed to us by the description of the present state of the arctic seas that would appear to preclude the possibility of their being ever rendered useful for the purposes of navigation. On the contrary, every thing testifies that an alteration once effected, and the navigation being kept up even to a very small amount, there would not be time for the ice to renew itself so as to block up the passages. Icebergs are not the growth of a season, but on the contrary, of many. In some cases they appear to be as ancient as many of the strata which form the mineral crust of the globe, and the floes which hurry down to the coast, and bury ships under their mighty plains, once moved, could never regain an extent and thickness which it required long periods of undisturbed repose to have attained. The chronicles of the bold and skilful attempts made to explore the North Seas also contain many valuable additions to the physical history of the globe, and the contributions made to natural history are splendid monuments erected by enterprise to a noble and amiable science.

If, on the other hand, after history had recorded the attempts made to reach a central river of burning Africa, by twenty-five of our countrymen, fourteen Frenchmen, two Americans, and one German, of whom but a small number from the days of Houghton have not fallen victims to their ambition, when the tear was hardly dry at the recital of Laing's sufferings and the heart-rending burial of poor Clapperton; an Englishman should have succeeded in ascertaining the course and outlet of this much sought-for river, what are the results? Are scientific men engaged to bring the labours of Adanson on the Gambia, and Tuckey in the Zaire into correlation, and fill up the gap that was wanting in the description of the western coast of Africa, or is even the slightest attempt made to obtain correct information on the capabilities of the river, and the productions of its shores and mountains. No! The organ that penned the misfortunes of the Congo expedition was silent when time and discovery exhibited those errors, which he did not attempt to retrieve, by even inculcating the necessity, or advocating the utility of an active survey of the new entrance offered to us into the interior of a country which, in magnitude and extent it has been truly remarked, exceeds the bounds of human imagination,—and a company of merchants fitted up a vessel propelled by wind and steam, and guided by the bold discoverer, took their departure for these rich tropical scenes. A medical man and an engineer, but no naturalist, were associated to the expedition, and bound to secrecy, that the world might not know what forms of beauty and shapes of loveliness, in the vegetable or animal world, or what mineral treasures abound in these untrod shores. We do not discuss the right of a private body to do this, that cannot be denied, but was this what a nation had to expect from a discovery made at so great a sacrifice of life? a discovery rewarded by government and scientific institutions, to which the public had indirectly contributed in several expeditions, by defraying the expenses, which offered the most central and the most advantageous centre from whence to overthrow the system of human slavery to extinguish which they had

without a murmur so long supported establishments that have proved charnel houses to European constitutions on these most deadly and inhospitable shores?

But another and a more comprehensive enquiry suggests itself in connection with this discovery of the course of the Joliba or Niger river. France and America have planted colonies on the coast of Africa, with pretty nearly the same intentions and united views of philanthropy and national aggrandisement. The settlement of Liberia is said to be already producing the most beneficial results, and after the repeated insults we have received in humble submission from the sanguinary Cacique of Algiers, it is scarcely to be lamented that his "Excellency the Governor" as the rude tyrant is diplomatically designated, should have to make way for the more polished and far-seeking French.

Africa is not every where an inert lifeless mass, *rudis indigestaque moles*; where there is water there is vegetation. The Bildulgerid, or Land of Dates, on the southern acclivity of the Atlas, glories in a most abundant and luxuriant vegetation of creepers intertwining round the colossal trunks of the palm, and shrubbery and flowering flanks growing in the shade of this natural temple. It abounds also in living things. On the borders of Lake Tchad, the jungle of a single season attains a growth that will hide elephants, and the acclivities of the Tarenta Mountains are clad with vegetation; it is thus probable, that the aridity and barrenness of the interior is entirely to be attributed to the unequal distribution of water, for similar parallels of latitude in the new world are neither desert nor arid. The moral condition of the inhabitants is necessarily connected with the physical state of the country, the hazardous life, the difficult wants, the few enjoyments, give to the tribes, which, as Talleyrand has it, rather traverse than people these vast deserts, a moral aspect which is more gloomy even than the face of the country. Every consideration connected with Africa, should tend to the removal of these combined causes of a pestilential and unproductive clime, and of a degraded morality, —of death and slavery. An able writer and clever thinker has proposed to drain

the stagnant waters, for the level of the interior is found by modern observations to present great variety—to apply in his own expression, *tournaquets* upon those veins and arteries, which, eternally bleeding, have hitherto left a great portion of Africa destitute of vegetable life; to these we would add plantation. We had a great example of a change of climate produced in America, by the clearing away of the woods. We have heard of lands that were worthless in Australasia becoming invaluable when the neighbouring acclivities were clad with forest trees which brought down the rain. We know the influence of pine forests in breaking the storms on the Alps; we see the banks of the Oronoko and Amazons shaded with virgin woods; and we are thus led to judge of the relative good effects similar proceedings might have on Africa; but on this subject, which is not so hypothetical as many might be inclined to think, we must quote the words of a modern author:—

"The first great argument which, in propriety, should most humbly be offered, is the universal belief that God has made nothing in vain, and that there is no obstacle to our full enjoyment of this earth, which sooner or later we shall not with the assistance, and by the surprising powers which are daily imparted to us, be enabled eventually to surmount. There was once a time when no man dared to imagine, that the great ocean could be traversed in every direction; we are also aware that America was carefully hidden from our view, until our powers and our population had extensively increased. The great curtain of the West was then raised, and were we gradually made acquainted with a portion of our globe, whose features, its mountains, rivers, and plains, are on so vast a scale, that in ancient times men would have been totally unable to contend with them.

"Seeing, therefore, that in the great history of the world different portions of the globe have at different periods successively been subjected to our use and dominion, it is surely reasonable to infer, that Africa will eventually become 'part and parcel' of the beneficent garden in which we are placed; and the very fact, that our steam and machinery are so rapidly increasing, that we literally can hardly imagine to what known obstacle we shall have occasion to apply them, tends to show, that there must remain

something very important in this world for man to do. In short, the enormous tools which nature is placing in our hands clearly foretells, that she has some wonderful work for us to perform; and, therefore, instead of calculating, as some people do; for instance, how long coals are to last us, and in how many years hence we are unavoidably to be left in cold and darkness, is not juster to believe, that with our new power we shall obtain new resources, and that the wisdom of nature will continue to bloom when the idle fears and theories of the day have faded and corrupted."—*Life of Bruce*, by Major F. Head, p. 129.

A more general acquaintance with physical geography, by showing with what simple means the greatest objects are effected in the operations of nature, would have led the author above quoted to have said less on the application of mechanical powers, and more on the altered configuration and aspect of the soil; and we cannot, without advantage to ourselves, nor without wonder and admiration, contemplate the onward progress of civilization, and the ultimate relation in which the giant earth may stand to pigmy man, unless it may please the Almighty by one of those catastrophes which the rainbow does not preclude us from, to send all the monuments of human art and industry, cities, and vast commercial establishments, and all the various tribes of men to chronicle by their remains, to future and distinct generations, the history of a former world?

What would that geography be which should have any claim to be called philosophical, which embraced not a mere description of the earth, but the history of its physical features in their relation to organized creations, and again to moral and intellectual man, and which marched with the progress of the other sciences?

The first and the most elementary study after that of the form of the earth, would be the comparative distribution of land and water, the relation of the mean height of mountains, mountain chains, and plains, with the depth of the ocean, and the evidences purely geographical, which such an investigation would give of the rotundity of the earth, and of the balance of gravity, which, puzzling Buffon, was by Pau accounted for by a supposed diminu-

tion in the depth of the Antarctic seas, but more curiously explained by Raynal, the historian of the Indies, by the supposition, that the prodigious quantity of insects and small creatures hurried by tropical storms into southern latitudes occupied the places of masses of land.

The contrasted configurations or varied aspect of mountain and of valley, of precipice or of plain, which characterize the surface of the earth, intimately connected with the fertility of the soil, and rise of empires, should also be studied in the natural divisions which they effect in countries where a citadel points out the boundary which the sword has traced. The natural features of the soil are also of the highest importance to our knowledge of the resource and capabilities of a country, and the elevation of the plains, or the levelling of rivers, can alone point out the agricultural improvement of which a district is capable. For example, the maps which are about to be published of the admirable survey now making of this country, profess to be so perfect, that the drainage of a bog will be marked on the sheet, by its various elevation and that of the surrounding districts. In France, the levellings of some of their great rivers, have been made the subject of prizes, offered by the Geographical Society of Paris, and it was from the barometrical observations of De Humboldt and Helmersen, that we became acquainted with the existence of a great hollow or depression in the interior of Asia, occupying an extent of 1800 leagues. Observations of this kind, or the collection of facts, cannot be made without considerable knowledge of the subject and discrimination in its use, for a certain object, a bond of union, which will constitute the philosophy of the enquiry, must always keep together facts which may sometimes appear discordant or unconnected, and which are only proved to be otherwise, when a principle of analogy which science gives,—comes to establish their relation, and the fancied inconsistencies of objects remotely connected, are by its means brought together, like beads hung upon a thread of gold, or links in the great chain of human knowledge.

The physical descriptions that have

hitherto been given, in all British Geographical works, without an exception, are founded upon relations established only by visible or superficial connections, which have no reference to their true importance. Such are the junction of mountains, when they are called chains; the existence of supposed continuous levels, to which the name of plains or uplands are given, when they have mostly proved to be hydrographical plateaux, or local depressions, while in other cases, the existence of either one or the other is omitted or neglected. Thus, in our own country, a central chain of mountains extends north and south, from the borders of Scotland to the centre of Derbyshire. Its different portions, known under various local names, attracted attention as far back as in the time of the Roman colonists of Britain. "*Totam in sequales fere partes,*" says Richard of Cirencester, "*provinciam (maximam) dividunt montes alpes Penini dicti. Hi ad fluvium Trivonium (the Trent) surgentes continuâ serie per 150 miliaria septentrionem versus decurrunt.*" Yet these Penine alps, or grand Penine chain, as Conybeare calls them, are not even alluded to in our elementary or systematic works on Geography, while the Graupians, a country of mountains, are described as a single chain. The Pyrenees are made to cross in a straight line between the nearest point of the Mediterranean and the Atlantic, when their easily ascertainable course is from the first mentioned coast to Cape Ortegal in Galicia. The Alps of Switzerland, which consist of four distinct chains, are described as one. The interior of Asia, is still adverted to as a lofty upland, and central Africa, so long considered as a uniform sandy desert, has been shewn to be every where clad with rocks, sometimes rising through the wilderness in distinct chains, and to be interspersed with lake and streams. A science which, by its magic influence, can bring distinct objects into consideration at the same time, and point out the relation of phenomena apparently at variance with one another, has, in modern times, unfolded the great principles by which the distribution of masses of land, in connection with the structure of the earth, is regulated in the same man-

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ner that another branch of knowledge has developed to a certain extent, the laws by which the animal and vegetable creations are distributed on the surface of the earth, in different zones and climates, and at different altitudes. This science has gone further, it has established the relation which the present configuration of the earth bears to its antecedent appearance, it has disclosed the evidence of a different distribution of land, and even of a change in state, and of its created beings; and it has endeavoured to ally the evidence of successive eras, with the appearances which are presented at the present time, in the distribution of the various forms of life, and the soil which they inhabit. And it is by this truly valuable effort of human understanding, that we can alone obtain correct ideas of the Geographical relation of the different parts of the earth's surface; and as it thus constitutes, at once, the elements and the philosophy of Geographical science—as it becomes the threshold over which no adventurous theorist can now dare to leap; so there can in future be no pretensions to systematise facts, connected with the history of the earth's surface, unless they are based on the acknowledged principles of scientific research.

Philosophical Geography, founded upon such a basis, teaches us as an interesting example, that the ocean, so ill defined as the totality of salt-waters, which occupy the greater part of the surface of the globe, has been subjected to an arbitrary division, and has been marked out into circumscribed regions, which, as consisting of mobile waters, and traversed by still more inconstant winds, contain nothing to characterise them, but the shores which they wash, or the plants and animals which inhabit them. And these artificial divisions, established by ancient, and adopted by modern Geographers, in very few cases assimilate themselves with nature, in the distinction which she has established, in the immutable characters of the productions with which she has clad the depths and superficies of her seas, or peopled their vast waters.

It is not, that in any part of the aqueous globe, the productions belonging to the vegetable or animal kingdom, stop at such or such a circle of the sphere; the equator, the tro-

pics, the ecliptic, polar circle and meridians, the knowledge of which, is indispensable for determining the horary climates, the respective position of each place on the globe, and the course of a ship, have no exact and positive relation with its aquatic or terrestrial productions. We could no more quote a vegetable, or an animal, which first made its appearance at such or such a degree of latitude or longitude, either in the depths of the ocean, or on the continents or islands, than we could mention any that extended from pole to pole, without any solution of continuity in the line of their propagation. But all natural productions have their zones, more or less large and sinuous, in the variable size of which we see them propagate themselves, either in society or separately, but on different inclinations upon all the circles of the sphere; and it is thus only, in the manner in which the principal marine productions are distributed over the immensity of the waters, that grounds can be obtained for a philosophical division of the surface of these seas. Thus, the filamentous, laminar and slightly arborescent plants of the ocean, obey in their distribution, laws similar to those which regulate the dissemination of terrestrial plants, which by causes dependant on their organization, are strengthened against atmospheric vicissitudes; or, on the contrary, are, by the possession of a more subtle organization, rendered capable of adaptation, without effort to the exigencies of climate, and the caprices of seasons. And thus, as lichens and mosses, equally independant of elevation and latitude, are every where dispersed, requiring for their development only a small number of circumstances; so some hydrophytes reproduce themselves in distant countries, and Fuci of the north of Scotland, re-appear on the shore of Van Dieman's Land.

But in some species, these localities become conditions of existence, some placing themselves on a spot which the tides cover and leave bare every day, as others inhabit spots which the tide uncovers only in the syzygies or the equinoxes; some prefer rough and agitated seas, others calm and tranquil spots; some live and die in the space of a few hours or months, while others

survive the tempests of many seasons. But, all have bands or zones on particular habitations in the different depths of the ocean, regions in which, the column of supported water, and the relative quantity of light and heat, are in harmony with the disposition of their organs. Plants will flourish in the centre of these zones, and perish towards their limits; the seeds which escape from them appear also, by their specific gravity, to place themselves in equilibrium with the columns of water which they displace, and to swim in the zones where the plants will also vegetate. For example, on the coast of the Gulf of Gascony, we find that there are six zones, the first extending from a foot below the line of high water, to a depth of twenty feet, the second, from five to thirty feet, the third, from fifteen to thirty-five, the fourth, from twenty to forty, the fifth, from thirty to sixty, and, lastly, the sixth, from forty to one hundred feet. In these zones, we find thirty-four species of ulvas growing between the first and sixth zone, sixty-three species of fucus, of which only two belong to the first zone, twenty-nine species of ceramias, of which, none are found in the first zone, nor do they extend beyond the fifth, and two species of Diatoma, which occur in the second zone, where are also found, two Zosteras, Z. Marina, and Z. Mediterranea, but the latter rarely. The extent of these zones, is not, however, the greatest that has been observed, for De Humboldt found the celebrated Caulerpe at a depth of 200 feet off the Canary islands—a depth at which theory would not preclude transparency. Mungé and Peron drew up, from a depth of 500 feet off Lewin's Land, plants and zoophytes. Bory St. Vincent, found the *Sargassum turbinatum*, off Mauritius, at a depth of 600 feet, and animal life appears to be continued at still greater depths, for the extraordinary polypus, figured by Ellis and described by Linnaeus, under the name of *Penatula encrinurus*, was torn up at about 80 miles from the coast of Greenland, nearly 79° N. Lat. from a depth of eleven hundred feet. This animal was six feet in length, and of a yellow colour.

It can be easily conceived, that, in some seas which extend to immense distances, almost from cold regions to

burning climates, the same conformity of physiognomy and productions cannot be met with in so striking a manner, as in other seas of a more circumscribed character. Thus, the arctic ocean is characterized by its masses of eternally congealed waters, by its radiant beams of light, without fecundity, its silence, its days and nights of equal length, whose horror the bright couruscations of the *Aurora-borealis* scarcely tends to diminish. The great Cetaceæ, appear particularly to be the mammifere of these inhospitable waters, which seem also to be the element of the morse and the white bear. The medusæ are microscopic, the molluscs and shells are never adorned with brilliant colours. The fish (*Gadi*, *Olapci*, *Chimeræ*) are without beauty, and the birds melancholy in their manner, and of sorrowful plumage, belonging mostly to the family of ducks, and almost all fly to less severe countries, during the dark nights of winter. The plants of the sea

"Oh! call us not weeds, we are flowers of the sea,
For lovely, and gay, and bright tinted are we."

have a particular character, being destined to resist a boisterous ocean and frequent tempests; their tissue is therefore more solid; they are, generally speaking, *Fucaceæ* or powerful *Laminariæ*, never branching, and most resembling thongs of leather. The shores of these uninviting waters assimilate to them in the character of the vegetable and animal productions; the trees are few in number, and all of miserable growth. *Lichens* and mosses, the food of the rein deer, clothe the wild and barren hills. The *isatis*, various foxes, dogs, martins, some rodent animals, and sloths, are the only land mammifere, and man, himself, on these fearful shores, belongs to a race among the least favoured, both in physical and in moral attributes.

In the Atlantic, the constancy of the winds, the floating meadows of *sargassæ*, unknown in the polar seas, which begin to appear in the 40th degree of North latitude, the beauty of the *hydrophites*, porpoises, and dolphins, the greatest swimmers of the Atlantic, the dugong, the largest aquatic herbivorous animal, sharks in pursuit of flying fish, and the appearance of birds of powerful flight, compared for their temerity to *Phæton*, are alone sufficiently characteristic features; but

where the brilliancy of colours is not equal to that of Indian seas, and where filamentous alges begin to intertwine with flexible polypes but in less variety than in some Mediterranean seas, the traveller cannot fail to observe that from one extremity to another, whatever may be the change of temperature, there is still a certain uniformity, a remote resemblance in every thing, and upon landing on the most distant shores, he will perceive, whatever may be the distance that separates them, a greater analogy in the natural productions, than exists between the opposed coasts of the same continents.

The largest among seas—the Antarctic—is also remarkably well characterised: the icy influence which at the north pole does not extend beyond the 60th degree of north latitude, is felt in this vast mass of waters in the 46th or 48th degree of south latitude. No continent is, strictly speaking, bathed by this ocean. The isles of Desolation and some other rocks are the only land on which a few lichens and stunted mosses appear to vegetate; very few solid points give support to a maritime vegetation. Some large seals are the analogies of the white bears and walrus of the Arctic ocean, where immense flocks of sooty and Patagonian penguins represent the ducks of the North, and where every thing is monotonous and alike; where there are no shores to visit, the means of transport become unnecessary, and economical nature has not provided those curious birds, the *aptenodytes*, with wings, but left them to fish about upon the mobile ice. In some parts of these seas the *Macrocystæ*, on which the sea lion of Anson feeds, rise up from the bottom of the sea in close and forest-like array, so as to impede the progress of ships. It would be to us a delightful task to trace the further development of the natural characters of the different regions of the sea; to describe the quiet and the calm, interrupted by sudden hurricanes of the Pacific, with its beds of coral—frail gifts of the deep, the form of whose shores change as if by enchantment, and its innumerable tribes of fishes and shells, unrivalled in the luxury of bright tints and multiplicity of form; to point out the natural affinity by which Mediterranean seas became linked together,

though at great distances from one another, as exemplified in the productions of the Columbian Mediterranean, or Gulf of Mexico, as compared with those of the Erythrean Mediterranean or Red Sea, as we observe that the Scandinavian, the Persian, the Sinic and Arctic Mediterraneans, exhibit in their natural productions a physiognomy that indicates a greater elevation of temperature than those parts of the ocean in similar latitudes, into which they pour their waters; but we have not space to enter into lucubrations of such an extent; it is sufficient, at the present moment, if we are enabled by one or two examples, to enforce the necessity and inculcate the value of such researches; the application of which, indeed, goes a step further than their simple geographical importance. Bory St. Vincent, has demonstrated in the history of Infusory Animals, that if two vases containing water, impregnated with hay are exposed to the sun, after a short time, monadic creatures will be obtained, differing from one another in the different vases; mingle the contents of the vessels together, and a third kind of infusory animals will be obtained, which differ from both the others. We know, by late researches carried on in the distribution of animals in the fossil kingdom, that the relics of a former world approach most in modern formations, to those of the present day, the nearer the basins which contain them are to those of the present seas. We know further, that the fossil remains of hydrographical plateaux and basins have an analogy to one another that is not evidenced in the remains contained in formations which are not similarly related, and if the relations of past existences, as monuments of Divine wisdom, present a direct analogy with what obtains in the present day, the occurrence of Mediterraneans always tending to shut themselves up like Caspians, is only one step in the great changes which are constantly going on on the surface of the earth, and in the midst of the multiplicity and even diversity of forms which occur in the waters of the ocean, we are enabled to trace the means by which an infinite variety of living forms is ensured,—the laws of their distribution, like the conditions of their existence, being changeless; but altered circumstances

in the configuration of the earth, being capable of entailing the extinction of whole tribes of animated beings, and giving birth to a new world of fecundity.

If, then, it can be shewn how important an accurate study of the animate and inanimate productions of the earth is in any attempt made to point out the natural divisions of either land or sea; so it would be equally easy to demonstrate how truly the progress of geographical science is connected with that of other branches of knowledge, and how the mutual assistance which they lend to one another is concentrated in their application to mathematical, to physical, and to descriptive geography.

The theory of distribution of heat has received a new impulse from researches made on climatology, in reference to the form and elevation of lands; phenomena, belonging to the sciences of Dioptrics and Catoptrics, were further illustrated by the Polar expeditions; magnetism and thermo-electricity are also children of travel, and the theory of universal gravitation has obtained new force from observations made on terrestrial attraction in distant parts of the globe.

But the most necessary, and yet the most neglected sciences are those of natural history. Botanical geography is, more especially, of the most essential importance. Suppose for example, a colony about to be established as that of the Swan River, upon a coast whose productions are little known, and whose soil and general characters are peculiar, it is not sufficient to point out all the advantages which may accrue from such a situation, that we should shew its hydrographical facilities or its agricultural merits. The utility of its productions should be first studied, and its mineral treasure explored; but what is of still greater interest to the colonist, the capabilities which such a place may present, and which can never be fairly estimated by a person whose knowledge is confined to a few localities as the British agriculturist or botanist; for he must be well acquainted with the productions of similar climates and soils in the whole range of isothermal or isotheric lines in Europe, in Asia, and in America, before he could give this subject its full scope and venture to dictate the plantation

and the capabilities of a settlement on the western coast of Australasia.

The fourth part of the contents of a systematic work on geography of the present day is useless, because from the variety of details, they are not applicable to any practical purposes, and the information is only scrappish; for it is not connected by any method or arrangement; we allude more particularly to the paragraphs on climate, topography, physical features and productions, which, in their development, should embrace the third part of the whole subject. We shall say nothing about the long chapters on history, in the description of countries, such as Ava or Patagonia; they are, for obvious reasons, omitted; but Great Britain, France, Italy, &c., are preceded by regular historical resumés, which, however valuable they may be, as introductory to the description of a country, still the history of mankind is not a problem of geography. Man may be studied with advantage, however, in his relations to the description of the earth and its political divisions, as the most perfect effort of the Creator in the history of his origin, his distribution, his various tribes, families, and nations; their emigrations and habits, their physical characters and moral acquirements. He may also be studied in connection with the influence which he exerts on the earth itself, and the relation of the progressive advance and destruction of empires, with the nature of the soil and features of a country; and thirdly and lastly, the statistical department will embrace the movement of the population, the progress of industry and manufactures, the extent of commerce, the state of education, literature and religion, the perfection of the arts and sciences, the advance of civilization, and the government and political importance of the tribe or nation.

On these subjects nothing can exceed the interest and the value of the work of Mr. Bell, which is now before us. Designated as one of the first critical geographers of the day, he has, withall, brought a degree of common sense and useful discrimination to bear upon the most profound questions of geographical enquiry; and his style of writing, and his manner of communicating information, is so clear and lucid, that we feel ourselves led from

an examination of any one part to the perusal of the whole—a great advantage to a work that must soon be in the hands of every young person, and a class-book in our schools. Indeed, as a system of geography, it has no rival in this country; and indefatigable in his researches, versed in foreign languages, critical in his opinions, methodical in his ideas, and, beyond all, endowed with enthusiasm and ardour, tempered by proper scepticism, in the pursuit of a noble and favourite science, the author has given to the world a publication, which stands apart in the literature of this country, and which it will take a very long time to supersede.

The physical history of the human race forms a page in the book of nature which no man has hitherto been able to peruse with all the success that might have been desirable. The study of the physiological characters of man has sprung up amongst the novelties of our own day. Blumenbach, the father of the science, is yet alive, and the validity of his propositions is yet open to dispute. That the natural history of man is yet undetermined, the works of numerous modern naturalists sufficiently testify; and so long as there are men of high repute who contend that the permanent varieties of the human race possess characters sufficiently distinct to establish their specific difference; so long as there are those who can, with show of reason, support the opinion that the human race is not the produce of a single pair—who believe that the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands could not possibly have wandered to their abodes from the summit of the Caucasus, and that the Jews, who are said to have preserved their structural peculiarities for ages, could never be changed into the Ethiopian type; whilst others with confidence assert the unity of origin and the identity of species; there will be much reason for exceeding cautiousness in applying the scanty knowledge which we possess in elucidation of historic facts, or attempting the corroboration or refutation of opinions founded on tradition or on written documents by speculations drawn from a young and uncertain science. Mr. Edwards, a name well known in natural history, has, however, under the guidance of the historical facts detailed by Mr. Amedée Thierry,

author of the "History of the Gauls," fancied that he could distinguish in France two types or sub-varieties of men, possessing peculiarities of complexion and countenance which may be supposed to have belonged to the Gauls and the Cymri, and Decandolle, certainly a most acute observer, has given his support to these views. Ireland, in this respect, presents us with some very instructive facts, and a very great difference can be traced between the physiognomy of some of its races, differences which we have been some time since engaged in endeavouring to rally to their historical distinctions. A principal feature in the work of Mr. Edwards is a new law which he has laid down respecting the mixture of races. If when two tribes intermarry, the offspring were to perpetuate characters different from those of the parents, it is evident that we should in vain seek amongst them for the record of their origin. But Mr. Edwards attempts to remove this objection to the elucidation of history from physiology, by assuming that, though between very distinct varieties the offspring partakes of the character of both parents (as in the Mulatto from the Negro and the White), between sub-varieties (as the Gauls and the Cymri, the Pelasgi and Hellenians, the Sclavi and Germans), while the characters of the child are principally determined by the father or mother alone, and thus the paternal or maternal peculiarities are preserved in the race. And he combines with this opinion, the fact that the characters of a mixed product breed out in a few generations by intermarriage with the primitive stock. Thus he concludes, that if a tribe of a very well marked variety invade or colonize a district and intermarry with the natives, the types will be multiplied but not confused; if the new people be equal in number to the natives, a mixed type will be added, but the old ones will remain. If, on the other hand, the numerical proportion of the invaders be inferior, as is generally the case, their characters, by admixture with the natives, will disappear in a certain number of generations, or leave but faint traces. "A few individuals," says Mr. Edwards, "may come and change the manners, laws, and language of a people, but they cannot alter the phy-

sical characters of the race." If the varieties be more nearly related to each other, there will not, according to the same author's views, be a single generation with mixed characters; for the peculiarities of the father or mother alone will be transmitted to the offspring. But do these speculations accord with the facts? They do as illustrated by the lower grades of animal creation; and Mr. Decandolle justly designates it, "Une observation qui peut être à besoin de nouvelles observations, soit quant à sa constance, soit quant au degré de généralisation qu'elle comporte, mais qui a rarement de la vérité, et par conséquent de l'importance."

The second consideration we adverted to as connected with the history of the human species was the relation that could be traced as existing between his social prosperity and the character of the soil, the choice of abode and the success or the degradation that was connected therewith. This connexion is much more intimate than might at first be expected, and carried to its fullest generality, has influenced the movements of nations, given origin to great empires, and been an integral element in the riches of all countries.

The first tribes descended from the plains bordering the mountains which extend from the sources of the Kian and Hoang Ho to those of the Irish, extending into the plains below, and following the course of the Great River, as the waters gradually withdrew themselves, or after catastrophes anterior to what we know of positive on Hindoostan, China, Chaldea and Southern Egypt. Three principal sources can be traced to the tribes of Asia, the Tatar, the Hindoo, and the Caucasian, a fourth family might have spread itself on the plains neighbouring the springs of the Nile, but we do not know at what period or from what sources came the inhabitants of the great islands of the South-east of Asia as we are equally ignorant of the true origin of the ancient people of Central Africa, and of some of the American nations. If the Egyptians peopled Hindoostan, so Egypt appears to have received its first legislation from blacks. Cepheus, and many other allegorical or historical personages ruling over Egypt were Ethiopians, and the celebrated Lock-

man was undoubtedly a black, descended from the countries beyond the source of their river idol.

The inhabitants of the long valley of the Nile, which was entirely indebted for its importance to its physical advantages, were among the most ancient of the world. The greatest political establishments may be quickly overturned, and fortune may soon desert the Empire of the Macedonians, of Charles the Great, of Kaptchak, and of Napoleon; but if ambition has rapid moments, industry depends upon the succession of ages. Before Meroë, in turning off the course of the Nile, constructed the opulent Memphis, the Egyptians had already erected and perfected in Thebes those temples of Diosopolis, of Elphantine, and Denderah, where primitive science was preserved, and whose imposing indestructibility attested the resources of an ancient people, already influenced by the slow progress of the arts; and when the daring soldier, whose destiny was so short a time ago attached to that of the Universe, formed the wild project of planting a French colony at the foot of the Pyramids—of resuscitating life around those antique monuments of the dead—of raising up the empire of the Pharaohs—bringing back civilization to its birth-place, and humbling the pride of Great Britain by bearing away in simultaneous ruin all its establishments in America and on the plains of the Ganges, he was putting himself in opposition to powers which even he could not withstand, and the slow and insidious progress of the sands would have been found more irresistible than the armed bands of warring nations.

The soil inhabited by the Phœnicians has been considered as modern by geologists, and a critic, judicious in most other respects, has objected to this that nothing indicated that this ancient people, who possessed an alphabet even before the Egyptians, always inhabited those coasts which in modern times formed the principal part of their narrow dominions. Without discussing the indisputable antiquity of the uncultivated tracts and moving sands of these regions, we would point out at once that what is designated as modern by geologists, in the succession of epochs with which scientific research has made them acquainted, are periods of remote

antiquity when compared with the history of the human race. In a similar spirit of criticism Herodotus having said that the country of the Hindoos contained wild districts, it was inferred that in his time the men of the North had been in possession of that country since the lapse of a few ages, when it would have been sufficient to have distinguished between the desert and the cultivated tracts that to this day alternate in those regions, and it is well known that in a subsequent age, after twenty dynasties, Kien Long had to force into submission nations that had remained unconquered upon a soil covered with forests.

Mesopotamia, "the battle ground of political strife," between the powers of the West and the East, and which contained within itself such a vast number of towns and cities, celebrated both in sacred and profane history, is one continuous level of country formed by the deposits from the waters of the great rivers which traverse it. The countries to the south of the great plains of central Asia are bathed by numerous waters which unite in their course, and form the largest rivers in the world, and China, which presents some peculiar and remarkable facilities in the study of its antique condition, in its language of primitive conception, the free essay of a people, who, to the present day, do nothing more than imitate one another, presents us with the same features. In the new world, many rivers, but more especially the Marenon, that which "is not the sea," present us with the probable seat of similar great empires, and now that the civilization of the Peruvian is gone by, also imperfect architectural designs, roads of extraordinary length and mining operations carried on at unexampled elevations, are all that remains to attest an infant state of the arts, but an industry and perseverance not surpassed at the present day; we can contemplate the period when the plough and the steam-engine will do more towards ensuring prosperity, and harmony among nations, to tribes that come from countries already civilized, or descend from more temperate regions, endowed with moral and intellectual vigour, which it will take ages to destroy, than the search for diamonds or the toil for gold. Indeed, it is evident, that no cause and effect

are more closely connected than in the prosperity of human tribes with the soil and climate, and the physical features of the country which they inhabit; the fact is contained in the history of former nations, in the contemplation of present countries, and in the probabilities which the progressive future holds out to us in places where the change has already begun.

Perhaps there is no science of greater importance to the happiness of mankind, than that which is involved in the third consideration, and which indicates the means of creating, of keeping, and of increasing the property of each family; such is, indeed, the aim of political economy to which descriptive geography and statistics attach themselves as sources of knowledge, and as collections of facts destined to serve as a basis to the calculations necessary for practical results.

"Have," says the liberal and enlightened Baron Dupin "the riches of the two most opulent nations of Europe increased, from the sixteenth to the nineteenth century, by chance, and without any assignable reason, or have they, on the contrary, been developed according to a certain rule, and with a degree of rapidity which can be appreciated by calculation?"

It is evident that researches of this kind, both by their nature and their consequences, interest in the same degree the people and the government. They indicate to individuals the proportions of their charges, and to the administration, the extent of its resources.—They allow the constant and the variable part which may be remarked in the riches of a whole people to be distinctly valued, they lead to a very near determination, for the present time and for years to come, of the extent or power of increase in riches; and they offer, in consequence, the means of enlightening and of guiding the operations of individuals or of public economy, by calculating for a specific time, the results equally necessary and equally proved, of a progress which has taken place in the economies of the treasury of the State, in the resources of the natural products and in the well being of the inhabitants. If from the sixteenth century to the present day, well conducted observations had established the most essential statis-

tical facts, in the number of men, or that of the heads of each race of domestic animals, as the most important productions of the vegetable or animal kingdoms, and the value of these products compared with the price of labour and the value of money, nothing would be more easy, at the present day, than to trace the regular and the irregular movement which the productive forces of Great Britain or of France have followed. Unfortunately, we are very far from being in possession of such observations on the essential elements of national prosperity, and incomplete in the present time, they are still more rare and imperfect for times past.

By taking, for a guide nevertheless, the law of continuity, which acts upon the developement of social, as well as upon physical order, more satisfactory results have been obtained than might at first have been anticipated in these researches. When we consider attentively, the social state in a civilized people, we may remark on the one hand general causes of regularity of preservation and of progress, on the other, a crowd of disturbing causes; many of the latter belong to physical nature, to the intemperance of seasons, and epidemical or epizootical disorders; to want as to superabundance of nutritive products. Many other causes are attached to the passions of men, to violence, dissatisfaction, turbulence, and immorality, to theft, fraud, ignorance, error, and, in one word, to the follies, and crimes, deeds or attempts, which are or are not defined by the laws.—

In a nation that is on its decline, the disturbing causes exceed the causes of preservation or production, till society gets poorer and poorer and disorganizes itself. Yet amid the vicissitudes of war and misfortune which terrify our imagination to look upon, Great Britain and France have advanced, for the three last centuries, in the road of social perfection, more than in any other time of which history has preserved the memory.

"It must be confessed," says Mr. Bell, to whose pages we shall turn on this interesting subject, "that there is a tendency in our ancient laws and political organization, favourable to the accumulation of property in the hands of a comparatively small number of individuals; and it has resulted from

this :—that while in no country is the soil better cultivated, the arts more advanced, manufactures more flourishing—while no where is a nobler and more skilful use made of human strength, and while no where is there so much opulence and luxury—yet, at the smallest commercial derangement, cries of distress are heard in every quarter.” “There exists,” says Mr. Passay, “between England and other countries in which wealth is equally ill shared, a difference which ought to be kept constantly in view. In these countries, if the people suffer without murmuring, it is because having only the ideas and the habits natural to their condition ; they do not experience the evils of retrogradation, and enjoy even the advantages resulting from the gradual melioration of their industry. In England, on the other hand, the people have declined, from the effects of laws too favourable to large properties ; and hence there is a discontent with regard to social order which it would be dangerous to allow to break out. The destinies of England have been delivered by her institutions into the hands of a territorial aristocracy. A small number of families excessively rich, and a multitude of poor have supplanted the classes of which the graduated property preserved harmony in all parts of the body politic.” At the same time it has been observed by Mr. Dupin, “that there is another principle, the combination of capitalists, which establishes a salutary check on the tendency of wealth to concentrate in too small a number of hands ; and that in practice, great proprietors are not usually found the enemies of improvements, and inventions propitious to industry and favourable to commerce. The great families of Britain—of England especially—have often themselves descended into the ranks of industry, and there acquired new claims to popularity, to esteem, and to honour, in that path, where, perhaps, their ancestors first acquired them. If a Duke of Bridgewater, a Duke of Portland, a Cavendish, or a Bedford, have constructed canals and bridges and streets, it ought not to be forgotten that British nobility owes much to the industry and enterprise of British merchants. The Duke of Leeds is a descendant of Edward Osborne, a Lon-

don merchant. A lineal ancestor of the Marquis of Cornwallis, was sheriff of London in 1378. The noble house of Wentworth was founded by a London Alderman. Laurence de Bouviers, married the daughter of a German silk mercer and settling in England, laid the foundation of the house of Radnor. An ancestor of the Earl of Dartmouth, was a skinner ; the Earl of Craven, is lineally descended from a merchant tailor ; and the Earl of Warwick, from the “flower of the wool staplers.” The nobility of Britain, have been often charged with hauteur ; but, it is the boast of our constitution, that there is nothing to prevent the humblest citizen, who shall be found sufficiently meritorious, from rising to the highest rank which a British subject can enjoy. The sentiment implied in this principle, is worthy of a free people, and deserves the imitation of every government which wishes to walk in the path of national prosperity. We do not exactly agree here with the opinion given to the causes of discontent, with regard to social order as originating in a degradation of the labouring classes, from a previous comparative affluence. The condition of the operatives in Britain, cannot be said to have ever declined ; but the writing and the sayings of wilful men, have taken from them that contentment, with their lot, and robbed them of that tranquillity of disposition, which was, before, their hereditary claim to peace and happiness. Those light and exquisite notions, which exercise acknowledged authority over the framework of life, are the gifts of a sensibility transmitted to our offspring—a refinement of temperament and intellect, that is undoubtedly hereditarily propagated. “In the delicate faculties of the mind,”—it has been remarked, by a most gifted writer,—“in its gentlest pleasures—in its subtlest workings—in even its morbid sensibilities, we are to look for the principles which govern with power the social condition of the higher classes.” That, indeed, which characterizes the higher classes of a long civilized society, and which cannot be obtained by the upstart, in a cultivated sensibility—a cultivation which is continually going on, by being undisturbed by intermixture of those who are strangers to their own refinement.

ROMAIC LOVE SONG.

Αἴψα με :

Αἴψα με, εὖν εἰ ἀγαπῶ
Θίλι με εὖν σὺ φίλω,
Διαστὶ δὲ νῆρ' ἵνας παρῆς
Νὰ θίς καὶ νὰ μὴ φίλω.

Αἴψα με γιὰ τὸν Θεόν
Κάμι γιὰ τὴν ψυχὴν σου
Καὶ μὴ μ' ἀφῆς νὰ γαθῶ
Κ' ἐν στερῇ διὰ σου.

Ὁρμι! καὶ εὖν εἰ ἀγαπῶ,
Καὶ θὺν τὸ φαρέτω
Κ' αὐ' ἴχ' ἐς ἄλλον τὸν σπουδόν
Ἐγὼ τὸν ἰσχυροῦ.

Ἐρίσους καὶ μ' ἀφῆς
Ἐνα γυνὰλ φαρέτω
Να γινώμαι καὶ να διωνῶ
Ὡς νὰ πᾶς καὶ νῆρ'.

Ἐγὼ το ζήεις μάτια μου,
Πως μὴν εἰ ἀγαπῶ,
Καὶ ἄλλον αὐτὴν εὖν ἐπὶ
Ἐγὼ θὺν προσκυνῶ.

Σὺν φίλῳ καὶ μὴ μ' ἀγαπᾷς
Πίς το τῶν ἱματιῶν σου,
Νὰ μὴ με εὐτιμῶν
'Ὅταν πικρὸ ἀπαιμῶν σου.

LITERAL TRANSLATION FROM THE ROMAIC.

Do you love me as I love you?
Do you desire me as I desire you?
For perhaps the time may come,
That you might wish me, and I would not.

Love me, for the sake of God!
Love me for the sake of your soul!
For if you let me perish,
The fault will fall on you.

Alas me! how much I love you!
And yet I cannot convince you of it;
But if another dare look at you,
I will kill him.—

You deserted me, and left me
A vial of poison,
On which I breakfasted and supp'd,
Until you returned.

You know, my eyes,
How I love you alone,
And no other virgin but you
Have I ever adored.

But if you will not love me,
Beg of your eyes
That they will not regard me,
Whenever I pass by.

Does love like mine inflame your breast ?
Is our desire reciprocal ?
Say ! lest a time might come to wrest
My love—which you could ne'er recall.

Love me ! for God ordain'd affection ;
Love me ! for soul like thine should never
Dwell here unmated : thy rejection
Kills me, and thine's the guilt for ever.

Ah, woe is me ! how much I love you !
Yet to convince you, nought avails :
But if another dares to move you,
Lo ! my sword o'er him prevails !

When you deserted me, and left
A cup of poison ; 'twas my food
At morn—at night—of thee bereft,
Till you return'd—my only good !

You know, my Eyes, how I have lov'd
You—and you only—none had pow'r
Of all the maids which man have mov'd,
To sway me for a single hour.

But if you will not love me—then
Restrain that brilliant sparkling eye
Nor cast thy glance of softness, when
In wretchedness I pass thee by.

DEVENEL.

HINTS FROM HIGH PLACES.

Davus.—Nescio qui senex modò venit : effum, confidens, ratus ;

Cum faciem videas, videtur esse quantivis preti :

Tristis severitas inest in voltu, atque in verbis fides—

Simo.—Quidnam adportas ?

Davus.—Nil equidem, nisi quod illum audivé dicere.

Ter. And. 5. 2. 14.

Sir,

There are in every large town, I believe, more or less definitely portioned off from the rest, regions sacred to particular crafts, in each of which the one calling so predominates, that it would be considered presumptuous as well as impolitic for one of another vocation to establish himself within its precincts, and where the unlucky intruder would expose himself to the danger of the same fate, as, in days of yore, met many an officer of executive justice, that is, bailiff, within the sacred bounds of Alsatia. Within such limits the whole business of life appears to run in one channel, and man might be defined, according as you enter Paternoster-row or Lombard-street in London, or Wood-quay or George's-street, in Dublin, as, here a shoe-making or brush-making—there a money-making or book-making animal. Take the rounds of this metropolis, and enter New-row for instance. *Trimming* is there so exclusive and universal, that you might almost fancy yourself within the walls of St. Stephen's. Stroll into Temple-bar any week day, and the predominant business forces itself upon you at once. If you proceed from the Essex-street side, be cautious how you enter the ground consecrated to tea-cups, or you may chance to become an involuntary victim to the genius of the place, and suffer immolation beneath the ponderous wheels of a Juggernaut of china crates. As you move onward towards Westmoreland-street, the bowl yields to the beaver, and you soon become sensible of a classification of the street passengers into two distinct species, as regards the outward man.

The first is composed of anxious-looking folk, well-appointed in all particulars but the upper story, who are prying in at the windows as they move slowly along, evidently considering which of the labelled articles, from the "plain gentleman's" to the "top-sawyer's," will suit their features or character best. While you watch for the result of the inspection, you are shouldered by one of the other class, a fellow who has fairly made the choice, and is strutting away with the article of his selection glowing upon his head, like the helmet of Diomedé, beneath the last smooth of the foreman's brush, a slight contraction of brow alone shewing that his forehead is not precisely of the same oval with the extremity of the hat-stick, and being a sufficient indication of the extra price he pays for the gratification of his vanity.

But perhaps there are few regions that are more exclusive, and certainly none more likely to be known by the readers of your Magazine, or more proper to be celebrated by the contributor to it, than that which, consisting of one straight, cold, gloomy-looking alley, first meets the gowmsman of our University, as he sallies forth from under its low-brow'd portal, and passes the Bank on his progress into College-green, diverting him to the right along its dark and dismal length in the direction of that stream of *Lucilian* flow, which creeps through our city with its accustomed load of everything "*quod tollere velles*." There he becomes at once aware that he is on classic ground. —Every window is crowded with the literary worthies of ancient and modern times—Hence stares old Homer, in a somewhat worn leathern jerkin,

trimmed with a little tarnished gold,—there lolls the luxurious Catullus, in the warmth of a Russian costume—*Little Moore* and *Anacreon* look out side by side, scarcely distinguishable from each other, except in the difference of their ages. On one side is to be seen *Milton*, who, despite his blindness, is ever in a conspicuous place,—opposite to him *Addison* eyes him with respectful but scrutinizing attention. *Shelley*, *Cornwall*, and others, in French half-dress, cast a careless glance upon him from an upper shelf, looking shewy, but within a little worm-eaten from neglect—*Bowles*, in a complete suit of calf, crushes poor little *Pope*, but in his turn is nearly squeezed to death by an awkward pamphlet which has been thrust in much against his will, at the other side of him. As he advances down the street, he sees with pain many of the most venerable of the classic authors in a sorry plight, ill-dressed, ill-lodged, and apparently far advanced in decay. The elegant and dignified *Cæsar*, with difficulty conceals a rent which I suppose some “envious *Casca*” has made in the hinder part of his tunic, and I blush for the gallantry of my country when I think how much poor *Mademoiselle Dacier* is exposed. Many of the heroes, both ancient and modern, of *Swift’s* ever-memorable *Bibliomachia* are forced to carry their prizes ticketed on their backs, and to offer their services to an ungrateful public at a shamefully reduced rate.—But it would be endless to particularize,—*Divines* in their ecclesiastical habits—*Plowden*, *Coke*, *Hale*, with leather aspects—*Euclid*, *Locke*, *Newton* academically attired, all crowd this literary *Necropolis*, and “bend forward from their dust” over the narrow causeways, like *Ossian’s* ghosts from their “clouds,” or my worthy friend *B.’s* waxen fashionables from the no less ambrosial atmosphere within his perfumed window.

It was on a stormy evening at the beginning of the present year, when sleet was careering along the pavement in blinding gusts, and no star appeared to dispute the light with the flickering flame that rose and fell within the gas-lamp, and gave a transient illumination to the pale mist that swept past its narrow influence,—when the watchman gathered his streaming coats within his bulk, and betook himself to

his own atmosphere as a last desperate refuge from that without—when the “oysters” and the “muffins,” cries that come with the night-breeze to the closed windows of comfort, and salute the ears of our fellow-citizens around the hissing urn, or more national punch bowl, were mute, and the wild speed of “*Evening Mail*,” alone rushed by on the blast,—it was on such an evening, that I drew my water-proof camelot close around me, as I turned the corner of the quay, and faced the full fury of *Africus*, charging upon me down the aforesaid street, with all the penetrating force of his knives and needles. I was on my return to my house in — street from the northern quarter of the town, where I had dined with a friend of mine, a literary character of the old school, and all the way my thoughts continued the argument in which we had been engaged before I left his house. I was playing a sort of *dummy* with myself, urging objections on one side, and answering them on the other, with all the vehemence of actual discussion. The truth is, our conversation that evening had attained a degree of warmth, rather unusual for us both, on a subject in which each felt interested—the comparative merits and defects of ancient and modern English poetry. I had defended with some success, as I thought, our modern style, and, as an occasional dabbler in *Helioid* myself, I felt piqued at the contemptuous tone with which my friend (a true *laudator temporis acti*) made his remarks upon the school of which I considered myself a disciple. My feelings having been thus roused, had not subsided when I arrived at the corner, and met the blast, and I posted along through an unregarded plash of gutter, with a violence which followed more the impulse of my mind than of any constitutional activity of body. Nearly every shop was closed—from the unshuttered panes of a few, however, still struggled a tiny flame, and, as I passed each, I looked instinctively upon the feeble glare, without consciousness sufficient to disturb one question or reply in my imaginary tête à tête. But at the window of one of the most wretched of these receptacles of literature rubbish, my ideal flight and my earthly career were at once arrested by a glance which I caught of a

figure within. It was standing over against the door, turned from me, and reaching down a book from an upper shelf. Its proportions were gigantic, and the extraordinary costume which it wore, and an indescribable something about it which rivetted the attention, were sufficient to call for a narrower scrutiny.

Whoever the personage was, there was that in his appearance which struck me with awe as well as curiosity. From his huge and corpulent form hung innumerable eels of broadcloth, such as I have heard my grand-father describe as constituting the coat of his youthful days. Its loose standing collar was white with the powder which had fallen from the tufted perriwig, and the inner rim of a large shovel hat partook of the same hue. Below, his ample limbs were cased in black sattin to the knee, whence shone a buckle, which was magnified in enormous reflection from his square-toed shoes. All this I beheld from the outside of the window; and my curiosity having been effectually awakened I opened the glass-door of the little shop, just as he had addressed himself to an officious looking gentleman who stood beside him, somewhat similarly attired, and caught the last part of a sentence, pronounced in tones that seemed to come from the depth of unfathomable lungs, and uttered under the influence of sudden and unrestrained anger:—

"I said so, Sir, and is not that enough?"

There was something so unnatural in the voice, that I felt a secret dread infuse itself through me, and was impelled by an almost irresistible desire to make good my retreat, and again brave the less alarming rage of the elements without. I had not time for a retrograde movement, however, when both of the figures turned round, and I was at once struck by the face of the larger; I recognised the features, but where or when I had seen them was more than I could recal. They were of colossal magnitude, and their expression was heavy and sensual; huge beetle brows, half concealed eyes, which the excitement of anger, had left yet warm with its lightnings; a heavy nose depended over a mouth, fit to be the portal through which a voice, such as I had heard, should issue,

and in keeping with the shaven jaw and dewlap that reached over all the space usually allotted to cravats, collar, &c., till they were lost in the voluminous folds of his waistcoat.

"I fear, Sir," said I, as his ferocious stare fell upon me, "that I have intruded in an unwarrantable manner—but the increasing fury of the storm, and—the rain, and—and besides."

"Sir, I am a visitor here myself," he growled, "and you may remain if you choose, as far as I am concerned."

"I—I almost fancy, Sir," said I, hoping to conciliate him, which I saw was necessary, "at least, I should say, if I am not much mistaken, that I have had the honour of meeting you before."

"Meeting me, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, I assure you, that your face is familiar to me, and I charge myself with culpable forgetfulness in not being able to address you by name; I am Mr. —, I live at No. —, in — street; and I cannot help thinking, that I have met you in the society of several mutual friends."

"Perhaps so, Sir," said the uncommunicative stranger, "and I will take it for granted that you know me. And now, Sir," he resumed, turning to his companion, who instantly, though of a gentlemanlike and almost commanding appearance, drooped into the submissive attitude of a delinquent Spaniel, "now, Sir, did you mean to tell me, in the face of my avowed and published opinion, that the true ode might be 'a mighty maze *without* a plan?'"

"I protest, my dear Sir, I almost begin to be ashamed of my own words, but —."

"Sir, so you ought—they were ill-advised."

"But still," continued the other, "the example I have just adduced from one of the best of living poets, certainly tends in some measure to confirm my rule."

"No, Sir, but, as an exception, to prove mine, which, ever since the regularity of Pindar was discovered, is universally recognized."

He spoke with a vehemence that almost rivalled the "*os rotundum*" of the ancient, all the while appearing wholly regardless of my presence, and having resumed the position in which he was standing at my entrance. I

was also obliged to find for myself an employment, and to take down several volumes under the pretence of examination.

"What is this duodecimo in green binding?" said the larger stranger to his companion, "Byron told me the other day, that an error in punctuation, which had been negligently overlooked in the original edition, has crept through nearly every subsequent one, even to the last, and makes rank nonsense of one of his sonnets. He desired me to find it out, and I perceive that contrary to my expectation the book is here."

I no longer made even a semblance of continuing my objectless search;—"What, in the name of all that is mysterious!" thought I, "is this great folio talking about? Does he mean the present Lord? No," was my conclusion before his sentence was finished. I felt a mortal fear creep round

me—such a fear as I hope, no definable danger would have the power to produce; I thought the light burned feebler, and that the great form, that breathed like a Hippopotamus within a few feet of me, expanded gradually and terrifically in its proportions, until no trace of humanity remained; I scarcely dared to look, and casting a furtive glance at the door, I equally wanted courage to rush forth into the night, and separate myself at once from the object of my dread.

"I have found it, Boswell!"

"Your quickness, my dear Doctor, surprises me."

"It should not; my method of search ensures speedy discovery."

"Well, I made as rapid a discovery myself in the Isle of Sky, as you may remember, without any system."

"Sir, that was all accident. He alludes to the passage, printed thus:—

'Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired,
Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,
Heaven for a nobler doom their words desires,' &c.

The semicolon in the second line should change places with the comma at its termination. The Italian original shews the proper punctuation. Of trifling errors like these, are composed enigmas for posterity. Our language is never stationary; the best becomes, in a certain degree, antiquated in a few years, and then the misprint, easily corrigible at first, is set down to some disused form of expression, and tortured into a reluctant meaning, under the inquisitorial hand of some future Theobald or Warburton, just as was the fate of the great original, round many of whose beauties irretrievable obscurity has been thrown by the then trivial negligence of his transcribers.*

In spite of myself, my terrors, my perplexity, and, above all, my utter inability to explain to myself *what all this meant*, amounting almost to a doubt of the reality of the whole scene, I could not but listen with awestruck interest to the personage before me, who, whether body or spirit, was—sense and reason, observation and reflection, head and heart told me so—nothing

less than the companion of my studies—the oracle of my reference—the stupendous compiler—the unrivalled critic—the sublime moralist—the mighty—the immortal Samuel Johnson! Any knowledge is a relief after uncertainty, and the identification of the being before me, the laying, as it were, the ghost, gave me some comfort, and enabled me to attend to the conversation as it proceeded. Still all was mystery: how we should have conversed with Byron a few days ago?—what brought him *here*?—*what* was he? These were the questions which I could not answer?

"That I hold to be a translation deserving of praise," said the inferior personage, whom the Doctor had already addressed as Boswell, "it is literal, and at the same time poetic."

"Sir, it may be called an original sonnet. This is a transfer of Vittorelli to the banks of the Thames. 'The first merit of a translator, you know, is to be read with pleasure.'† A translation like this may be placed side by side with its parent, and you will not

* See Johnson's Preface to Shakespeare.

† Lives of the Poets.—Dryden.

be able to say which is the sire and which the son; they stand like twin-brothers, equal in strength of limb and manly proportion, and each independent of the other, while they both bear the impress of their common parent, nature. Yes, Sir, there are some exceptions to the rule which lays it down, that the act of sonnet-writing is lost."

I believe that nothing short of the tingling consciousness of having myself at various times wooed immortality in fourteen lives, could have induced me to interpose an observation.

"I fear I interrupt you, Sir, and I am the more diffident in doing so, as I am now aware that the acquaintance which I claimed as a title to address you, I share with the whole civilized world; but I wish to set you right upon one point, and that is, as to your opinion that sonnet-writing has deteriorated; believe me, Sir, the world now appreciates true sonnet-writing, and give me leave to add——"

"Sir," interrupted the Doctor, in a voice that effectually cut me short, "you know not what you say."

Mr. Boswell was on thorns—"My young friend, we are better acquainted with present events and opinions than you are aware of."

I seized the opportunity to entreat an explanation of their appearance, and he at once complied with my request.

"The little that I can tell you," he said, "I will. You know how divided the world is on the subject of the intermediate state between death and doom; while men are wrangling about it, we are enjoying ourselves according to our bent, and some of us even derive our greatest amusement from standing invisibly by at such discussions, and shaking our sides with aerial laughter at the incontrovertible arguments brought to prove that we could not be in the very spot where really we are at the moment. The truth is, and it is scarcely a violation of spiritual secrets to tell you what no one will believe you to have ever heard, that the moment the soul is loosed, like a balloon, from the chords of the body, it mounts up through the atmosphere, past its confines to the moon, and there it continues pretty much in the same state as before it left the earth. It there meets with mankind in societies similar to those it left, and there it

takes a corresponding place with corresponding powers. The absence of the body has, however, expanded the spirit considerably; it is no longer "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," but possesses the most exhilarating facility of locomotion, and, more than all, it enjoys an unlimited power of memory; or rather the veil of forgetfulness which years on earth were silently and imperceptibly drawing over past knowledge like a toil, is removed, and all ideas that have been once received into their spiritual receptacle are ever present, uncovered, and ready for application. It is needless to tell you how this adds to our resources, though, perhaps, none of us have derived less advantage from it than my illustrious friend who had so little imperfection in this respect while here below."

The Doctor continued to read, averted from us, as Boswell continued—"We literary characters wander up and down through the lunar groves, and study from our own memories and experience, as we before did from those of others, collected in libraries."

"But can you select your own company?" said I.

"We have a society," he replied, "much on the principle of the *Club*, and in addition to our old members, we have since balloted in some kindred spirits that have arrived above in these latter times. Our last member is a man after Doctor Johnson's own heart, and literature and politics alike endear the authors of *Rasselas* and *Waverley* to each other. I still find my pride and pleasure in attending on my friend," (here a dubious grunt from Johnson) "and hope that we may at last be united in perfect felicity, beyond the chance of separation." (A groan, less dubious than the former, followed this sentence.)

"But," said I, musingly, "I am still at a loss to account for your appearance here."

"I will explain it to you in a few words. Our minds being our only libraries, we are, of course, except from new comers, in ignorance of what is doing and publishing at the present. We have, however, frequent permission to descend by night, and examine the publications and transactions of *sublunary* life, and on one of these excursions you have chanced to meet us."

"But wherefore *here*?" said I, "at this miserable stall, in this miserable region of this miserable town?"

"Sir," said Doctor Johnson, turning full upon me, "I came from no regard for your country, as a literary country or otherwise, (for I conclude from your accent that you are an Irishman), but to search for a book by one of your compatriotes that had been mentioned to me above. I was told that it was not as well known as it deserved to be, and I thought it more probable that I should find it here than in the depositories of more saleable commodities."

"Perhaps, Sir," said I, "If you were to tell me the name of the author, I might be able to direct you."

"I know not whether it was published with a name; but I have seen some minor poems and extracts by the same writer, and am surprised at the medium through which he has thought proper to put them forward. He might have taken a higher stand, and maintained it at least with respectability."

"You then object to an author's appearing in cheap publications," said Boswell, "as I perceive that you allude to such."

"I do allude to such, Sir; and when I said that he might have taken a higher stand, I meant with respect to the class in whose hands such works place the criticism of his effusions. Nor do I object to authors in general appearing in such publications. No doubt the best political economist, natural historian, topographer, or philologist in the world may appear with credit, and be circulated weekly amongst the artizans and apprentices, the milliners and the milk maids, who may be allured by the cheapness and probably good plain sense displayed in their pages. But, Sir, that the poet—he whose ideas, and therefore whose expressions soar above the reach of such classes—nay, who is refined, or ought to be, to a degree undiscernible to mere ordinary examiners of any station—that he, who professes to be skilled to touch the finest and most complex of our feelings alone, should thrust his beauties upon the reluctant or jeering attention of the forge or the barber's

shop, appears to me to be a wilful departure from his *caste*, and in every sense of the word, unpoetical."

"But, Sir, perhaps he was not read —."

"Sir, he had the immortalized example of Arbuscula. If he be worth reading, the reading public will appreciate him, and if he be not, all the arts of a forced circulation will avail him little.*"

"I think this is the work you allude to," said I.

"Yes. I see it is uncut. It surely does not deserve this. The author ranks the second of living Irish poets."

After a pause, Boswell suddenly said, "But, my dear Doctor, to return to the green duodecimo, and this gentleman's opinion as to sonnet-writing, whereia do you think that this species of composition has deteriorated?"

"I would rather ask this gentleman wherein consists the superior excellence of modern sonnets?"

"Why, Sir, in their harmony, and in the *oneness* of the idea that runs through them."

"Well, Sir?"

"In both these particulars I think we have the advantage of our fathers, and this is proved by the increased relish of the public for such compositions."

"Sir, I doubt whether you understand the meaning of the terms you have used."

I was nettled at this remark, and replied with considerable warmth, "I do, Sir, though but one of them is to be found in your dictionary. It is not enough that there be hendecasyllabic measure, properly adjusted rhymes, and a ~~class~~ of fourteen lines. More than this is wanting to constitute a sonnet. As to the harmony, its measure must be true to the ear as well as to the fingers, and for *oneness*, its very essence consists in the conformation and arrangement of its sentiment. A sonnet may be compared to one full and swelling cadence of music—the breath of the breeze upon an æolian harp—it is the embodying of one long and engrossing thought, taking its origin from the external world, and pursued through its windings, till the full eloquence of

* I find since the above was written, that the poet has lately taken higher *periodical* ground.

the mind dies in an echo. A sonnet steals into the spirit of the poet like a dream, where after some moving passage of life he retires to solitude and silence, and his ideas subside from their agitation, and become long and floating, like the "swell of summer ocean" after the whirlwind has past—it is one of its waves, in its strong and sweeping rise, and its slow, majestic fall, as it comes free along the surface of the soul, or floods into its inmost recesses, as into a gemmed and sparkling cave." By this time I felt the colour in my face, for I recollected to whom I was addressing myself. The critic, however, smiled and said,

"There is some justness in what you say, Sir, but still you must apply your rules before I am convinced."

"I might instance the author we have mentioned already, in his sonnet on Lake Leman."

'Rousseau, Voltaire, our Gibbon, and De Staël,'

and though he has written but few, he may not the less be brought forward as authority."

"Undoubtedly, Sir," said Johnson, "*ut multum, nil moror.*"

"I might add both those on Geneva. Southey's beautiful sonnet,* too, in which the verses flow as smoothly as the stream described, and where the dreamy indistinctiveness of the expressions is in admirable keeping with the state of mind naturally produced by the vicinity of murmuring water, when the spirits indulge in the '*dolce far niente*' of tranquil musing."

"Well, Sir, any more?"

"Yes—a moment's reflection brings to my mind one of Shelley's, beginning

'Ye hasten to the dead'—

"I know it, Sir."

"And?"

"Well, Sir?"

"And—and—I think, however, tho' I cannot at present call to mind any others as examples of both my rules, that many might be found equally faultless,—and probably you yourself, Sir, may have met modern instances of these beauties in the course of your reading."

"Perhaps so, Sir," said the critic, in a deepened tone, "but they are few—you have said all you could for your modern sonnetteers, and they cannot complain—I object to your rules, and your explanation of them. They are too narrow: a sonnet need not of necessity rise and fall; the wave (to continue your metaphor) may sweep forward, curl over, and end with a burst upon the beach, or it may begin with a foaming roar, and then gradually die upon the vastness of the ocean."

Boswell could not repress his delight. "You see, my good Sir," said he, turning to me, "he meets you upon your own element, since you have chosen naval warfare, and bears you down with the dignity of a seventy-four."

Johnson continued without heeding him. "But, Sir, I do not narrow the true sonnet to a *oneness* of idea, as you call it; and I could instance to you many of the best of Petrarch's (though he was the fountain of this unity) composed of parts, which derive their beauty from contrast instead of connection. The most admired of Milton's, that upon his blindness, is unconnected."

"I am sorry you mentioned Milton, Sir," said Boswell. "You have not adverted that he failed in that line —."

"Sir," interrupted Johnson, vehemently, "I cannot help your sorrow. Milton, Sir," he continued, addressing himself to me, "may be taken, inasmuch as he was a poet and a philosopher, as authority in any species of composition. His ear and his judgment were too nice to admit of his violating any axioms of composition, where they were founded on reason and taste, and strengthened by practice. Besides, he had the great Italian familiarly beside him, and appreciated his excellence. That parent of this species of poetry has occasionally violated the rules which he himself has framed, but has ever succeeded best when he has adhered to them. Where, then, is your boasting of the moderns alone understanding them? Perhaps there is not in the whole army of sonnets one more exact or more beautiful than this:—

Passato è 'l tempo omai, lasso, che tanto
 Con refrigerio in messo 'l fuoco viessi :
 Passata è quella, di ch'io piansi, e scriassi ;
 Ma lasciato m 'ha ben la pena, e 'l pianto
 Passato è 'l viso al leggiadro e santo :
 Ma passando, i dolci occhi al cor m 'ha fiasi,
 Al cor già mio ; che sequendo partiasi
 Sei, ch 'avvolto l' avevo nel suo bel manto.
 Ella 'l se ne portò sotterra, e'n cielo ;
 Ov 'or trionfa ornata dell 'alloro,
 Che meritò la sua invitta onestate
 Così disciolto dal mortal mio velo,
 Ch' a foiza mi tien qui, foss 'io con loro
 Fuor de 'sospir fra l' anime beate.*

"I need not particularize," he continued, "the beauties of the other Italian sonnet writers, for they seem to be judged of as they approach their great original, and your rules were in general their guide."

"I do not boast of having discovered them," said I, with a discomfited laugh, "and besides your memory is such as I, still cumbered with the body, cannot cope with, but as far as mortal——"

"And if," pursued he, "I were to set about displaying the imperfections of the modern 'wearisome sonnetteers' with as much zeal as you have shewn in elucidating their beauties, I might spend a 'night of Hercules' here. Why Sir, have you the hardihood, Irishman though you be, to look me in the face while I recount to you compositions which have not only been entered at Stationer's Hall, but read—aye, and admired? Begin with the dedication to 'The Excursion'†——"

"*Parce, parce, precor,*" I groaned internally, as I perceived the torrent ready to descend. Boswell saw my helplessness, and came to my relief.

"The young gentleman does not require further examples. I think you will admit, however, that there are modern sonnets of merit."

"I don't know, Sir, that I will."

"I have heard him," said Boswell, turning to me with a conciliating air, "speak highly of some of these,"—adding in an under tone, "when he has not been opposed. You know that when he is opposed, he will allow nothing."

I nodded.

"I have heard him," continued Boswell, "quote Mrs. Hemans with satisfaction, and another contributor to the Edinburgh Magazine has pleased him. He often repeats a composition of Keats's, that imaginative boy, who came so premature a visitant to our planet."

"Yes," interrupted Johnson, "that is a good sonnet, written under the influence of old Chapman's Homer. There is an ease and manly grace about it, strongly contrasted with his usual style. It is like a fine form, drawn up for a moment to its full height from a habitual stoop. That is a good sonnet but it is the exception still."

"These and others," continued Boswell, "he quotes familiarly, and believes me, Sir, he appreciates their worth."

I, of course, appeared satisfied, and went to the door of the little room to look out upon the night. To

* Petrarch

† "Chris-
tianity"

that is my aversion," says Byron. Despite the his being a good man, Wordsworth is No Poet. It is d. The powerful assistance of Christopher North, alias is true, and that is almost enough to make a man a poet, vicinity of the dwellings, and the probable intimacy of the say account in some measure for this, so much at variance with of Blackwood. At all events, poor Wordsworth "lauda to not sell. The public neither likes him nor dislikes him. it about him as it have a sharply Church, as t' more. In a century hence nory in some conspicuous erennius will be wanting.

were still descending, now unmingled with snow, and the winds piping high. I was preparing to commit myself to their mercy, when the deep bass of Johnson arrested my progress.

"Here's a fellow, Boswell, who if he had not been a Whig, would have translated well, I mean him who rendered Anacreon."

"What! Moore?"

"The same. But he did not succeed so well in a work where continued plan and combination were essential."

"Sir," said I, returning from the door, "I am sorry to be again obliged to differ with you. 'The Epicurean' is a poem (for *poem* it must be called) wherein —"

"Well, Sir, let it pass—we agree that he could translate. I wish he had omitted one ode, 'Πάλον μὲν ἦν ἀποροφῶν,' which gives such an appalling glance at the hell within a dying debauchee, that all the force of his genius could not in translation distinguish the cypress from the rose."

"In this branch, at least, I think Sir," said I, "you will allow that we excel our forefathers."

"Perhaps you do, Sir, but it is no credit to you. There is something mechanical about translation, and of course the multiplied experiments of individuals will produce continued improvement, and eventual perfection.—You build your translation on the ruins of others.—You take note of the defects that caused their fall,—you strengthen yourself where they were weak, and not unfrequently make use of the scattered material. Boast not yourself, then, against what you are so much indebted to.—Dryden, Sir, was the first great architect, he commenced by clearing the ground of the miserable huts that Johnson, Feltham, Sandys, Holiday, and Cowley had raised, and then he reared a rude but noble pile for our admiration and use. Pope viewed it with an adoration which urged him to finish the many parts

that had been crudely conceived or hastily put together. Builders have been from time to time employed on the great work, raising, extending, and beautifying the whole, under the occasional direction of masters, till the several styles have become as definitively settled as the orders of architecture.—But take care, Sir, how the microscopic accuracy of modern builders may make light of the original design, which it cannot comprehend but from its vastness."

"But, my dear Sir," said Boswell, now dreading too much concession, "you cannot seriously think that translation is better understood now than it was formerly?"

"I can and do, Sir."

"For my part," said the other, "modern translation, to pursue the image, reminds me of a Gothic cathedral, which, originally formed, as we are told by Pope, in imitation of the simplest objects in nature, its pillars and its arches representing the trunks and the branches of the most sublime of all temples, the forest, and its stained windows the most glorious of all lights the hues of heaven, has lost all traces of either, and now exhibits the most unmeaning extravagance of art."

"We now," said I, "at least possess the power of bringing to our aid the beauties of antiquity, or the classics in general with grace and elegance."

"How know you," said Johnson, "that that was not understood before?"

"By cotemporary criticism."

"That, Sir, especially of a eulogistic nature, is but of recent date. Besides you have not now access to all the classics of those days, and thus you want the means of judging."

"But we have still the *fontes remoti*, from whence all ages have chiefly drawn comparisons and allusions—these are still open for us to examine.—I will mention a modern instance of felicity in this art—it is contained in these lines:—

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast: what'er thou art
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,

Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring, whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied forth.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base,
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy creep.

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven seems coloured by its skies.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple midnight veil'd that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befel?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy love—the earliest oracle!

"Childe Harold.—Canto 4. vv. 115, 116, 117, 118.

When I first read these lines, my heart burned within me as I felt that the shade of Juvenal was going along with me though it was sometime before I recognised him—

*"In vallem Ægeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
Dissimiles veris. Quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi et margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum!"*

Here is no servile adherence to words, no formal translation of a Latin sentence. No—the spirit of the mighty ancient is transfused into the poet's mind, whence it re-appears with all its unalloyed purity in the mould of his own song.

"I must own," said Johnson, with a laugh, "that you moderns have learned to pick a pocket with the air of a gentleman."

"No, Sir," I retorted with indigna-

tion, "Byron is no plagiarist, and I am sorry to see that the tardy and un-availing cry raised by baffled criticism on earth, has been caught up and echoed elsewhere. What?—is it because a few lines of Goëthe's have crept in amongst his voluminous compositions, or because he has in the line

'The mind, the music breathing from her face,'

claimed originality, when one Love-

lace, and I believe old Sir Thomas Brown were before him,—is it for these mighty crimes, or such as these, that the independent—the original Byron is denounced as a plagiarist?—Swift, I conclude, is your *beau idéal*,—He never borrowed an idea from mortal."

Johnson was amused, and Boswell laughed outright,—I was exceedingly irritated.

"I vow to heaven, gentlemen, this is too much. This is the second time to-night that I have been obliged to hear the sneers of unsubstantial critics as well as to defend myself from their more serious attacks. To combat with flesh and blood I am willing,

But if from heaven, celestial, ye descend;
Know, with immortals I may not contend.*

The roar of merriment that followed, raised my indignation to the highest pitch, and I felt almost inclined, like Tydides, to fall foul of the exalted beings that were opposed to me—Minerva, however, in my case, was dissuasive, and I merely said

"No more of ancients and moderns, I beseech you, gentlemen. My mind is so completely made up on this subject, that opposition only irritates without convincing me."

"Well, Sir," said Boswell, (for Johnson still continued to chuckle) "you *have* modern productions of this nature that will bear inspection. The authors of them have nearly the merit of original composers."

"As nearly," muttered Johnson, "as the grinder of a barrel-organ through the street has to the performer on the instrument at Haarlem."

"I should be inclined to give them a greater share of praise," said Boswell, submissively. "The fact is," he continued to me, "till the German mania, *tribus antijacobinibus insanabilis*, put every translator upon far-fetched compounds, and strange idiomatical forms of expression, I really believe that the English language was improving, and consequently that facilities were in progress for the classical translator, and the poet generally."†

"I fear," said I, doggedly, "that we shall never agree."

Johnson turned suddenly round full upon me, and thundered "Are you a Whig?"

I drew back a step, and replied in the negative. He seemed appeased.

"Then, Sir, you are better than I thought. We are almost all Tories in the lunar world. Byron would have given his laurels to have been in the minority in the Lords on the Reform Bill. We see things as they are above—no distorting medium any longer exists, and, therefore, we are Tories. I am glad, Sir, to meet an Irish Tory, I must send down some of our club to have conversation with you. I believe an Irish Tory is a *rara avis*."

"By no means, Sir, I assure you."

"Well, from an elevation he is discernible amongst the throng. You Tory writers are few, I know. If you had such men as Southey, and Wilson here, you might do much."

"Would to God, Sir, that we had."

"Your fault, as writers, is the endeavour to keep up nationality of language as well as feeling. The incorporation of the two countries, however it may have influenced the latter, has had a complete effect upon the former. No Irishman can write well, except as far as he has a pure English style. Thus it is with Americans also. Irving and Cooper have shaken off transatlantic peculiarity, and by consequence are good writers; but Irishmen find it difficult or irksome to get rid of theirs, and hence they do not find readers across the channel."

"There, once again, I differ from you widely. I flatter myself we *are* read in both England and Scotland." I spoke with emphasis.

"By the bye," exclaimed Boswell, without heeding Johnson's renewed laugh at my pertinacity, "you have lately opened a battery of two periodicals upon them. I suppose you mean to make up for lost time."

Johnson interrupted him.

"I saw one of them, I believe, Sir, this evening; a monthly one —"

I stood breathless, my manner, and. I believe, my colour altered, as I waited in breathless silence for the awful judgment of the Critic upon our Magazine, and I had just caught the beginning of

* Pope's Homer 6, 159.

† See Idler, 63.

a sentence, when—death to my hopes! an unlucky cock crew. The two forms gradually sunk away from my sight, and in a few moments I found myself alone in the shop.

Never did Micyllus bestow a more hearty execration upon poor Chanticleer's ill-timed note, than escaped my lips when I found the cup, as it were, snatched away, when my thirst was at its height, and the draught prepared. To be tantalized with such honour (for I felt satisfied we should be praised) from such a fountain, and to be thus disappointed was, in the present state of my nerves, almost intolerable. I darted forth into the first struggle of dawn, and strode home to my house in — street, where I threw myself upon my bed without the power of one collected thought upon the events that had occurred. I fell into a disturbed and broken sleep, and when the morning sun awoke me, it was some time before I could persuade myself that the whole affair had not been a dream. The moment I felt convinced of its reality, I set out with fasting impatience to the scene of my last night's adventure. There I paced up and down, poking in every where, in my anxiety to recognize the little black counter and the rickety shelves that were so vividly impressed on my memory. It was in vain. I enquired from mopping maids and unshuttering apprentices, but without success. *The shop was not to be found.* I addressed myself to one of the second-hand Magliabechis of the region, who was burnishing the last remains of legibility from the plate on his own door, and put as many questions to him with respect to the existence of a place such as I described, in the neighbourhood, or of the visits of old gentlemen of strange manner and garb, as were consistent with exemption from ridicule or suspicion. All to no purpose. I returned home to swallow my breakfast, sit alone, and muse on these things.

I was afraid to make a single confidence, for I knew how readily a story of

the kind would be attributed to an excess, the bare imputation of which I have ever avoided with the greatest care. Silence was my only alternative, but my mind dwelt incessantly upon the conversation, and when I next met my *old-school* friend, he at once remarked how much my tone was altered. In fact, my sentiments had undergone a change. I considered that I had taken too forward a part in a controversy with one, whose dicta had every right to be oracular, and that probably my haste and petulance had prevented me from gathering many a grain of "gold dust" that might otherwise have been obtained. I fancied at times that I saw his shade re-enter, like that of Sterne's Monk, and upbraid me for my presumption. I reflected upon the surprising temper with which he—the most overbearing and irritable of men—had received my arrogant opposition, and how little grateful I had shewn myself for it. In short, the more I called his arguments and apothegms to mind, the more weight did they carry with them. I felt that he must be unprejudiced; I knew that he was competent to judge, and I blamed myself for not having acknowledged a condescension, which took pains to remove prejudice and implant taste.

After much cogitation, feeling as incapable of retaining my secret as the Old Maid in Mr. Banim's story, I have come to the determination of submitting it to you, in the hope of your inserting the whole story in your Magazine, so that I may be able to feel the public pulse on the subject, without exposing myself personally to the sneers or obloquy of my friends, and trusting to the obscurity of a fictitious name for misinterpreting the cause of my blushes, when I hear ADVENA laughed at as a dreaming enthusiast, who should nail down the windows of his bed-room, and take care of his digestive organs.

I remain, &c. &c.

ADVENA.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES FROM LONDON, No. II.

TO MRS. HONORIA O'BRIEN.

MY DEAR AUNT,
In spite of the state of politics and
of trade, at which

*People now rail who never railed before,
And those who always railed now rail the more,*

London does, at this present writing, shine forth in all the beauty and grandeur and fashion of the "full season." They say that on the average of the year, about three thousand strangers come into London every day, and a number considerably less in the aggregate, but only a very little less in each day's account, leaves it. At this season, however, the influx must be prodigious, for nine-tenths of the regular visitors of London who come for pleasure merely, come here I think in the month of May, when the opera has its best singers and dancers; and concerts abound, morning and evening, and all the shops have their most splendid "spring assortments," and the carriages of the nobility and gentry block up Bond-street on the week days, and the straight road called "The Ring," in Hyde-park, on Sunday afternoons—when every thing that enormous wealth and luxurious habits, unceasing toil, unrivalled skill, and the matured spring and delicious sunny weather, can afford to delight those *who have the means of enjoying them*, are brought together and poured forth abundantly.

It is a common-place saying—"how can people think of going to London just when the country becomes so delightful—they ought rather to think of leaving London for the country." No such thing, my dear Aunt, I assure you. I have lived in this great metropolis at all seasons, and I must aver upon my own experience, that so far at all events as a "West end" residence is concerned, this is the "properest" time of all the year for enjoying London. It is true that the god of the London world is WEALTH, to which even rank and fashion, and amusing talent, are but subordinate deities; and it is very true,

that with the luxurious enjoyments of the "season," which I have above enumerated, he who hath not good store of money in his purse, can expect to have but little to do, except (if he lack experience and wisdom,) to envy their possession by others—

*"For to the world no happiness is so great
As want of figure, and a small estate."*

Even beauty (alas! that I should say it,) turns away its smile,

"Scared at the spectre of pale poverty."

And as for consideration in any other quarter, political, literary, scientific, or philanthropic, he who has not wealth of his own, or the means of getting it from or for others, must be very inexperienced, or an idiot, who expects it. But, notwithstanding all this, a man with a sound mind in a sound body, with enough to eat and drink, though turtle and champagne be strangers to his palate, and with some leisure to move about, and see, and hear, and enjoy, what may be seen, heard, and enjoyed for nothing, would still do well to visit London at this very season, which, although it be summer by the almanac, is in our metropolitan vocabulary denominated "spring." For now, instead of scowling skies, and dirty streets, through which the poor pedestrian wends his way with daggled great coat clashing about his legs, and wearisome umbrella held overhead, every now and then encountering another, and getting smack into his face a little shower from the concussion—instead of this, he may go forth even as he sits at home, save the addition of hat and gloves, with a clear sky above him, and clean dry footing underneath, and though he will find the watering carts manufacturing gutter where they were intended only to lay the dust, yet he will console himself with the sight of the gushing water which is generally clear before it falls, and with the

sensation of coolness which the wetness affords. But, better than this—instead of desolate, comfortless-looking ponds, and squares, and gardens, with their black leafless branches, or poor stunted evergreens, he cannot now walk quarter of a mile, without coming upon the view of trees and shrubs, and flowers, waving in the pride of Spring beauty, for, ever within the precincts of the town, leaves and blossoms are beautiful; and to those who can feel their beauty, will continually suggest pleasant thoughts. It is an excellent thing in London, that squares and other open spaces so much abound, and it is pleasant to see the care which is generally taken of them, and to find a shrub or a tree even in places where you would scarcely expect to meet with them.

I thank heaven, it is not in the power of Whigs or radical Reformers, to overthrow, or to alter the course which God has appointed for the seasons and the things that be subject thereunto.—The lilacs and laburnums will put forth their flowers, and the sycamore and ash, and elm, their leaves, even as they did in the “unenlightened” times of our ancestors, and thus much, if nothing else, we may be sure will be left to us.

I have no doubt, that a Whig committee if they undertook the consideration of these matters, would discover that they were ill-arranged, and required a Reform; but, happily, the power is not theirs, nor can be acquired by the fraud of the few acting upon the violence of the many; so we shall still have trees and flowers, no matter what madness possesses our rulers, or what folly governs the voice of the populace. If, indeed, the Crown lands which include our beautiful and healthful Parks, be seized by the public and sold to the highest bidder, in order that taxes may be reduced, I shall tremble for my now pleasant walks; but, in the mean time, I shall try to enjoy them, as I have a good right to do, for they are things to be enjoyed by a Londoner in May.

You must remember St. James's Park, though you have not seen it, with its interior, so beautifully laid out as it is now, with clumps of shrubbery, and a fine piece of water so skillfully arranged, that at various points the eye gives no information of its limited extent,—as it winds out of sight, round points

fringed with drooping willows. The walks are arranged so as to pass, here and there, under the shade of the old trees of the park; and in one place I have observed that the old branches meet across the walk, so as to form, at a little distance, the appearance of a perfect gothic arch, to which the pendant leaves seem a festooned drapery. From almost all parts of the interior of this park, are seen shooting up beyond the trees, and the red-tiled roofs that one catches glimpses of through the trees, the exquisitely beautiful towers of white stone, built by Sir Christopher Wren, at the western extremity of Westminster Abbey. I don't know whether you remember these, but there is absolutely something almost touching in their quiet faultless beauty, as they stand before you, lifting up their exquisite proportions towards the blue sky; sometimes only partially visible, and sometimes, strikingly and fully apparent above the line of the leafy tree-tops. The “Mall” and the “Bird Cage Walk,” although much altered, are still in their general effect, such as you must remember them, with their long rows of elms which are now in the first freshness of their young green leaves, and which look particularly beautiful contrasted with the stems and branches, that town smoke has made completely black. The leaves, I grieve to say, will soon feel the same influence, and then woe to the inexperienced wight who takes refuge from a pelting shower beneath their branches, for each leaf, as it is struck by a heavy drop, flings out a little sprinkle of soot in its rebound, and this descending with the drop that had disturbed it, daubs, with most inhospitable smuts, the *shelterree* beneath. But even six weeks of London atmosphere, though it does much to spoil the daylight freshness of those trees, does not prevent them from being very beautiful in a moonlight night. How strange and (to me) affecting, is the sudden contrast, when, in half a minute's walk from paved Pall Mall, with its many people and its noise of carriages, you get into this park with a serf of leafy branches above your head, and the pale moonlight struggling through.

But St. James's is the lowest (I mean nearest the earth's centre) of all the Parks, and so far, the least agreeable. To describe Hyde Park, would

require a complete letter for itself; with a postscript, nearly as long as the letter, devoted to Kensington Gardens. Hyde Park is, indeed, a noble expanse; and the breeze sweeps down into it "fresh and strong," as long as a breeze is to be had any where for love or money; and with its galloping horsemen and ladies, and gay equipages, the Park is full of images of life and activity. How striking, here too, is the contrast, when you pass through the little door in the wall, which divides this Park from Kensington Gardens: How instantaneously, you feel to have passed from the region of air and exercise, to that of close shade and extreme tranquillity. I speak not of company days, when

crowds and gaudy dresses make all places alike, but on week days, in the morning or forenoon, or towards evening, when you may have Kensington Gardens, with their long walks, and quiet seats, and deep shade, all to yourself. When you may sit, with nothing to disturb the general silence but the singing of birds, and reflect that within a mile or two is the mighty living, moving mass of London—the greatest of cities—the most astounding aggregation that the world ever saw of all that is mightiest in wealth, and power and grandeur—of all that is most hideous and humiliating in vice and misery, and crime! Here may you sit in meditation, or with your book, and say to yourself—

"Here wisdom calls, 'Seek virtue first, be bold;
As gold to silver, virtue is so gold.'
There London's voice, 'Get money—money still
And then let virtue follow—if she will.'"

But I must not omit to tell you of the "Regent's Park," also, the beauty and grandeur of which have grown into existence since you were a sojourner in London, and knew the situation as certain fields, called Marylebone Park. The position of this beautiful place, with the rising grounds of Hampstead and High-gate, forming a charming view beyond it, is the most favourable of all the London pleasure grounds. To a taste not very fastidious about purity of architectural design or indignant at more outside show than in-door stability, this neighbourhood must seem beautiful beyond compare. The noble terraces of superb houses, with porticos, pillars, and pilastres, (most of them built of old brick and covered with stucco in imitation of stone), the gardens and flowering shrubs, with large trees in the distance, the sheet of water, and the shaven lawn, with groups of beautiful children disporting thereupon, and sheep, (which you need not remember are to be made mutton of next morning); all this is, I assure you, very delicious; and, in the evening, when lamps are lighted in all directions, and reflected from the water in a thousand points of dancing light—when a band or two is playing, and groups of beautiful women are taking there after-dinner lounge about the grounds, there is a something in the matter very much

calculated to intoxicate a man of observation and sensibility, the rather if he be a little intoxicated beforehand with claret. I do not, however, mean to recommend this preparation for a proper appreciation of beauty in sight or sound, to any gentleman, and much less, lady of our acquaintance; and indeed, I must beg, in this particular to be understood as speaking from other experience than my own. What I have been describing, is all very pleasant when one is in the humour to be pleased; but it all depends upon that; and to me, the whole effect has sometimes been lost by exhibitions of puppyism which I could not stomach—fellows who seemed manufactured by their tailor's creatures

"like Apes,
With foreheads villainous low."

talking loud nonsense, and poisoning the pleasant evening air with tobacco smoke, the odour of which offendeth me—this and other the like nuances, will sometimes, may oftentimes, come between the solitary felicity-hunter and his enjoyment of the evening in the Regent's Park.

But after this long discourse on Parks, you will perhaps cry out—"what are they all to our Park—the Phoenix Park, of Parks the Phoenix!" Nothing, absolutely nothing, I admit as regards extent and natural beauty.

The variety of hill and dale—of thick wood and deep ravine,—and above all, the delightful view, as you look towards and beyond the Liffey, in the Park drive, from Island-Bridge gate, to Chapelized, are such things as we Londoners have no idea of; yet, to the quiet rich citizen's eye, your Park might appear too huge and rugged for a pleasure ground, and he might prefer the more contracted spot upon which art has lavished all its power of exquisite ornament, and placed it within the compass of a single view—the limit of one little walk. I do not think, however, that the people of Dublin are as sensible as they ought to be to the wondrous advantages of situation which their city enjoys, or if they are, they do not take the pains they ought to celebrate them. No one can have read many books and periodicals of the day, without learning something about London localities; and the beauties of Edinburgh (I do not mean the “*lasses O!*”) have been said and sung in thousands of ways and places, with a fervour of national pride regarding their “*own romantic town*,” which does the Scotch much credit; yet I question very much whether Edinburgh, although more striking and picturesque within the immediate limits of the town, can boast any thing like such beautiful scenery in its near neighbourhood, as Dublin can. The memory of these scenes is not so distinct in my mind as it once was; but I still think of a drive which I took, a long time ago, on a beautiful summer's morning, shortly after sunrise, to a commanding point of view, called “*Mount Anvil*,” or some such smith-like name, and from thence beheld a view, so gloriously beautiful, of sea and land—of far-stretching bay, and rugged “*promontory*”—of rich cultivated land, and distant mountain, and leafy wood—all bathed in the gladsome light of the morning sun—Ah! I shall not see its like again, or if I do, not with such feelings—not with the freshness of young imagination, revelling in the beautiful, and thinking of nothing else. I remember too, the rich solemn beauty of the quiet summer evenings, when from that noble avenue of elms—that succession of beautiful terraces, formed by the banks of the broad canal from the bridge on the great western road, down to the Saint James's Reservoir; I

have watched the sun set behind the hill of Castleknock, which seemed all on fire, and have gazed upon the rich masses of “*piled clouds*” while their streaks of fiery gold slowly faded into darkness. Never since, have I seen anything more beautiful; and I have often wished that such scenes were celebrated as they deserve to be. Now that Dublin has got a Magazine of its own, which is read far and near, I hope that the subject of Dublin localities will not be forgotten, and that I may recognise in poetry or poetic prose, the “*whereabout*” of my youth, of which I feel so much more than I can describe.

But, it is ours—ours here in London, to enjoy the gorgeous splendour, and the finished excellence of art. I shall not speak of our noble collections of paintings—of those by the ancient masters, some of them the finest in the world, which may be seen every day, and all day, in Pall Mall, for nothing; or of the galleries of modern pictures, to which one may obtain admittance for a shilling. I am no artist, and cannot describe these things; but, I must say something of our Italian Opera, however inadequate I may be, to write about it, as one more gifted with musical science might. This huge and splendid theatre, has been well filled, since this month commenced, and has well deserved to be so, for I do not remember to have seen before, such an assemblage of first rate singers. At present, we have as principal female singers, Pasta, Cinti Damoreau, and De Meric; and we are still better off, in male singers, Rubini, Tamburini, Donzelli, and Zucchali. There are not four such singers as these, in all the world besides, nor is there upon the face of the earth, such another operative performer as Pasta. Rubini, has an ugly, angry countenance, which gives the stranger little reason to hope for the exquisite delicacy of voice, and soft brilliancy of execution, with which he sings. His style is florid—full of ornament, but ornament in which there is no labouring, no appearance of difficulty. His falsetto, which he uses continually, scarcely seems a falsetto, so clear, and sweet, and delicate, yet, so well articulated, that even in the remotest part of that vast theatre, not a note is lost. In the execution of his complicated

passages, it is a very shower of delicious sound, and quite as remarkable for its feeling, as its brilliancy. Donzelli, and Tamburini, are rich tenors. Donzelli, has the greater volume of voice; indeed, I never heard any thing to be compared to his voice, for the prodigious heap of sound which he can pour forth, and it is *all* music. Braham's *fortissimo* passages, were little better than shouting; but Donzelli, is louder, and yet does not seem to shout. We used to think a good deal of Curioni, but, now, that we have become accustomed to Donzelli, he would appear but a second rate singer. Tamburini's voice is deeper, mellower, and richer than Donzelli's. He is the more delightful singer, I think, of the two; though, the less powerful. He is an admirable actor also. I have seen him play a great variety of characters from the merry Figaro, to the bluff Harry the Eighth of England, and he sang and played in all, with admirable discrimination of character, and correct appreciation of the sentiment he was to portray. Zuchelli's voice goes much lower than Tamburini's, and equals it in rich softness of tone. When Rubini, Tamburini, and Zuchelli, sing together, in *La Gazza Ladra*, it is the most delicious concord of sweet sounds, that I ever heard, or am like to hear again.

Madame Cinti, has a delightfully soft, round tone of voice, with singular ease and flexibility in the use of it. Her singing, seems to give her no trouble whatever, yet, she is by no means deficient in such energy as the parts she performs require. Her greatest success is, in the expression of joy—nothing can be more expressive, than the beautiful gushings out of melody, in such passages—it is happiness set to music. But, Pasta—Pasta, is the Queen of operatic performance. In that immense theatre, with thousands gazing upon her from the wide pit, and tier above tier of closet boxes, and gallery far away in the distance, filled to the top with heads, all fixed in attentive gaze upon the stage, Pasta, comes forth, habited like a Queen, and, for the time, no doubt, feels herself every inch a Queen. Her Medea, you have, perhaps, seen, but, her Anna Bolena, I believe you have not. Never did I behold such

noble energy of acting, or listen to more glorious music. It is by Donizetti, and (they say) it is chiefly stolen from Mozart's Masses.—I cannot tell, but if it be, I forgive the theft, as I have heard the Opera, and, probably, would never have heard the Masses as such. Pasta's voice is finer than ever, though, it has still, in some few notes, that slight huskiness, which prevents it from being perfection. Mori, now leads the orchestra. I don't know what has become of Spagnioletti, we have Dragonetti, as of old, and Lindley, and Nicholson, and Wilmer, and Platt, and Harper. What a concert of instrumental music these performers make!—yet they cannot bring audiences without the great singers, and, now, that we have them, the audiences are so great, that in the pit, one almost half dies with the heat. Every thing has its draw-back—every luxury its attendant inconvenience.

But, notwithstanding the delights of Italian music, I have, for my own particular part, so much of national feeling about me, that I derive more genuine hearty satisfaction—more *solid enjoyment*, if I may thus express myself, from a good, plain English song, by such a man as H. Phillips, than from any other kind of vocal music. If you have never heard H. Phillips, you can scarcely have an idea of what a very admirable thing, a good English song is, when given with the plain, unaffected, incomparable excellence of his singing. Certainly, the English are the most “unmoveable” race in the world, or they would get into much greater raptures than they do, with Henry Phillips's singing. They esteem it very much, but it is not in the power of music or sentiment to make John Bull enthusiastic. Nothing, but an infringement of what he considers a public right, or an alarm about matters of money, or credit, will shake him from his propriety. I heard Phillips, sing a song the other night, before a huge crowd, so finely national in its feeling, and sung with such admirable expression, that I thought they ought to have gone wild about it; but it was merely *encored*, and very little applauded when repeated. The song is a curious one, and as I never heard it, or heard of it before, I copy it here, for your edification:—

THE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

A BALLAD.

I'll sing you an old song, which was made by an old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman, who had an old estate,
And he kept a brave old mansion up, at a bountiful old rate.
And he had a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

His spacious hall was hung around with pikes and guns and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers that had stood against old foes ;
And there his worship sat in state, in doublet and trunk hose,
And quaff'd a cup of fine old sack, to warm his good old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

When winter old brought frost and cold, he open'd house to all,
And though threescore and ten his years, he fealty led the hall ;
Nor was the houseless wanderer then driven from his hall,
For, whilst he feasted all the great, he ne'er forgot the small,
Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time.

These good old times have pass'd away, and all such customs fled,
We've now no fine old gentlemen, or young ones in their stead ;
Necessity has driven hope and charity away :
Yet may we live to welcome back that memorable day
Which rear'd those fine English gentlemen, all of the olden time.

He sung this in a kind of chaunt, accompanying himself on the piano forte, and gave every line and word with a distinctness of articulation, and feeling expression of the sentiment they conveyed, such as I think it would be impossible to surpass. As an English singer Braham does not deserve to be named in the same day with Henry Phillips.

Our English acted Drama seems to have received the *coup de grace*—it is all over with it in London. This is rather a strange illustration of the boasted progress of intellect and information among the people, which we hear of from those who wish to make this alleged improvement the apologist of political revolution. If sound knowledge, and good taste, had really made great progress with the public at large, is it probable that we should mark their consequences in the complete desertion of the regular drama, while opera, and spectacle, and dancing, obtain large audiences? I suspect that the people have been of late acquiring more of French habits and tastes than of "useful knowledge," and that the amusements and moral sentiments, as well as the political principles of the modern French are making

more way amongst us, than is for our good. Be the cause what it may, good English tragedy and comedy are out of fashion. Mahbran's singing, and the French ballet, and the German operas, are given for the popular entertainment at one of the great national theatres, and the other is shut up, and its company forced to take refuge in an insignificant minor theatre, which, small as it is, I believe they cannot fill, even by the performance of Knowles's new play, which is highly spoken of by all who speak of it at all. Knowles deserves a better fortune than this—his dramatic genius is an honour to our country, and our time, and it ought to be more fitly rewarded. His new drama "The Wife" is a delightful play, and abounds in those passages of vigorous freshness and touching simplicity, which one wonders can be written by a man who has rubbed through the world, and been made subject to its habits of continual affectation, or mere designing hypocrisy. Knowles writes like one with the strength of a man, and the spirit and feelings of a youth. "The Wife" is—but you have seen the plot set forth in the newspapers, and perhaps some extracts, which were well chosen. I cannot help, however,

quoting one for you, which I believe the newspapers did not give... It is when Leonardo discovers himself to

Martina, who had just avowed her love for him, not knowing he was present.

Martina.—'Tis he!

Leonardo.—It is my love!

'Tis he who won thy heart not seeking it!
'Tis he whose heart thou won'st not knowing it!
Who saw thee rich in all but fortune's gifts
And—servant unto men, though lord of them—
Balanc'd their poor esteem against thy wealth,
Which fortune could not match! accountable
To others, never I reveal'd the love
I did not see the way for thee to bless
As only thou would'st bless it! Now that way
Is clear! is open! lies before my sight
Without impediment, or anything
Which with the will, I cannot overleap!
And now, my love before! my love till now!
And still my love! Now, now, I call thee wife
And wed thee here, here, here, in Mantum!

The passionate joy of this passage—its simplicity, and yet fervour of expression, are, to my thinking, exceedingly felicitous. But our people, enlightened as they are by "useful knowledge," will not crowd to hear such music of sound and sense as this, they like opera better, and the French danseuses, with their short petticoats, and much-revealing pirouettes!

A word here, however, about Taglioni, whom I was atrocious enough to forget just now, when I jotted down something about the Opera. Taglioni is by no means to be confounded with the ordinary herd of *Premieres danseuses*. She is no mere jumper and twister, and twinkler of the feet; there is gentleness, sentiment, and most exquisite gracefulness in her movements. Her action is *festina lente* done into dancing. Her motion is as leisure, and as lightsome as the waving of a downy feather in a gentle air. As Tommy Moore singeth—

"You'd swear
That her steps are of light, that her home
Is the air."

Or you might alter a little, one of the lines of a still greater poet, and applying it to her, speak of

"The mind—the music breathing from her feet."

She is—in short she is TAGLIONI, the first danseuse in Europe, and let nobody that has not seen her, suppose that he

has formed an idea of the perfection to which dancing may be brought.

But it is time now to try to answer your serious question, the which I have deferred so long while I discussed these trifles, from a reluctance to enter upon a subject to which I can do so little justice. You ask me what seems to me to be the moral and religious state of this great metropolis, and whether London society, with regard to these great concerns, appears to be advancing or retrograding? It would require a greater experience, a more extensive knowledge, and perhaps a more deeply serious habit of observation than mine, to give an answer of any value to this question; but such an opinion as I am enabled to form from what I see, and hear, and read, I shall give you. I am, then, inclined to think that the effect of our continental intercourse since the peace has been to deteriorate the morals, and to weaken the religious principles of the mass of society. I have no doubt that the aristocracy and gentry of England, notwithstanding their manifold vices, for which I seek neither to be their judge nor their apologist, are, considering their temptations and opportunities, and luxuriant mode of living, a less sinful race than might have been almost expected, but, for the most part, their morality I should say, is the morality of good manners, rather than the result of religious impressions, and so

many, the *Tartuffe* morality, would not seem very heinous,

"Le scandale du monde, est ce qui fit l'offense
Et ce n'est pas pecher, que pecher en silence,"

But after all, it is very difficult to judge what may be the average progress or retrogression of these classes in sound doctrine and virtuous practice, for though vice and presumptuous philosophy are more rife than formerly, yet on the other hand the active zeal of Ministers of the Church is found in many places much greater than it was wont to be, and I believe this pious activity seldom fails to produce at least some good fruit. The churches and chapels in the districts chiefly inhabited by the gentry, are, for the most part, crowded, and the preaching is generally good, though by no means so energetic or exciting as I remember to have heard in Dublin. Preachers here seldom address the feelings of their congregation, and they are right, for nine out of ten English people would be wholly unmoved by any appeal to their sensibilities. Within the limits of the "city," which is thickly studded with fine old churches, blocked up among ware-houses and counting houses; I am told that the congregations are very scanty, for the more wealthy have their houses of residence in some other part of London, and very many of the middling classes in trade are dissenters. It were much to be wished that some arrangement could be made to transfer the revenues and service of these unattended churches to places where they are very much wanted, and would be constantly and abundantly useful, but unfortunately the tide of Church Reform runs rather towards stripping the church of its revenues and abridging its influence, than towards the application of its existing strength to the spiritual wants of the people, by a better apportionment of the means it possesses.

But as regards the working classes

of the metropolis and the class between them, and what may be called the middle class, I fear that there is a great and increasing amount of positive irreligion. This I believe is owing very much to political causes. The object of certain political teachers, by newspapers, and tracts distributed at a very cheap rate to the lower orders, is to root out of their minds the principle of reverence. A Parson is held up as a man worthy only of hatred and ridicule—a part of the machinery of "corrupt government," and from the Parson, the scorn and contempt is transferred to that which it is his business to teach. It is lamentable to see the crowds of "pale mechanics," most of them young men, and well clothed, who stray about London in groups on Sundays, and never think of going to church. I have endeavoured sometimes to catch the general conversation of these groups and I have found it a strange mixture of smartness, jest, obscenity, irreligion, and self-satisfied contempt of every thing and every body in the world except those who have made speeches in public in favour of the popular side in politics.

Now all this is a very meagre answer to your question, but you will, after the manner of the wise, extract something from my nothings, and so I leave it.

You interdict me from writing you what you call an essay on Tories, Radicals, and Whigs, (I am glad you put Whigs last) but you will permit me to tell you that I have seen the quondam idol of the mob, Hobhouse, pelted off the hustings of Covent-garden with rotten cabbages and turnips, and I have heard Burdett execrated by a thousand tongues as the vilest of mankind: This is what I call "retribution."

Make my affectionate remembrances to my cousins, and believe me, my dear aunt,

Your affectionate nephew,

H. R.

THE EDITOR'S OMNIBUS—HIS TESTIMONY TO HIS OWN CHARACTER AND MERITS—HIS GRAND COLLEGE BREAKFAST ON JULY THE FIRST IN THE MORNING CLEAR, &c.

THE EDITOR, WITH A BECOMING DEGREE OF MODEST ASSURANCE, INTRODUCES HIMSELF TO THE WHOLE CIRCLE OF HIS SPECIES, EXECUTING ALL WITH THE GRACE OF A FINISHED GENTLEMAN—A ROTATORY CONGE—A CYCLICAL MOVEMENT—A BOW ALL ROUND.

To the whole of this flesh and blood world in general, the whole wide family of man*, Antony Poplar, Esq. Editor of the Dublin University Magazine, offers by these presents a gentle greeting and friendly salutation.

"From the first moment that there issued from the press the first number of this our magazine, a work, the idea of which first suggested itself to our worthy publishers, when casting about in their minds to confer a solid practical benefit on the species; and in effecting which, as a grateful world will testify, they have admirably succeeded, we were fully aware of the inconvenience which, from the public nature of our editorial office, would result to a person like ourselves of retiring habits, and endowed with a degree of "sensitive shrinkingness," as Leigh Hunt, the cockney poet,

* Some of our excellent Tory friends may, perhaps, be offended at the possibility of the act of courtesy we have just performed in the text, being construed from the general nature of the terms employed, to include among its objects that class of existences unhappily too well known in these days by the name of Whigs. This most grievous misapprehension of our meaning, for most grievous it is, could only result from an ignorance of the late improvements in zoological science; the fact being, that in addition to certain peculiarities of external form and the power of emitting articulate sounds in succession, the capacity of accompanying them with something like ideas or common sense,—and which, of course, decides the question against the poor Whigs,—is now absolutely insisted on as a mark of humanity among the soundest thinking naturalists of the present day. Of this most comfortable conclusion, and one in which every stickler for the dignity of our species must heartily rejoice, we were well aware when we used the terms above referred to. Before we dismiss this nice point of classification, the effect of which is to turn our present rulers out of their places in creation; which, perhaps, they might seem to lament much, as in any other times it would lose them their places in the cabinet, a case which they would lament far more, *ploratur lacrymis amissa pecunia veris*; we confess that in our softer moods; for really we do not hate the Whigs, we merely despise them;

either actually did or might say, even culpable. We were henceforth to live for ever and aye before the face of man. Solitude, we foresaw, was to be, through all future time, to us an absolutely forbidden idea, or should ever, in an unguarded moment, the refreshing image steal in on the weariness of the heart, it was forthwith sternly to be dismissed, even without the sad but unmanly luxury of a sigh. Our consciousness warned us of the force with which the vast weight of public honours that awaited us, would press upon a frame so fine in its material, and interwoven with fibres spun to a degree of such exquisite delicacy as our own. The trial has been made; and though we certainly have survived it, the public may rest assured a severe one it was. We are now prepared by the analogy of our own experience, to do full justice—and as no one else can do so, no one else ever does—to the deep agony of distressed modesty, with which the present Lord Chancellor permitted himself to be clothed with the over-powering glories of his elevated office, and the foresight of which alone, we doubt not, urged him to that famous declaration in the House of Commons, pending the formation of the Grey administration, against any arrangements being supposed to include his acceptance of power.

We were then perfectly prepared for the justifiable impatience with which our publishers,—pestered as they have been to death, by enquiries from all quarters as to our personal existence and character—have insisted on our coming boldly, at once, before the public, and permitting the world to judge, by ocular inspection, "what manner of

man we be." Of such an intense state of curiosity, on the part of the public, we ourselves indeed can judge sufficiently from some symptoms which have manifested themselves of late, in reference to our local habitation in College. Several parties of Ladies and Gentlemen, who have come into the Courts, on pretence of seeing the Library, have been detected by our Daus—a well known College functionary—in the act of peeping through our key-hole, and through the opening of our letter-box, manifestly desirous to satisfy their own eyes, as to our own proper person. Now, we are naturally as mild in our temper as any sucking dove; but all human patience has a limit dictated by self-respect, and so it is with us. Let the public and ourselves, then, come to a clear understanding on this point. We have had serious thoughts, let us tell them, of opening a second embrasure in the wall, in addition to the *peep-hole* characteristic of all College rooms; and, which, as is well known, commands the outer door opening into the common lobby: and, of mounting ~~thereat~~, a couple of large springs, always charged, and worked by a neat mechanical contrivance, connected with our writing-desk, in such a manner as that we can discharge both, simultaneously, without moving from our chair of study. This plan, the idea of which, we borrowed from the mode adopted by the Russian police, of dispersing an unruly mob, by playing on it a fire-engine, might be employed too, with considerable effect, we imagine, against another species of tormentors, in the shape of would-be poetical contributors*—young striplings of seventeen,

we have felt inclined to permit their claim to forming the intermediate link between man and the inferior animals; at least, we think, it is as yet quite an open question between them and the Ooran Outangs, so that we look forward with great interest to a debate between the contending parties in a full House somewhere or other in the interior of New Holland, the native country of one class of honourable members, while a general emigration subscription among all patriotic Tories will secure the attendance of the other and the opposing class, if before that time the going judges of Amaze shall not have indicated to them all,—for not one must stay behind—the means of travelling thitherward, *via* Botany Bay.

A. P.

* Silly as we often thought the present age to be, we could frame no adequate conception of its weakness, until, in a fatal hour, we announced in our prospectus, our intention of keeping a corner for the Muse. A corner quotha! As we live by bread, we seriously protest, that we could undertake to supply with copies of verses handed in to us in the course of one little month, for publication, a broad sheet as

of slim and interesting figures, with their collars open, a la Byron, and their hair curled out into corkscrews, a la poodle-dog, and, who keep up, with their kid-enveloped hands, a small, but incessant pattering at our door; and, should we,—in a fit of lunacy,—open the same, present forthwith a perfumed letter, requesting in a lack-a-daisical tone, an early insertion of the contained “trifle” as they modestly and truly designate the contents.—But the syringe is the thing.—

Let, then, the whole world know henceforth that he who has, for these last six months, been the efficient cause of so much happiness, renewed at the beginning of each month, is known among his compeers by the name of ANTHONY POPLAR; that, as he now writes, he is sitting in No. 12, Botany-bay Square, drawing-room floor, Trinity College, Dublin; belongs to the rank of Fellow Commoners, and will answer for his degree at the ensuing Raster Examinations. On the score of personal appearance, he thinks it sufficient to predicate of his, as holding a sort of mean between those ramrod figures among our College men so much sought after at quadrille parties, as, in addition to their genteel aspect, occupying, in a crowded room, but small, lateral space—and, those other

classes, whose juvenile forms indicate prospective obesity, and are more frequently seen round a goodly dinner table,—the knowing master thereof, wisely limiting the distribution of his good things, to those whose physical conformation can testify their gratitude,—conjoined with the not unimportant fact, that your satillings, having, generally, no great wit of their own to bring into the market, are the more disposed to enjoy the proverbially excellent jokes of their host—for excellent they must be, else, how could they be received, as they invariably are, with such shouts of laughter, particularly as far as the host's eye can reach down the table—especially, as often happens, when the anecdote should be somewhat long, when each guest settles on a different part, as containing the whole point, and executes a sole laugh, independently of the rest, and according to the best of his own private knowledge.

Whether our Collegiate course has been marked with honours, or the reverse, it is not for us to say, but one must refer to the public prints, which contain a list of the successful candidates for literary eminence at our examinations. Before we depart from this topic, though not exactly connected with the subject matter of discussion,

large as the Phoenix Park—and, as to the contents, call us a braggart, if we are not sick at the very idea—just to think of a rational being, condemned to peruse a mass of rhymes stuffed with the most insane twaddle, addressed, for the most part, to young Ladies, as we conjecture from the headings of “To ———, To Mary, Song of Sorrow—(that we know, who have to read it.) “To one who will understand them,” (who that may be, we should like to know,) &c. &c., and in which we are sure to meet eternally the same silly prettyisms about “sunny smiles,” and “rosen-tinted cheeks,” and “sunny-sleeping eye,” and “lake-like brow,”—the whole interspersed at proper distances, with a profusion of pathetic “ah's!” and “oh's!” and “Ah me's!”—infallible symptoms of deep feeling, you will observe, on the part of the writers, and to such sensitive readers as ourselves, absolutely distressing. Our *Devus*, Mike, who has latterly been able to penetrate into the nature of our occupation as Editor, and even to assist us by a species of criticism, as we shall immediately show, admirably practical, as soon as he hears a rustling at our letter-box, pounces on the prey, and with the exclamation of “why, thunder and thurf, master, here's another ballad!”—quietly wraps it round the candles for the evening, or boils up our kettle therewith. However, as we really do not wish to discourage our young brethren of the quill, we beg to tell them, by way of comfort, that we shall make a due selection before long, which shall appear in an extra number, in the course of next month, and whose denomination, we think, we shall settle on to be “SILLYANA,” or, OUR BITTER BAD NUMBER. So, let all such, write on, and they shall have every fair chance of insertion. For this latter resolution of ours, we shall be thanked, we know, by a whole host of fair sentimental Album-keepers, who really can get none of their literary acquaintances to write a single line for them, and for whom even the public prints supply nothing, since Lord John Russell, who was quick at such matters,—such a love!—has betaken himself from the *Annals* completely, to that noisome House of Commons.

we may be permitted to say, that after the very best enquiries we could make—and we have made many—and exercising all impartiality on this score—we are convinced that the system of education adopted in our own College, is by far the best that the United Kingdom has yet exhibited.* We believe this is all that we will say of our proper person, an instance of self-denial, which it would be greatly for our comfort, if some of our good acquaintances, that we wot of, would imitate, also, to speak with candour, are immoderately given to talk about themselves, and their own doings, and their own affairs, just as if there were not fully as good people to talk about in the world—ourselves among the number.

Touching the Magazine, with which it is our fortune to be connected—what shall we say? Nothing, but that it is PERFECT. To this eulogium we shall limit ourselves, and leave to an admiring and grateful world to express the rest. Our circulation is positively immense. Our publishers have long since, ceased to keep any account of the individual numbers they monthly

send out from their establishment,—the vulgar powers of arithmetic sinking under the attempt at enumeration. At times, when they are sorely pushed upon the point, one of the parties who never gets his head dressed for this very reason, will refer the inquirer to the multitude of straws that constitute his *thatch*, intimating, at the same time, that only a faint idea of the minor limit of our circulation can be thence attained. It is but justice, and indeed we are authorized by the parties concerned, to state, that this excellent way of expressing an infinite number, which, as we said before, is the amount of our monthly circulation, was originally taken from that very ingenious nation, the plum-coloured Indians, among whom, we are happy to say, we reckon some of our most ardent admirers and best paying subscribers.† Indeed, we confess, no eulogy ever yet passed on our Editorial labors, has touched us so deeply as that contained in the sweet strain which is heard now universally at day-break; a chaunting through all their wigwams sweetly, as it intimates that the blessings, their intercourse with more advanced society

* On this subject it is our intention to dwell more at large in some future number, and we shall probably avail ourselves of the opportunity to institute a comparison of the different systems of education pursued at the several Universities of the United Kingdom, an ordeal which our good old Alma Mater, we may rest assured, need not fear to encounter. We have merely time to advert to one marked feature in the mode of education she has adopted, and in which, we hesitate not to say, she is honorably distinguished above all her competitors, at least within the limits of the British Empire. We allude to the habits of *accurate* thought forced upon the youthful mind by the peculiar style of conducting the Quarterly Examinations; and in producing which, we know the Scotch system is lamentably deficient, in addition to the vast fund of literary and scientific information combined, with which, at least, a candidate for honors is required to be supplied, far surpassing that which either Oxford, or Cambridge, separately considered, require of her *alumni*. A very slight detail of our Academic curriculum, would, we conceive, fully establish the assertions we have made. The many improvements lately introduced, will tend greatly to strengthen our position, but we shall refer to these more fully hereafter, particularly, when combined with those which are at present, as we understand, in contemplation, and which, in addition to other points of recommendation, are singularly calculated to *elicit* and *stamp* literary merit of every grade among the Students of the University.

† Our public will observe, that the latter part of this sentence contains a decided climax in its construction: as the Proprietor of the Magazine can well appreciate the vast difference in point of merit, between him who is content with reading and admiring, and him—the worthier far—who reads, admires, and subscribes. This idea was neatly enough put, some time ago, in a New York paper, wherein the eulogy of Jonathan Fyshe, Esq. was announced, accompanied with an eulogium most expressive in its latter part:—"He was a good father, an excellent son, and a regular payer of his subscriptions to our paper." Something analogous to this takes place in the case of good Mammas, who mightily distinguish between him who comes merely to *admire* and him who comes moreover to *propose*.

has conferred, have not fallen upon thankless hearts, among such simple children of nature. "Arise, and let us bless the land of the pale-faces!" Cometh, not from thence, Cherry-brandy, yea, too, the Dublin University Magazine?" How much the compliment to ourselves is enhanced by the Magazine being placed in collocation with Cherry-brandy, among a people so refined in their tastes, we leave the public to appreciate. We shall conclude this head, by saying, that our publishers are ready to receive estimates for constructing a tub for measuring out in dry measure, the sets as they issue from the press, and which,—for it must be convenient in size,—as far as circumstances will permit, will be expected not to exceed the great tun of Heidelberg.

Suppose it then settled, that we are the very best of all possible writers,—settled by the whole world—with the single dissentient voice of one Edward Lytton Bulwer, who confidently believes himself, poor man, at the head of all modern literature. Of Edward Lytton Bulwer, thus casually presented to our view, as Dr. Johnson says of Gilbert Walmsley, "let us indulge in the contemplation." Lytton, we believe,—he should give us a sketch of his own life, if he wants it to be written at all—commenced his literary career by a novel called, "Pelham," or the "Adventures of a Gentleman," a work which certainly had at first a great run among all the young Ladies' Boarding Schools in the fashionable squares, owing, altogether, to the delightful—by no means unintelligible—philosophic dissertations in the notes about Bolingbroke, and all that—but whose perusal, for the book is still extant, is latterly quite limited to Trunk-maker's daughters, as often as they contrive to secure it from paternal dismemberment, by stowing it away under bundles of black leather. We admit that we have read the work ourselves, but, under circumstances, which, when we state them, will, we doubt not, palliate, if not entirely excuse this trespass against good sense. We had (it was last summer, just after the commencement of the long vacation) been out fishing in a river in the Co. Wicklow, with very bad luck, having got, during the whole blessed day, but one solitary, though glorious nibble, and that far on towards evening. In our

anxiety to secure the prey, we leaped forward, and found, in one moment, our mode of existence reduced to a somewhat amphibious state—the superior part of our humanity surrounded still by its primitive atmosphere, while supposing, as with the case of the polypus, our remainder to have constituted a distinct animal by itself, its life, as the Irish poet well expressed it, and for the same cause, must have been

"As precarious as the fishes that are within the sea."

Out, at last, we got, and *charted* our way over to a widow lady, an old family friend who, with two very beautiful and innocent, and merry-hearted young daughters, about two miles off, in a sweet little honey-suckle-shaded cottage,—with its latticed windows—straw roof—but we will say no more about it; else the whole world would be off to see it, and peester the fair inmates out of their lives. It is a real cottage—mind that gentle reader—not one of your cottages in romance, where some tall heroine, whose brow of dazzling whiteness is sure to be shaded by clusters of dark curls, pours forth to her double or single action harp, as the case may be, her sweet yet melancholy notes—your true romance heroine, be it understood, scorning to be ever in any other state, than that of gentle melancholy, and much given to the inditing "*crip*" sonnets, as Leigh Hunt would call them, to the moon as she stands on the sea shore—while over her bends some sympathizing youth, with a face indicative of soul, no doubt—but which is not the less indicative of niminess. Well, Sirs, in we went dripping, and were received with outstretched arms, as we anticipated. All was bustle and preparation—but how to effect an exchange of garments, as there was nothing in the shape of male habiliments in the entire establishment, became now a very perplexing question. The good old lady protested against our repairing to the kitchen fire, there to undergo, in our proper person, a process of toasting and turning—and a system of mutual glances and looks between the fair nymphs, accompanied with the most decided symptoms of stifled laughter, showed that the idea had entered their minds, of our submitting to be inducted into the largest of their frocks—*astonqu*—while did Achilles in his more juvenile

days. But, though as we have intimated there was classical authority for this translation of dress, we could not exactly relish the prospect of sitting the whole evening in presence of a pair of light-hearted sylphs, ready to expire with ever renewed laughter, and, therefore, under pretence of fatigue, proposed our adjournment to bed, to which we were consigned forthwith; bearing up stairs, however, in solemn and cautious procession, in our own hands, a huge bowl of wine-why which we were earnestly enjoined to imbibe immediately, with which, it is needless to say, we heartily complied. We got into bed, but for the life of us could not close our eyes—our bed was just on a level with the open casement, through which, from the honey-suckle and wall-flower, floated a rich and refreshing perfume; while through the garden foliage, our eyes caught the sun setting, in softened glory, far, far up on the very top of a magnificent mountain range on the west, close by the opening of a gigantic burnished cloud, like a way-worn traveller at the door of his tent. There he sat—we could have thought, for hours—looking in calm majesty over the wide scene of voluptuous beauty beneath him, as though, to all seeming, loth to leave a world so fair. We will remember that evening long enough; many a time since that, amid the silent and dim twilight of our College chambers, has the image of it risen up to our memory before we fell asleep; often wondering if we could ever be after this way so happy again. Alas! no. The two beautiful girls, whose light peals of laughter, as we went up stairs that time, are yet vibrating most sweetly on our ear, are each on the eve of marriage, and are both going for many years to a far foreign land—one of them accompanied by their mother, who well knows, that she at least is never to return—other faces will be seenglancing through the cottage casements, and other voices than those we loved so dearly, will sound round that once familiar hearth—and, therefore, it

is we care not—for in it there would be but little heart—to go even in the same direction ever again. But we feel we are getting tender, which is contrary to our usual wont, and are falling into a melancholy mood, when we have promised to tell the public candidly how it happened that we should read any work of Lytton Bulwer's, whose very name we would defy the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, if his Grace knows any thing at all about the individual, which it is most likely he does not, to pronounce without a smile. The sun had gone down, inch after inch, until his appearance was reduced to a point of intense brilliancy on the mountain top—we were just in the very act of suiting the action to the word "Turn gentle hermit of the dale" as we thought a change of corporeal position might induce sleep, when by a special interposition of Morpheus, who, no doubt, pitied our state, we caught a glimpse of Pelham, by Bulwer, lying on the table: we took it up—read the first page—and saw it was the very species of opiate we required. By reading every third page—for as to any interruption in Bulwer's meaning thence resulting, don't trouble yourself about a non-existence—we must have got through nearly the first volume in a state of considerable consciousness, as we just recollect seeing through our dreamy haze the word *Finis*, as we sunk down upon the pillow, which we are told always forms with our nose an acute angle in our state of repose, with a murmur of gratitude to Litton Bulwer, who had effected for our particular case, that blessing, the primitive discovery of which, awakened a similar spirit of thankfulness in Sancho Pancho, "Blessed be the man," said the paragon of all squires, "who first invented sleep." We woke next morning with Pelham in one hand, outside the bed-clothes, and intended to have sent off to some of the periodicals—the Edinburgh Review* probably—a criticism of the entire work, qualified as we were by the species of perusal we have just described, and which by your profes-

* This Journal, whose high and palmy days are long since gone by, continues, we understand, still to drag on a painful and lingering existence. Now as this must be a very serious loss to the publishers under such circumstances, why do they not get an Article—a single one will do—from—say Lytton Bulwer, and kill it at once?

sional reviewers would be reckoned as having involved an extraordinary degree of attention to the subject matter of our remarks. But the strawberries and cream, we suppose, which we got at breakfast, must have put the entire business out of our head; for from that day until this present moment we have never thought in any shape of poor Bulwer; and how he came at this writing into our head, is what we really cannot account for. Such then is the whole secret of our reading "Pelham." We are told that other works from the same "able pen," have issued from the press—nay, we have been assured that in one of them, "Paul Clifford," if we are not mistaken, the illustrious author waxeth right merry, and indulges in several jokes and other witty sayings, not laid down in Joe Miller, at least in the common editions; and, moreover, even at times the dog gets satirical and Junius-like, observing, in spite of the solicitations, privately we understand, addressed to him by the friends of the parties, no measures at all with the objects of his fury, but shivering them into atoms at the very first blow. His last attack on poor Lord Eldon, is considered to have made sad work with the feelings of that ill-starred peer. Still further, a friend of ours, on whose veracity we can implicitly rely, and who is, moreover, a wonderful searcher after publications that no one else sees—tells us that in a periodical called the New Monthly Magazine, of which Lytton is Editor—being so made as the whole world, except himself, knows, solely that Colburn, the proprietor may avail himself of Lytton's parliamentary privilege, (for Lytton is a statesman. Oh! tempora, Oh! mores), in his extensive bibliopolical correspondence—he has lashed Lockhart, of the Quarterly—how we pity Lockhart!—in terms which if he survives, our informant consents to be ever after called a roach. But, peace to poor Lytton! He has been

to us the source of much amusement, and we beg of him, by these presents, as the Minister of one Power says, when concluding his official note to another, to accept the assurance of our high considerations.

We are now about to enter on a subject of a far different kind, referring, as it does, to a measure which we foresee will prove to us a source at once of trouble and glory. Without further preface then, it is our solemn purpose to assume the character of a host and be at home to a brilliant and numerous assembly, whom we expect to honour as with their presence at a grand College Breakfast in our chambers, on no other day in the year than "July the First, in the morning clear." It was our original intention to have kept the whole affair as secret as possible, because there is such a competition for invitations to all College Breakfasts and *a fortiori* to ours, that we should have felt ourselves rather awkwardly situated in respect to many families, who if our purposes were to get abroad, would think themselves entitled to cards, when the truth is, we could have spared their presence excellently well. But we happened to mention it by way of conversation, on a visit we paid the other day to a family in ——— street,* never thinking what might be the result of our imprudence; but, whew! we had as lief proclaimed it at the Market Cross. The system of applications for cards since kept up—but let us speak first of the Breakfast itself, and the circumstances under which the idea of it originated.

Our readers are aware, and that portion of them which, out of an apprehension which they will kindly pardon us in calling most silly, of our instability, subscribed merely for six months, ought doubly to be aware, (so that they may continue, oh! 'good news for them,) their subscriptions, (let them say at once, for ever,) that with our July number we enter upon our second half

* We have purposely omitted the name of the street, as the rebuke contained in the text might, if more decidedly pointed, be recognised and appropriated; which, to tell the truth, we are not at all anxious should be the case, as we respect the individuals alluded to, far too much. One of the parties was a very handsome young lady, that much we will say, although, by the bye, this may serve to guide the curiosity of the public, as each of our fair acquaintances you know can, eye, and will, apply the reference to personal attraction to herself.

year. This important era "*Jure Solenni*" we were anxious to celebrate in a most fitting manner, but sometimes were at a loss how to act. At last the idea of a College Breakfast to be given to the most distinguished literary characters in the United Kingdom, along with a party of ladies and gentlemen, distinguished for nothing that we know, except their acquaintance with ourselves, struck us as the most eligible mode of marking the festal nature of the day. We were not personally known to the majority of the writers residing in England, and, therefore, hesitated for a moment in addressing notes of invitation. However we reflected that they were all good Tories and sensible men—a sensible Whig is now admitted to be a contradiction in terms—and would at least send us a polite refusal. We, therefore, took heart of grace, dispatched a whole packet of letters to England and Scotland by the same post; and already have received the most favorable and flattering answers from the great majority of those who received our invitations. We have before us, at this moment, letters from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hogg, Hallam, Lockhart, Carleton, Southey, &c., all expressing their determination to attend at our rooms on the First of July and anticipating a great deal of pleasure from witnessing in person, the ongoings of a University, respecting which they have heard so much. We have already engaged for them all the beds in Bilton's, and if matters continue in the same strain as they are doing at present, we must have recourse to Gresham's. The terms in which the several writers have expressed their acceptance of our invitations, are, in general, very characteristic; and we are sure that they will join with us in thinking, that no breach of confidence will be committed by our laying them, from time to time, before the public. In our present number we can only afford room for two—the first of which from a well-known literary and excellent individual in Scotland and couched in the simple but sweet Doric of his own hand.

"My dear Sir,

"I mair jeest begin, wⁱ askin' pardon o' you for the familiar and freesome manner in the whilk I noo address you—the mair especially as I dinna ken, that I hae ever had the pleasure

o' seein' you atween the een at any time or season o' this my mortal life. But the fact is, that you Eerishers hae sican a way wⁱ you, and hae the power o' puttin' into a' you write, sae muckle o' heart, that the face o' ane o' you (and win-some, I weel wot, yours maun be, sae that a' body fa's in luve wⁱ it at ance as they say o' a fiddle) becomes, in the clappin' o' ane's loof, frae the scarts on the paper as weel kenned as o' the very auldest o' my acquaintances wⁱ whom I had jeest parted as I cam ben the hoose and to forgather wⁱ whom it had been my lot on ilka day and at a' times and seasons—at kirk or market—sabbath or week-day—in hours o' rejoicin'—and I trust they found me thankfu'—as weel at hours o' mournin'—oot o' which I stap na to say the spirit as it mourned cam' a' the better—during the haill course and flow o' a changefu' existence flushed as it has been, as I hae said, noo and again wⁱ the best and brichtest and finest lights o' happiness that ever was sent frae Him oot o' the hollow o' whose hand thae waters cam at first, although there hae been far ither seasons when I cud hae thoct that the face o' the very Heavens had cum doon upon its surface in blackness and storm; but let that pass—an auld acquaintance whose freenship had begun in our early bairn time—thae dear and, Lord help us! noo far aff days, when we used in the simmer time to be biggin' our wee dams in the burn to turn our bits o' water wheels made oot o' rashea. Yo' may guess then hoo pleased was I to read your kin' and franksom letter which the lass brocht in on the same tray wⁱ the het water, and bearin' the Peebles post mark. I had been oot frae sunbreak, you see, on St. Mary's Loch, an' had a geyan busy day, as I had sent hame by Jamie Steenson's cart wha happened to be passin', a creel fu' and mair o' the grandest perch you ever set your twa een on, forby twa three troots that wee Jamie—the first o' my olive plants, Sir—wud carry hame in his ain han to mak' a feast like for himseel and his brithers and sisters. The bit wean cam roarin' after me as I was gaun oot in the mornin, and the mither o' him jeest threeped on me that I sud tak him, an see you ken thae women maun hae their way. I cam in then unco wearied aboot the time that they ca' the kye hame, weel on in the gloamin—by the same token

I met the laird of Glenland's twa hoors.—hech, Sirs! and bonny lassies they are, jeest cussin' oot at the slap, an' we had, you may weel suppose, our ain joke-in passin'. In I cam and doon the room the gude wife wud hae me to a coosy peat fire, whase blink was unco pleasant and heartsome in the dewfall, "an' Jamie," quos she, "you maun ee'a tak a drap o' somethin' het and strang, (passin' wi' the word to the cupboard, and bringin' thereoot an auld fashioned black bottle,) an' get yoursel weel rested the night, for the morn is the Sabbath, an' it wud na be that seemly for you to fa' asleep in the kirk time, you that is noo so weel kenned as a man o' reedie' and discretion, jeest like Laird Menzies in the front laft, wha is aye sure to shut his een at the geesin' oot o' the text an' be clean awavin' lang afore the Meenister's firsty—in troth he has na mair shame than the bit colley doug at his feet,—that has na be—that rowed up like a tether an' dreamin' its like, o' ruggin at cows tails, comes oot ever and anon, a wi' bit saufflin' bouch—bouch, see that the younger pairt o' the congregation are fain to step their psalm-books into their mouths to keep them frae laughin' right oot." Weel, Sir, I brak up your letter and read it owre an' owre again; but, man, it is an unco queer sort o' request you mak, altho' I ken weel it was right weel intended. It's a lang lang cry frae Dublin to my present sittin', an' deed I doot the wife and bairns wud set up their throats again it clean a' thegither, for they wud hae it to be naethin' else than a temptin' o' Providence, that I sud turn my face, to sippen a howlin' lan' o' blude thirsty Papishers—but as for that matter if I am to gae, I'm thinkin' there's twa three gude oak saplins that I hae had my een on in the forest and that I daunder doon to visit atween the forenoon and afternoon sermons, wi' me o' which under my arm, I hae a weel suspicion I cud mak oot my way through them a' unco weel. I sud like abune a' things to come—I've no deny it—for I hae heard tell o' some queer things anent your College, an' wud hae a thoosan' questions to ask aboot what I culdna mak oot frae the Almanack ava aboot your Examinations and your Terms, and your Professors and Provost, and Fellows, an' whether that Provost be an officer o' the like kind wi' him that they ca' see in oor

Royal Burghs, in which case I conclude the Fellows maun jeest be the Bailies; and what sort o' fun you College younker's keep up, an' whether, when they are na at their books, they would try to face me in the College yards at foot-ba', han-ba', pittin' the stane, leap-frog, an' what not? The mair I think o' it, the mair fidgetty I get aboot gain'. Deed then I dinna see what's to hinder me—see I'll jeest say the word an you may expect me at your breakfast. An indeed noo that I'm thinkin' o' it, I'll jeest am' up the lass to Lord Napier's hoose ayont wi' my compliments and see if he cood lem me a handy basket an' I'll jeest ding it owre my shoulther, fu' o' the best Tweed troots, and siccan troot I see jealousy, when you hae gotten them weel brandered on your College tangs, it will be a bonny thing for your lang aided College boys to fill up the far lan wi, afore they yoke to the bashing of tea and coffee—troot, Sir, that—I hae often thoct, for a single bite o' which a man in thae weak moments when the animal nature presses down the rational, wud think himself justified in departing frae the best and purest principles o' his life, an' shud a hail fish be presented to his acceptance alang wi the abominations o' whiggery, och! Sirs, muckle cause wud he hae to pay again temptation! An' noo suppose I am to come, wud you think there is ony chance o' your College makin' o' me a Doctor o' Laws, as they did Sir Walter—an' a prood thing, let me tell you that—it was for him—and the mair shame that see noble an example was na ta'en up by those grand places at Oxford and Cambridge—an' shud siccan a thing happen, wud I be obligated to mak my thanks in the Latin or Greek—a thing I doot that would na be very easy. But nae matter I've writt a letter to Mr. De Quincey, the opium eater, in Edinbro' an' I've gar him write me in text hand something or ither, an' I can get it aff weel ensuch by heart on the tap o' the coach, as I'm coovin, see as that there be noo lang-nebbit words, and if I shud stik in the delivery, I've no mean them, if I feneish it aff wi a sneed o' ane o' my ain sangs—Donald M'Donald, for aught I ken. Now aboot the breakfast, what time does it begin, an' how lang will be the afternoon an' will ye hae any bonny lassies at it?

I should like to see some o' your Barish beauties. An' weel ye sit talkin' awa the hail day—and that puts me in mind o' a great mistake about *sitten* that occurred no lang syne—I was readin' oot o' an' auld newspaper a debate in the House o' Lords, anent a charge that the Marquis o' Londonderry had made again the Lord Chancellor for been' absent frae his post, when the auld Peg Hetty cam in to draw his pipe, an' was sitten aside the fire when I read oot his Lordship's reply: in which he assured Noble Lords, that he had, for the last week been sittin' in Chancery for aughteen hoots a day." Aughteen hoots! quo Peg—weel, that croon's a'!—aughteen hoots a day! why wha't a gran' clocker that Chancellor burd maun be! There's my black hen that was the brag o' the parish for mindin' her eggs, and the maist she cood stay on at a time, was twal hoots. But my certy thae foreign birds are no' to be beaten—noo this for a bletcher o' an auld wife nae sae had an observe ava'. But the gude wife wants me to tye up the coo in the byre an' I maun finish off a sang for Frazer afore I sleep, and sae maun sign myself your best freend and well-wisher,

JAMES HOGG.

Anthony Poplar, Esq.

May 26th, Mount Benger.

Did we not say, some time ago, that we were actually teased to death with solicitations from all sorts of people, Ladies and Gentlemen, old and young, the lovely and the loveless? And so we are. We have been asked out to parties by Ladies we never knew, in the vain hope of their being asked in turn. An elderly Gentleman with a suspicious rubicundity of nose, and who sat opposite, the other day, to us at dinner, tried to win upon our loyal feelings, by naming, as it were to himself, but loud enough for us to hear, "the Glorious Memory," as he lifted, each time, a full bumper to his lips. Now, although we have thrown our pantry into the suite of rooms, we have been obliged to limit our issue of tickets to sixty, and cannot promise chairs to more than thirty, and certainly not cups for more than twenty. A number of the company will then have to *ottomanize* it on the carpet and in corners, and wait until others have finished. It will be observed, that none but sound-hearted Tories are in-

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cluded. In fact, as we have now weeded our acquaintance, we rejoice to think that we know not, at this moment, a single Whig, so that Whig pollution will be impossible. The last we knew, was an unfortunate young fellow, whom, a friend told us, he saw lately wandering about the Pier at Brighton, his head surmounted by a "shocking bad hat," his nether habiliments marked with porter stains, contracted at some tavern dinner in London, when standing to "the cause of Liberty, all the world over;" Sir Francis Burdett in the chair; and as to whose interior integuments beneath the closely buttoned surcoat, whose "blue stage," was decidedly antideluvian, our informant felt himself justified in applying the scholastic principle of reasoning:—*"De rebus non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio."*

Coleridge, the most eloquent of men, has also promised to "assist" at our breakfast; as Lady Morgan says, when intimating her presence at a dinner of Lafayette's, and where she received from the General's pastry-cook that exquisite compliment which, as she justly instructs, must have struck dumb, when it was told, with confusion, her inveterate but very weak enemies 'The Quarterly and Blackwood,' by having among the ornaments of the table her own name formed in letters of spun sugar—think of that, Master Brook—in spun sugar—no loss. Here is Coleridge's answer flowing on in his own peculiar strain of solemn eloquence; and now and again diverging into metaphysics which are not the less so, we suppose, for our not always understanding them.

SIR,

When within the breast of any given human being, his consciousness becomes warm and quick with the stirrings of a peculiar, but fine emotion of love towards a separated and selected portion of his kind; and this instinct, so sweet I should suppose to the sentient individual himself, as it is, sooth to say, in its effects to all who enjoy them, breaks out into a series of concatenated actions tending to one single and solemn purpose of giving—say, a dinner, or rather, which is your case, a breakfast—and of this series, the asking of his cook what is in the house, is assuredly the first, if his active powers, when in the state of

energizing, are at all regulated by the eternal order: and necessary fitness of things; on such an occasion the small gentle courtesies of life that run like golden threads, strengthening and adorning the social web alike, sweetening and dignifying the commerce of man's herded existence.—I have invented this phrase of late with a hope of its remaining safe for a season from pollution as the equivalent expression of "social life," has, I see, by a late *Times* got down into the advertisements of George Robins, the haunting auctioneer—these courtesies, I repeat, require of him who has been bidden to the feast, an acknowledgment of the same, as well as a statement of his intentions on the subject-matter of his host's communication. I have received your letter—have broken the seal—have perused it. You therein ply me with a congeries of differently tinted arguments, why I am bound as a convinced intelligence, to be present at your Grand College Breakfast on the First of July "in the morning clear," as you yourself add, and which seems to involve something of metrical measure, but whence borrowed I know not, as my poetical reading has been long since limited to my own productions. Now, this is matter for thought, and may bring into play, perchance, the most palpable elements of reason—the intuitive and discursive powers of the mind at once. You have urged my deserved celebrity as the cause which suggested the idea of soliciting my presence on an occasion which will bring together some, if not all, of the master and prevailing spirits of the day; and have earnestly referred me to the searching delight—the summer swell of proud emotion that must flood the deepest and most winding recesses of a soul like mine own, as oft as such a system of intelligences, so delicately, yet so powerfully touched, are brought by the ordering of a destiny, rare indeed, into high—I will add, solemn communion. This argument savours of an appeal to the passion for popular applause peculiar, I imagine, to the human character, and which is supposed to pervade a literary mind with an unwonted degree of intensity. But, alas! Mr. Poplar, there is grief in the word, while I say that with me the days in which such things could shed a rich pleasure over the soul are fast passing away—but here

I warmly protest against the popular language I have adopted in this latter expression being supposed to imply on my part a belief in this entity of duration—for an entity it is I do vehemently maintain, being formed, or combined, of successively existing parts,—but I refer you, in a spirit of prophecy, for the present, for an original and elaborately elucidated idea of its mysterious nature—to be mysterious no longer, to a work of mine to be composed some time or other in three volumes, quarto, entitled, "A Short and Simple Solution of the All-agitating Question of Time, in its character of a Quiddity, in a Dialogue between S. T. C. Esq. and the Eidolon of William of Okeham, the Seraphic Doctor." But what was I saying? I was discussing or rather simply announcing a change that has passed over the whole structure of thought and feeling—yearning as I do feel myself less and less each day that passes—and here again I am dragged on by the violence of popular language as before, and here again I firmly enter a similar protest against misinterpretation—after mine own fame, for the first low whispering of which through the wide forest of men, I remember me to have listened with all the passionate longing of heart and soul, with which the way-worn Arab turns his ear to catch the faint and far-off sounding of the fountain, across the weary stillness of the desert—taking this decay as a token—nor all unwelcome, may I humbly hope—of the onward movement of my journey, and that over the mortal spirit the dimness of the after-day is already come. Therefore I cannot avow that the conviction of the fitness of my presence at your College Breakfast, has yet come near to my understanding. The plainness with which my words are here endowed may seem to many as savoring of an anti-social rudeness, and that my duty as a polished and urbane citizen, would be better discharged by pleading, in a general mode, a previous engagement. But I will require, at least I seek—no pardon, while I proclaim politeness to be but a minor virtue, ever to be borne down by the demands of the moral accomplishment of a high and uncompromising sincerity. The experience of Talleyrand in the tricky and wordy world of diplomacy, might have suggested to him, in a mood of

and pleantry, the definition of language as an instrument invented to conceal our ideas; and take, indeed, for witness of its efficacy in that point of view, the piles of protocols touching the Belgian question, built up through different parts of Holland into stacks of rustling parchment, and which a patriotic king, I boldly aver, would be justified in distributing through the tailors of the land, considering what a lack of measuring-lines must be among artificers of this order, called on to appreciate, as they ever are, the vast external surfaces of his Dutch Majesty's loving subjects. I aver, that in the general purpose of words, a nobler and should ever be placed in view, and hold that its then nature is most nobly brought out, when an exact impress of the heart is, through their means, transmitted to the world, and language becomes transparent thought."

Mr. C. then proceeds or rather plunges into a curious speculation respecting language, as an instrument of philosophic inquiry, but which we purposely omit. He then returns to the subject of the invitation to breakfast—and becomes evidently more and more interested, in spite of his previous declaration, in the idea of meeting such noble spirits, particularly Woodsworth of whom he says, "with him I would delight once more to meet, to witness and gaze once more with an eye of intense admiration, on what your countryman Charles Philipps, when speaking of Richard Brinsley Sheridan called, with a magnificent mistiness of meaning that I could never completely penetrate (I quote from a distant memory)

"The vast Atlantic of his face
The morning of his eye."

On this subject it would appear like presumption in us to attempt, after the failure of Mr. C. to decypher the sense of this passage in Mr. Philipps's work, supposing, which is not always the case with this eloquent writer's productions, there was any sense to decypher. But we think that Mr. C. must have misquoted the lines. It is well known that Philipps is an Irishman, and is intimately acquainted with the habits of his compatriots, whose

natural liveliness is often exhibited by certain applications of a certain eye-brightening fluid even at an early period of the day. It is also well known that poor Sherry by no means dissented from this laudable practice of his countrymen, even when sojourning in a strange land. Now putting these two facts together, we doubt not the poet wrote the lines in question thus:

"The vast Atlantic of his face
His morning in his eye."

We had referred in our note of invitation to the concentration of Toryism in our rooms would contain, and the awe which would thus shake the hearts of the unfortunate Whigs to the very core. Our calculations were not unfounded, and after spending two pages more of letter paper on a train of splendidly expressed reasoning, he intimates his determination of being present, and concludes his answer in the following terms:—

"As I therefore am now overborne by the weight of this argument, the more that I deem myself to have placed it in a somewhat more impressive point of view than your letter effected, I have to request that at some respectable hotel, there be pre-arranged for me a bed, but on that bed no quilt. The cause of this, which is connected with my determination by a curious but regular tissue of thought, I shall probably explain to the waiter as he precedes me at night with the candle, and as I foresee the train of exposition will be long and too close to admit of anything but onward motion in the expounder, let my appointed chamber be placed in the very attic—as, including the laundring places, which indeed I would rather reserve for recapitulating the argument propounded during the ascent of each flight—justice to my sentiments will require me to reason up at least five pair of stairs.

Yours, evermore,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Now, this is most brave! What a day will that be when they all meet together! How intense too at the anticipation is our pride—our joy of

heart at this moment. But to express our feelings, bootless indeed were artificial language ; "so let our speech be wordless song."

Tidi ridi ti
Tidi ridi tidi
Tidi ridi ti
Tidi ridi tidi

Now for a plump into the sea at Kingstown, and then for a glorious climb up Killiney hill.

"Mike," (*Enter our Davus.*)

"Our Boots!" (*Vanish, Ditto.*)

Scene changes to Baggot Street—Poplar solus on a Hack-Car—an interesting

figure in the driving seat endowed with a fine old ruin of a "Thatch," still in considerable preservation, one-fourth of its primordial rim being extant, and the deficiency of its upper lid being, from the elevated position of the wearer only visible to an Aeronaut, assuring Poplar, privately, at intervals "that he'll off with yer honor in one minnit's time," which, literally interpreted, means an hour, the rest of his time being employed in proclaiming to the world, that "there's room for five and no delay." (Exeunt car, &c., after not more than an hour's stoppage, and finally dies away the distant chaunt of—Tidi ridi ti, &c.)

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN.

At the late Quarterly Examinations the following honors were adjudged:—

The Gold Medal for Science was adjudged to Mr. Haig; the Gold Medal for Classics to Mr. Pomeroy.—Mr. Haig, Mr. Pomeroy, Mr. O'Connell (Morgan John), and Mr. Hyde, were placed at the head of the Candidate Bachelor Class.

CERTIFICATES IN SCIENCE were obtained by Armstrong (George), Mr. Rutherford, Turner, Orr, Andrews, Young, Willis (James), Baggot, Lee, Tickers, M'Dowell, Mr. Shaw, Sandes, Conway (Cornelius), O'Leary (Goodwin), Hallowell, Biggs, Kyle (Pallam.)

PREMIUMS IN SCIENCE, by Drought, Meade, Dennehy, Purdon (George R.), Mr. Montgomery, O'Brien, Webb, Finlay, Perry, Kase, Mr. Leader, M'Intire, Johns, O'Farrell, Edgeworth, Jacob, Mr. Synnott, Smith (Richard), Digby, Walsh (Albert J.), Battersby (William H.), Higgins, Kyle (John T.), and King.

CERTIFICATES IN CLASSICS, by Crawford (Francis), Mr. Goold, Turner, Mr. Leader, Bruen, Lee, Woodward, Lyons, Mr. Verschoye, Johnston (Benjamin), Eccleston, Wrightson, Hickey, Marshall, Callaghan.

PREMIUMS IN CLASSICS, by Franks (John), Armstrong (Geo.), Savage, Mr. Massie, Mac Donnell (Richard G.), Acton, Orr, Mackinnon, Wheeler, Mr. Blossie, Hopkins (Robert), Fitzgerald (Gerard), Clement, Caher, Mullins, Mr. Welsh, Griffin, Wade, O'Leary (Cornelius), Ringwood, Ryan, Haines, and King.

PREMIUMS FOR GENERAL ANSWERING were obtained by Naah and Tibbs.

The next Quarterly Examinations will be held for Senior Sophisters on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 18th and 19th of June; for Junior Sophisters, on Friday and Saturday, the 21st and 22d; for Senior Freshmen, on Monday and Tuesday, the 24th and 25th; and for Junior

Freshmen, on Thursday and Friday, the 27th and 28th June.

STEPHEN C. SANDER,

Sen. Lecturer.

On Friday, May 17, Dr. Longfield delivered his opening lecture, as Professor of Political Economy, in the Law School of our University. This Professorship was instituted by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, in the laudable spirit of assimilating the Irish and English Universities so far as to make equal advantages derivable from the resources of both. After an examination, for some days, of the several candidates, Dr. Longfield was elected by the Board from the number recommended to their notice by the Archbishop; the condition of his appointment to the chair, being, the delivery of nine lectures during a specified term, and their subsequent publication.

The object of Dr. Longfield's opening address was to show the great and increasing importance of the science of Political Economy, and to remove the idle and frivolous objections which the ignorant and casuistical are too apt to indulge in, to the prejudice of what they attempt to disprove, probably without any, or at best only upon an indifferent and partial study. The charges of impiety and irreligion to which the science has been considered liable, upon the grounds of its supplying both scope and encouragement to one of the worst passions of human nature, Dr. Longfield refuted at once by proving that national wealth and national prosperity were the grand object of the political economist, and not individual aggrandisement or avarice, which must ever tend to eradicate the principles which for the benefit of society at large, it is his praiseworthy aim to inculcate and enforce.

The absurd and fatal error into which too often the rude and unthinking artisan has been seduced, that the demolition of his employer's capital must lead to the alleviation of his own distress, in

unfavourable times, was exposed in the course of this lecture in language of great nerve and energy; while the deductions from the arguments of the Lecturer, tending to show that the extension of the science of Political Economy should inevitably lead to the manifestation of truth, were no less forcibly than justly drawn.

The objections to the study of Political Economy on the score of novelty, were likewise ably met and answered; Dr. Longfield having clearly evinced the impossibility of the science having existed, as such, during any except modern times.

We would not be understood by the foregoing brief sketch, to have attempted to follow the Professor either in the order or variety of his topics. We merely wished to give a brief outline of the whole, which we shall notice at greater length at the conclusion of the course.—Dr. Longfield's style and taste are admirably adapted to this most interesting subject, for the discussion and elucidation of which he is still further qualified, by extensive study, and abilities which have deservedly ranked him among the most distinguished members of our University.

A considerable addition has been made to the College Botanical Garden, which now presents an exceedingly beautiful front to the Rock road. The ground enclosed was most judiciously purchased by the Board, as it prevents the possibility of the gardens being shut in by the buildings which are extending so rapidly in that direction, and the injury which should necessarily result to the trees and flowers.

The "*nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*," may, with equal truth, be applied to the active and enterprising spirit of our respected Provost, since whose appointment a rapid and progressive improvement has been strikingly observable in every thing connected with our University. We have been led to this remark, by the more immediate subject of our notice, but shall enter upon the matter more at large in a future number, when we trust to lay before our readers, in detail, the salutary changes which are now in preparation, as affecting Collegiate discipline.

Students in Medicine are to take notice, that after the month of November, 1834, all Candidates for Degrees in Medicine must produce certificates of attendance on the course of Lectures on Midwifery, delivered in the College of Physicians; and also that credit will be al-

lowed for only three medical courses in each winter Session.

OXFORD.

Saturday, March 2.

On Tuesday last, in full Convocation, the University seal was affixed to Petitions to both Houses of Parliament, praying that they would be pleased to take into their early consideration the laws relating to the observance of the Lord's Day, with a view to their amendment.

Master of Arts.—Rev. C. Childers, Ch. Ch.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. E. Ellwell, University; G. Garrick, University; A. J. Sutherland, Student of Ch. Ch.; C. Leslie, Ch. Ch.; W. Hornby, Ch. Ch.; A. G. S. Shirley, Ch. Ch.; J. Barrow, Wadham College.

On Friday, the 22d ult., W. Burton Dynham, M.A. of Magdalen Hall, was nominated and admitted to practice as a Proctor in the Court of the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Preachers at St. Mary's.—Rev. Dr. Nolan, Exeter, Bampton Lecturer, Sunday morning; Rev. W. Griffiths, Wadham, Sunday afternoon.

March 9.

In a Convocation holden on Thursday last, the nomination of the following gentlemen to be Public Examiners was approved, viz.:—The Rev. A. Short, M.A., Student of Christ Church, in *Literis Humanioribus*; The Rev. Arthur Neate, M.A., Trinity, in *Disciplinis Mathematicis et Physicis*.

In a Congregation holden the same day, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. Brooke, Brasenose; Rev. A. Daniel, Exeter.

Bachelor of Arts.—T. P. Lethbridge, Ch. Ch.; F. W. C. Whalley, Ch. Ch.

Preachers at St. Mary's.—Rev. Dr. Nolan, Exeter, Bampton Lecturer, Sunday morning; Rev. Mr. Smart, University, afternoon.

March 16.

On Thursday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. T. Tolming, Brasenose College.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. Anson, Pro-

bationary Fellow of All Souls Coll.;
J. Ralph, St. Edmund Hall.
Preachers at St. Mary's—Rev. Dr.
Nolan, Exeter, Bampton Lecturer, Sun-
day morning; Rev. Mr. Williams, Trini-
ty, afternoon.

March 28.

WORCESTER COLLEGE.

On Thursday last the following De-
grees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. T. Lewis,
University; Rev. C. A. S. Morgan, Ch.
Ch.; Rev. F. C. Parsons, Worcester;
W. Dod, Magdalen Hall; J. W. Bruce,
Exeter.

The Examiners appointed to elect a
Mathematical Scholar, have announced
to the Vice-Chancellor their election of
H. A. Jeffreys, B. A., Student of Christ
Church.

CAMBRIDGE.

CLASSICAL TRIPOS.—Feb. 28.

Examiners.—J. Gibson, M.A., Sidney
Sussex; W. Martin, M.A., St. John's;
W. A. Soames, M.A., Trinity; F. Field,
M.A., Trinity.

FIRST CLASS.

Da Bunbury, Trinity,
Hildyard, Christ's,
Francis, St. John's,
Walford, Trinity's,
Wilson, St. John's,
Barnes, Trinity, }
Whittaker, Qu. }
Bury, St. John's,
Begbie, Pembroke,
Lydekker, Trinity,
Kemp, Clare H.

SECOND CLASS.

Da Tate, Emman,
North, Trinity,
Inman, St. John's,
Smith, St. Peter's,
Nicholson, Christ's,
Howlett, St. John's,
Brown, Trinity,
Taylor, St. John's,
Chambers, St. John's,
Stockdale, Trinity,
Raikes, Corpus,
Fowler, Trinity,
Jones, Queen's,
Roots, Jesus.

THIRD CLASS.

Da Evans, Qu. }
Jacob, Emman. }
Dusautoy, St. John's,
Rose, Clare Hall,

Hartable, Trinity,
Alford, Vinct. Magd.
Fawcett, Mag. }
Adams, St. Jo. }
Sale, St. John's,
Couchman, Cl. Hall,
Langdon, St. John's,
Barker, St. John's.

A meeting of the Philosophical So-
ciety was held on Monday evening, Pro-
fessor Sedgwick, the President, being in
the chair. Among the members elected
were Lord Braybrooke, M.A., of Mag-
dalene College, and the Hon. Peter John
Locke King, M.A., of Trinity College.
Various presents of books were an-
nounced, among which was a Memoir, by
Cacciato, the astronomer at Palermo,
concerning the reduction and comparison
of Meteorological Observations made in
different places. The Rev. W. Whewell
read a continuation of his Memoranda on
the Architecture of Normandy. After
the meeting Professor Airy gave an ac-
count, illustrated by models and diagrams,
of his recent researches concerning the
mass of Jupiter, by means of observa-
tions of the fourth satellite. It was ob-
served, that the proportion of the quan-
tity of matter of Jupiter to that of the
Sun, is the most important datum in our
reasonings concerning the Solar System,
after the elements of the planetary or-
bits. But though this is the case, consi-
derable uncertainty has recently prevailed
concerning this quantity. The calcula-
tions of Laplace and Bouvard made Ju-
piter 1-1070th of the Sun, by means of
the perturbations of Saturn; but the
German astronomers, Nicolai and Encke,
by means of the perturbations of Juno
and Vesta, obtained a mass larger by
about 1-80th than that of Laplace. But
in the meantime the observations which
seemed to promise the most simple and
decisive means of obtaining the value of
Jupiter's mass, those of the periods and
distances of his satellites, had never been
put in practice since the time of Newton,
at whose request Pound made such ob-
servations. The question concerning this
mass is not only of consequence in the
calculations of other perturbations of the
Solar System, of which Jupiter is "the
tyrant," (to use Sir John Herschell's ex-
pression); but was also of sufficient mag-
nitude to decide the existence or not, of
a resisting medium as deduced from
Encke's comet. Professor Airy deter-
mined therefore to repeat these observa-
tions, and to endeavour to calculate from
them the mass of Jupiter, with greater

certainly and accuracy than had hitherto been obtained. In his statement on Monday evening, he described the various adjustments which he found it necessary carefully to make in order to insure the requisite degree of accuracy in the observations; and the difficulty and embarrassment which occurred in consequence of considerable errors which exist both in the signs and in the numerical values of Laplace's theory of the satellites of Jupiter. Finally, all these difficulties were overcome; and the result is, that the mass of Jupiter is most probably 1-1050th of the Sun, 1-1054th (Nicolai's determination) being much less probable, and 1-1070th (Laplace's) very improbable.

March 8.

On Monday last, the Noridian prize essay was adjudged to Thomas Myers, B.A. Trinity College.—Subject, *The intent and use of the Gift of Tongues in the Christian Dispensation.*

March 15.

The Chancellor's gold medals for the two best students in classical learning among the commencing Bachelors of Arts, were on Wednesday last adjudged to Edward Herbert Bushby, of Trinity College, and James Hildyard, of Christ's College.

Herbert Jenner, Esq. LL.B., of Trinity Hall, eldest son of Sir Herbert Jenner, the King's Advocate-General, has been elected a Fellow of that Society.

A meeting of the Philosophical Society was held on Monday evening, the Rev. Professor Sedgwick, the president, being in the chair. A memoir by the Marchese Spineto was read, containing objections, founded on astronomical considerations, and on the examination of ancient authors, to the chronological system of Sir Isaac Newton; and reasons for preferring the more extended chronology which is suggested by the study of Egyptian antiquities. After the meeting, Mr. Jennings exhibited various ornaments of glass and enamel, a bronze bracelet, and other implements of metal; and vessels of earthenware, some of them of the kind called "Samian." These relics were found in association with bones; partly interred and partly deposited in urns, which have been discovered at Exning and at Bartlow, in this neighbourhood. The skeletons have invariably been found lying in threes, with their faces downwards. Professor Sedgwick

also gave an account, illustrated by drawings and sections, of the geology of North Wales. He stated that, by various traverses across Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, it was ascertained that the strata of that district are bent into saddles and troughs, of which the anticlinal and synclinal lines occur alternately, and are all nearly parallel to the "great Merionethshire anticlinal line." The direction of these lines is nearly N.E. by N., and S.W. by S.; and they appear to pass through the following points:—(1) Near Caernarvon, (2) Myndd Mawr, (3) Garn Drws y Coed, (4) Moel Hebog, (5) Moel Ddu, (6) Between Pont-Aberglas-lyn and Cnicht, (7) The great Merioneth anticlinal, (8) The West side of the Berwyns, (9) The calcareous beds to the West of Llanarmon Fach. The bearing of these facts upon the general views of Elie de Beaumont was noticed; and it was observed that the approximate parallelism of the most prominent mountain chains of Wales, the Isle of Man, Cumberland, and the South of Scotland, corroborate the justice of this theory up to a certain point; although on a wider scale these apparently parallel straight lines may be found to be portions of curves of small curvature.

British Association for the Advancement of Science.—It is fixed that the next meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science shall commence in this University, on Monday the 24th of June next, and end on the following Friday.

The objects of this Association are, to give a stronger impulse to scientific inquiry; to promote the intercourse of those who cultivate science in different parts of the British Empire, with one another, and with foreign philosophers; to obtain a more general attention to the objects of science, and a removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress. We extract the following from the Rules, for the information of our readers:

1. The Fellows and Members of Chartered Societies in the British Empire shall be entitled to become members of the Association upon subscribing an obligation to conform to the Rules.

2. The office-bearers and members of the councils or managing committees of Philosophical Institutions shall be entitled, in like manner, to become members of the Association.

3. All members of a Philosophical Institution, recommended by its council or managing committee, shall be entitled in

like manner to become members of the Association.

4. Persons not belonging to such Institutions shall be eligible, upon recommendation of the general committee, to become members of the Association.

N.B.—Persons wishing to become members of the Association in virtue of Rule 4, are requested to apply to any member of the council of the Philosophical Society.

5. The amount of the annual subscription shall be one pound, to be paid upon admission; and the amount of composition in lieu thereof, five pounds.

N.B.—Subscriptions will be received by J. Crouch, at the Rooms of the Philosophical Society.

March 22

Notice was given that at the congregation on Wednesday last petitions to both Houses of Parliament would be proposed to the Senate against "A bill to alter and amend the Laws relating to the Temporalities of the Church of Ireland." The petitions were, however, withdrawn, in consequence of the motion upon the subject being postponed.

At a meeting of the Syndics appointed by a grace dated Feb. 18, 1833, to consider of what standing candidates for the degree of B.A. ought to be, before they are allowed to be examined for that degree, and also to consider for what period

after examination the certificate of approval signed by the Examiners shall remain in force, and to report thereupon to the Senate—

1. The Syndics recommend to the Senate that hereafter no person shall be admitted before Ash-Wednesday in the Lent Term, of each year, *ad respondendum questioni*, who shall not have been publicly examined at the usual time of examination in the month of January of that year, and produce a certificate from the Examiners of examination and approval; except those who, in consequence of ill-health, may, by the permission of the Examiners, have absented themselves from such examination.

2. That no person be admitted to examination for the degree of B.A. until he has entered into his eleventh term, he having previously kept nine terms exclusive of the term in which he was admitted, and that no certificate of approval, in the case of a person so examined in his eleventh term, shall be valid, unless it shall appear when such person applies for his admission *ad respondendum questioni*, that he has kept the said eleventh term.

These regulations shall not apply to those persons whose names shall appear in the List of Honors at the examination in January, 1834.

A grace will be offered to the Senate at the congregation this day, to the effect of the above resolutions.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY.

The Royal Dublin Society proposes, with the concurrence and assistance of the Manufacturers, Artists, and Artisans of this country, to institute an Annual Exhibition of Irish Manufactures, Productions, and Inventions, conformable to the plan which, for several years, has been followed with signal advantage in Paris, and other capital cities on the continent;—and also in London and Edinburgh.

By the opportunity which will be thus afforded of seeing the variety and excellence of articles really manufactured in Ireland, and of which many persons at

present are little aware, the public will, doubtless, be gratified, and will be induced to pursue their improvement; and the spirit of emulation which can scarcely fail of being excited among the Exhibitors, must tend to national advantage.—Honorary distinctions, in the form of medals or certificates, are to be conferred for any extraordinary excellence, whether in workmanship or invention.

Several distinguished manufacturers in the city of Dublin, and its vicinity, have already signified their approbation of the plan, and their intention to assist and

promote it; and *the inhabitants of every part of Ireland are invited to concur*, and to communicate on the subject with the Assistant Secretary of the Society, giving a description of the articles which they may be disposed to exhibit.—The exhibition is to take place within the Repository of the Society on the second Monday in February, 1834: all articles for it should be ready, and sent in or before the 1st of that month.

Amongst the articles of which the Exhibition may consist, may be enumerated—

The productions of our looms in wools, silks, linens, cotton, silk, and their numerous varieties.

Lace, hosiery, threads, yarns, printed and stamped cotton, and other goods.

Leather and skins variously prepared, and their applications in saddlery, harness, shoes, gloves, and fancy wares.

Hats of every description—Imitation Leghorn and straw bonnets.

Papers, plain, stamped, and coloured.

Paper hangings, painted floor cloths, fancy matting.

Gold and silver plate, jewellery, watches, clocks, mathematical, optical, and other scientific instruments.

Glass, in all its variety of form and use.

Pottery ware.

Hardware, whether wrought or cast, in steel, iron, copper, brass, bronze, or other metals.

Cutlery.

Fire arms.

Coins and medals.

Engravings, whether on metal or stone.

Lithography, typography.

Carvings, turnings, and ornamental works in ivory or wood—in foreign or Irish marbles, and imitations thereof.

Musical instruments.

Cabinet ware and upholstery, gildings, &c.

Machinery, and mechanical contrivances, and models thereof.

Models or plans of buildings.

Relief in plaster, wood, stone, sculpture.

Carriages, agricultural instruments.

Chemical preparations, useful in arts, manufactures, or medicine.

Products of our mines and quarries.

Specimens of agricultural and horticultural produce.

In fine, every article which can serve to exemplify native ingenuity and industry, and illustrate our national resources.

There are extensive Sheds for the exhibition of Carriages of all kinds, of implements of husbandry, of machinery, or

of any article too large for an exhibition room.

No article can be entitled to a premium without clear and satisfactory proof of its being the manufacture, invention, or production of Ireland.

The nature of the article intended for exhibition, and the space it is likely to occupy, to be distinctly stated by the person who is disposed to exhibit it.

Articles admitted into the Exhibition cannot be removed until the period of exhibition be over, which may last two, or perhaps three weeks.

Prices may be attached or not, to the articles, at pleasure.

Articles to be conveyed to and from the Exhibition at the expense of those to whom they belong.

After the hours of exhibition, the rooms to be locked, and to remain under the custody of the officers of the Society; but every facility will be afforded to the exhibitors of any curious or valuable articles, to secure them in cases which may be sent in for the purpose, or in such manner as may be deemed most expedient.

The Exhibition to be opened free to the public—on Tickets—which may be obtained from the members or officers of the Society.

Each article offered for a premium, must be accompanied with a sealed note containing the name of the exhibitor, which will not be opened till after the premiums are decided, and which will be before the public Exhibition takes place, in order that the names of the exhibitors may be marked on the articles obtaining premiums, unless it shall be otherwise desired by the owners.

At a meeting held on Thursday the 14th of March, it was resolved—

That it be referred to the Select Committee, and the Committee of Agriculture, to communicate with the country gentlemen, during the Cattle Show, and to consider and report on the advantage and expediency of offering Premiums for Hay brought into Smithfield market, in Dublin, in Trusses.

The following donation was presented to the Society by M. Fitzgerald, Esq., M.R.D.S.

A Head of the "Sus Belgicus" of Linnaeus.

RESOLVED—That the thanks of the Society be presented to Mr. Fitzgerald for this valuable and very perfect specimen.

At a meeting on the 25th of April, the following report was presented from the Committee of Agriculture:—

"The Committee of Agriculture and Planting have to state to the Society, that in conformity with their Report presented on the last day of meeting, which was then approved and confirmed, they have, at the desire of the gentlemen from whom the communication therein alluded to was made, proposed to the noblemen and gentlemen interested in the promotion and encouragement of husbandry in Ireland, who may be disposed to adopt the suggestions therein put forth, to meet your Committee in the Committee-room on Wednesday, 15th May; and your Committee have sanguine hopes that by the cooperation of this body with the Royal Dublin Society, many objects of general utility to the agricultural interests of Ireland will be promoted. The results of the meeting shall be laid before the Society.

"C. S. HAWTHORNE,
"Chairman."

Mr. Hawthorne presented the following report from the Selected Committee and the Committee of Chemistry:—

"The Selected Committee and Committee of Chemistry have to acquaint the Society, that a delay having occurred in the transmission from London of some apparatus necessary to illustrate Mr. Davy's Lectures on Electricity, the Committee have directed Mr. Davy in the mean time to deliver a short course of lectures on the application of Chemistry to the Arts and Manufactures; to commence on Monday, the 6th May next, and have caused them to be announced in the newspapers, as usual.

"C. S. HAWTHORNE,
"Chairman."

READ,

A letter from the Right Hon. Thomas Spring Rice, to the Assistant Secretary, acknowledging the receipt of Mr. Davy's Observations respecting the Specific Gravity of Soaps, transmitted to him.

ORDERED,

That the letter be inserted on the Minutes.

"Treasury,
"6th April, 1833.

"Sir,

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Professor Davy's observations respecting the specific gravity of soap, which you have forwarded to me by the

direction of the Royal Dublin Society. I beg you will offer my thanks to the Society, and at the same time express my gratification that the attention of that learned body should have been directed to a practical subject of this nature, important as it is to the manufacturing industry of Ireland.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your very obedient,

"Humble Servant,

"SPRING RICE.

"Edward Hardman, Esq."

The following letter from Sir E. S. Lees to the Assistant Secretary was read, and it was ordered that the letter should be printed in the Appendix to the Minutes of the proceedings, and referred to the Committee of Agriculture, with authority to order one of the Machines as a model:—

"MY DEAR HARDMAN,

"Although an exile in this happy and most hospitable country, I hope I shall never be insensible to the interests of our own unfortunate native land; and, therefore, I write to you in reference to a machine which I have just seen here: the application of which promises to be productive of incalculable advantage to Ireland, in enriching the rich, and comforting the poor, while it holds out certain expectations of converting vast tracts of now comparatively unprofitable bog-land into valuable soil. The object of this machine, most simple in its construction, and not exceeding £7 in expense, is to economize the formation of turf peat; and by the rapid expulsion of water from it, to bring it nearer the consistency of coal fuel. In both it is eminently successful; and those advantages are attained by simply placing the turf sod when cut from the bog, in a press subject to the pressure of a man's arm operating on a lever, which produces a power equal to seven times weight. In about three seconds of time, the sod is reduced to one-third of its original size when placed in the press; and in this reduced state it assumes the shape of, and remains a little larger in bulk than an ordinary brick. Exposure to air and sun dries it in three days, when it weighs very nearly four pounds, and becomes perfectly hard, and very nearly as consistent as coal; but emits a more intense heat. I recommend the Dublin Society, by all means, to order one of those machines; three of which only have, as yet, been completed. Every gentleman who has turf land should have

one; any wheel-wright can make it. But excuse this hurried line as our Dublin post is about to go off.

Ever your's faithfully,
"Edw. S. Linn."

G. P. O. Edinburgh,
April 19, 1883.

P. S.—The machine prepares the turf at less than 2s. per ton.

Edward Hardman, Esq. Assist. Sec.
"Royal Dublin Society."

May 2.

Mr. Hawthorne presented the following report from the Selected Committee, in conjunction with the Committee of Chemistry and Mineralogy:—

It having appeared to these Committees since their last report, that the allowance of £150 to the late Sir Charles Giesecke, as Keeper of the Museum, was only personal to him, and not intended to apply to his successor; they are of opinion, that it will not be in the power of the Society to offer to such persons as may be Candidates for the vacant situations, more than the salary enjoyed by Sir Charles Giesecke, of £150, as Professor of Mineralogy; and they recommend to the Society, that they should endeavour to procure for the latter annual salary, (with the liberty of keeping private classes,) a person qualified, by his knowledge of Mineralogy, Geology, and Natural History, to take charge of the Cabinet of Minerals, and of the Museum; and that these Committees should have the same authority as that delegated to them on the 4th April last, to invite scientific men to propose for the Professorship.

"CHARLES S. HAWTHORNE
"Chairman."

May 3.

Mr. Hamphill presented the following report from the Committee of Library and Museum:—

"Your Committees have to report, that since the last meeting of the Board, the Society has experienced a severe loss by the death of their respected and valued Librarian, Frederick Cradock, Esq., a loss which they have no doubt the Society at large will unite with them in deploring, and creating a vacancy which they will find it difficult to fill with the same degree of efficiency, correctness, and talent. That immediately on this event taking place, the Assistant Secretary convened those two committees, and that they have felt it to be their duty to direct that the Library and Museum should both be closed until the Society should have an opportunity at their meeting on Thursday next, the 9th inst., to give such directions, on this occasion, as they may judge proper."

"JOHN M'KAY,
"Chairman."

"6th May, 1883."

RESOLVED,

That it be referred to the Committee of Botany, to take into their consideration how far it may be practicable to have a short course of Lectures, on the Physiology of Plants, delivered by the Professor in the Society's Theatre, in Kildare-street, this season, previous to the delivery of the course at the Garden, having reference to the resolution of the Society of the 4th April.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The following are the Officers of the Society for the current year:—

President.—The Provost.

Vice Presidents.—Lord Omslowtown, Whitley Stokes, M.D., Colonel Colby, R. B., Richard Griffith, Esq.

Council.—Francis Barker, M.D., Maurice Brady, Esq., G. A. Hamilton, Esq., W. T. Hamilton, Esq., Robert Hamilton,

Esq., A. Jacob, M.D., J. McDonnell, M.D., Philip Molloy, Esq., John Nicholson, Esq., Captain Portlock, R. E., Rev. G. S. Smith, Isaac Ward.

Secretaries.—Rev. H. Lloyd, J. Apjohn, M.D.

Treasurers.—Rev. T. Luby, Henry Joy, Esq.

BELFAST NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

The seventh public meeting of the members of the Natural History Society

in the present Session, was held on Wednesday evening, 17th of April, on which

occasion a paper was read by Mr. William Webb on Heat. The Reader justified the introduction of such a subject in a Natural History Society, by pointing out its universal influence over every part of the universe. The two conflicting theories respecting the nature of caloric were brought forward, and a number of facts illustrative of the phenomena of the radiation and absorption of heat were noticed, their influence on animals and vegetables alluded to, and the difference between latent and combined caloric explained.

The following donations to the Museum were received, viz. :—Addresses delivered to the Proprietors of the Liverpool Royal Institution at their different annual meetings, from Thomas Martin, Esq., Secretary; Proceedings of the Committee of Science, and Correspondence of the Zoological Society of London for 1832, presented by the Council; thirteen copper, and five silver coins, from Mr. Herdman, Mill-street; a Hottentot carcase of the skin of the bonti-bok, and two bottles of snakes, from Mr. Robert Halliday, Esq., Cape of Good Hope; a species of limahu, or king-crab of the Americans, from New Orleans, presented by Samuel Vance, Esq.; a number of British and exotic insects, from J. O. Westwood, Esq. F.L.S.—part of these were received in exchange for some of the Society's insects, and the remainder as a donation; some insects, from John Curth, F.L.S.; specimens of a few of the smaller British fishes, from William

Yarrell, Esq., F.L.S.; specimens of *Mipponia Ellioti* and *Linnaea Gmelini* Jeff., from John Ed. Gray, Esq., F.R.S.; nine large bottles of East Indian reptiles, from Major Martin; specimens of the turbe politas, from Bantry Bay, presented by Mr. John Humphreys, Cork; a fine skin of a boa constrictor, from Mrs. Dickey, Myrtlefield; fossil horns of the stag, (*cervus elephas*), dug up in the vicinity of Belfast, from William Sinclair, Esq., ten specimens of native birds, stuffed and in cases, being the remainder of thirty, including some rare species, from John Montgomery, Esq., Locust-lodge; a flying fish, and some of the rarer land and fresh water shells of Ireland, from William Thompson, Esq.; a collection of Irish marine shells, from Mrs. James Thomson Tennent; a number of foreign shells from a lady; a collection of Irish shells, from Robert Templeton, Esq.; some rare Irish marine shells, from George C. Hyndman, Esq.

The valuable donation of bird skins from Chli, received from James George Hull, Esq., of Santiago, had been announced on a former evening. Part of them having now been stuffed, by Mr. Carfrae, of Edinburgh, were exhibited, and, by the variety of their attitudes, and the contrast of their plumage, excited general admiration. Among them we noticed herons of different species; falcons, owls, ducks, flamingoes, spoonbills, kingfishers, &c.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Naturalist's Library. Ornithology. Vol. I. Humming Birds.—By Sir William Jardine, Bart., F.R.S.E., &c. 8vo. pp. 147. Edinburgh, Lizars; Dublin, Curry and Co.

There could scarcely have been a better chosen subject to commence a Naturalist's Library than the history of the golden humming birds of southern countries.—They were calculated to captivate attention by their curious forms and habits but more particularly by their lustrous and gorgeously varied plumage. Diminutive in their proportions, their wings arched and lengthy, the plumulets firmly united, and the shafts of the quills remarkably strong and elastic, their flight is so swift as to be compared by some to a meteor, and by others to the descent of a sun beam. Though

so frail and delicate, they are familiar, hovering over one side of a shrub while the fruit or flowers are plucked from the opposite, and when about to feed they poise themselves over the favourite flower so steadily, that the wings become invisible or only like a mist, and they then suddenly dart off to the object. They are singularly intelligent, and Mr. Bullock relates the curious manner in which they rob the large Mexican bird spider of his prey. These bee-like and beautiful creations, which Sir William Jardine has so ably illustrated, are, perhaps, the only birds that possess to an equal extent, variety of colour, and a lustre that approaches so nearly to that of the more brilliant

metals and gems. Superb mantles were made of their feathers by the Mexicans, pictures were embroidered with their skins, and jewels stolen from their "starry fronts," are worn by the Indian's bride.— Yet these tints are versatile with the reflected light, and farther appear to vary at different ages in different sexes, and it is not certain if, like the Indian Bunting (*Emberiza Paradiesa*), they do not undergo certain changes in different seasons which render the recognition of species oftentimes a source of considerable doubt. Of the first kind we have examples in the ruby-crested humming bird, in which the bird of one year is of a brownish grey.— The *Trochilus mellivorus* from the considerable differences which exist between the plumage of the young and the old bird, has been described under more than one name. The *T. recurvirostris*, in which the recurvature of the bill was supposed to be accidental, till Wilson pointed out the necessity of such a provision to enable the bird to obtain honey from some of the pendant *Bignoneae*, is not in its complete plumage, and the young male and female of the *T. magnifica* differ from one another, and again in the adult state: it is indeed only the adult male that has any pretensions to the name which Vieillot gave them. The second source of difficulty is exemplified in the difference between the male and female of the *T. chalybeus*, as figured by Lisson, and other species. In many the female is unknown—this is the case in the *T. furcatus*, *T. cyaneus*, and *T. petasphonis*, figured in the work before us. The disappearance of crests, tufts, and other appendages, is a most common, if not a constant occurrence, and in many species there is even variety in size; this is the case in the female of *T. ornatus*, which wants the crest and neck tufts, and is less in size than the male. In the *T. delandii*, the crown of the male is adorned with a crest, and the fore part of the throat is of a deep azure blue, in the female this crest is wanting, and the upper parts are of a golden green. The third cause of difficulty in specific determinations, occurs in the tufts of certain species, as the *T. scutatus*, *T. ornatus*, and *T. Audenstii*, which perhaps are in the ruff (*Tringa pugnax*), only appear during the breeding season. There are varieties in the birds themselves which are independent of all these circumstances—thus Latham describes three states of the *T. furcatus*, and the same author mentions three varieties of the *T. viridissimum*, one of which is figured by Sir

William as the *T. prasina*. Lastly, there are variations effected by the sole influence of situation, which is strikingly exemplified in the evening humming bird (*T. vesper*), which inhabits the neighbourhood of Valparaiso, upon the naked and little wooded plains, and upon these elevated spots, wants the splendid lustre of the upper plumage.

Professor Rennie has condescended to say, that "with the exception of one thing," Sir William Jardine can write; we think so too, but we doubt very much how far this could be carried without those altered translations and frequent quotations which serve to connect the very few observations for which a work of mere illustration leaves space. The work, however, on every account is deserving of the highest encomiums, and is unparalleled in cheapness—35 beautifully coloured plates for 6s. and we shall look out with interest for its continuation.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library. No. 11. *Life of Sir Walter Raleigh*, by Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq., F.R.S. and F.S.A. In one vol.—Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; and Simpkin and Marshall, London. 1853.

We should be guilty of an injustice to our own opinions, as well as to the great merits of the volume before us, were we to confine our commendations, so far as merely to consider it in reference to its forming an individual number of a most valuable and interesting series, or as contrasted with any of the works which have issued from the press, executed upon a nearly similar plan. It is, in fact, one of the ablest productions in point of arrangement and style, and the most attractive in interest, amongst the many publications which have lately appeared to canvass for popular favour. The conductors of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, without any affectation or unfounded pretensions, have established equitable claims in their behalf, upon the liberal patronage of the public: from the outset, their successive volumes have been distinguished for varied and instructive information, conveyed alike with conciseness and elegance; they have not undertaken a task which, upon experiment, they have been detected as incompetent to effect; nor are they likely to commit the error, by which some of their cotemporaries have suffered, and not unjustly, in impoverishing the strength of their material and the number of their resources, by an indiscreet and unprofitable anxiety to publish, as it would appear, against time. The just and honorable meed of approbation, to which we conceive the managers of the Edinburgh

series entitled, would appear to us to deserve to be founded, not so much upon their placing knowledge within reach of all classes of the community, by the cheapness of their publications, as upon their judicious policy in allowing due time for such a proper execution, and to speak technically, "getting up" of the work as must secure the instruction it contains being the very best of its kind. Hence, very naturally, their consecutive numbers are looked forward to with a deeper interest, as experience has proved that they will only treat of important subjects, to which ample justice cannot fail to be rendered when treated of by writers of first rate ability.

It has been remarked, that it is very difficult to fix the era of the "Age of Chivalry;"—almost all the old writers who discuss the topic, speaking of it as long antecedent to their own times.—However, we are content to consider the reign of Elizabeth as the age of England's chivalry, replete, as every one perusing the volume before us must allow it to have been, with every thing that could give birth to and cherish gallantry and courage, and abounding with the most celebrated proficients in both. The list of illustrious characters which are to be found in the court annals of the virgin queen, sufficiently bears us out in the preceding position; a list, which for the extraordinary assemblage it exhibits of varied and distinguished talent, has never, we may safely assert, been equalled since; neither in truth, we may add, is such an event likely to take place in time to come; as we have no data at present to justify us in calculating upon a similar array of warriors arising at any future period, in behalf of a true religion and upright politics; while the darkened line of the literary horizon forbids us to anticipate the advent of a second Shakspeare in literature, to whom might be applied what was no less merited by the first, in allusion to his knowledge of nature, than by the celebrated Abelard, of whom it was said, "*Cui soli patuit scibile quicquid erat.*"

But, if chivalry may be considered as at its meridian during Elizabeth's reign, we may look upon it as set altogether upon the death of Raleigh, to rise no more. Had it pleased Providence to spare the noblest and the loveliest of her race, in the person of the lamented daughter of George the Fourth; all that might with justice have been expected from the simplicity and integrity of goodness, the affectionate warmth and kind sympathies

of benevolence, and the majesty and well-tempered control of an almost unbounded power, might at this day have been in progress to be realised. But an inscrutable decree has willed it otherwise; and we live to regret "what once hath been, and now is not," when the zeal of a sovereign was seconded by the enterprise of a court, and the one was unceasingly felt, and the other continually exerted in behalf both of moral justice and divine truth. Such reflections, however, although they arise instinctively, must not lead us too far from the subject whence they have originated—time and space require that we should return to our book. In his brief preface, Mr. Tytler lays before the reader his object and design, and has redeemed his pledge to a letter in the body of the work. He has selected for his subject the biography of one of the most extraordinary men of his day, and has certainly succeeded in presenting the public with a most unprejudiced and impartial statement of facts, deriving additional interest from their being discussed in the easy and polished style of an accomplished writer. Mr. Tytler cannot be too highly commended for his careful researches among the state papers, and his accurate examination of other authentic records and accounts relative to the immediate subject of his memoir; while he is no less entitled to praise for his judicious relief of the main narrative, by brief and judicious occasional observations upon the most celebrated and interesting characters, literary and political, among Raleigh's cotemporaries.

A Father's Present to his Son. Wakeman, Dublin. 1833.

This little volume has been published as a companion to the well known compilations, "*The Sacred Harp*," and "*A Mother's Present to her Daughter*," and were we merely to regard it as a specimen of what may be done by our metropolitan printers, it would deserve no small degree of praise; but though in beauty of typography it would be difficult to point out any English work which excels it, yet this is the least of its attractions, as it contains a most excellent selection from the most approved authors, whose names are alone sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the material chosen by the Editor for the construction of this little volume, which we most strongly recommend not only as an appropriate present for young persons, but also as well adapted for the perusal of all who, with-

out the opportunity or time necessary for consulting the numerous works to which the Editor has had access, would yet wish to be acquainted with the most striking and interesting portion of the writings of those who have toiled to advance the

dearest interests of mankind. We trust that the author may continue to give us proofs of his industry and discernment, by sending out many such volumes as that which we now most warmly recommend to our readers.

NEW MUSIC.

My Harp o'er which so oft I've hung. In imitation of an Irish Melody. Sung by Mrs. Wood at the Rotunda. Composed by D. Conran. Willis's, Westmoreland-street.

Mr. D. Conran is a composer we turn to with great respect, as we know he has written several songs which have been very popular, besides a very scientific work on harmony, and many favorite piano forte pieces. The song under consideration will, we are sure, be much admired by the lovers of Irish airs: it is a charming melody, well and judiciously harmonized, and when sung with expression by the fair daughters of Erin's green isle, we have no doubt that it will prove very attractive.

The Silent Farewell. A Ballad, dedicated to Lady Campbell, by Samuel Lover, Esq. Willis, Westmoreland-street.

Mr. Lover's ballad shews much elegance and sentiment in its general structure, and is a very pleasing composition both as to the poetry and music.

The World goes round. As sung by Mr. Phillips and Signor A. Guiblé. Written by R. Power, Esq., composed by H. J. St. Leger, Esq., Harmonic Institution.

Previously to setting the stanzas of this song, which are admirably adapted for music, Mr. St. Leger seems to have read them with much attention, and has expressed them in a very pleasing and original strain, and has taken particular pains with the accentuation. This song is within the range of tenor and baritone voices. Upon the whole, it is a very good semi-bacchanalian semi-witty composition, gracefully imagined, and tastefully executed.

I've met thee at the Festival. Written and composed by Mr. Orr, of the Chapel Royal-Willis, Westmoreland-street.

A highly pleasing and original melody, extremely well arranged and adapted to the poetry, which is decidedly of a superior order to the generality of songs to be met with at present. The composer has a great advantage when he writes his own poetry, as is well exemplified in this instance.

We wish Mr. Orr every success, and hope as he has been so fortunate as to write something that is esteemed, that he will continue to exert his musical talents.

Weber's celebrated Concert Sticks. As performed by Mr. William S. Conran; and published by him at 63, Grafton-street.

We have had frequent opportunities of hearing Mr. Conran play this splendid composition of the immortal Weber lately, at the concerts given by the Garrison Club at the Royal Barracks, and have been delighted with his exquisite taste and brilliant execution. It would be impossible for us to enter into a detailed account of all the beauties of this truly beautiful concerto, but, suffices it to say, it is a masterly production and perfect in all its parts.

The Innabückle March: as played by the Band of the 43d Light Infantry. Arranged for the Piano-forte, by T. A. Rawlings. Willis, Westmoreland-street.

This arrangement of Mr. Rawling's commences with a pastorale movement, and is a pleasing introduction to the march, which is a great favorite on the continent, particularly in Germany; and concludes with a *coda*, which is very well worked up. Mr. Rawling's arrangements are generally popular, but we think this will be one of his most successful productions.

I'll think of thee. The words by T. Campbell, Esq., composed by F. Robinson. London.

This song is every way worthy of its composer, and we cannot give it greater praise, as we know of no singer whose excellence is of a more exalted kind than Mr. Robinson's; not only is he possessed of those natural qualifications requisite for a perfect singer, but he has shewn the rare talent of forming a peculiar and pure style, and has not been a mere imitator of the English or Italian school. This song is admirably adapted to the highly poetical words of Campbell, and conveys all the inimitable pathos of the words. It has, we understand, had a most extensive sale, to which its merits fully entitle it.

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